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See "An Elder Brother to the Cliff-Dwellers."

(RECAP)

AN OLD-TIME BATTLE ON THE CLIFFS.

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A FEW SWITZERLAND.

BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

IF the "Play-ground of Europe" is overcrowded, there is still plenty of room in the adjoining province of the Dauphiné. It has long been known to Alpinistes, and not a few of the famous English climbers who have conquered peaks the world over, in the interests of art, science, and sport, have first tried their skill and endurance on its redoubtable aiguilles, succeeding in some instances, after long having believed them to be impregnable.*

The writer feels a certain degree of hesitation, and even reluctance, in approaching this subject. The written page which might attract the attention of the summer tourist, and cause him to turn his steps hitherward, might also bring down on the writer's head the execrations of Alpine enthusiasts, who are now seeking less accessible and crowded centres than Zermatt. The hotel-keepers only would profit by it, while to the guides it would be of doubtful value. Many a knight of the piolet, in the lack of any braver service, now earns a daily pittance by prodding pack-mules up the Riffel Alp, or superintending the baggage of the ladies. But there is little danger that the improvement of this region will come about too rapidly, although it needs must follow in course of time. One may now make the entire circuit of it without meeting a single American tourist, but in every hotel and public conveyance there is an Englishman or two—usually clad in some rusty semi-ecclesiastical garb—with their patient wives, always a British kodak, and

* On the authority of a recent climber's manual, one of the most noted of the fraternity once passed the Aiguilles d'Arves, with some of the best guides in Europe, and having taken a look at the most difficult one of the three, went away convinced that it was practically impossible. It has since been found easy of accomplishment, except for one difficult passage.

a bundle of rugs. The two-storied American trunk, brass-bound and glittering, with its trays full of "chiffons" and ruffles, has not yet made its appearance here. In fact, this is almost the only picturesque bit of Europe which has not been consecrated by royalty, and it has not yet become the mode, like the Engadine. Neither has any provision been made for the entertainment of tourists on rainy days, which during this season at least have been only too frequent. There is not a café chantant in the whole country; there are no "little horses," nor brass bands, nor Tyrolean singers; there are no Alpine horns or Swiss wood-carvings. Neither the heroine of the pearl necklaces nor the Belle Otero has yet attracted her train of followers to these remote solitudes. If there are no Americans, there are but few Parisiennes, and at the table d'hôte their high-pitched voices are seldom heard. Most of the guests seem to have come from Lyons, Marseilles, Grenoble, and other provincial centres. The few who might approach the standard qualified by the term "chic," and that not from the French point of view, are the English members of the Alpine Club. In a talk with the gérant of the Hospice du Lautaret, who is the autocrat of that region, and who knows how to provide his guests with every substantial comfort, I commented on the absence of our countrymen. The gérant, who seemed somewhat afraid that they might descend upon him suddenly and before he was prepared, had rather exalted notions as to their requirements. "In a few years he hoped to be ready for them, but could not yet offer the luxuries to which they were accustomed in the Engadine, where they had private salons and dining-rooms, and expected to spend at least forty francs a day."

In a few years, doubtless, the tourist will have no occasion to marvel at low prices. Of absolutely untrodden summits the Alpinist in quest of sensational adventures will find few, if any, and those among the minor peaks, which are often the most difficult. The guides are full of reminiscences of mad Britons who seemed to come with the sole object of breaking their necks, probably with sufficient reason, and have made straight for the steepest passes, such as the Col du Diable, which has as yet resisted their best efforts, and is in every way worthy of its name.

II.

If there is one sound more than another characteristic of the summer tourist centre, it is the unceasing tinkle of mule-bells, accompanied by the cracking of whips. In the Place de Grenette, at Grenoble, stand the various wagons, diligences, "clar-à-bancs," and other nondescript vehicles which start at fixed hours for the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse and local points of interest. This is also the starting-point for the different omnibuses and little tram-cars which rattle through the narrow streets quite independently of rails. Here are the busiest cafés, shaded by awnings, with rows of orange-trees standing in square green boxes along the curb-stone; and here, as everywhere in Grenoble, the street vistas are closed in by rocky or wooded heights crowned by fortifications. Nature obligingly accommodates herself in this region, as at Briançon, to the chief object of man, which seems to be the rearing of Gibaltars and Bastilles one above another. The natural fortresses of rock, which are already partially hewn and shaped for purposes of defence, require but a touch here and there, a few lines of wall in places, to make them impregnable. But none of these elevated positions

can be visited without a written order from the commandant, the military authorities supposing, naturally enough from their stand-point, that the stranger can have no other object than that of surreptitiously making plans or photographs of their fortifications. From the other side of the river, near the foot of the Bastille, which rises abruptly from the broad quais, there is a fine retrospective view of the mountain chain behind, beginning with the three Pics de Belle-donne, and this may be enjoyed without exciting suspicion. This is the snow-capped background seen in panoramic views of the city. On fête nights and on Sunday evenings mili-



THE PLACE DE GRENETTE, GRENOBLE.

tary bands play in the Place de Grenette and in the public garden, entered by an archway at the end of the Place. The garden is a charming little spot which fronts on the quai opposite the heights of the Bastille; it is crowded with fine old trees; it has a sunken flower-garden, and a broad elevated terrace, bordered by a low stone balustrade, such as Rico loves to paint in Venice. The city improves as one lingers in it, and is attractive even in showery, unsettled weather, when the mists hang about the heights on every side, investing them with a mystery and grandeur which are somewhat lessened under a clear sky. Every day one may discover some new charm in its environs.

Grenoble, which is within easy reach of every point of interest, is the natural tourist centre of this region. It is the seat of two or three organizations instituted with the object of developing the resources of the country in the matter of hotels, routes, and ways of communication. There is, first of all, the "Société des Touristes du Dauphiné." Here are the opening lines of a pamphlet explaining its object and end: "The Society of

Tourists of the Dauphiné was founded in 1875. Its chief object is, first, the study of the Alps of the Dauphiné from a scientific point of view as well as from that of the excursionist; afterwards the execution, as far as its scope allows, of such improvements as it may judge best calculated to facilitate excursions and to attract tourists, both French and foreign, to the Dauphiné."

Although its financial resources are limited, it has already accomplished a great deal; in fact, were it not for the labors of this organization, one would still have to rough it quite as much in the Dauphiné as in the Caucasus. It has built the "Chalet Hotel" at La Berarde, and placed an excellent manager (M. Tairraz) in charge of it; the charges, according to a fixed tariff established by the society, are moderate, considering the remoteness of La Berarde from the nearest supply centre. It has also constructed many of the refuges or club-huts, and it has organized and equipped as efficient a body of guides and porters as can be found anywhere, with a well-regulated schedule of charges.

Another society, also of great practical utility, is the "Syndicat d'Initiative," which concerns itself more especially with railways and other means of transport, the improvement of hotels, advertisements, etc. It has established offices everywhere to furnish gratuitous information to tourists, and to supply hotel coupons. And there is yet another, the "Syndicat Général des Alpes Françaises," which works on similar lines.

III.

The route to Briançon passes through Vizille, whence a steam tramway runs along the side of the highway, winding through rugged glens and the narrow streets of mountain villages to Bourg-d'Oisans. This town lies on the side of an elliptically shaped valley completely surrounded by cliffs and mountains of bold and varied outlines, which shut out all but occasional glimpses of the higher summits. In regard to hotels, as the inhabitants do not yet expect any great influx of tourists, the primitive inns of the town are still amply sufficient to accommodate all comers. There are, however, a "Grand Hotel" * and a smaller one of

the same character, opposite the station, where one may find the table d'hôte and the traditional menu which the traveller may now enjoy from Dieppe to Constantinople—and also the orthodox waiter. Both these hotels are said to be well kept and moderate in price, like all the hotels of this province. One would have every right to protest if he found them dear. The writer chose to alight at an ancient "auberge" in the town, which he found on the list of the "Touring Club of France." A book might be written about the inns of the Dauphiné. Mr. Whymper,* who was among the very first of the Alpine pioneers in this region, was emphatic in his condemnation of these inns and the unclean ways of the villagers. They have, most of them (the inns), improved since that day. It would be unwise to recommend the cuisine of these hostelrys to the American tourist. I remember with poignant regret having once commended a remote "fonda" in Spain, where we were treated with fraternal affection by the landlady and her brother, the head waiter. We lost caste and fell forever in the estimation of the friends who went there on our recommendation, and who suffered alike from the Spanish

* *Scrambles among the Alps in the Years 1860-1869.* By Ed. Whymper.



ENTRANCE OF THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE. GRENOBLE.

* Recently constructed by the Syndicat d'Initiative.

cookery and the well-intentioned but persistent kindness of the landlady. Since then I dare to speak well, and that in barely tolerant fashion, of but two hotels on the Continent, the "Grand" and the "Schweitzerhof," which exist everywhere, and which are always unobjectionable. At this auberge of Bourg-d'Oysans the patron was sitting on a bench outside the door, under his swinging sign, smoking a pipe of German dimensions, while his wife, in the local costume of rusty black, sat on the door-step shelling pease. The house was entered through the kitchen, where several sturdy hand-maidens were bustling about the range preparing dinner. A door at one end led up two steep flights of stairs to the bedrooms. The bedrooms of the Dauphiné are full of little surprises, where the element of the unexpected plays a prominent part. You must either pass through several others to reach your own, or the occupants of the others must needs use yours as a passage. Mine lay between two others which were unoccupied, and it was sufficiently furnished, as well as clean. It had also an electric bell within

easy reach, and the dining-room was electrically lighted. This auberge has probably changed little in other respects since the days of Rabelais, and it must have been a good one then. But the quantity and quality of its viands seem better adapted to the solid stomachs of that era than to the capricious requirements of the modern Babylonians. Dinner was served in a sort of waiting-room opening out of the kitchen. There was no table d'hôte, and one missed the long rows of tourists watching each other across the pots of artificial flowers. The patron and his family, with an occasional cousin, occupied one table, and each guest—there were never more than two—had a table to himself, as well as a separate dinner. There was always a whole tureen of very substantial soup, and a large trout, which might appear at the beginning or at the end of the repast, as it happened. Now these trout, which were often of the pink variety known as "saumonée," were not at all "according to Hoyle." They were sometimes too large for one man; they were too fresh, having just been taken out of the water, and not

having had time to acquire that flavor by which we recognize them at the usual table d'hôte, and one could see them taken sizzling off the kitchen fire and placed still smoking on the table. There was often a large platter of macaroni "au gratin," made after some local fashion, and also very hot. A whole filet or gigot d'agneau seasoned with sage followed, wine and desserts, melons and grapes à discrétion. If the indiscriminating and brutal appetite which is usually the penalty of a long day on the hills did not suffice to enable one to clear the table, there were the patient but persistent dogs, five of the fox-hound type, of all ages, from puppyhood to maturity, and two shaggier-coated but very sociable brutes of the collie persuasion. They had all been substantially fed out of great smoking porringers by the kitchen range, but they wanted more, and frequently deserted the patron's table to take up their station under mine, or to stand, one on each side, with their paws on my knees.



A SUBURB OF BRIANÇON.

One liver-colored puppy with pendent ears usually stood on the opposite side of the table, with fore paws crossed on the edge, watching every movement with pathetic and supplicating eyes. These importunities were frequently interrupted by a sudden raid on the part of the patron, who would dislodge his canine followers with stick or napkin. I returned to that inn when I passed through the town on the way to La Grave, in order to have another trout. It was the last, for at all the other properly conducted hotels it is considered good form to ignore the local trout, and serve the guests with the fish to which they are accustomed, more or less fatigued by their journey from Dieppe, or with canned salmon. It was at Bourg-d'Oysans that I first became acquainted with the bread of the Dauphiné. That exquisite phrase of Howells's, "the stony bread of Italy," would be hardly appropriate to it. It may be questioned whether nickelled steel would make a better cuirass for armored ships. To be attacked with safety, it should be firmly fixed in a vise, and divided with some keen weapon of the nature of an adze. When the unfortunate novice tries to slice it with a table-knife, it usually glances and buries itself in his flesh.

IV.

There are many pleasant excursions which one may make from Bourg-d'Oysans, returning the same day. There is a path which mounts steeply near a cascade across the valley to the upper terraces of the cliffs: here a crooked mule-path, paved in places, winds upwards, shaded by great trees, to the village of Huez; a further ascent leads to a group of chalets, seen against the sky, on the edge of a green and treeless plateau. From this point smooth green meadows, where the haymakers are at work, roll upwards towards a range of steep rocky ledges, beyond which rises the chain of La Herpie and other summits patched with snow. High up in a hollow beyond the first rocky ridge lies the little "Lac Blanc," reflecting in its green depths the white expanse of a small glacier which slopes down to its very margin. It is at Bourg-d'Oysans that one is first impressed with the Southern atmosphere and the magnificent coloring of this country, so like that of the Italian lake district.

From Grenoble, by steam tramway and

train to Bourg-d'Oysans, by a service of wagons or char-à-bancs passing through La Grave to Briançon, and thence by train *viâ* Gap, one may make the entire



THE INN AT BOURG-D'OYSANS.

circuit of the principal mountain groups in two or three days, returning to the original starting-point. But to reach La Berarde, which is in the very centre of the horseshoe group formed by the chief summits, one must make a *détour* from Bourg-d'Oysans, whence a daily conveyance starts every morning for Bourg-d'Aru, some two hours distant. From this point the rest of the day's journey up the valley may be made on foot or on muleback, passing St.-Christophe perched steeply on the side of the valley and embosomed in foliage. The ancient mule-track, roughly paved, winds upwards to the village, where there are two inns of the old order. Here one begins to catch glimpses of the higher mountains and glaciers at the end of the valley, or rising above the rocky heights on either hand. St.-Christophe is also a well-known centre for mountaineers, but less advantageous than La Berarde, being placed much lower down. The carriage-road is now being continued from Bourg-d'Aru to this point. The valley becomes more stony and desolate as one mounts upwards. The group of low stone huts with tall

chimneys, with dark and mossy thatched roofs, which is all there is at La Berarde, walled in by barren rocky cliffs, has much the character of a Highland village in Scotland. The Chalet Hotel, built and equipped by the "Société des Touristes du Dauphiné," is the most conspicuous object in the landscape. It is under



LA BERARDE.

excellent management, and, like many of the most desirable spots on the globe, has been annexed by Great Britain.

By the little group of people sitting at iron tables in front of the house, and having afternoon tea and jam—a spectacle seldom seen at places not frequented by our English cousins—as well as by the general neatness of the service and the air of Sabbath-day stillness and propriety which reigned, it was easy to guess that England had taken possession. This state of things was brought forcibly home to the writer when he found that all the single bedrooms were occupied, and the only thing obtainable was a bed in a "dortoir," or many-bedded room. In spite of the regret shown by the hospitable manager, he removed his chattels to the ancient auberge close by, which was kept by "La Mère Angélique," one of the privileged characters of the locality, while he made the Chalet Hotel his headquarters.

The only available bedroom in this auberge was a little cell walled with pine boards, and with one small grated window; according to Mother Angélique this room had been occupied for many seasons by Mr. Coolidge, the famous conqueror of virgin summits. On the pine boards of

the partition wall four members of the French Alpine Club had pencilled "Notre admiration pour Sir Coolidge. Juillet, 1885."

La Mère Angélique spoke most intelligible French, for the good reason that, like most natives of the valley, who use patois among themselves, she kept her best French for the passing stranger. She was much interested in stray articles of toilet from the world below, but shook her head doubtfully over a hair mitten, which she considered much too thin and flimsy for the cold of the mountains. She had never seen a bicycle, and seemed unacquainted with the use of cold water. There were two Swiss climbers at the hotel. One of them had brought his young wife, and the three together had been "doing peaks" without guides. The other

guests belonged to the British contingent. On contemplating this group of pioneers, one could not help being impressed with the uniformity of their attire; wherever you meet the English Alpinist or aspirant, he invariably wears a peculiar low-crowned felt hat, with a wide brim, which gives him a semi-clerical appearance, but never by any chance a hat of the Tyrolean shape, now so much in vogue, although the Prince of Wales has given it his official sanction. He may perchance don that article of head-gear in the streets of Paris or Vienna, but would not care to be "found dead with it" in any Alpine fastness. If a regiment of them could be gathered together from their various haunts, it would be found that they were uniformly equipped enough to pass muster as a military organization; and it would not be easy to find a more fearless or a hardier body of men. The nations which border on the Alps may boast of their rival battalions of Alpine chasseurs, but a regiment of these primly attired civilians could easily leave them "out of sight" when it came to scaling cliffs, and still have a reserve fund of energy for the enemy on the other side.

The little room at the auberge was

reached by a series of rude stone steps, a kind of side alley between two thatched roofs, which usually dripped for an hour or so after a shower. The steps were muddy and strongly scented by cattle and goats, but the little chamber, which opened into a hay-loft, was fairly clean and well kept. When it rained at La Berarde there was even less to distract the visitor's mind than in most of the Swiss mountain resorts, and his situation strongly resembled that of the traveller who is weather-bound in some isolated Moorish town. He might use his broad window ledge as a work-table, or gaze through the diminutive iron-barred squares at the potato-field in bloom, at the stone chalets with tall chimneys from which the smoke drifted downward in the slanting rain, at the green, stone-bestrewn bank threaded with zigzag paths which rises across the torrent to the rocky buttresses of "La Grande Aiguille" opposite. He had better do this: it is safer than to turn tail on a wet day and flee down the valley; for he is liable to be pelted by falling stones from the cliffs, loosened by the rain at various points in the road down to Bourg-d'Oysans. But when the clouds rolled away the sky became at once of the deepest violet, and the sunlight had that intensity, the local color of things that peculiar vibration and life, rendered more vivid by the opposition of sharp black shadows, which are characteristic of the Italian summer. For here we are well to the southward of Turin.

V.

As the Matterhorn is to Zermatt, so is the "Meije" to La Berarde and La Grave. There may be other European peaks known to experienced Alpinists which present greater difficulties, but the Meije bids fair to rival the Matterhorn as a slayer of men. It remained unconquered for three years longer, and Whymper, in his *Scrambles among the Alps*, refers to it as being almost the only untrodden summit left. Its architecture is of the most fantastic imaginable, although it has not the simple and impressive outline of the Matterhorn, so isolated, so ap-

palling and yet fascinating to the novice, and which rises more than sixteen hundred feet higher than the Meije. But mere height has little or nothing to do with the inaccessibility of mountain summits. Let one figure to himself a Gothic cathedral of strange, elaborate, flamboyant design. Far above its mighty foundations, approached by miles of moraines and steep glacier, from a point only reached after a stiff scramble up a couloir equal in difficulty to many well-known Swiss peaks, rises the smooth brown wall of the edifice, supporting a steeply pitched, ice-covered roof, known as the "Glacier Carré." High above this glacier rise the towers and spires, slender ice-coated finials, obelisks of ruddy stone which flame orange in the cloudless morning or at sunset; and there are not lacking gargoyles of grotesque form or mam-



GLACIER DE LA PILOTTE BY MOONLIGHT (AT LA BERARDE).

moth proportions to complete the resemblance. Only the great "Pic Occidental" of the Meije seems to rise with a mighty sweep of vertical lines, straight from the lower glacier, and may be likened to the main tower of the cathedral. At other times it suggests a fortress which Nature has done her best to defend against the assaults of men. Like the moats of such a fortress, yawning "bergschrunds" protect certain sides of it, and above them rises the steep glacis of ice to the foot of the walls, here absolutely perpendicular, there overhanging, and in other places sloping inward like the towers of a Persian gateway. It was long before a safe way of scaling this stronghold was discovered, and even now the proper day and hour must be chosen.

VI.

Four English climbers had been waiting for some weeks to make the ascent, and during two perfect days, when the Meije was accessible for the first and only time during the entire season, they set out, two at a time. The two more experienced members of the Alpine Club left the Refuge du Châtelleret first, and as they descended, late on the following day, they met two Frenchmen, members of a society at Grenoble, who were working their way slowly, and without guides, along the Glacier Carré.

The Englishmen had first passed them early in the morning at a point lower down, called the "Promontory." During the night after their return to La Berarde the weather suddenly changed, and a cold rain began to fall on the following day. As this usually means snow on the higher altitudes, they naturally began to feel some anxiety in regard to the Frenchmen, from whom no news had been heard. The two Frenchmen, it should have been stated, had come from La Grave, on the opposite side of the Meije, accompanied by their wives and two porters. They had all passed the night in the cabane, but the French Alpinists, without mentioning their destination, had set out alone, soon after midnight, while the ladies returned to La Grave, with the two porters, by way of the Col known as the Brèche de la Meije. The Englishmen, aside from the anxiety dictated by common humanity, felt a sense of responsibility as members of the C. A., and with three guides, a supply of

provisions and restoratives, they set out on their quest, but without feeling at that moment any marked degree of apprehension. We saw them start off quietly and prosaically enough in the rain, with umbrellas, one with a water-proof, the other with a golf cape, quite as if they were contemplating a game of golf in the intervals of the showers. But all knew that should they find no trace of the missing men at the refuge, neither peril of wind nor snow nor wreathing vapor would prevent them from attempting a second ascent under the most trying and hazardous conditions imaginable, so long as guides could be induced to go with them. But their endurance was not put to that severe test. Early in the evening one of the party came down with the news that the bodies of the two men had been found. The guides had pressed on up the glacier and had first discovered one of them lying at the foot of the grand couloir; the other, still fast to the rope, which had caught on the rocks, hung in the opening of the crevasse formed by the shrinking of the ice at the foot of the cliff.

A larger party was organized at once to bring them down, and by noon on the following day they reached the refuge of Le Châtelleret with the two victims of the Meije. As they descended, picking their way along the crest of the moraine, carrying the two bodies corded to poles and wrapped up like mummies in rough canvas, the rain still fell, but from time to time, through rifts in the dense curtain of vapor, the crags of the Meije appeared for an instant apparently supernatural in height, and the Glacier Carré shone out like a fragment of white cloud, and again disappeared. There can be but little doubt that they reached the summit, since two figures were seen there from La Grave late in the day, so late that they must have been obliged to pass the night on the mountain, somewhere above the Pyramide Duhamel, in all probability. They were both tried mountaineers, and one of them was already familiar with the ground; had it not been for the tempest which took place at night, they would without doubt have reached the bottom in safety. But benumbed with cold, and blinded by the snow, which obliterated every trace left the day before, they could have been in no condition to make the descent of the couloir when the rocks were glassy with frozen sleet, and it was



VICTIMS OF THE MELJE.

here, beyond a doubt, that the fatal slip was made. They were laid in the little chapel at La Berarde, with flowers about them, and a few lighted candles. Messengers had been sent to summon the mayor of St.-Christophe and two gendarmes, in order that the legal formalities might be accomplished. The official examination of the English Alpinistes and the guides, who had given such proof of their courage and devotion, took place in the little sitting-room of the chalet, where the broken rope and other relics were produced. The honest pomposity of the officers of the law, their lack of familiarity with English, and the way in which they contrived to mix themselves up and everybody else, lent a touch of serio-tragic humor, a slight flavor of opera-bouffe, which somewhat relieved the general depression. But the saddest event of the tragedy was the arrival, at dusk, of the two young wives, and the moment when they were led out to the chapel by the English ladies of the colony.

VII.

A few days afterward, when the weather had again become brilliant, the *gérant* proposed that we take Christophe Turc, the well-known guide, with a sturdy young porter, and ascend the Meije to look for traces of the two men.

We reached the cabane of Le Châtellet before sundown, although the narrow Vallée des Étançons lay in shadow for the greater part of the afternoon, and while the *gérant* busied himself in concocting a savory mess for dinner, I made for a sheltered spot among the rocks, well bundled up to guard against the gathering chill, and proceeded to note down the changing effect of sunset on the Meije, half hidden by the evening mists. They descended at times quite to the lower edge of the Glacier des Étançons, shrouding the peak completely, and there seemed to be little chance of accomplishing anything more; and then for an instant the mists rapidly dissolved, the highest pyramid shone out like a tongue of flame against the purple above, and the whole range appeared in sharp relief, and again they curled and writhed slowly upwards like a column of smoke, and through it, as through a veil, the sharp *arêtes* of flaming orange, illuminated by the setting sun and the rich coloring of the whole mass, could be dimly seen.

The refuge of Le Châtellet is like most of its class in Switzerland; a sloping bed of straw, provided with blankets, a stove, and cooking utensils are the only furniture. As the guides had no hope of reaching the summit in its present state we did not leave the refuge until 5 A.M. The ascent of the moraines is exceptionally long and irksome, but the glacier being only slightly crevassed at this point is soon gotten over, and we clambered up the rocks on the right of the couloir by which we were to ascend. At this point it is customary to halt and partake of a second breakfast, for guides are creatures of habit. Just above this breathing-place occurs a curious bit of rock-scrambling, where a poor gymnast has a chance to display his lack of grace. Having wriggled up this crevice as best we could, we came to the jagged rock *arête* by which the "Grand Couloir" is reached, well above the spot where it opens on the glacier, and where the bodies were found. Here one may look up through the gloom of this deep and narrow cleft, as through a telescope, to the crags and turrets above, now glowing red in the light of sunrise, and which seem almost directly overhead. It did not look an easy road, but it is the only available one known at present, and it certainly was not yet in good condition in spite of the burning sun of the last few days.

The couloir or chimney, lying in shadow for the greater part of the day, was still choked with snow, and for some distance we worked carefully along the ledges above it, here turning a sharp corner and groping for some projection on the hidden side which might offer either hand- or foothold—one is contented with little at such times—there lowering ourselves by finger-tips till we could drop with safety to the next ledge or projection below. Owing to the icy sheathing which glazed many of the rocks, but one man could move at a time, while the others were securely placed. To my way of thinking, the most unpleasant part of that couloir was the long snow slope—soft, granulated, and treacherous in some places; frozen hard in others. This long ice ladder was about as steep as it could well be without being vertical, and the nearest rocks on either side did not offer inviting handhold, since, owing to their stratification, they presented a series of smooth and slender points leaning down-



THE MELJE AT SUNSET, SEEN FROM LA GRAVE.

wards, and mostly varnished with thin black ice. There was also the constant preoccupation in order to avoid dislodging a stone or piece of ice which might knock the man below out of his steps. In this fashion we moved slowly upward, making slight détours in order to peer down the walls of the ravine, but without finding trace of the lost men. At one point, a thousand feet, more or less, above the glacier, a steep bed of snow adhered to the rocks, and from the way in which it was ploughed and furrowed in every direction, quite to the glassy ice-clad edge of its lower lip, one might imagine that a desperate struggle for foothold had taken place. But upon closer inspection it appeared to have been cut and broken up by falling stones from above. In some similar spot the accident must have occurred; for two men, however skilful, might easily lose their traces in descending, particularly in bad weather; and even now a slight deviation of a foot or two on either side might have ensured a rather sudden descent to the glacier.

At the Pyramide Duhamel, so named by the gentleman who could get no further (at that time), which was our case to-day, we sat down, or rather anchored ourselves by such portions of our anatomies as would fit into the crevices, and emptied a bottle of champagne provided by the kindness of our host. It did not taste badly, drunk from leather cups at this altitude. Either the boring rays of the sun or the champagne, or both, had a soporific effect on the gérant, and pulling his hat over his eyes, he stretched himself out on the very edge of the declivity and fell asleep—after the guides had given a double turn of his rope around a projecting rock. Over our heads rose the vertical wall which has to be scaled in order to reach the Glacier Carré, that sloping, square, white patch which one sees from afar, invisible from this point, and only to be divined by the fringe of icicles along the upper edge of the wall. Above this, again, rose the battlements, towers, and pinnacles of the three summits, crowning all by a few feet, the main peak resembling



THE BRÈCHE DE LA MEIJE, FROM THE FRONT OF THE HOTEL AT LA GRAVE.

somewhat in outline the Rothhorn from the Hörnli. Below us, connected with the slope on which we lay by a thin, wedgelike cornice, rose a slender spire sprinkled with snow; a crow soared across the abyss and perched on its apex. High up on our right a red obelisk leaned over toward the white slopes of the Brèche de la Meije, almost too dazzling to look at.

As we descended, the views of Christophe, and his assertion that all the rest of the mountain was in an utterly unsafe condition, were well borne out, for a series of avalanches poured down the wall from the Glacier Carré, looking at that distance quite like cataracts of water. Getting down was a slower process than getting up, and I rejoiced in having had the foresight to leave my piolet below. That of the leader was of course necessary in hewing a way, but it seems much easier for the novice to imitate the clinging cat, and to have four points of support to depend on. Just above the spot where we had left our provisions we again reached the point which somehow lingers

who looks at the picturesque side of things and tries to realize their dramatic possibilities. His enjoyment will be somewhat marred, however, by the conviction that he is powerless to express by any form of art the impressions which rapidly succeed each other.

VIII.

Most of the refuges and club-huts of the Dauphiné are situated too low down, and much lower than those of Switzerland. Thus the ascent of the rugged and inhospitable little peaks of this region necessitates more time and effort than many of the higher Swiss mountains. The refuge of Le Carrelet, built against a rock beyond La Berarde, in the valley of the Veneon, is no exception to this rule. Here we passed the night comfortably enough, preparatory to attempting the Pic Coolidge. This is a rocky pyramid of respectable height, commanding a fine view of "Les Écrins," the highest summit of them all. We were desirous of ascertaining the state of the

in one's memory like the fragment of a bad dream. This was a crevice in a ledge of overhanging rocks barely wide enough to turn in, and which could only be descended by twisting face in and face out alternately. Half-way down occurs a smooth bit of rock sloping outwards in such a way as to conceal the next man below; the points of support for the right hand and foot are readily found, but the others are not at once evident, and had it not been for the man below, I should have been obliged to rely altogether on the rope. This was humiliating, for the couloir is considered the easiest part of the whole business, and when one descends from the summit of the Pic Occidental and reaches the top of this couloir, it is with a sense of relief. For the "Thorough Expert," mentioned so often in Baedeker, there is no particular difficulty about this ascent when the conditions are favorable; but it certainly adds to the interest to adopt at times the point of view of the man

mountain, as hitherto it had been inaccessible during nearly the whole season. The night was warm and close. When we left the cabane at dawn the moon still shone through the clouds; but as we reached higher ground the entire horizon behind us became black and menacing, while the successive mountain ranges appeared of that deep and sullen violet so ominous in this region; balloon-shaped puffs of gray vapor rose upwards towards the zenith, and a few drops of rain fell. We still had hopes that the storm, which we saw was inevitable, might take some other direction; but as we mounted the glacier towards the Col du Temple, furious gusts of wind followed us, and once on the ridge we were exposed to the full force of the gale, which nearly swept us off our feet, while the snow cut our faces like volleys of fine shot. The Pic Coolidge was now out of the question, but we clambered up the rocks on its lee side, hoping to get out of the wind; our position there becoming untenable by reason of cold, we hurried down the Glacier Noir, where we found shelter under a huge rock, partly surrounded by a rough stone wall; the enclosure was filled with snow, but the wind, which whistled and shrieked around us, was a degree less piercing than on the Pic. Looking across through the driving snow at the frowning black walls of the Pelvoux, I remembered the device on the wine-merchant's shop opposite the Cimetière Montmartre: "*Ici on est mieux qu'en face.*" Although we were somewhat better off than if we had been on the cliffs of Pelvoux, we were fast becoming stiff and generally uncomfortable. The only thing left for us to do was to face the blast again, and make a rush homewards over the summit of the Col. Within an hour we were picking our way down the moraine, genially thawing at the anticipation of the skinful of hot wine which we should drink at the refuge. From there down to La Berarde we had to face a

deluge of rain, but were none the worse for the wetting.

IX.

At La Grave we are again on the diligence road which climbs upward from Bourg-d'Oysans to the Col du Lautaret, and then descends to Briançon, where the railway from Grenoble terminates. The long drive upwards through the wintry rain, and the arrival stiff and benumbed



THE GRAND COULOIR OF THE MEJIE.



ÉMIL PIC CROSSING A SNOW BRIDGE ON LA GRANDE RUINE.

at the hospitable Hôtel de la Meije, were enough to make one forget his Italian imaginings, inspired by the sunshine and heat of the previous day. But the view from the hotel windows on the cloudless morning which followed was a lavish compensation for such mere passing discomforts. One may travel far without finding a more noble and impressive mountain landscape, a wilder and more savage chaos of deeply furrowed towers and pinnacles of rock surmounted by cliffs and cataracts of ice, than that which rises so grandly from the deep green valley of the Romanche. On the terrace across the road, in front of the hotel, which overlooks the windings of the valley, are two gay little pavilions, with scarlet and yellow awnings, café tables, a comfortable array of lounging-chairs, and a telescope pointing upwards at a steep angle and focussed on the Meije, now dazzling with newly fallen snow.

As this is the northern side, it presents a very different aspect from that seen from Le Châtellet. In the hotel hangs a fragment of broken rope, a relic of Dr. Zsigmondy, who was lost in traversing the arête from the Pic Central to the main summit. Three hours beyond La Grave is the Chalet de l'Alpe, at the height of six thousand nine hundred and seventy feet, built and equipped by the "society," and placed in the charge of a *gérant*. Although much more primitive in its arrangements than that at La Berarde, it is quite luxurious when compared with the ordinary refuge. I had been fortunate enough to fall in with Émil Pic, one of the pioneer guides of this region, and still in his prime. One of the finest glacier passes in the range has been christened after him. Although he felt confident that in a few days, if the snow continued to melt, we might be able to do the Pic Central, I had seen too much of Dauphiné weather to place any reliance on its stability. While we waited there came one glorious day, but only one, which, after much discussion, we devoted to the ascent of "La Grande Ruine," that being the only peak worthy of respect which was then accessible. Seen from the other side it appears to be a bare, rocky spur of the Meije group, but on this side it proved to be quite buried in snow. When we reached the Chalet de l'Alpe, just before dusk, for our progress had been agreeably retarded by frequent clusters of huckleberry bushes, it was so cold that even the guides hung about the stove. Josef, the son of Émil, a brawny young giant of twenty (there are six more of them), accompanied us as porter. Émil Pic is to all intents and purposes a young man still; his complexion is of the richest mahogany, and his blue-black hair and beard are without a streak of gray, although he owns to fifty summers. The light of the full moon was so brilliant when we started at two A.M. that we could dispense with lanterns as we stepped gingerly over the boulders of the long moraines. Out of the thirteen hours which this expedition occupied from the refuge and back, nearly half were spent on toiling over endless heaps of angular fragments.

The steep, ragged arête just below the summit, which is usually bare at this sea-

son, protruded only a few inches above the level of the snow. It was here that the only incident occurred in what is usually an easy climb. Josef, who had relieved his father in "tracking," had kicked and cut steps a metre or so to the right of this rocky backbone, and having perched securely above us, we followed in turn. Half-way up, the snow began to slide down over the foundation of ice beneath; Émil, taking in the situation at a glance, crept swiftly up the rocks on all fours until he reached Josef, and I was then able to follow by hanging on the rope, for there was but one step left, the others having made themselves the nucleus of a miniature avalanche.*

No finer point of view could have been chosen, for the whole mass of the Meije rose almost within gunshot. Behind us towered the Écrins, with its formidable arêtes buried deep in fresh snow—the Pelvoux—and just across the glacier which we had toiled up stood the "Roché Méane," with four slender pinnacles, two of which have not yet been ascended, according to Stéphane Juge. Mont Blanc, toned by a mellow haze, and Monte Viso, were the highest points in sight. As we looked down from the summit into the Vallée des Étançons, I remarked to Émil that if they would build a refuge higher up, the ascent of the Meije need not take longer than that of the Matterhorn. He replied, with the tone of a priest who is speaking of unseen powers, "Il faut respecter La Meije."

Our descent from the summit to the lower edge of the glacier, which had taken us four hours to mount, was accomplished in one, owing to the long gissades, and the tremendous gambols of the younger Pic, who towed us after him, in spite of his father's protestations.

X.

It was almost an Asiatic landscape which lay before us when we arrived in front of the hospice on the Col du Lautaret. We were on the side of a green cup-shaped hollow like the crater of an extinct volcano. The barren angular ridges

on the east, sparsely streaked with snow, burned crimson in the sunset, while the heights on the other side were unmistakably Alpine in character, and the freshly fallen snow descended almost to our level. What might be termed the minor ranges of the Dauphiné, which are even more interesting and bizarre in character, pictorially speaking, than the principal group, first appear here, and follow the route to Grenoble by way of Briançon and Gap. They rise in castellated, turreted forms, seamed with deep vertical fis-



GUIDES UNROPING IN LA GRANDE RUINE.

tures, which add to their apparent height, while their sky-lines are deeply notched and indented, or rise in splintered crags, or take the form of fortresses like the "Mont Aiguille," which seems to have been shaped by rule and compass, so square, so massive are its outlines. High up in these rocky gorges, barren of all vegetation, one might fancy one's self in Arabia, while beyond Gap the lower slopes often have the pale dotted character of Provence, which is close at hand. As one passes through the villages by diligence or post-wagon, the men are all playing at bowls, the local pastime. After the quiet of the higher solitudes, Briançon is a giddy little world in itself.

* For once Baedeker is inexact. He says of "La Grande Ruine"—"Fairly easy, especially when there is plenty of snow." The admirable little work, *Guide Bleu Illustré*, by Stéphane Juge, says: "Difficult of access. The difficulty increases in direct ratio with the quantity of snow."

The approach to Briançon by the winding road from the Col du Lautaret is strikingly picturesque: every rock is crowned with a fortress. The most interesting feature of the town is the Grande Rue, which begins at the fortress gate and climbs a hill of amazing steepness, so steep that it would be unsafe to venture on it in winter without an ice-axe and a rope. Through this narrow street, between tall houses decidedly Italian in character, for Briançon is but eleven kilometres from the frontier, runs a stone channel, down which courses a stream of water, carrying old boots, paper boxes, and tin cans.

This is the headquarters of the Chasseurs Alpins, one of the most efficient and active bodies of men in the French army. Their uniform of dark blue with knickerbockers, and "berets," worn carelessly over one ear, gives them a rather brigandish appearance.

From Briançon to Gap and onward, the train to Grenoble passes through gorges of ochre and sienna tinted rocks, as blinding in the light of noon as those of Andalusia. The engineering of this

line is remarkable, and the landscape has a dramatic quality, if one may so call it, abounding in abrupt transitions.

So long as the stranger keeps to the beaten route, with occasional excursions into the centre of the mountain district, he will find all that is needful. The Alpinist, who is usually less exacting than the tourist, will fare quite as well as in the Tyrol. Everywhere the innkeepers, or *gérants* in the service of the "*Société des Touristes*," who generally have an intimate personal acquaintance with the mountains, and second only to that of the guides, are ready to supply him with information, and often to accompany him on important expeditions. If he has time to penetrate into the lesser ranges on foot, which border on Provence or on the Italian frontier, or by post-wagon, he must, from all accounts, be prepared to do without even comfortable inns. In fact, this is a smaller intensified edition of Switzerland, with more than its extremes of temperature, under a Southern sun, and offering within its limited area a greater variety of contrasts.



BRIANÇON.



THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS.

BY

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE "EUTERPE-THALIA."

IT was about noon of a day in early summer that a westward-bound Atlantic liner was rapidly nearing the port of New York. Not long before, the old light-house on Montauk Point had been sighted, and the company on board the vessel were animated by the knowledge that in a few hours they would be at the end of their voyage.

The vessel now speeding along the southern coast of Long Island was the *Euterpe-Thalia*, from Southampton. On Wednesday morning she had left her English port, and many of her passengers were naturally anxious to be on shore in time to transact their business

on the last day of the week. There were even some who expected to make their return voyage on the *Melpomene-Thalia*, which would leave New York on the next Monday.

The *Euterpe-Thalia* was one of those combination ocean vessels which had now been in use for nearly ten years, and although the present voyage was not a particularly rapid one, it had been made in a little less than three days.

As may be easily imagined, a vessel like this was a very different craft from the old steamers which used to cross the Atlantic—"ocean greyhounds" they were called—in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

It would be out of place here to give a full description of the vessels which at

the period of our story, in 1947, crossed the Atlantic at an average time of three days, but an idea of their construction will suffice. Most of these vessels belonged to the class of the *Euterpe-Thalia*, and were, in fact, compound marine structures, the two portions being entirely distinct from each other. The great hull of each of these vessels contained nothing but its electric engines and its propelling machinery, with the necessary fuel and adjuncts.

The upper portion of the compound vessel consisted of decks and quarters for passengers and crew and holds for freight. These were all comprised within a vast upper hull, which rested upon the lower hull containing the motive power, the only point of contact being an enormous ball-and-socket joint. Thus, no matter how much the lower hull might roll and pitch and toss, the upper hull remained level and comparatively undisturbed.

Not only were comfort to passengers and security to movable freight gained by this arrangement of the compound vessel, but it was now possible to build the lower hull of much less size than had been the custom in the former days of steamships, when the hull had to be large enough to contain everything. As the more modern hull held nothing but the machinery, it was small in comparison with the superincumbent upper hull, and thus the force of the engine, once needed to propel a vast mass through the resisting medium of the ocean, was now employed upon a comparatively small hull, the great body of the vessel meeting with no resistance except that of the air.

It was not necessary that the two parts of these compound vessels should always be the same. The upper hulls belonging to one of the Transatlantic lines were generally so constructed that they could be adjusted to any one of their lower or motive-power hulls. Each hull had a name of its own, and so the combination name of the entire vessel was frequently changed.

It was not three o'clock when the *Euterpe-Thalia* passed through the Narrows and moved slowly towards her piers on the Long Island side of the city. The quarantine officers, who had accompanied the vessel on her voyage, had dropped their report in the official tug which had met the vessel on her entrance into the harbor, and as the old custom-house an-

noyances had long since been abolished, most of the passengers were prepared for a speedy landing.

One of these passengers—a man about thirty-five—stood looking out over the stern of the vessel instead of gazing, as were most of his companions, towards the city which they were approaching. He looked out over the harbor, under the great bridge gently spanning the distance between the western end of Long Island and the New Jersey shore—its central pier resting where once lay the old Battery—and so he gazed over the river, and over the houses stretching far to the west, as if his eyes could catch some signs of the country far beyond. This was Roland Clewe, the hero of our story, who had been studying and experimenting for the past year in the scientific schools and workshops of Germany. It was towards his own laboratory and his own workshops, which lay out in the country far beyond the wide line of buildings and settlements which line the western bank of the Hudson, that his heart went out and his eyes vainly strove to follow.

Skilfully steered, the *Thalia* moved slowly between high stone piers of massive construction; but the *Euterpe*, or upper part of the vessel, did not pass between the piers, but over them both, and when the pier-heads projected beyond her stern the motion of the lower vessel ceased; then the great piston which supported the socket in which the ball of the *Euterpe* moved slowly began to descend into the central portion of the *Thalia*, and as the tide was low, it was not long before each side of the upper hull rested firmly and securely upon the stone piers. Then the socket on the lower vessel descended rapidly until it was entirely clear of the ball, and the *Thalia* backed out from between the piers to take its place in a dock where it would be fitted for the voyage of the next day but one, when it would move under the *Melpomene*, resting on its piers a short distance below, and adjusting its socket to her ball, would lift her free from the piers and carry her across the ocean.

The pier of the *Euterpe* was not far from the great Long Island and New Jersey Bridge, and Roland Clewe, when he reached the broad sidewalk which ran along the river-front, walked rapidly toward the bridge. When he came to it he stepped into one of the elevators which

were placed at intervals along its sides from the water-front to the far-distant point where it touched the land, and in company with a dozen other pedestrians speedily rose to the top of the bridge, on which moved two great platforms or floors, one always keeping on its way to the east, and the other to the west. The floor of the elevator detached itself from the rest of the structure and kept company with the movable platform until all of its passengers had stepped on to the latter, when it returned with such persons as wished to descend at that point.

As Clewe took his way along the platform, walking westward with it, as if he would thus hasten his arrival at the other end of the bridge, he noticed that great improvements had been made during his year of absence. The structures on the platforms to which people might retire in bad weather or when they wished refreshments were more numerous and apparently better appointed than when he had seen them last, and the long rows of benches on which passengers might sit in the open air during their transit had also increased in number. Many people walked across the bridge, taking their exercise, while some who were out for the air and the sake of the view walked in the direction opposite to that in which the platform was moving, thus lengthening the pleasant trip.

At the great elevator over the old Battery many passengers went down and many came up, but the wide platforms still moved to the east and moved to the west, never stopping or changing their rate of speed.

Roland Clewe remained on the bridge until he had reached its western end, far out on the old Jersey flats, and there he took a car of the suspended electric line,

which would carry him to his home, some fifty miles in the interior. The rails of this line ran along the top of parallel timbers, some twenty feet from the ground, and below and between these rails the cars were suspended, the wheels which rested on the rails being attached near the top of the car. Thus it was impossible for the cars to run off the track; and as their bottoms or floors were ten or twelve feet from the ground, they could meet with no dangerous obstacles. In consequence of the safety of this structure, the trains were run at a very high speed.

Clewe was on an accommodation train, but in less than half an hour he reached his station and descended to the road.

Roland Clewe was a man who had given his life, even before he ceased to be a boy, to the investigation of physical science and its applications, and those who thought they knew him called him a great inventor; but he, who knew himself better than any one else could know him, was aware that, so far, he had not invented anything worthy the power which he felt within himself.

After the tidal wave of improvements and discoveries which had burst upon the world at the end of the nineteenth century there had been a gradual subsidence of the waters of human progress, and year by year they sank lower and lower, until, when the twentieth century was yet young, it was a common thing to say that the human race seemed to have gone backward fifty or even a hundred years.

It had become fashionable to be unprogressive. Like old furniture in the century which had gone out, old manners, customs, and ideas had now become more attractive than those which were modern and present. Philosophers said that



THE LONG ISLAND AND NEW JERSEY BRIDGE.

society was retrograding, that it was becoming satisfied with less than was its due; but society answered that it was falling back upon the things of its ancestors, which were sounder and firmer, more simple and beautiful, more worthy of the true man and woman, than all that mass of harassing improvement which had swept down upon mankind in the troubled and nervous days at the end of the nineteenth century.

On the great highways, smooth and beautiful, the stage-coach had taken the place to a great degree of the railroad train; the steamship which moved most evenly and with less of the jarring and shaking consequent upon high speed was the favored vessel with ocean travellers. It was not considered good form to read the daily papers; and only those hurried to their business who were obliged to do

so in order that their employers might attend to their affairs in the leisurely manner which was then the custom of the business world.

Fast horses had become almost unknown, and with those who still used these animals a steady walker was the favorite. Bicycles had gone out as the new century came in, it being a matter of course that they should be superseded by the new electric vehicles of every sort and fashion, on which one could work the pedals if he desired exercise, or sit quietly if his inclinations were otherwise, and only the very young or the intemperate allowed themselves rapid motion on their electric wheels. It would have been considered as vulgar at that time to speed over a smooth road as it would have been thought in the nineteenth century to run along the city sidewalk.



"HIS HAND WAS GRASPED BY AN ELDERLY MAN."

People thought the world moved slower; at all events, they hoped it would soon do so. Even the wiser revolutionists postponed their outbreaks. Success, they believed, was fain to smile upon effort which had been well postponed.

Men came to look upon a telegram as an insult; the telephone was preferred, because it allowed one to speak slowly if he chose. Snap-shot cameras were found only in the garrets. The fifteen minutes' sittings now in vogue threw upon the plate the color of the eyes, hair, and the flesh tones of the sitter. Ladies wore hoop skirts.

But these days of passivism at last passed by; earnest thinkers had not believed in them; they knew they were simply reactionary, and could not last; and the century was not twenty years old when the world found itself in a storm of active effort never known in its history before. Religion, politics, literature, and art were called upon to get up and shake themselves free of the drowsiness of their years of inaction.

On that great and crowded stage where the thinkers of the world were busy in creating new parts for themselves, without much reference to what other people were doing in their parts, Roland Clewe was now ready to start again, with more earnestness and enthusiasm than before, to essay a character which, if acted as he wished to act it, would give him exceptional honor and fame, and to the world, perhaps, exceptional advantage.

CHAPTER II.

THE SARDIS WORKS.

At the little station of Sardis, in the hill country of New Jersey, Roland Clewe alighted from the train, and almost instantly his hand was grasped by an elderly man, plainly and even roughly dressed, who appeared wonderfully glad to see him. Clewe also was greatly pleased at the meeting.

"Tell me, Samuel, how goes everything?" said Clewe, as they walked off. "Have you anything to say that you did not telegraph? How is your wife?"

"She's all right," was the answer. "And there's nothin' happened, except, night before last, a man tried to look into your lens-house."



ROVINSKI MAKING OBSERVATIONS.

"How did he do that?" exclaimed Clewe, suddenly turning upon his companion. "I am amazed! Did he use a ladder?"

Old Samuel grinned. "He couldn't do that, you know, for the flexible fence would keep him off. No; he sailed over the place in one of those air-screw machines, with a fan workin' under the car to keep it up."

"And so he soared up above my glass roof and looked down, I suppose?"

"That's what he did," said Samuel; "but he had a good deal of trouble doin' it. It was moonlight, and I watched him."

"Why didn't you fire at him?" asked Clewe. "Or at least let fly one of the ammonia squirts and bring him down?"

"I wanted to see what he would do," said the old man. "The machine he had couldn't be steered, of course. He could go up well enough, but the wind took him where it wanted to. But I must give this feller the credit of sayin' that he

managed his basket pretty well. He carried it a good way to the windward of the lens-house, and then sent it up, expectin' the wind to take it directly over the glass roof, but it shifted a little, and so he missed the roof and had to try it again. He made two or three bad jobs of it, but finally managed it by hitchin' a long cord to a tree, and then the wind held him there steady enough to let him look down for a good while."

"You don't tell me that!" cried Clewe. "Did you stay there and let him look down into my lens-house?"

The old man laughed. "I let him look down," said he, "but he didn't see nothin'. I was laughin' at him all the time he was at work. He had his instruments with him, and he was turnin' down his different kinds of lights, thinkin', of course, that he could see through any kind of coverin' that we put over our machines; but, bless you! he couldn't do nothin', and I could almost hear him swear as he rubbed his eyes after he had been lookin' down for a little while."

Clewe laughed. "I see," said he. "I suppose you turned on the photo-hose."

"That's just what I did," said the old man. "Every night while you were away I had the lens-room filled with the revolving-light squirts, and when these were turned on I knew there was no gettin' any kind of rays through them. A feller may look through a roof and a wall, but he can't look through light comin' the other way, especially when it's twistin' and curlin' and spittin'."

"That's a capital idea," said Clewe. "I never thought of using the photo-hose in that way. But there are very few people in this world who would know anything about my new lens machinery even if they saw it. This fellow must have been that Pole, Rovinski. I met him in Europe, and I think he came over here not long before I did."

"That's the man, sir," said Samuel. "I turned a needle search-light on him just as he was givin' up the business, and I have got a little photograph of him at the house. His face is mostly beard, but you'll know him."

"What became of him?" asked Clewe.

"My light frightened him," he said, "and the wind took him over into the woods. I thought, as you were comin' home so soon, I wouldn't do nothin' more. You had better attend to him yourself."

"Very good," said Clewe. "I'll do that."

The home of Roland Clewe, a small house plainly furnished, but good enough for a bachelor's quarters, stood not half a mile from the station, and near it were the extensive buildings which he called his Works. Here were laboratories, large machine-shops in which many men were busy at all sorts of strange contrivances in metal and other materials; and besides other small edifices there was a great round towerlike structure, with smooth iron walls thirty feet high and without windows, and which was lighted and ventilated from the top. This was Clewe's special workshop; and besides old Samuel Block and such workmen as were absolutely necessary and could be trusted, few people ever entered it but himself. The industries in the various buildings were diverse, some of them having no apparent relation to the others. Each of them was expected to turn out something which would revolutionize something or other in this world, but it was to his lens-house that Roland Clewe gave, in these days, his special attention. Here a great enterprise was soon to begin, more important in his eyes than anything else which had engaged human endeavor.

When sometimes in his moments of reflection he felt obliged to consider the wonders of applied electricity, and give them their due place in comparison with the great problem he expected to solve, he had his moments of doubt. But these moments did not come frequently. The day would arrive when from his lens-house there would be promulgated a great discovery which would astonish the world.

During Roland Clewe's absence in Germany his works had been left under the general charge of Samuel Block. This old man was not a scientific person; he was not a skilled mechanic; in fact, he had been in early life a shoemaker. But when Roland Clewe, some five years before, had put up his works near the little village of Sardis, he had sent for Block, whom he had known all his life, and who was at that time the tenant of a small farm; built a cottage for him and his wife, and told him to take care of the place. From planning the grounds and superintending fences, old Sammy had begun to keep an eye upon builders and mechanics; and being a very shrewd man, he had gradually widened the sphere of

his care-taking, until at this time he exercised a nominal supervision over all the buildings. He knew what was going on in each; he had a good idea, sometimes, of the scientific basis of this or that bit of machinery, and had gradually become acquainted with the workings and management of many of the instruments; and now and then he gave to his employer very good hints in regard to the means of attaining an end, more especially in the line of doing something by instrumentalities not intended for that purpose. If Sammy could take any machine which had been constructed to bore holes, and with it plug up orifices, he would consider that he had been of advantage to his kind.

Block was a thoroughly loyal man. The interests of his employer were always held by him first and above everything. But although the old man understood, sometimes very well, and always in a fair degree, what the inventor was trying to accomplish, and appreciated the magnitude and often the amazing nature of his operations, he never believed in any of them.

Sammy was a thoroughly old-fashioned man. He had been born and had grown up in the days when a steam-locomotive was good enough and fast enough for any sensible traveller, and he greatly preferred a good pair of horses to any vehicle which one steered with a handle and regulated the speed thereof with a knob. Roland Clewe might devise all the wonderful contrivances he pleased, and he might do all sorts of astonishing things with them, but Sammy would still be of the opinion that, even if the machines did all that they were expected to do, the things they did generally would not be worth the doing.

Still, the old man would not interfere by word or deed with any of the plans or actions of his employer. On the contrary, he would help him in every possible way—by fidelity, by suggestion, by constant devotion and industry; but, in spite of all that, it was one of the most firmly founded principles of his life that Roland Clewe had no right to ask him to believe in the value of the wild and amazing schemes he had on hand.

Before Roland Clewe slept that night he had visited all his workshops, factories, and laboratories. His men had been busily occupied during his absence under the directions of their various special

managers, and those in charge were of the opinion that everything had progressed as favorably and as rapidly as should have been expected; but Roland Clewe was not satisfied, even though many of his inventions and machines were much nearer completion than he had expected to find them. The work necessary to be done in his lens-house before he could go on with the great work of his life was not yet finished. As well as he could judge, it would be a month or two before he could devote himself to those labors in his lens-house the thought of which had so long filled his mind by day, and even during his sleep.

CHAPTER III.

MARGARET RALEIGH.

AFTER breakfast the following morning Roland Clewe mounted his horse and rode over to a handsome house which stood upon a hill about a mile and a half from Sardis. Horses, which had almost gone out of use during the first third of the century, were now getting to be somewhat in fashion again. Many people now appreciated the pleasure which these animals had given to the world since the beginning of history, and whose place, in an æsthetic sense, no inanimate machine could supply. As Roland Clewe swung himself from the saddle at the foot of a broad flight of steps, the house door was opened and a lady appeared.

"I saw you coming," she exclaimed, running down the steps to meet him.

She was a handsome woman, inclined to be tall, and some five years younger than Clewe. This was Mrs. Margaret Raleigh, partner with Roland Clewe in the works at Sardis, and, in fact, the principal owner of that great estate. She was a widow, and her husband had been not only a man of science, but a very rich man; and dying at the outset of his career, his widow had believed it her duty to devote the fortune he left to the prosecution and development of scientific works. She knew Roland Clewe as a hard student and worker, as a man of brilliant and original ideas, and as the originator of schemes which, if carried out successfully, would place him among the great inventors of the world.

She was not a scientific woman in the strict sense of the word, but she had a most thorough and appreciative sympathy

with all forms of physical research, and there was a distinctiveness and grandeur in the aims toward which Roland Clewe had directed his life work which determined her to unite, with all the power of her money and her personal encouragement, in the labors he had set for himself.

Therefore it was that the main part of the fortune left by Herbert Raleigh had been invested in the shops and foundries at Sardis, and that Roland Clewe and Margaret Raleigh were partners and co-owners in the business and the plant of the establishment.

"I am glad to welcome you back," said she, her hand in his. "But it strikes me as odd to see you come upon a horse; I should have supposed that by this time you would arrive sliding over the tree-tops on a pair of aerial skates."

"No," said he. "I may invent that sort of thing, but I prefer to use a horse. Don't you remember my mare? I rode her before I went away. I left her in old Sammy's charge, and he has been riding her every day."

"And glad enough to do it, I am sure," said she, "for I have heard him say that the things he hates most in this world are dead legs. 'When I can't use mine,' he said, 'let me have some others that are alive.' This is such a pretty creature," she added, as Clewe was looking about for some place to which he might tie his animal, "that I have a great mind to learn to ride myself!"

"A woman on a horse would be a queer sight," said he; and with this they went into the house.

The conference that morning in Mrs. Raleigh's library was a long and somewhat anxious one. For several years the money of the Raleigh estate had been freely and generously expended upon the enterprises in hand at the Sardis Works, but so far nothing of important profit had resulted from the operations. Many things had been carried on satisfactorily and successfully to various stages, but nothing had been finished; and now the two partners had to admit that the work which Clewe had expected to begin immediately upon his return from Europe must be postponed.

Still, there was no sign of discouragement in the voices or the faces—it may be said, in the souls—of the man and woman who sat there talking across a table. He

was as full of hope as ever he was, and she as full of faith.

They were an interesting couple to look upon. He, dark, a little hollow in the cheeks, a slight line or two of anxiety in the forehead, a handsome well-cut mouth, without beard, and a frame somewhat spare but strong; a man of graceful but unaffected action, dressed in a riding-coat, breeches, and leather leggings. She, her cheeks colored with earnest purpose, her gray eyes rather larger than usual as she looked up from the paper where she had been calculating, was dressed in the simple artistic fashion of the day. The falling folds of the semi-clinging fabrics accommodated themselves well to a figure which even at that moment of rest suggested latent energy and activity.

"If we have to wait for the Artesian ray," she said, "we must try to carry out something else. People are watching us, talking of us, expecting something of us; we must give them something. Now the question is, what shall that be?"

"The way I look at it is this," said her companion. "For a long time you have been watching and waiting and expecting something, and it is time that I should give you something; now the question is—"

"Not at all," said she, interrupting. "You arrogate too much to yourself. I don't expect you to give anything to me. We are working together, and it is both of us who must give this poor old world something to satisfy it for a while, until we can disclose to it that grand discovery, grander than anything that it has ever even imagined. I want to go on talking about it, but I shall not do it; we must keep our minds tied down to some present purpose. Now, Mr. Clewe, what is there that we can take up and carry on immediately? Can it be the great shell?"

Clewe shook his head.

"No," said he; "that is progressing admirably, but many things are necessary before we can experiment with it."

"Since you were away," said she, "I have often been down to the works to look at it, but everything about it seems to go so slowly. However, I suppose it will go fast enough when it is finished."

"Yes," said he. "I hope it will go fast enough to overturn the artillery of the world; but, as you say, don't let us talk about the things for which we must wait. I will carefully consider everything that



"'I SAW YOU COMING,' SHE EXCLAIMED."

is in operation, and to-morrow I will suggest something with which we can go on."

"After all," said she, as they stood together before parting, "I cannot take my mind from the Artesian ray."

"Nor can I," he answered; "but for the present we must put our hands to work at something else."

The Artesian ray of which these two spoke was an invention upon which Roland Clewe had been experimenting for a long time, and which was and had been the object of his labors and studies while in Europe. In the first decade of the century it had been generally supposed that the X ray, or cathode ray, had been developed and applied to the utmost extent of

its capability. It was used in surgery and in mechanical arts, and in many varieties of scientific operations, but no considerable advance in its line of application had been recognized for a quarter of a century.

But Roland Clewe had come to believe in the existence of a photic force, somewhat similar to the cathode ray, but of infinitely greater significance and importance to the searcher after physical truth. Simply described, his discovery was a powerful ray produced by a new combination of electric lights, which would penetrate down into the earth, passing through all substances which it met in its way, and illuminating and disclosing everything through which it passed.

All matter likely to be found beneath the surface of the earth in that part of the country had been experimented upon by Clewe, and nothing had resisted the penetrating and illuminating influence of his ray—well called Artesian ray, for it was intended to bore into the bowels of the earth. After making many minor trials of the force and powers of his light, Roland Clewe had undertaken the construction of a massive apparatus, by which he believed a ray could be generated which, little by little, perhaps foot by foot, would penetrate into the earth and light up everything between the farthest point it had attained and the lenses of his machine. That is to say, he hoped to produce a long hole of light about three feet in diameter and as deep as it was possible to make it descend, in which he could see all the various strata and deposits of which the earth is composed. How far he could send down this piercing cylinder of light he did not allow himself to consider. With a small and imperfect machine he had seen several feet into the ground; with a great and powerful apparatus, such as he was now constructing, why should he not look down below the deepest point to which man's knowledge had ever reached? Down so far that he must follow his descending light with a telescope; down, down until he had discovered the hidden secrets of the earth!

The peculiar quality of this light, which gave it its great pre-eminence over all other penetrating rays, was the power it possessed of illuminating an object; passing through it; rendering it transparent and invisible; illuminating the opaque substance it next met in its path, and afterward rendering that transparent. If the rocks and earth in the cylindrical cavities of light which Clewe had already produced in his experiments had actually been removed with pickaxes and shovels, the lighted hole a few feet in depth could not have appeared more real, the bottom and sides of the little well could not have been revealed more sharply and distinctly; and yet there was no hole in the ground, and if one should try to put his foot into the lighted perforation he would find it as solid as any other part of the earth.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MISSION OF SAMUEL BLOCK.

NOT far from the works at Sardis there was a large pond, which was formed by

the damming of a stream which at this point ran between high hills. In order to obtain a sufficient depth of water for his marine experiments, Roland Clewe had built an unusually high and strong dam, and this body of water, which was called the lake, widened out considerably behind the dam and stretched back for more than half a mile.

He was standing on the shore of this lake, early the next morning, in company with several workmen, examining a curious-looking vessel which was moored near by, when Margaret Raleigh came walking towards him. When he saw her he left the men and went to meet her.

"You could not wait until I came to your house to tell you what I was going to do?" he said, smiling.

"No," she answered, "I could not. The Artesian ray kept me awake nearly all night, and I felt that I must quiet my mind as soon as I could by giving it something real and tangible to take hold of. Now what is it that you are going to do? Anything in the ship line?"

"Yes," said he, "it is something in that line. But let us walk back a little; I am not quite ready to tell the men everything. I have been thinking," he said, as they moved together from the lake, "of that practical enterprise which we must take up and finish, in order to justify ourselves to the public and those who have in various ways backed up our enterprises, and I have concluded that the best thing I can do is to carry out my plan of going to the north pole."

"What!" she exclaimed. "You are not going to try to do that—you, yourself?" And as she spoke, her voice trembled a little.

"Yes," said he, "I thought I would go myself, or else send Sammy."

She laughed.

"Ridiculous!" said she. "Send Sammy Block! You are joking?"

"No," said he, "I am not. I have been planning the expedition, and I think Sammy would be an excellent man to take charge of it. I might go part of the way—at least far enough to start him—and I could so arrange matters that Sammy would have no difficulty in finishing the expedition, but I do not think that I could give up all the time that such an enterprise deserves. It is not enough to merely find the pole; one should stay

there and make observations which would be of service."

"But if Sammy finishes the journey himself," she said, "his will be the glory."

"Let him have it," replied Clewe. "If my method of arctic exploration solves the great problem of the pole, I shall be satisfied with the glory I get from the conception. The mere journey to the northern end of the earth's axis is of slight importance. I shall be glad to have Sammy go first, and have as many follow him as may choose to travel in that direction."

"Yet it is a great achievement," said she. "I would give much to be the first human being who has placed his foot upon the north pole."

"You would get it wet, I am afraid," said Clewe, smiling; "but that is not the kind of glory I crave. If I can help a man to go there, I shall be very willing to do so, provided he will make me a favorable report of his discoveries."

"Tell me all about it," she said—"when will you start; how many will go?"

"There is some work to be done on that boat," said he. "Let me set the men at it, and then we will go into the office, and I will lay out everything before you."

When they were seated in a quiet little room attached to one of the large buildings, Roland Clewe made ready to describe his proposed arctic expedition to his partner, in whose mind the wonderful enterprise had entered, driving out the disturbing thoughts of the Artesian ray.

"You have told me about it before," said she, "but I am not quite sure that I have it all straight in my mind. You will go, I suppose, in a submarine boat—that is, whoever goes will go in it?"

"Yes," said he, "for part of the way. My plan is to proceed in an ordinary vessel as far north as Cape Tariff, taking the *Dipsey*, my submarine boat, in tow. The exploring party, with the necessary stores and instruments, will embark on the *Dipsey*, but before they start they will make a telegraphic connection with the station at Cape Tariff. The *Dipsey* will carry one of those light, portable cables, which will be wound on a drum in her hold,



"A CURIOUS-LOOKING VESSEL"

and this will be paid out as she proceeds on her way. Thus, you see, by means of the cable from Cape Tariff to St. Johns, we can be in continual communication with Sammy, no matter where he may go; for there is no reason to suppose that the ocean in those northern regions is too deep to allow the successful placing of a telegraphic cable.

"My plan is a very simple one, but as we have not talked it over for some time, I will describe it in full. All explorers who have tried to get to the north pole have met with the same bad fortune. They could not pass over the vast and awful regions of ice which lay between them and the distant point at which they aimed; the deadly ice-land was always too much for them; they died or they turned back.

"When flying-machines were brought to supposed perfection, some twenty years ago, it was believed that the pole would easily be reached, but there were always the wild and wicked winds, in which no steering apparatus could be relied upon. We may steer and manage our vessels in the fiercest storms at sea, but when the ocean moves in one great tidal wave our rudders are of no avail. Everything rushes on together, and our strongest ships are cast high upon the land.

"So it happened to the Canadian Bagne, who went in 1927 in the best flying-ship ever made, and which it was supposed could be steadily kept upon its way without regard to the influence of the strongest winds; but a great hurricane came down from the North, as if square miles of atmosphere were driving onward in a steady mass, and hurled him and his ship against an iceberg, and nothing of his vessel but pieces of wood and iron, which the bears would not eat, was ever seen again. This was the last polar expedition of that sort, or any sort; but my plan is so easy of accomplishment—at least so it seems to me—and so devoid of risk and danger, that it amazes me that it has never been tried before. In fact, if I had not thought that it would be such a comparatively easy thing to go to the pole, I believe I should have been there long ago; but I have always considered that it could be done at some season when more difficult and engrossing projects were not pressing upon me.

"What I propose to do is to sink down below the bottom of the ice in the arctic regions, and then to proceed in a direct line northward to the pole. The distance between the lower portions of the ice and the bottom of the Arctic Ocean I believe to be quite sufficient to allow me all the room needed for navigation. I do not think it necessary to even consider the contingency of the greatest iceberg or floe reaching the bottom of the arctic waters; consequently, without trouble or danger, the *Dipsey* can make a straight course for the extreme North.

"By means of the instruments the *Dipsey* will carry it will be comparatively easy to determine the position of the pole, and before this point is reached I believe she will find herself in an open sea, where she may rise to the surface. But if this should not be the case, a comparatively thin place in the ice will be chosen, and a great opening blown through it by means of an ascensional shell, several of which she will carry. She will then rise to the surface of the water in this opening, and the necessary operations will be carried on."

"Mr. Clewe," said Margaret Raleigh, "the thing is so terrible I cannot bear to think of it. The *Dipsey* may have to sail hundreds and hundreds of miles under the ice, shut in as if an awful lid were put over her. No matter what happened

down there, she could not come up and get out; it would be the same thing as having a vast sky of ice stretched out above one. I should think the very idea of it would make people shudder and die."

"Oh, it is not so bad as all that," answered Clewe. "There is nothing so dear to the marine explorer as plenty of water, and plenty of room to sail in, and under the ice the *Dipsey* will find all that."

"But there are so many dangers," said she, "that you cannot provide against in advance."

"That is very true," said he, "but I have thought so much about them, and I have studied and consulted so much about them, that I think I have provided against all the dangers we have reason to expect. To me the whole business seems like very plain, straightforward sailing."

"It may seem so here," said Margaret Raleigh, "but it will be quite another thing out under the arctic ice."

Preparations for the expedition were pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and Clewe would have been delighted to make this voyage into the unseen regions of the nether ice, but he knew that it was his duty not to lose time or to risk his life when he was on the brink of a discovery far more wonderful, far more important to the world, than the finding of the pole. Therefore he determined that he would go with the expedition no farther than the point where the ice would prevent the farther progress of the vessel in which they would sail from New York.

It was not to be supposed that Roland Clewe intended to intrust such an expedition to the absolute command of such a man as old Samuel Block. There would be on board the *Dipsey* an electrician who had long been preparing himself for this expedition; there were to be other scientific men; there would be a submarine engineer, and such minor officers and assistants as would be necessary; but Clewe wanted some one who would represent him, who could be trusted to act in his place in case of success or of failure, who could be thoroughly depended upon should a serious emergency arise. Such a man was Samuel Block, and, somewhat strange to say, old Sammy was perfectly willing to go to the pole. He was always ready for anything within bounds of his duty, and those bounds

included everything which Mr. Clewe wished done.

Sammy was an old-fashioned man, and therefore, in talking over arrangements with Roland Clewe, he insisted upon having a sailor in the party.

"In old times," said he, "when I was a young man, nobody ever thought of settin' out on any kind of sea-voyagin' without havin' a sailor along. The fact is, they used to be pretty much all sailors."

"But in this expedition," said Clewe, "a sailor would be out of place. One of your old-fashioned mariners would not know what to do under the water. Submarine voyaging is an entirely different profession from that of the old-time navigator."

"I know all that," said Sammy. "I know how everything is a machine nowadays; but I shall never forget what a glorious thing it was to sail on the sea with the wind blowin' and the water curlin' beneath your keel. I lived on the coast, and used to go out whenever I had a chance, but things is mightily changed nowadays. Just think of that yacht-race in England the other day—a race between two electric yachts, with a couple of vessels ploughin' along to windward carryin' between 'em a board fence thirty feet high to keep the wind off the yachts and give 'em both smooth water and equal chance. I can't get used to that sort of thing, and I tell you, sir, that if I am goin' on a voyage to the pole, I want to have a sailor along. If everything goes all right, we must come to the top of the water some time, and then we ought to have at least one man who understands surface navigation."

"All right," said Clewe; "get your sailor."

"I've got my eye on him; he's a Cape Cod man, and he's not so very old either. When he was a boy people went about in ships with sails, and even after he grew up Cap'n Jim was a great feller to manage a cat-boat; for things has moved slower on the Cape than in many parts of the country."

So Captain Jim Hubbell was engaged as sailor to the expedition; and when he came on to Sardis and looked over the *Dipsey* he expressed a general opinion of her construction and capabilities which indicated a disposition on his part to send her and all others fashioned after her plan to depths a great deal lower than

ever had been contemplated by their inventors. Still, as he wanted very much to go to the pole if it was possible that he could get there, and as the wages offered him were exceedingly liberal, Cap-



CAPTAIN JIM HUBBELL.

tain Jim enlisted in the party. His duties were to begin when the *Dipsey* floated on the surface of the sea like a common-sense craft.

A day or two before the expedition was ready to start, Roland Clewe was very much surprised one morning by a visit from Sammy's wife, Mrs. Sarah Block, who lost no time in informing him that she had made up her mind to accompany her husband on the perilous voyage he was about to make.

"You!" said Clewe. "You could not go on such an expedition as that!"

"If Sammy goes, I go," said Mrs. Block. "If it is dangerous for me, it is dangerous for him. I have been tryin' to get sense enough in his head to make him stay at home, but I can't do it; so I have made up my mind that I go with him or he don't go. We have trav-

elled together on top of the land, and we have travelled together on top of the water, and if there's to be travellin' under the water, why then we travel together all the same. If Sammy goes polin', I go polin'. I think he's a fool to do it; but if he's goin' to be a fool, I am goin' to be a fool. And as for my bein' in the way, you needn't think of that, Mr. Clewe. I can cook for the livin', I can take care of the sick, and I can sew up the dead in shrouds."

"All right, Mrs. Block," said Clewe. "If you insist on it, and Sammy is willing, you may go; but I will beg of you not to say anything about the third class of good offices which you propose to perform for the party, for it might cast a gloom over some of the weaker-minded."

"Cast a gloom!" said Mrs. Block. "If all I hear is true, there will be a general gloom over everything that will be like havin' a black pocket-handkercher tied over your head, and I don't know that anything I could say would make that gloom more gloomier."

When Margaret Raleigh parted with Clewe on the deck of the *Go Lightly*, the large electric vessel which was to tow the *Dipsey* up to the limits of navigable Northern waters, she knew he must make a long journey, nearly twice as far as the voyage to England, before she could hear from him; but when he arrived at Cape Tariff, a point far up on the northwestern coast of Greenland, she would hear from him; for from this point there was telegraphic communication with the rest of the world. There was a little station here, established by some commercial companies, and their agent was a telegraph-operator.

The passage from New York to Cape Tariff was an uneventful one, and when Clewe disembarked at the lonely Greenland station he was greeted by a long message from Mrs. Raleigh, the principal import of which was that on no account must he allow himself to be persuaded to go on the submarine voyage of the *Dipsey*. On his part, Clewe had no desire to make any change in his plans. During



"'IF SAMMY GOES, I GO,' SAID MRS. BLOCK."

all the long voyage northward his heart had been at Sardis.

The *Dipsey* was a comparatively small vessel, but it afforded comfortable accommodations for a dozen or more people, and there was room for all the stores which would be needed for a year. She was furnished besides with books and every useful and convenient contrivance which had been thought desirable for her peculiar expedition.

When everything was ready, Roland Clewe took leave of the officers, the crew, and the passenger on board the *Dipsey*, and the last-mentioned, as she shook hands with him, shed tears.

"It seems to me like a sort of a congregational suicide, Mr. Clewe," said she. "And it can't even be said that all the members are doin' it of their own accord, for I am not. If Sammy did not go, I would not, but if he does, I do, and there's the end of that; and I suppose it won't be very much longer before there's the end of all of us. I hope you will tell Mrs. Raleigh that I sent my best love to her with my last words; for even if I was to see her again, it would seem to me like beginnin' all over agin, and this would be the end of this part of my life all the same. What I hope and pray for is that none of the party may die of any kind of a disease before the rest all go to their end together; for remains on board an under-water vessel is somethin' which mighty few nerves would be able to stand."

When all farewells had been said, Mr. Clewe went on board the *Go Lightly*, on the deck of which were her officers and men and the few inhabitants of the station, and then the plate-glass hatchways of the *Dipsey* were tightly closed, and she began to sink, until she entirely disappeared below the surface of the water, leaving above her a little floating glass globe, connected with her by an electric wire.



"A LONG MESSAGE FROM MRS. RALEIGH."

As the *Dipsey* went under the sea, this little globe followed her on the surface, and the *Go Lightly* immediately began to move after her. This arrangement had been made as Clewe wished to follow the *Dipsey* for a time, in order to see if everything was working properly with her. She kept on a straight course, flashing a light into the little globe every now and then; and finally, after meeting some floating ice, she shattered the globe with an explosion, which was the signal agreed upon to show that all was well, and that the *Dipsey* had started off alone on the submarine voyage to the pole.

Roland Clewe gazed out over the wide stretch of dark green waves and glistening crests, where nothing could be seen which indicated life except a distant, wearily flapping sea bird, and then turning his back upon the pole, he made preparations for his return voyage to New York, at which port he might expect to receive direct news from Sammy Block and his companions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"CLIFFE SANK BACK IN HIS CHAIR."

WITHIN THE EYE OF HONOR.

BY GEORGE HIBBARD.

"If there is one thing I hate," said Kitty Cliffe, as she rose from the breakfast table, "it's a country house when it's first opened in the spring, and a house in town when it's first opened in the autumn."

Cliffe sank back in his chair and did not speak.

"Although," she went on, "both have been shut up, with no one in them, everything seems to have got moved about in the most unaccountable way."

He meditatively balanced a fork on his finger.

"And then," she pursued, "you have forgotten and left behind at the other place so many things that you want where you are."

He put down the fork and threw his arm over the back of his chair.

"While," she continued, "all the people you don't want to see have either 'come down' early or 'come up' early."

He looked attentively at a button on his coat.

"And of course," she added, "none of the people that you want to see have."

He desisted in his inspection of the button and gave his attention to his shoes.

"And," she concluded, "those you want to escape pursue you, and they are horrid."

A year before they had come to town at the same time, but then they had been so recently married that there was something of the honeymoon feeling still left, and it had been quite different. Now there was that sense of certainty that comes so soon in matrimony. If they had been asked—and been willing to answer—both would undoubtedly have confessed that they found the latter state in its comfort preferable to the first, though both would have felt obliged to express a regret—and would indeed have felt a little uncontrollable pang—when they considered that the first period of joyous uncertainty, of blissful experiment and mysterious adaptation, had passed never to return. As it was, they had spent the summer in a country house on the low Long Island shore, where it seemed to them that, although nothing had happened, they had made many discoveries

about each other, and now it was with a little regret that on the previous mellow October afternoon they had arrived at their house in the city.

"And," continued Cliffe, with unrelaxed mouth but smiling eyes, "the establishment is not in working condition, and you have to go out and dine at strange places."

She looked at the clock.

"And," he pursued, "things do not seem to go quite so smoothly even at the club."

She discovered that the timepiece had not been wound up, and searched for the key under its massive base.

"While every one asks you so many questions about where you have been, and you have to take a polite interest in their movements during the summer, which it is generally rather difficult to do intelligently when you don't know whether they have been up in Nova Zembla looking at the 'midnight sun,' or have been merely in a country place in New Jersey."

Not being able to find the key in its usual place, she turned away impatiently.

"But who were so particularly unpleasant?" he asked, lazily.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it was only one—old Mr. Burbidge, whom I met tottering out of a shop. In the first place, he is always making mistakes, and he got me mixed up with Daisy Pomfret, who is getting a divorce."

Cliffe laughed as she paused in horror.

"And then he said, incidentally, women had no sense of honor."

"Well," replied Cliffe, "they haven't."

"You say so too?" she exclaimed, reproachfully.

"Perhaps," he said, "in their own way, but in an irregular fashion, without any principle."

"Is there a principle?" she asked. "I thought it was an instinct."

"That is exactly it," he answered. "It's an instinct with a woman, and instincts work uncertainly. With a man it's logical."

"Yes," she said, "logical! I believe that's another thing that we are not."

"But then," said Cliffe, consolingly,

"think of how many things they say you are."

"I know," she replied, promptly. "And I can't tell which is the most foolish, what they say we are, or what they say we aren't—or the most insulting. One gets accustomed to the most of it, but when one constantly hears that all women have no recognition of the meaning of honor, I become impatient and indignant and exasperated." She nodded her head abruptly, with so much emphasis that she conveyed quite the impression of having stamped her foot. "Why," she continued, "only just now I found a case in which a woman—a young girl—acted wholly and entirely from a sense of honor when she did what was the hardest for her to do, simply because she thought it was right."

"Yes, *right*," commented Cliffe.

"Isn't honor right?" she demanded.

"Honor requires very often that one should do what is intrinsically wrong—demands that one should 'perjure one's self like a gentleman.'"

"I don't know," she said; "I can't see how wrong can be honorable."

"That's just it," he remarked. "No one ever heard of a woman being obliged to perjure herself like—a lady."

"Anyway," she continued, "I know what Mabel Brooks did was honorable. She was engaged to Alfred Muirhead, but was in love with Jim Corlears."

"Was that honorable?" interrupted Cliffe.

"Wait," Kitty replied. "She always respected Mr. Muirhead, and he was so very rich, and—you know how a girl will do when she doesn't care very much in one way or the other—so she let herself be persuaded into it."

"Ah!" exclaimed Cliffe, with meaning intonation.

"Wait," Kitty repeated, confidently—"wait until you hear the end. Then she saw Jim Corlears and really fell in love with him—poor and wild and altogether attractive as he is. But she was engaged to the other man."

"Why didn't she break her engagement?" he asked.

"That's exactly what she was going to do, when something very unexpected happened. She was just going to tell Alfred Muirhead that she could not marry him, when suddenly, by some failure or something, he lost every cent he had in the

world. She immediately made up her mind never to see Jim Corlears again, and to be true to Mr. Muirhead. What do you think of that?" Kitty concluded, triumphantly; "what do you think of that?"

"I think it was particularly stupid," he answered.

"Why," she said, in amazement, "I think it was very fine!"

"To make three people unhappy—for of course it'll end by making Muirhead miserable—just for a fancy of that kind?"

"But it was honorable," she insisted.

"I suppose it was—in a way," he replied, "or, at least, would have been in a man."

"Does not the same rule hold good for women?"

"There's one thing women always forget," he continued, deliberately. "They—or the world for them—always complain that they are not judged by the same law as men, and that men are permitted greater freedoms and laxities. They do not remember that there are a lot of things as to which they are much freer than men, and that these things are permitted them for their own protection. Kissing and telling is one—or rather being kissed and telling is one—and breaking engagements is another."

"And do you think she should have broken this one?"

"Certainly," he replied, promptly. "It's just because men are allowed such liberty in some cases that as a matter of honor they must be particularly careful in others, and *vice versa*, because women are so cramped in many directions they are permitted certain freedoms in other ways."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, protestingly.

"It's true," he maintained. "And I think Miss Brooks has made a great mistake, and indeed done a great wrong."

"And she thought she was doing so right, and it has been made so hard for her. Jim, when she told him she would not see him and that he must go away, would not obey her, but kept torturing her by his importunities. There," she said, suddenly, "that's a man's honor—when he knows that a woman is trying to do right, to torture her selfishly. No woman would do that; she would respect and admire and reverence a person who she knows through a sense of honor was trying to do his duty, and would help him all she could."

"And go away and build a shrine in her soul at which she worshipped, and suffer silently, without trying to accomplish anything to make what was wrong right?"

"Yes; and not persecuting the person she loved and who loved her."

"I think," said Cliffe, decidedly, "that if Jim knew that the girl loved him—"

"He did," Kitty admitted as he paused.

"Then I think he'd be a fool and a brute not to try to get her."

"And keep her suffering?" remonstrated Kitty. "You don't know what trouble it is for her every time that he tries to see her or in any way get word to her. She has talked to me, and I know. It's torture. I saw her yesterday, and I felt so badly. I asked her to come here this morning to drive down town with me so that we could talk. If I could only do something to help her! But, Harold, it's strange you cannot understand. I think it's Jim Corlears who is not honorable in the way he is acting."

"I'd do anything I could to help him," said Cliffe, positively.

"And I'd do anything I could to help her," she replied, sturdily. "That's my idea of honor."

"Very well," said Cliffe. "Giving up the girl a man loves, because she thinks it her duty to marry another, isn't mine."

She did not speak, and there was a moment's silence as the servant entered and placed on the table at Cliffe's elbow the letters just left by the postman. There had been a certain ring of defiance in the last speech, and the man's entrance broke what might have been an awkward pause. Such an interruption did away with the necessity for any reply, and both were able, without acknowledgment of constraint, to remain without saying anything after his departure.

"Here," said Cliffe, after running through the pile—"here are some for you." And pushing several envelopes across the table, he looked up at her, smiling. "I don't think we need row about this affair," he continued. "There's no chance that either of us should be called upon to act."

"No," she said, repentingly; "and I'm sorry I spoke the way I did."

He did not reply, but she was looking at him, and was evidently fully satisfied with what she saw, for with a small sigh of content she picked up her letters, while

he tore the corner off one of his. But he was not allowed to proceed undisturbed in the perusal of his mail, for he had hardly read down the first page of that particular missive when a quick exclamation caused him to look up.

"Oh," she cried, indignantly, "I think this is too bad—is perfectly shameful—to drag me into it."

"What is it?" Cliffe demanded. "Don't spare my feelings, but tell me at once."

"It's Jim Corlears," she replied, and then paused, lost in thought.

"Yes?" he said.

"I won't do it!" she exclaimed, after a moment's reflection. "I won't!"

"I have rarely seen you more determined," commented Cliffe.

"Harold," she said, "don't make fun of me. This is serious. You remember that I have always known him, although I haven't seen him very often lately; but he hasn't the right to do such a thing. Here's a letter from him in which he makes a long and harrowing appeal to me to give him my aid with Mabel—telling me how desperate he is, and how he can do nothing without me."

"Poor old chap! he does seem in a bad way; but if he chooses to overflow with confidence in his distress, why, is there any reason you should be so indignant and resolute?"

"That isn't all," she continued. "He encloses a letter that he says I must see reaches her—at once. He says that it is most important and there must be no delay, and that I must make her read it. He writes that she thinks it is not best or wise for her to see him, or even to hear anything from him, and he can't contrive that she should, and that I am his only hope."

"Really?" observed Cliffe.

"And don't you see how very hard it is for me? She has told me particularly that she does not wish to hear or see anything that will make her think of him. She said that she had made up her mind, and that it all was impossible and she wanted to forget. It has been hard enough for her, and I can't make it harder. He has been unkind and ungenerous and dishonorable in the way he has kept torturing her, and I will not help him to do it. If he cannot respect her noble strength and try to help her, I can and I will."

Kitty concluded with great energy, and

emphasized the last word by striking the edge of the envelope against the table.

"Let me see it," said Cliffe, holding out his hand.

She gave the letter to him, and watched him as he hastily ran over the pages.

"He doesn't say where he is, or where he is going to be."

"No," she replied, indifferently.

"And I heard them say at the club only yesterday that no one had seen him for a long time, and that there wasn't any one who knew how to reach him."

"What difference does that make?" she asked.

"Merely that you can't send it back to him and say that you can't do what he asks."

"Why?" she demanded.

"Because the letter to the girl is marked in the corner 'Immediate and urgent,' and you don't know where to send it so that he can get it—immediately and urgently."

"What is the difference?" she inquired.

"Only this, that if he can't have it back at once, the note ought to be delivered."

"I don't see why," she said.

"It's an implied trust," he answered.

"But I never asked for his trust," she urged.

"Very true," he answered.

"And he has imposed it on me without my consent and against my will."

"Certainly."

"Then I don't see why I should do anything."

"It's a question of honor," said Cliffe.

"How can it be," she exclaimed, "when I have not had anything to do with it?"

"It's just because you haven't had anything to do with it that it is."

"How very foolish!" she retorted.

"Not at all. It is possible to resolve almost every question of honor into a question of sense, and indeed honor may be said to be sense raised to the *n*th power. Take this example. You do not know that if this letter is not delivered immediately and urgently that it may not be too late for it to be of any use."

"Yes," she admitted; "he says that it is 'vital' that she should read it at once."

"Very well," argued Cliffe. "Suppose you send the letter back to him, and he does not receive it for some time, and does not know that she has not read it,

you don't know how wrongly things may go."

"I know how wrongly things will go if I give it to her, and what trouble, what terrible trouble such a useless appeal will make for this poor girl who is trying to do the best she can."

"But you have nothing to do with that; it is your duty to fulfil the trust reposed in you."

"And which he had no business to repose in me," she urged.

"Very true again," said Cliffe; "but again that is none of your business."

"And must we do things that are unreasonable simply because some people inflict them on us?"

"Very often—in honor," he answered.

"And must I act unwisely and cruelly because, without any fault on my part, this man has seen fit to put me in this position?"

"Assuredly—in honor," said Cliffe.

"That's a man's idea of honor," Kitty retorted, indignantly, "and as selfish as all his points of view. Simply so that he may shrug his shoulders and be able to say to himself 'I have not failed,' he is willing to bring trouble and suffering on others."

"Honor is a very complicated affair, often compelling us to act cruelly when we should act kindly, and kindly when it would be our inclination to act cruelly. Kitty," he said, "there is always an underlying reason. There was some Frenchman once who illustrated one of the great principles of honor by a letter. He said—I don't remember his exact words—that a letter was protected because it did not defend itself. Now suppose you heard that some one you knew had opened a letter that was not meant for them, and had gained something by what they read in it?"

"I should, of course, despise them more than I can say," she replied, vehemently.

"Of course. Now suppose—just suppose that some one you knew had broken open a bank vault and stolen the money that was in it?"

"I should be surprised and indignant and—and—sorry, if I had known them well."

"Your feelings would not be the same in both cases. Even if you condemned utterly the man who had robbed the safe you would not have in the same degree the feeling of contempt for the one who

had stolen the million dollars that were protected and the one who had stolen the secret that was not."

"It seems unreasonable," she admitted, "but it's true."

"There's really a reason," Cliffe went on. "Very well. Corlears is in something the same position as the letter. He cannot defend himself. You can't send it back to him so that he can get it in time and act for himself, so you must act for him."

"I don't know what trouble the letter may make for Mabel, and really I can't."

"It is necessary," said Cliffe.

"Besides," she urged, "I don't agree with you. It can't be honorable to create difficulty and distress, and I am not going to do it." She looked steadily at him, half entreatingly, half defiantly. "It might make it almost impossible for her to do what she has made up her mind to do," she added.

"It might," he admitted, readily. "That clearly is supposable."

"And Mr. Muirhead is so good, and is very much in love with her in his way, and it's honorable for her to marry him."

Cliffe said nothing.

"And can it be honorable for me to make it hard and perhaps impossible for her to do what is honorable for her?"

"That is not the question," he remonstrated.

"I don't see why it is not," she replied. "We ought to help people, and I will be helping her."

"You have yourself to consider," he objected.

"That's why I condemn your man's idea of honor. It's all based on self, and that must be wrong. I know I must act for Mabel."

"And betray a trust," he said.

"Such a trust!" she interrupted, contemptuously. "You can't be made responsible for anything you don't do yourself."

"I said," he went on, reflectively, "that women had no sense of honor."

"You make me so angry!" she exclaimed. "They do, only it is a better, higher, truer, wider sense; not a narrow personal one."

Again the sudden feeling of slight constraint was broken by the entrance of the same servant who had before appeared.

"Miss Brooks," he murmured.

"Mabel!" exclaimed Kitty, looking at Cliffe; "so very early! How strange!" She turned to the man. "Take Miss Brooks to the library, and I will come at once."

The servant turned and disappeared.

"What are you going to do?" asked Cliffe, curiously.

"I don't know," she exclaimed as she hurried out.

Cliffe strolled to the fireplace and looked at the grate where the first fire of the year crackled cheerfully, then he strayed to the window and gazed across the small strip of grass at the vine, glorious with the crimson and gold of autumn, that hung in bright sunshine on the opposite stable wall. There was a smile on his face, but his brow was wrinkled a little perplexedly as he drummed on the glass. Suddenly his reverie was interrupted by the advent of the "second man," who was clearly officiating in the temporary absence of the butler.

"A gentleman, sir, to see you," he said, "and, if you please, he's in a hurry. He—"

The sentence was not finished, for the speaker was almost thrust aside by a young man who pushed through the door.

"Corlears!" cried Cliffe.

"Yes," exclaimed the other, "but I haven't the time to explain now. Do you know if your wife got a letter from me?"

"She did," said Cliffe.

"With a letter to be given to Miss Brooks?"

"Yes," said Cliffe.

"Do you know if she can have given it to her?"

"I don't," replied Cliffe, shaking his head.

"If I can only manage to stop her," cried the other.

"You don't want her to give it to this young woman?"

"No," cried the other, in an anxious tone. "Not for anything; not for the world—now."

"Something has happened," said Cliffe, advancing.

"Yes; I've experienced a change of heart," and Corlears laughed nervously. "I say, it's rather strange my rushing in and telling you these personal things straight off, when I have not seen much

of you for a long time, but we'll talk all about that later. It's this way: I was desperate, and I felt that it was all no use, and that I'd better give it up. I said I was going off somewhere to get myself shot—South Africa I had in my mind—and that then she'd be sorry for her heartlessness and her folly and her obstinacy. I said a good many pretty unpleasant things when I wrote last night, but as I was driving down to the steamer this morning, through the Avenue all gray and cold and deserted, in some way all appeared different, and I was sorry for what I had written in the excitement of the moment, and I couldn't endure to think of the way she'd think of me, and I found that if I was going to be miserable I'd rather be miserable here, near her, than somewhere else, and, in short, that I couldn't give her up and wouldn't give her up to him, no matter what she might be willing to do because of a cursed mistake."

Corlears paused, a little flushed and out of breath.

"The women call it honor," Cliffe observed.

"I won't tell you what I call it," said Corlears, savagely. "But, anyway, I've got to have that letter. I've let the steamer sail without me, and it's in a way lucky I did, for they've decided that lawsuit, and there will be a lot of business about the money that's coming to me."

"The courts have allowed the Corlears claim?" said Cliffe.

"Yes," said Corlears, impatiently; "it's all in the morning papers; but that's no matter. Where is your wife?"

"And you are rich?" asked the other.

"Yes, I suppose so; but what of that?"

"You cheerful idiot," replied Cliffe, "it would have been a great deal better if you had sailed."

"Why?" asked Corlears, aghast.

"Don't you see, if she wouldn't marry you when you were poor because he was poor, she certainly won't marry you now when he's poor and you're rich."

"I don't see."

"It's what they call honor," said Cliffe.

"And you might just as well tell them not to unpack your things, for then you can take the next ship out."

Corlears stood looking dumfoundedly at the other man.

"I thought," he blundered, "that it would make it better."

But before Cliffe could speak his ear caught the quick rustle of a gown, and Kitty dashed into the room.

"Harold," she cried, "you don't know what has happened."

"Neither do you," said Cliffe, impatiently. "Here's Corlears come to tell me that he's gone and taken to himself a fortune, and hasn't sailed this morning because he thinks there's a chance that foolish girl will marry him."

"Well?" said Kitty.

"And of course she'll only be more foolish," continued Cliffe, hotly. "And just because he's rich will be more unwilling to listen to him."

Kitty laughed gleefully as she looked up in Cliffe's indignant face; then she crossed over and shook hands warmly with Corlears.

"I congratulate you," she said, warmly.

"How absurd," said Cliffe, angrily, "to congratulate him! He doesn't care anything for the money in comparison with the girl, and now she's certainly lost to him with her idiotic fancies."

"Not at all," laughed Kitty.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed.

"Didn't I tell you that you didn't know what had happened?" she continued. "It's all most surprising. It seems that it was all a mistake about Mr. Muirhead's losing his money. He has it all back again, and, by some mines or things, twice as much as he had before."

Both men gazed at her eagerly.

"And," she went on, excitedly, "don't you see? Mabel could break the engagement, and she did at once. And that's what she came to tell me so early."

"Is she here?" inquired Corlears, quickly.

"In the library," cried Kitty. "You had better go and see her, and she can explain better than I."

Without waiting for further bidding or any word of explanation or excuse, Corlears crossed the room and was out of the door.

"There," Kitty exclaimed, triumphantly, "it has come out all right, after all."

"Without thanks to any one," remonstrated Cliffe.

"What's the difference about the way? It's right, and that is all."

"And the letter?" said Cliffe.

"Why, when she told me, of course I gave it to her."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, discontentedly.

"What is it?"

"There were things in it he wrote in excitement, and that he didn't want her to see."

"They'll make that all right," she answered, with assurance.

"I suppose so," he said, discontentedly.

"What else is there?"

"Why, it seems to me, as to the question of honor, we're very much where we were."

For a moment she was silent, then she looked up at him.

"I'll be honest," she said, impulsively.

"I gave the letter to her before she told me."

"But why—" he began.

"When I saw her I suddenly felt sorry

for him—she was so pretty, and I thought he must feel so badly."

"You were sorry for him because she was pretty?" he said. Cliffe's expression changed. "I have it," he added.

"What?" she asked.

"Women haven't any sense of honor."

"Oh," she cried, "are you going to begin all over again?"

"But they have sympathy, which is as good," he concluded.

"Do you say that?" she exclaimed, delightedly. "Then I'll forgive you."

For a moment there was silence.

"I wonder," he said, "what they are doing in the library?"

"Very much what we are doing here," she replied, with a laugh.

METEOROLOGICAL PROGRESS OF THE CENTURY.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

"AN astonishing miracle has just occurred in our district," wrote M. Marais, a worthy if undistinguished citizen of France, from his home at L'Aigle, under date of "the 13th Floreal, year 11"—a date which outside of France would be interpreted as meaning May 3, 1803. This "miracle" was the appearance of a "fire-ball" in broad daylight—"perhaps it was wildfire," says the naïve chronicle—which "hung over the meadow," being seen by many people, and then exploded with a loud sound, scattering thousands of stony fragments over the surface of a territory some miles in extent.

Such a "miracle" could not have been announced at a more opportune time. For some years the scientific world had been agog over the question whether such a form of lightning as that reported—appearing in a clear sky, and hurling literal thunder-bolts—had real existence. Such cases had been reported often enough, it is true. The "thunder-bolts" themselves were exhibited as sacred relics before many an altar, and those who doubted their authenticity had been chided as having "an evil heart of unbelief." But scientific scepticism had questioned the evidence, and late in the eighteenth century a consensus of opinion in the French Academy had declined to admit that such stones had been "conveyed to the earth by lightning," let alone any more miraculous agency.

In 1802, however, Edward Howard had read a paper before the Royal Society in which, after reviewing the evidence recently put forward, he had reached the conclusion that the fall of stones from the sky, sometimes or always accompanied by lightning, must be admitted as an actual phenomenon, however inexplicable. So now, when the great stone-fall at L'Aigle was announced, the French Academy made haste to send the brilliant young physicist Jean Baptiste Biot to investigate it, that the matter might, if possible, be set finally at rest. The investigation was in all respects successful, and Biot's report transferred the stony or metallic lightning-bolt—the aerolite or meteorite—from the realm of tradition and conjecture to that of accepted science.

But how explain this strange phenomenon? At once speculation was rife. One theory contended that the stony masses had not actually fallen, but had been formed from the earth by the action of the lightning; but this contention was early abandoned. The chemists were disposed to believe that the aerolites had been formed by the combination of elements floating in the upper atmosphere. Geologists, on the other hand, thought them of terrestrial origin, urging that they might have been thrown up by volcanoes. The astronomers, as represented by Olbers and Laplace, modified this theory by suggesting that the stones might,

indeed, have been cast out by volcanoes, but by volcanoes situated not on the earth, but on the moon.

And one speculator of the time took a step even more daring, urging that the aerolites were neither of telluric nor selenic origin, nor yet children of the sun, as the old Greeks had, many of them, contended, but that they are visitants from the depths of cosmic space. This bold speculator was the distinguished German physicist Ernst F. F. Chladni, a man of no small repute in his day. As early as 1794 he urged his cosmical theory of meteorites, when the very existence of meteorites was denied by most scientists. And he did more: he declared his belief that these falling stones were really one in origin and kind with those flashing meteors of the upper atmosphere which are familiar everywhere as "shooting-stars."

Each of these coruscating meteors, he affirmed, must tell of the ignition of a bit of cosmic matter entering the earth's atmosphere. Such wandering bits of matter might be the fragments of shattered worlds, or, as Chladni thought more probable, merely aggregations of "world stuff" never hitherto connected with any large planetary mass.

Naturally enough, so unique a view met with very scant favor. Astronomers at that time saw little to justify it; and the non-scientific world rejected it with fervor as being "atheistic and heretical," because its acceptance would seem to imply that the universe is not a perfect mechanism.

Some light was thrown on the moot point presently by the observations of Brandes and Benzenberg, which tended to show that falling-stars travel at an actual speed of from fifteen to ninety miles a second. This observation tended to discredit the selenic theory, since an object, in order to acquire such speed in falling merely from the moon, must have been projected with an initial velocity not conceivably to be given by any lunar volcanic impulse. Moreover, there was a growing conviction that there are no active volcanoes on the moon, and other considerations of the same tenor led to the complete abandonment of the selenic theory.

But the theory of telluric origin of aerolites was by no means so easily disposed of. This was an epoch when electrical phenomena were exciting un-

bounded and universal interest, and there was a not unnatural tendency to appeal to electricity in explanation of every obscure phenomenon; and in this case the seeming similarity between a lightning-flash and the flash of an aerolite lent color to the explanation. So we find Thomas Forster, a meteorologist of repute, still adhering to the atmospheric theory of formation of aerolites in his book published in 1823; and, indeed, the prevailing opinion of the time seemed divided between various telluric theories, to the neglect of any cosmical theory whatever.

But in 1833 occurred a phenomenon which set the matter finally at rest. A great meteoric shower occurred in November of that year, and in observing it Professor Denison Olmsted, of Yale, noted that all the stars of the shower appeared to come from a single centre or vanishing-point in the heavens, and that this centre shifted its position with the stars, and hence was not telluric. The full significance of this observation was at once recognized by astronomers; it demonstrated beyond all cavil the cosmical origin of the shooting-stars. Some conservative meteorologists kept up the argument for the telluric origin for some decades to come as a matter of course—such a band trails always in the rear of progress. But even these doubters were silenced when the great shower of shooting-stars appeared again in 1866, as predicted by Olbers and Newton, radiating from the same point of the heavens as before.

Since then the spectroscope has added its confirmatory evidence as to the identity of meteorite and shooting-star, and, moreover, has linked these atmospheric meteors with such distant cosmic residents as comets and nebulae. Thus it appears that Chladni's daring hypothesis of 1794 has been more than verified, and that the fragments of matter dissociated from planetary connection—which he postulated, and was declared atheistic for postulating—have been shown to be billions of times more numerous than any larger cosmic bodies of which we have cognizance—so widely does the existing universe differ from man's preconceived notions as to what it should be.

Thus also the "miracle" of the falling stone, against which the scientific scepticism of yesterday presented "an evil heart



BARON ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

From the painting by Professor Julius Schröder, Esq., at the American Museum of Natural History, owned by Morris K. Jesup.

of unbelief," turns out to be the most natural of phenomena, inasmuch as it is repeated in our atmosphere some millions of times each day.

II.

If fire-balls were thought miraculous and portentous in days of yore, what interpretation must needs have been put upon that vastly more picturesque phenomenon, the aurora? "Through all the city," says the Book of Maccabees, "for the space of almost forty days, there were seen horsemen running in the air, in cloth of gold, armed with lances, like a band of soldiers: and troops of horsemen in array encountering and running one against another, with shaking of shields and multitude of pikes, and drawing of swords, and casting of darts, and glittering of golden

ornaments and harness." Dire omens these; and hardly less ominous the aurora seemed to all succeeding generations that observed it down till well into the eighteenth century—as witness the popular excitement in England in 1716 over the brilliant aurora of that year, which became famous through Halley's description.

But after 1752, when Franklin dethroned the lightning, all spectacular meteors came to be regarded as natural phenomena, the aurora among the rest. Franklin explained the aurora—which was seen commonly enough in the eighteenth century, though only recorded once in the seventeenth—as due to the accumulation of electricity on the surface of polar snows, and its discharge to the equator through the upper atmosphere.

Erasmus Darwin suggested that the luminosity might be due to the ignition of hydrogen, which was supposed by many philosophers to form the upper atmosphere. Dalton, who first measured the height of the aurora, estimating it at about one hundred miles, thought the phenomenon due to magnetism acting on ferruginous particles in the air, and his explanation was perhaps the most popular one at the beginning of the century.

Since then a multitude of observers have studied the aurora, but the scientific grasp has found it as elusive in fact as it seems to casual observation, and its exact nature is as undetermined to-day as it was a hundred years ago. There has been no dearth of theories concerning it, however. Biot, who studied it in the Shetland Islands in 1817, thought it due to electrified ferruginous dust, the origin of which he ascribed to Icelandic volcanoes. Much more recently the idea of ferruginous particles has been revived, their presence being ascribed not to volcanoes, but to the meteorites constantly being dissipated in the upper atmosphere. Ferruginous dust, presumably of such origin, has been found

on the polar snows, as well as on the snows of mountain-tops, but whether it could produce the phenomena of auroras is at least an open question.

Other theorists have explained the aurora as due to the accumulation of electricity on clouds or on spicules of ice in the upper air. Yet others think it due merely to the passage of electricity through rarefied air itself. Humboldt considered the matter settled in yet another way when Faraday showed, in 1831, that magnetism may produce luminous effects. But perhaps the prevailing theory of to-day assumes that the aurora is due to a current of electricity generated at the equator, and passing through upper regions of space, to enter the earth at the magnetic poles—simply reversing the course which Franklin assumed.

The similarity of the auroral light to that generated in a vacuum bulb by the passage of electricity lends support to the long-standing supposition that the aurora is of electrical origin, but the subject still awaits complete elucidation. For once even that mystery-solver the spectroscope has been baffled, for the line it sifts from

the aurora is not matched by that of any recognized substance. A like line is found in the zodiacal light, it is true, but this is of little aid, for the zodiacal light, though thought by some astronomers to be due to meteor swarms about the sun, is held to be, on the whole, as mysterious as the aurora itself.

Whatever the exact nature of the aurora, it has long been known to be intimately associated with the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. Whenever a brilliant aurora is visible, the world is sure to be visited with what Humboldt called a magnetic storm—a "storm" which manifests itself to human senses in no way whatsoever except by deflecting the magnetic needle and conjuring with the electric wire. Such magnetic



METEORIC STONE.

storms are curiously associated also with spots on the sun—just how no one has explained, though the fact itself is unquestioned. Sun-spots, too, seem directly linked with auroras, each of these phenomena passing through periods of greatest and least frequency in corresponding cycles of about eleven years' duration.

It was suspected a full century ago by Herschel that the variations in the number of sun-spots had a direct effect upon terrestrial weather, and he attempted to demonstrate it by using the price of wheat as a criterion of climatic conditions, meantime making careful observation of the sun-spots. Nothing very definite came of his efforts in this direction, the subject being far too complex to be determined without long periods of observation. Latterly, however, meteorologists, particularly in the tropics, are disposed to think they find evidence of some such connection between sun-spots and the weather as Herschel suspected. Indeed, Mr. Meldrum declares that there is a positive coincidence between periods of numerous sun-spots and seasons of excessive rain in India.

That some such connection does exist seems intrinsically probable. But the modern meteorologist, learning wisdom of the past, is extremely cautious about ascribing casual effects to astronomical phenomena. He finds it hard to forget that until recently all manner of climatic conditions were associated with phases of the moon; that not so very long ago showers of falling-stars were considered "prognostic" of certain kinds of weather; and that the "equinoctial storm" had been accepted as a verity by every one, until the unfeeling hand of statistics banished it from the earth.

Yet, on the other hand, it is easily within the possibilities that the science of the future may reveal associations between the weather and sun-spots, auroras, and terrestrial magnetism that as yet are

hardly dreamed of. Until such time, however, these phenomena must feel themselves very grudgingly admitted to the inner circle of meteorology. More and more this science concerns itself, in our age of concentration and specialization, with weather and climate. Its votaries no longer concern themselves with



CIRRUS CLOUDS.

stars or planets or comets or shooting-stars—once thought the very essence of guides to weather wisdom; and they are even looking askance at the moon, and asking her to show cause why she also should not be excluded from their domain. Equally little do they care for the interior of the earth, since they have learned that the central emanations of heat which Mairan imagined as a main source of aerial warmth can claim no such distinction. Even such problems as why the magnetic pole does not coincide with the geographical, and why the force of terrestrial magnetism decreases from the magnetic poles to the magnetic equator, as Humboldt first discovered that it does, excite them only to lukewarm interest; for magnetism, they say, is not known to have any connection whatever with climate or weather.

III.

There is at least one form of meteor, however, of those that interested our forebears, whose meteorological importance

they did not overestimate. This is the vapor of water. How great was the interest in this familiar meteor at the beginning of the century is attested by the number of theories then extant regarding it; and these conflicting theories bear witness also to the difficulty with which the familiar phenomenon of the evaporation of water was explained.

Franklin had suggested that air dissolves water much as water dissolves salt, and this theory was still popular, though Deluc had disproved it by showing that water evaporates even more rapidly in a vacuum than in air. Deluc's own theory, borrowed from earlier chemists, was that evaporation is the chemical union of particles of water with particles of the supposititious element heat. Erasmus Darwin combined the two theories, suggesting that the air might hold a variable quantity of vapor in mere solution, and in addition a permanent moiety in chemical combination with caloric.

Undisturbed by these conflicting views, that strangely original genius, John Dalton, afterwards to be known as perhaps the greatest of theoretical chemists, took

essays was published; but the full elucidation of the problem came to him in 1801. The merit of his studies was at once recognized, but the tenability of his hypothesis was long and ardently disputed.

While the nature of evaporation was in dispute, as a matter of course the question of precipitation must be equally undetermined. The most famous theory of the period was that formulated by Dr. Hutton in a paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and published in the volume of transactions which contained also the same author's epoch-making paper on geology. This "theory of rain" explained precipitation as due to the cooling of a current of saturated air by contact with a colder current, the assumption being that the surplusage of moisture was precipitated in a chemical sense, just as the excess of salt dissolved in hot water is precipitated when the water cools. The idea that the cooling of the saturated air causes the precipitation of its moisture is the germ of truth that renders this paper of Hutton's important. All correct later theories build on this foundation.

The next ambitious attempt to explain the phenomena of aqueous meteors was made by Luke Howard, in his remarkable paper on clouds, published in the *Philosophical Magazine* in 1803—the paper in which the names cirrus, cumulus, stratus, etc., afterwards so universally adopted, were first proposed. In this paper Howard acknowledges his indebtedness to Dalton for the theory of evaporation, yet he still clings to the idea that the vapor, though independent of the air, is combined with particles of caloric. He holds that clouds are composed of vapor that



CUMULUS CLOUDS.

the question in hand, and solved it by showing that water exists in the air as an utterly independent gas. He reached a partial insight into the matter in 1793, when his first volume of meteorological

has previously risen from the earth, combating the opinions of those who believe that they are formed by the union of hydrogen and oxygen existing independently in the air; though he agrees

with these theorists that electricity has entered largely into the *modus operandi* of cloud formation. He opposes the opinion of Deluc and de Saussure that clouds are composed of particles of water in the form of hollow vesicles (miniature balloons, in short, perhaps filled with hydrogen), which untenable opinion was a revival of the theory as to the formation of all vapor which Dr. Halley had advocated early in the eighteenth century.

Of particular interest are Howard's views as to the formation of dew, which he explains as caused by the particles of caloric forsaking the vapor to enter the cool body, leaving the water on the surface. This comes as near the truth perhaps as could be expected while the old idea as to the materiality of heat held sway. Howard believed, however, that dew is usually formed in the air at some height, and that it settles to the surface, opposing the opinion, which had gained vogue in France and in America (where Noah Webster prominently advocated it), that dew ascends from the earth.

The complete solution of the problem of dew formation—which really involved also the entire question of precipitation of watery vapor in any form—was made by Dr. C. W. Wells, a man of American birth, whose life, however, after boyhood, was spent in Scotland (where as a young man he enjoyed the friendship of David Hume) and in London. Inspired no doubt by the researches of Black, Hutton, and their confrères of that Edinburgh school, Wells made observations on evaporation and precipitation as early as 1784, but other things claimed his attention; and though he asserts that the subject was often in his mind, he did not take it up again in earnest until about 1812.

Meantime the observations on heat of Rumford and Davy and Leslie had cleared the way for a proper interpretation of the facts—about the facts themselves there had long been practical unanimity of

opinion. Dr. Black, with his latent-heat observations, had really given the clew to all subsequent discussions of the subject of precipitation of vapor; and from his



STRATUS CLOUDS.

time on it had been known that heat is taken up when water evaporates, and given out again when it condenses. Dr. Darwin had shown in 1788, in a paper before the Royal Society, that air gives off heat on contracting, and takes it up on expanding; and Dalton in his essay of 1793 had explained this phenomenon as due to the condensation and vaporization of the water contained in the air.

But some curious and puzzling observations which Professor Patrick Wilson, Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow, had communicated to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1784, and some similar ones made by Mr. Six of Canterbury a few years later, had remained unexplained. Both these gentlemen observed that the air is cooler where dew is forming than the air a few feet higher, and they inferred that the dew in forming had taken up heat, in apparent violation of established physical principles.

It remained for Wells, in his memorable paper of 1816, to show that these observers had simply gotten the cart before the horse. He made it clear that the air is not cooler because the dew is formed, but that the dew is formed because the air is cooler—having become so through

radiation of heat from the solids on which the dew forms. The dew itself, in forming, gives out its latent heat, and so tends to equalize the temperature. This explanation made it plain why dew forms on a clear night, when there are no clouds to reflect the radiant heat. Combined with Dalton's theory that vapor is an independent gas, limited in quantity in any given space by the temperature of that space, it solved the problem of the formation of clouds, rain, snow, and hoar-frost. Thus this paper of Wells's closed the epoch of speculation regarding this field of meteorology, as Hutton's paper of 1784 had opened it. The fact that the volume containing Hutton's paper contained also his epoch-making paper on Geology, finds curiously a duplication in the fact that Wells's volume contained also his essay on Albinism, in which the doctrine of natural selection was for the first time formulated, as Charles Darwin freely admitted after his own efforts had made the doctrine famous.

IV.

The very next year after Dr. Wells's paper was published, there appeared in France the third volume of the *Mémoires de Physique et de Chimie de la Société d'Arcueil*, and a new epoch in meteorology was inaugurated. The society in question was numerically an inconsequential band, listing only a dozen members. But every name was a famous one: Arago, Bérard, Berthollet, Biot, Chaptal, de Candolle, Dulong, Gay-Lussac, Humboldt, Laplace, Poisson, and Thénard—rare spirits every one. Little danger that the memoirs of such a band would be relegated to the dusty shelves where most proceedings of societies belong—no milk-for-babes fare would be served to such a company.

The particular paper which here interests us closes this third and last volume of memoirs. It is entitled *Des lignes isothermes et de la distribution de la chaleur sur le globe*. The author is Alexander Humboldt. Needless to say, the topic is handled in a masterly manner. The distribution of heat on the surface of the globe, on mountain-sides, in the oceans, in the interior of the earth; the causes that regulate such distribution; the climatic results—these are the topics discussed. But what gives epochal character to the paper is the introduction of

those isothermal lines, circling the earth in irregular course, joining together places having the same mean annual temperature, and thus laying the foundation for a science of comparative climatology.

It is true the attempt to study climates comparatively was not new. Mai-ran had attempted it in those papers in which he developed his bizarre ideas as to central emanations of heat. Euler had brought his profound mathematical genius to bear on the topic, evolving the "extraordinary conclusion that under the equator at midnight the cold ought to be more rigorous than at the poles in winter." And in particular Richard Kirwan, the English chemist, had combined the mathematical and the empirical methods, and calculated temperatures for all latitudes. But Humboldt differs from all these predecessors in that he grasps the idea that the basis of all such computations should be not theory, but fact. He drew his isothermal lines not where some occult calculation would locate them on an ideal globe, but where practical tests with the thermometer locate them on our globe as it is. London, for example, lies in the same latitude as the southern extremity of Hudson Bay; but the isotherm of London, as Humboldt outlines it, passes through Cincinnati.

Of course such deviations of climatic conditions between places in the same latitude had long been known. As Humboldt himself observes, the earliest settlers of America were astonished to find themselves subjected to rigors of climate for which their European experience had not at all prepared them. Moreover, sagacious travellers, in particular Cook's companion on his second voyage, young George Forster, had noted as a general principle that the western borders of continents in temperate regions are always warmer than corresponding latitudes of their eastern borders; and of course the general truth of temperatures being milder in the vicinity of the sea than in the interior of continents had long been familiar. But Humboldt's isothermal lines for the first time gave tangibility to these ideas, and made practicable a truly scientific study of comparative climatology.

In studying these lines, particularly as elaborated by further observations, it became clear that they are by no means haphazard in arrangement, but are dependent upon geographical conditions which



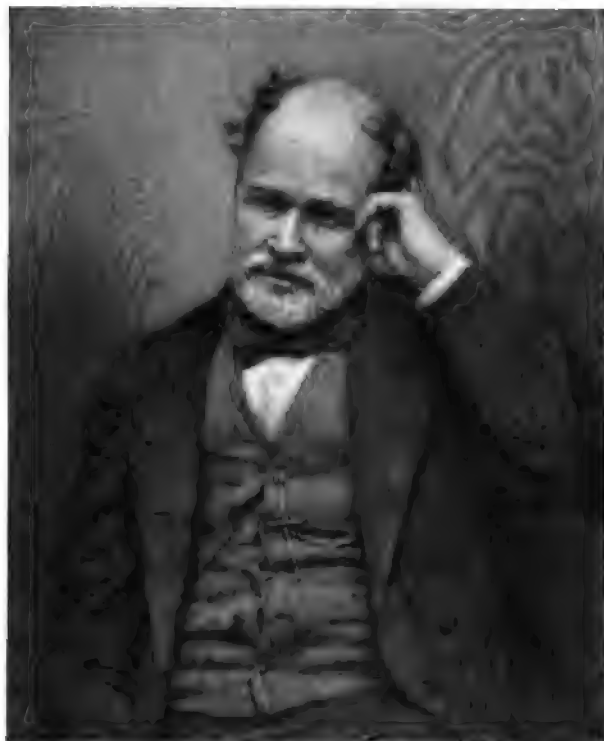
JEAN BAPTISTE BIOT.

in most cases are not difficult to determine. Humboldt himself pointed out very clearly the main causes that tend to produce deviations from the average—or, as Dove later on called it, the normal—temperature of any given latitude. For example, the mean annual temperature of a region (referring mainly to the northern hemisphere) is raised by the proximity of a western coast; by a divided configuration of the continent into peninsulas; by the existence of open seas to the north or of radiating continental surfaces to the south; by mountain ranges to shield from cold winds; by the infrequency of swamps to become congealed; by the absence of woods in a dry, sandy soil; and by the serenity of sky in the

summer months, and the vicinity of an ocean current bringing water which is of a higher temperature than that of the surrounding sea.

Conditions opposite to these tend, of course, correspondingly to lower the temperature. In a word, Humboldt says the climatic distribution of heat depends on the relative distribution of land and sea, and on the “hypsometrical configuration of the continents”; and he urges that “great meteorological phenomena cannot be comprehended when considered independently of geognostic relations”—a truth which, like most other general principles, seems simple enough once it is pointed out.

With that broad sweep of imagination



LIEUTENANT MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

which characterized him, Humboldt speaks of the atmosphere as the "aerial ocean, in the lower strata and on the shoals of which we live," and he studies the atmospheric phenomena always in relation to those of that other ocean of water. In each of these oceans there are vast permanent currents, flowing always in determinate directions, which enormously modify the climatic conditions of every zone. The ocean of air is a vast maelstrom, boiling up always under the influence of the sun's heat at the equator, and flowing as an upper current toward either pole, while an under current from the poles, which becomes the trade-winds, flows toward the equator to supply its place.

But the superheated equatorial air, becoming chilled, descends to the surface in temperate latitudes, and continues its poleward journey as the anti-trade-winds. The trade-winds are deflected toward the west, because in approaching the equator they constantly pass over surfaces of the earth having a greater and greater velocity of rotation, and so, as it were, tend to

lag behind—an explanation which Hadley pointed out in 1735, but which was not accepted until Dalton independently worked it out and promulgated it in 1793. For the opposite reason, the anti-trades are deflected toward the east; hence it is that the western borders of continents in temperate zones are bathed in moist sea-breezes, while their eastern borders lack this cold-dispelling influence.

In the ocean of water the main currents run as more sharply circumscribed streams—veritable rivers in the sea. Of these the best known and most sharply circumscribed is the familiar Gulf Stream, which has its origin in an equatorial current, impelled westward by trade-winds, which is deflected northward in the main at Cape St. Roque, entering the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico, to emerge finally through the Strait

of Florida, and journey off across the Atlantic to warm the shores of Europe.

Such, at least, is the Gulf Stream as Humboldt understood it. Since his time, however, ocean currents in general, and this one in particular, have been the subject of no end of controversy, it being hotly disputed whether either causes or effects of the Gulf Stream are just what Humboldt, in common with others of his time, conceived them to be. About the middle of the century, Lieutenant M. F. Maury, the distinguished American hydrographer and meteorologist, advocated a theory of gravitation as the chief cause of the currents, claiming that difference in density, due to difference in temperature and saltness, would sufficiently account for the oceanic circulation. This theory gained great popularity through the wide circulation of Maury's *Physical Geography of the Sea*, which is said to have passed through more editions than any other scientific book of the period; but it was ably and vigorously combated by Dr. James Croll, the Scottish geologist,

in his *Climate and Time*, and latterly the old theory that ocean currents are due to the trade-winds has again come into favor. Indeed, very recently a model has been constructed, with the aid of which it is said to have been demonstrated that prevailing winds in the direction of the actual trade-winds would produce such a current as the Gulf Stream.

Meantime, however, it is by no means sure that gravitation does not enter into the case to the extent of producing an insensible general oceanic circulation, independent of the Gulf Stream and similar marked currents, and similar in its larger outlines to the polar-equatorial circulation of the air. The idea of such oceanic circulation was first suggested in detail by Professor Lenz of St. Petersburg, in 1845, but it was not generally recognized until Dr. Carpenter independently hit upon the idea more than twenty years later. The plausibility of the conception is obvious; yet the alleged fact of such circulation has been hotly disputed, and the question is still *sub judice*.

But whether or not such general circulation of ocean water takes place, it is beyond dispute that the recognized currents carry an enormous quantity of heat from the tropics toward the poles. Dr. Croll, who has perhaps given more attention to the physics of the subject than

almost any other person, computes that the Gulf Stream conveys to the North Atlantic one-fourth as much heat as that body receives directly from the sun, and he argues that were it not for the transportation of heat by this and similar Pacific currents, only a narrow tropical region of the globe would be warm enough

for habitation by the existing faunas. Dr. Croll argues that a slight change in the relative values of northern and southern trade-winds (such as he believes has taken place at various periods in the past) would suffice to so alter the equatorial current which now feeds the Gulf Stream that its main bulk would be deflected southward instead of northward, by the angle of Cape St. Roque. Thus the Gulf Stream would be nipped in the bud, and, according to Dr. Croll's estimates, the results would be disastrous for the northern hemisphere. The anti-trades, which now are warmed by the Gulf Stream, would then blow as cold winds across the shores of western Europe, and in all probability a glacial epoch would supervene throughout the northern hemisphere.

The same consequences, so far as Europe is concerned at least, would appar-



A WHIRLWIND IN A DUSTY ROAD.

ently ensue were the Isthmus of Panama to settle into the sea, allowing the Caribbean current to pass into the Pacific. But the geologist tells us that this isthmus rose at a comparatively recent geological period, though it is hinted that there had been some time previously a temporary land connection between the

two continents. Are we to infer, then, that the two Americas in their unions and disunions have juggled with the climate of the other hemisphere? Apparently so, if the estimates made of the influence of the Gulf Stream be tenable. It is a far cry from Panama to Russia. Yet it seems within the possibilities that the meteorologist may learn from the geologist of Central America something that will enable him to explain to the paleontologist of Europe how it chanced that at one time the mammoth and rhinoceros roamed across northern Siberia, while at another time the reindeer and musk-ox browsed along the shores of the Mediterranean.

Possibilities, I said, not probabilities. Yet even the faint glimmer of so alluring a possibility brings home to one with vividness the truth of Humboldt's perspicuous observation that meteorology can be properly comprehended only when studied in connection with the companion sciences. There are no isolated phenomena in nature.

V.

Yet, after all, it is not to be denied that the chief concern of the meteorologist must be with that other medium, the "ocean of air, on the shoals of which we live." For whatever may be accomplished by water currents in the way of conveying heat, it is the wind currents that effect the final distribution of that heat. As Dr. Croll has urged, the waters of the Gulf Stream do not warm the shores of Europe by direct contact, but by warming the anti-trade-winds, which subsequently blow across the continent. And everywhere the heat accumulated by water becomes effectual in modifying climate, not so much by direct radiation as by diffusion through the medium of the air.

This very obvious importance of aerial currents led to their practical study long before meteorology had any title to the rank of science, and Dalton's explanation of the trade-winds had laid the foundation for a science of wind dynamics before our century began. But no substantial further advance in this direction was effected until about 1827, when Heinrich W. Dove, of Königsberg, afterward to be known as perhaps the foremost meteorologist of his generation, included the winds among the subjects of his elaborate statistical studies in climatology.

Dove classified the winds as permanent, periodical, and variable. His great discovery was that all winds, of whatever character, and not merely the permanent winds, come under the influence of the earth's rotation in such a way as to be deflected from their course, and hence to take on a gyratory motion—that, in short, all local winds are minor eddies in the great polar-equatorial whirl, and tend to reproduce in miniature the character of that vast maelstrom. For the first time, then, temporary or variable winds were seen to lie within the province of law.

A generation later, Professor William Ferrel, the American meteorologist, who had been led to take up the subject by a perusal of Maury's discourse on ocean winds, formulated a general mathematical law, to the effect that any body moving in a right line along the surface of the earth in any direction tends to have its course deflected, owing to the earth's rotation, to the right hand in the northern and to the left hand in the southern hemispheres. This law had indeed been stated as early as 1835 by the French physicist Poisson, but no one then thought of it as other than a mathematical curiosity; its true significance was only understood after Professor Ferrel had independently rediscovered it (just as Dalton rediscovered Hadley's forgotten law of the trade-winds) and applied it to the motion of wind currents.

Then it became clear that here is a key to the phenomena of atmospheric circulation, from the great polar-equatorial maelstrom which manifests itself in the trade-winds, to the most circumscribed riffle which is announced as a local storm. And the more the phenomena were studied, the more striking seemed the parallel between the greater maelstrom and these lesser eddies. Just as the entire atmospheric mass of each hemisphere is seen, when viewed as a whole, to be carried in a great whirl about the pole of that hemisphere, so the local disturbances within this great tide are found always to take the form of whirls about a local storm-centre—which storm centre, meantime, is carried along in the major current, as one often sees a little whirlpool in the water swept along with the main current of the stream. Sometimes, indeed, the local eddy, caught as it were in an ancillary current of the great polar stream, is deflected from its normal course and may

seem to travel against the stream; but such deviations are departures from the rule. In the great majority of cases, for example, in the north-temperate zone, a storm centre (with its attendant local whirl) travels to the northeast, along the main current of the anti-trade-wind, of which it is a part; and though exceptionally its course may be to the southeast instead, it almost never departs so widely from the main channel as to progress to the westward. Thus it is that storms sweeping over the United States can be announced, as a rule, at the seaboard in advance of their coming by telegraphic communication from the interior, while similar storms come to Europe off the ocean unannounced. Hence the more practical availability of the forecasts of weather bureaus in the former country.

But these local whirls, it must be understood, are local only in a very general sense of the word, inasmuch as a single one may be more than a thousand miles in diameter, and a small one is two or three hundred miles across. But quite without regard to the size of the whirl, the air composing it conducts itself always in one of two ways. It never whirls in concentric circles; it always either rushes in toward the centre in a descending spiral, in which case it is called a cyclone, or it spreads out from the centre in a widening spiral, in which case it is called an anti-cyclone. The word cyclone is associated in popular phraseology with a terrific storm, but it has no such restriction in technical usage. A gentle zephyr flowing toward a "storm centre" is just as much a cyclone to the meteorologist as is the whirl constituting a West-Indian hurricane. Indeed, it is not properly the



WATERSPOUTS IN MID-ATLANTIC.

wind itself that is called the cyclone in either case, but the entire system of whirls—including the storm centre itself, where there may be no wind at all.

What, then, is this storm centre? Merely an area of low barometric pressure—an area where the air has become lighter than the air of surrounding regions. Under influence of gravitation the air seeks its level just as water does; so the heavy air comes flowing in from all sides toward the low-pressure area, which thus becomes a "storm centre." But the rushing currents never come straight to their mark. In accordance with Ferrel's law, they are deflected to the right, and the result, as will readily be seen, must be a vortex current, which whirls always in one direction, namely, from left to

right, or in the direction opposite to that of the hands of a watch held with its face upward. The velocity of the cyclonic currents will depend largely upon the difference in barometric pressure between the storm centre and the confines of the cyclone system. And the velocity of the currents will determine to some extent the degree of deflection, and hence the exact path of the descending spiral in which the wind approaches the centre. But in every case and in every part of the cyclone system it is true, as Buys Ballot's famous rule first pointed out, that a person standing with his back to the wind has the storm centre at his left.

The primary cause of the low barometric pressure which marks the storm centre and establishes the cyclone is expansion of the air through excess of temperature. The heated air, rising into cold upper regions, has a portion of its vapor condensed into clouds, and now a new dynamic factor is added, for each particle of vapor, in condensing, gives up its modicum of latent heat. Each pound of vapor thus liberates, according to Professor Tyndall's estimate, enough heat to melt five pounds of cast iron; so the amount given out where large masses of cloud are forming must enormously add to the convection currents of the air, and hence to the storm-developing power of the forming cyclone. Indeed, one school of meteorologists, of whom Professor Espy was the leader, has held that without such added increment of energy constantly augmenting the dynamic effects, no storm could long continue in violent action. And it is doubted whether any storm could ever attain, much less continue, the terrific force of that most dreaded of winds of temperate zones, the tornado—a storm which obeys all the laws of cyclones, but differs from ordinary cyclones in having a vortex core only a few feet or yards in diameter—without the aid of those great masses of condensing vapor which always accompany it in the form of storm-clouds.

The anti-cyclone simply reverses the conditions of the cyclone. Its centre is an area of high pressure, and the air rushes out from it in all directions toward surrounding regions of low pressure. As before, all parts of the current will be deflected toward the right, and the result, clearly, is a whirl opposite in direction to that of the cyclone. But here there is a

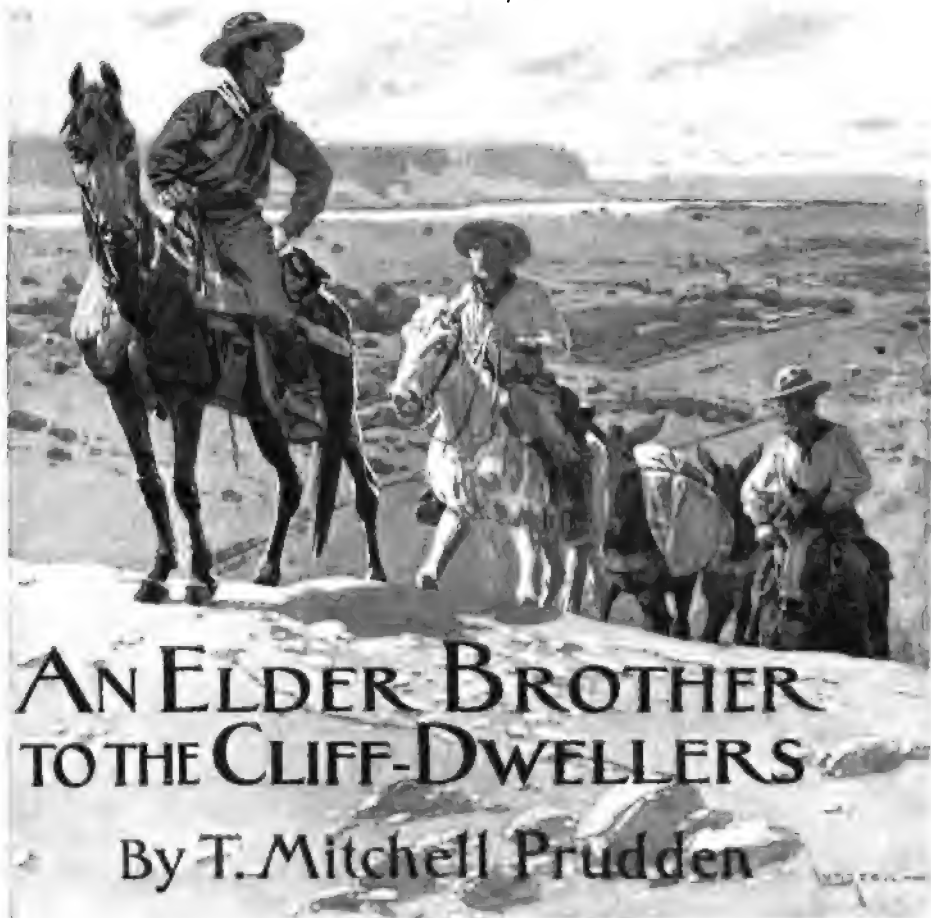
tendency to dissipation rather than to concentration of energy, hence, considered as a storm-generator, the anti-cyclone is of relative insignificance.

In particular the professional meteorologist who conducts a "weather bureau"—as, for example, Sergeant Dunn, of the United States signal-service station in New York—is so preoccupied with the observation of this phenomenon that cyclone-hunting might be said to be his chief pursuit. It is for this purpose, in the main, that government weather bureaus or signal-service departments have been established all over the world. Their chief work is to follow up cyclones, with the aid of telegraphic reports, mapping their course, and recording the attendant meteorological conditions. Their so-called predictions or forecasts are essentially predications, gaining locally the effect of predictions because the telegraph outstrips the wind.

At only one place on the globe has it been possible as yet for the meteorologist to make long-time forecasts meriting the title of predictions. This is in the middle Ganges Valley of northern India. In this country the climatic conditions are largely dependent upon the periodical winds called monsoons, which blow steadily landward from April to October, and seaward from October to April. The summer monsoons bring the all-essential rains; if they are delayed or restricted in extent, there will be drought and consequent famine. And such restriction of the monsoon is likely to result when there has been an unusually deep or very late snowfall on the Himalayas, because of the lowering of spring temperature by the melting snow. Thus here it is possible, by observing the snowfall in the mountains, to predict with some measure of success the average rainfall of the following summer. The drought of 1896, with the consequent famine and plague that devastated India last winter, was thus predicted some months in advance.

This is the greatest present triumph of practical meteorology. Nothing like it is yet possible anywhere in temperate zones. But no one can say what may not be possible in times to come, when the data now being gathered all over the world shall at last be co-ordinated, classified, and made the basis of broad inductions. Meteorology is pre-eminently a science of the future.





PEOPLE rarely consider what an interesting experiment in the evolution of man was going on here in America when Columbus set out on his crazy adventure across the sea, nor how abruptly the experiment ended when the white race and the red race met. For most of us the history of America begins in 1492.

We, of course, all have some notion, framed partly from fact, largely from fiction, of the original possessors of our con-

tinent. But, after all, I fancy that most of us only dimly realize that back of the wars which made the country free, back of the struggle with forest and soil and forbidding wastes which made it rich, back of the bold adventures which made it known, stretch long ages, in which masses of dusky people, from one seaboard to the other, lived out their simple lives face to face with nature, won their way slowly through savagery to barba-

ism, and even here and there began to press eagerly through the portals which open toward civilization.

Then from countries in which mankind started earlier, or had more quickly scaled the heights of communal life, came the white men. The native advance was stayed, and soon the doors were closed forever upon a genuine American barbarism just shaping itself into a crude civilization in favored corners of the land. The Old World experiment in man-culture was grafted on the New, or, more frequently, replaced it altogether.

But here and there in the Southwest some small groups of red men, called Pueblo or village Indians, the wreckage of the abortive experiment in primitive man-culture in America, still survive. These Indians are mostly in Arizona and New Mexico, living in quaint stone or adobe houses in far-away fertile valleys, or perched atop of great plateaus. Until within a decade or two they lived and thought and worshipped powers unseen in just such fashion as they did, and in the very places where they were, when the Spaniards found them, more than three centuries ago; and even in some instances they still do so.

These Pueblo Indians are not to be confounded either with the savages upon the Atlantic seaboard or in the eastern interior, with whom much of our early national history is concerned, nor with the nomadic tribes elsewhere in the land. Some of them present to-day a significant transition phase in the advance of a people from savagery toward civilization, whose study is of priceless value in the understanding of the science of man.

But each year—nay, each month—brings new ideas, new aims, new needs into the barbarian simplicity of this native life. Old traditions, old customs, old aspirations, are fading swiftly and surely in the presence of the white man. It is humiliating not only for an American, but for any educated human being, to realize that in this great, rich, powerful United States, boasting ever of its general enlightenment, there is neither the intelligent public spirit nor the sustained private devotion to the wider aspects of science to secure the myths and traditions and lore of those wonderful people before this page now open upon the Story of Man shall be closed forever. For nowhere else upon this planet does this par-

ticular illumining phase of human life exist, nor will it come again. There are many fields of science in which it does not make very much difference if the work which is waiting to be done shall wait a little longer. A decade more or less is of little importance in the end. But here delay is fatal.

The school-houses near the pueblos, the new requirements in food and dress, the new conceptions of the world, which begins for them to reach out beyond the cliffs upon the far horizon—these may all be very important to the material welfare of these waifs from the past, with a higher world culture pressing in upon them. But it means the speedy extinction of old customs in life and worship and ceremonial, which still are full of the spirit and practice of a primitive culture. It means that all natural things and happenings in their out-of-door world will soon lose their spiritual meanings, and that the quaint myths out of forgotten centuries will fade with the old folks who still may cherish them. When such people get on cotton shirts, need coffee and sugar, want rum, and begin to name their sons after the Presidents—for it has come to this save in one or two far-away places—they will not continue long to send messages to the gods by rattlesnakes, nor propitiate the elements with feathers and songs.

It is not an untrodden way which must be followed if this treasure in the Man-Science is to be secured. The Bureau of Ethnology in Washington, under the direction of Major Powell, has done admirable work already. Cushing, Bandelier, Lummis, Stephen, Fewkes, Mrs. Stevenson, and others have rescued much. But the work should be more extended, more sustained, more amply supported, and must withal be quickly under way.

In a recent issue of this Magazine the writer indicated the importance of a practical knowledge of the modern Pueblo Indians in forming a conception of the elder people to whom they are closely linked. For the later workers in American archæology have finally made it clear that the Pueblo Indians are in all probability the descendants of the erstwhile mysterious Cliff-Dwellers of America, whose architecture and industries and habits, and nodoubt traditions and myths, they inherit. Some of the largest and most imposing of the old cliff dwellings are situated in southwestern Colorado and



THE SAN JUAN COUNTRY—PLACER-MINERS FINDING A NUGGET.

in northern Arizona, along the tributaries of the San Juan River. But from the Rocky Mountains to the Colorado River, and from the northernmost tributaries of the San Juan southward to Mexico, smaller cliff-houses are abundantly scattered in the walls of the cañons. The

ruins and burial-places of the Cliff-Dwellers in many parts of the country have been eagerly explored, and their ethnical position in the higher stages of barbarism has been established.

The purpose of this paper relates to some recent discoveries in the hot wonder-

land which lies along the San Juan River and its northern tributaries, mostly in southeastern Utah. It relates to people whom the Spaniards never saw—for the very good reason that they had long been buried safe under the sand before the Old World folks knew how “the other half lived,” or even that there was another half. Buried, too, they were in a region into which those intrepid and heroic explorers were never lured by God’s service or the color of gold.

But all these red folks, like their surviving types in the pueblos, lived no doubt in sympathetic touch with the spirit of the earth and air and sky; and so, before unveiling the secret which the parched earth has kept so long, I should like to give to the reader a passing glimpse of their deserted land.

As you go over the Rocky Mountains towards the west from Colorado Springs or Pueblo or Trinidad, you come into a region of jumbled ranges interspersed with mountain parks. The Colorado River, sweeping southwestward, has sculptured the wonderful valleys and sublime gorges known as the Grand Cañon. From the east the San Juan River, rising in the San Juan Mountains, and receiving from the north several tributaries, now mostly dry, joins the Colorado in southern Utah. North of the San Juan River, and between its namesake mountains on the east and the Colorado River on the west, lies a triangular region about as large as Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut together, and called the Northern San Juan Plateau Country. A few small peaks rise here and there above the plateau, while everywhere great cañons, wild and forbidding, or broad valleys with terraced sides, and lofty buttes or mesas rising gigantic from the bottoms, relieve the general level. The plateau region south of the San Juan River is the home of the Navajos.

There are two or three small villages along the upper reaches of the San Juan River. But for the most part the broad valley, bordered by imposing bluffs, is in summer a hot, bare, stifling stretch of desert, with the sullen, muddy stream sweeping silently through it. Only toward the end the river enters a profound chasm, and roars its way to the Colorado. But one town, Bluff City by name, with some two or three hundred of the Chosen, a solitary outpost and oasis of Mormon-

dom, exists, and even thrives in a half-hearted way, as thrift goes in a desert, in the southeastern corner of Utah. This town, ninety miles from the railroad, is the metropolis of the San Juan Valley. A swiftly subsiding gold craze brought many adventurers to the valley a few years ago. But now only a few placer miners are left, struggling here and there against odds, far down the stream, picturesque and pathetic beside their rough sluices and quaint water-wheels.

It is from Bluff that you most conveniently enter the country of which I write, and you see no fixed human habitation, and probably no white man, until you get back, brown, tired, and dusty, to Bluff again. The nearest railroad is at Mancos, in Colorado, and here at the Wetherills’ Alamo Ranch one can obtain an outfit and most competent guides, hardy, bright sons of the household, and wise in the lore of the hills, for the rough trip by way of Bluff to the plateau of the northern San Juan district. Access from Bluff to the plateau is mostly by dim and devious Indian trails, which meander along the rough bottoms of the cañons, or clamber toilsomely to the uplands, over whose bare or pine-clad surfaces they stretch tortuously away. Water is scanty at the best, its situations known only to a few, and in dry seasons long and trying marches must often be made to reach the hidden and meagre pools and springs.

The explorer must secure hardy ponies or mules, accustomed to forage for themselves on the scantiest of herbage, and capable, if need be, of sustaining life for a day or two on the willow twigs and rank dried weeds of the bottoms. The pack is intrusted to mules. A canvas wagon-sheet and a blanket must serve in lieu of tent and bed. It is no hardship, however, in this dry and bracing air, to sleep under the stars. Water, no matter what color or consistency it may possess, is the only thing which the traveler longs and strives and prays for, and for lack of this many an unwise adventurer in these arid wastes has left his bones to bleach beside the way.

The great cañons and their tributary gorges, which have been carved out of the plateau in the past, thousands of feet deep in places, by wind and sand and rain and mighty rivers, are now almost wholly dry, save when a cloud-burst or a storm on the far mountains sends a mad

torrent roaring down. But this soon passes, and in a few hours the horseman may be struggling along the parched bottom faint from thirst.

In the high country the great pines sing and moan in the wind at night and morning. The pions and cedars on the lower levels murmur fitfully to the passing breeze. Small lizards rustle in the dried grass as they whisk from your presence. Prairie-dogs here and there chatter and whistle at you as you pass. As night comes on, the howls and barks of the coyotes circling far about the camp are weird and mournful. But the great country stretching away for hundreds of miles has scarce a human habitation, few wild animals and birds, and these largely of the still kind, and so is mostly silent. It is very hot in the daytime, with the sun straight at you from above and back at you from the rocks as you ride. It is sometimes rather trying to stop at mid-day, unpack, and get dinner. Perhaps there is no shade for twenty miles, except under your mules—and your mules kick. But the air is so dry and bracing that a temperature of from 108° to 112° in the sun is never disheartening, as is the ordinary summer weather of our Eastern cities, with that combination of heat and moisture which so remorselessly saps the energies. And ever above is the marvellous sky. The nights are always deliciously cool. Altogether, the wanderer who doesn't mind the wholesome sunburn upon the skin, and has a good supply of water, is about as free and comfortable and happy as good mortals deserve to be. How far away New York seems! And for the thousand unnecessary things which we gather about us in our winter thralldom and dote upon, how pitiful are they, if we deign to recall them! This is living. You get down to sheer manhood, face to face with the bare, relentless, fascinating old earth. And no memory of art rebukes your willing thralldom to the glorious pictures which momentarily rise and fade.

The tints of the cliffs in Monument Valley, south of the San Juan, shimmering through the hot haze of eighty miles; great sand columns which rise from the valleys, swaying pillars of pink and yellow and gray, now singly, now in groups, poisoning for hours, or gliding in stately fashion beyond the vision or melting away before you; the deep black shadows

upon the broken faces of the cliffs; the dark moving acres of forest and bush and plain, saved for a moment by drifting clouds from the pitiless thralldom of the sun—these, and a nameless witchery of the air, which makes all far things strange and beautiful, and which more than all else lures back the wanderer to these hot wastes year after year, dwell in the memory when the trials are forgotten.

This great desolate plateau, so inaccessible and so far from the usual routes of travel, is rarely visited save by cattle-herders, and is inhabited only by a few renegade Utes, who in summer live in wickiups built of boughs, and cultivate the few moist bottoms in the valleys. Even the best government maps are very faulty, and practically useless for the location of water.

One of the great cañons, about fifty miles long, and in places two thousand feet deep, with sheer cliffs overhanging the narrow winding bottom, and unnamed upon the map, is known to the herders as Grand Gulch. It harbors scores of large and imposing cliff ruins. But for the most part the ruined houses of the Cliff-Dwellers in this region are small and widely scattered. Some are built in shallow caves far up the cliffs; some are under the overhanging rock near the bottom.

Explorations of these ruins and their adjacent graves show that these Cliff-Dwellers were the same sort of folk as those who once inhabited the Mesa Verde in southwestern Colorado, and the vast region stretching southward from the valley of the San Juan. The stone weapons, pottery, fabrics, etc., are similar, as are the skulls, which are short and flattened behind.

Richard Wetherill and his brothers, of Mancos, Colorado, have made many and fruitful explorations of the cliff dwellings in this region. Part of their collections are now at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, some are in Denver, some in Philadelphia, some are in their possession at Mancos, and some are in private hands elsewhere. Several persons from Bluff have gathered valuable material from these cliff ruins, part of which is in Salt Lake City, part dispersed without record.

But I must hasten to my purpose and speak of a remarkable discovery made by the Wetherills in their work among the cliff ruins, and in the caves of the cañon

walls in the northern San Juan country, which has not, so far as I am aware, been yet recorded. In some of their excavations in this region the explorers were impelled, for what reason I do not know, to dig under the walls of the houses of the Cliff-Dwellers and beneath their graves. Here, much to their surprise, they came upon another set of graves of entirely different construction, and containing relics of what appear to be a different group of people.

These older graves are in the floors of shallow caves. They are egg-shaped holes, in the earth or sand, either stoned at the side, or lined with clay plastered directly upon the sand. The mummies of men, women, and children are found, often two bodies in one grave.

Sandals woven of yucca fibre upon the feet, a breech-cloth of woven cedar bark, strings of rough beads around the neck, about the body a rudely constructed blanket of rabbit fur, enveloped in a yucca cloth, over the head a small flat basket, and a great finely woven basket over all—such was their burial fashion.

The graves never contain pottery, as those of the Cliff-Dwellers are so apt to do, and the skulls of the people are narrow and long, and never flattened at the back. Bone implements, stone spear-heads and arrow-heads, twisted cords of human hair, well-formed cylindrical stone pipes, and baskets filled with seeds and ornaments are found with the bodies.

Spear-points between the ribs, stone arrow-heads in the backbone, a great obsidian spear driven through the hips, crushed skulls and severed limbs—these secrets of the old graves show clearly enough that there were rough times in the cañons now and then, and that these old fellows were proficient in the barbaric art of killing men—the art towards which some of our wind-and-paper patriots would fain have us climb back.

Over these graves the rubbish heaps of the Cliff-Dwellers have in places accumulated to a depth of two feet, showing a long residence above the graveyards, of whose existence they may well have been unconscious. In many places great rocks have fallen upon the graves.

The Wetherills soon recognized the ethnological importance of their discovery, and have provisionally named the people who buried in these older graves the "Basket-Makers."

There is no evidence that the Basket-Makers ever built in these caves. While their graves are often found under the cliff dwellings, they also occur in caves in which the Cliff Men had no houses, and with the earth level and hard above them. The skull has great significance in the lore which anthropology gleans here and there the world over out of forgotten graves, and the difference in the form of the skull between the Cliff-Dwellers and the Basket-Makers would seem—I speak with the reserve which becomes a poacher upon anthropological preserves—to exclude their identity.

One need be a student only of the human nature of to-day to conclude that the newly found people were not mere intruders upon the domain of the Cliff-Dwellers, vanquished, and hurriedly buried; for the solicitous care with which the bodies are furnished for their journey into "the country which is out of sight" forbids the notion.

It seems to me to be not without possible significance in determining the ethnical status of this new aborigine that no pottery of any kind has been found in his graves. He certainly knew the value of clay, for he plastered his graves with it. Students in the crude art of pottery-making have been led to believe that the use of clay was preceded by the acquirement of considerable skill in basket-making, and that from the earliest application of clay coverings or clay linings to baskets, to make them impervious, or resistant to heat, the manufacture of pottery was gradually evolved.

Now if this old American did not know how to make pottery, he must, according to the widely accepted system of Morgan, be denied admission to the ranks of barbarism, and, in spite of the fact that he had discovered clay and just missed the achievement of a dish, be thrust sternly back among the savages. He might still be saved, however, by the creed of Tylor, if he knew how to till the soil; and though no agricultural implements were buried with him, as they often are with the Cliff-Dwellers, he was thoughtful enough to stow away in his excellent baskets some corn and seeds. So, as far as I can see, while he is damned to savagery by the American doctrine, he is saved to barbarism by that of the Englishman. May we not give him the benefit of the doubt?

People who know about these things

have told me that the stone hatchet fastened to a wooden handle by thongs is to be considered an implement of very high order, when you know, or guess wisely, about the genesis of inventions among people of the stone age. But I regret to say that while these Basket-Makers possessed most excellent stone arrow and spear heads, stone hatchets are not found among their belongings. Nothing of this nature better than a crude pounding-stone, bearing the form of a natural unworked pebble, has been as yet unearthed. In the ruins and graves of the Cliff-Dwellers, on the other hand, stone hatchets with wooden handles, or with grooves for the attachment of these by thongs, are common. This fact might perhaps be wisely adduced with the rest as evidence of the lower status of the Basket-Makers.

The whole matter at present rests just here, until the various furnishings of their burial-places shall have received systematic study, and the country shall have been more widely explored. But one may hazard a guess that these Basket-Makers were nomadic Indians who used the sheltered caves as burial-places before the Cliff-Dwellers settled the country and utilized the rocky shelters for their homes. There must in the old days have been many a fierce encounter up and down the rugged faces of the rocks when the Cliff Men met their foes with stone-tipped arrow, axe, and spear—perhaps over the very spot where the elder folk, now still and crumbling in their unsuspected graves, had fought and lost.

To one who has travelled much in this southwest plateau country, and knows not only just how dry it is, but also just how dry it is not, the residence of these early peoples in small scattered communities along the now remote cañons and valleys is neither surprising nor mysterious. Here were warmth and shelter the year round, and for those who had learned to build were houses half made already by the cave walls of the cliffs.

It does not require very much food for bare subsistence, and a very small patch of corn suffices for a family. While springs and pools are rare, there are a good many places, in valleys apparently dry the summer through, in which the seepage from the back country comes down some sag in the hills and furnishes moisture enough for a crop of corn. The beds of dry streams also, where sand is

plenty, are often moist beneath the surface.

In fact, here and there all over the Cliff-Dwellers' country to-day, in stream-beds, mostly dry, or in low places in the bottoms, with no water visible, one comes across groups of Navajos or Utes camped beside little green patches of corn which seems to be growing out of the driest of sand banks. It is easier for the corn roots than it is for the humans to get enough drinking-water, and the Indians are very clever to-day, as the older fellows doubtless were, in finding the few places here and there in which the deep moisture suffices for a modest crop of corn.

It has been the writer's good fortune, half on knowledge, half on pleasure bent, to journey over this desolate country under the skilful guidance of Al. Wetherill, to delve among the ruins of the cliff dwellings, to search through the opened graves of the Basket-Makers, and so to gain a conception at first hand of the land they lived in, the old folks, and their graves. And it is with Richard Wetherill's permission that I record this interesting discovery of the Basket-Makers which he and his brothers made some time ago. I am eager to do this because the enthusiasm, devotion, and practical knowledge which he has brought to his life work in the cause of American archaeology should find more general appreciation, and in the hope that means may be forth-coming from some quarter for the pursuit, under Wetherill's direction, of this promising research.

Will none of our great universities realize before it is too late that the treasure-house of folk-lore among the Pueblo Indians is crumbling fast, and that these fields of American archaeology in the Southwest are wide and fruitful?

If you have seen the living Indian from his better side, which too often is the side away from the white man, have learned to admire the qualities which so well fit him for his life in the open, and have come to realize—not mayhap without a tinge of wistfulness—how close he stands in every act and purpose and sentiment to the powers above and to the presences about him, you may come to have an esteem, and even a certain dreamy affection, for the silent Cliff-Dweller, so abounding that it shall include, bloody old warrior though he was, this new-found elder brother also.

GRANDMOTHER STARK.

BY OWEN WISTER.

EXCEPT for its chairs and bed, the cabin was stripped almost bare. Amid its emptiness of dismantled shelves and walls and floor, only the tiny ancestress still hung in her place, last token of the home that had been. This miniature tacked against the despoiled boards, and its descendant, the angry girl with her hand on an open box-lid, made a sort of couple in the loneliness: she on the wall sweet and serene, she by the box sweet and stormy. The picture was her final treasure waiting to be packed for the journey. In whatever room she had called her own since childhood, there it had also lived and looked at her, not quite familiar, not quite smiling, but in its prim colonial hues delicate as some pressed flower. Its pale oval, of color blue and rose and flaxen, in a battered, pretty gold frame, unquellably pervaded any surroundings with a something like last year's lavender. Till yesterday a Crow Indian war-bonnet had hung next it, a sumptuous cascade of feathers; on the other side a bow with arrows had dangled; opposite had been a Navajo blanket, staring in zigzags of barbarity; over the door had spread the antlers of a black-tail deer; a bear-skin stretched beneath it. Thus had the whole cozy log cabin been upholstered, lavish with trophies of the frontier; and yet it was in front of the miniature that the visitors used to stop.

Shining quietly now in the cabin's blankness this summer day, the heirloom was presiding until the end. Molly Wood did not bear the family name; but as her eyes fell on her ancestress of Bennington, 1777, there flashed a spark of steel in them, alone here in the room she was leaving forever. She was not going to teach school any more on Bear Creek, Wyoming; she was going home to Bennington, Vermont. She stood among her possessions. Antlers and blanket and all were being packed away, and her books—Robert Browning, Jane Austen, and others; works that none but herself on Bear Creek had found much sincere joy in, not even her most constant guest. After a long ride one day with the cow-puncher from Virginia, she had pressed *Pride and Prejudice* and *Emma* upon him. He

had removed the masterpieces carefully to Sunk Creek Ranch, where he was now foreman, and scrupulously returned them upon a later visit.

"How do you like them?" she had then inquired; and he had smiled slowly at her. "You haven't read them!" she exclaimed.

"No, ma'am."

"Are you going to tell me there has been no time?"

"No, ma'am."

Then Molly had scolded her cow-puncher, and to this he had listened with pleasure undisguised, as indeed he listened to every word that she said.

"Why, it has come too late," he had told her when the scolding was over. "If I was one of your little scholars hyeh in Bear Creek school-house, yu' could learn me, I reckon. But I'm a mighty ignorant, grown-up man."

"So much the worse for you!" said Molly.

"No. I am pretty glad I am a man. Else I could not have learned the thing you have taught me."

But she shut her lips and looked away. On the desk was a letter written from Vermont. "If you don't tell me at once when you decide," had said the arch writer, "never hope to speak to me again. Mary Wood, seriously, I am suspicious. Why do you never mention him nowadays? How exciting to have you bring a live cowboy to Bennington! We should all come to dinner. Though of course I understand now that many of them have excellent manners. But would he wear his pistol at table?" So the letter ran on. It recounted the latest home gossip and jokes. In answering it Molly Wood had taken no notice of its childish tone here and there.

"Hyeh's some of them cactus blossoms yu' wanted," said the Virginian. His voice recalled the girl with almost a start. "This ride is the last I'll get for quite a while; I've branding and a heap o' things to see to oveh in our country. But I've brought a good hawse I've gentled for yu', and Taylor 'll keep him till I need him."

"Thank you so much! but I wish—"

"I reckon yu' can't stop me lendin'

Taylor a hawse. And you cert'nly 'll get sick school-teachin' if yu' don't keep out-doors some."

Once more she received the man's flowers; once more she rode with him long and long, as three winters and summers had seen them riding whenever he could come. Betweenwhiles it would be two months sometimes and more, for Sunk Creek was far across the mountains, and his work often lay from there even further, to Butte Creek and Drybone. This day the thick bushes along the stream were pink with wild roses again, and again the meadow-larks, invisible in the grass, sent up unexpectedly across the empty miles of air their ambushed song. Then he had bidden her good-by until next time. "And there will be a next time," he said at parting.

"There always is!" answered she, lightly.

"There always will be. Don't yu' know that?"

She did not reply.

"I have discouraged spells," he pursued, "but I down them. For I've told yu' you were going to love me. You are goin' to learn back the thing you have taught me. I'm not askin' anything now; I don't want you to speak a word to me. But I'm never goin' to quit till 'next time' is no more, and it's 'all the time' for you and me."

With that he had ridden away, not even touching her hand. Long after he had gone she was still in her chair, her eyes lingering upon his flowers, those yellow cups of the prickly-pear. At length she had risen impatiently, caught up the flowers, gone with them to the open window—and then, after all, set them with pains in water.

But to-day Bear Creek was over. She was going home now. By the week's end she would be started. By the time the mail brought him her good-by letter she would be gone. She had acted. A new schoolmarm was engaged to succeed her for the new term, and her mother in Bennington was even now counting the days until her wandering girl should be there to lay head once more upon her bosom.

To Bear Creek, the neighborly, the friendly, the not comprehending, this move had come unlooked-for, and had brought regret. Only one hard word had been spoken to Molly, and that by her next-door neighbor and kindest

friend. In Mrs. Taylor's house the girl had daily come and gone as a daughter, and that lady reached the subject thus:

"When I took Taylor," said she, sitting by as Robert Browning and Jane Austen were going into their box, "I married for love."

"Do you wish it had been money?" said Molly, stooping to her industries.

"You know both of us better than that, child."

"I know I've seen people at home who couldn't possibly have had any other reason. They seemed satisfied too."

"Maybe the poor ignorant things were!"

"And so I have never been sure how I might choose."

"Yes, you are sure, deary. Don't you think I know you? And when it comes over Taylor once in a while, and he tells me I'm the best thing in his life, and I tell him he ain't merely the best but the only thing in mine—him and the children—why, we just agree we'd do it all over the same way if we had the chance."

Molly continued to be industrious.

"And that's why," said Mrs. Taylor, "I want every girl that's anything to me to know her luck when it comes. For I was that near telling Taylor I wouldn't!"

"If ever my luck comes," said Molly, with her back to her friend, "I shall say 'I will' at once."

"Then you'll say it at Bennington next week."

Molly wheeled round.

"Why, you surely will. Do you expect he's going to stay here, and you in Bennington?" And the campaigner sat back in her chair.

"He? Goodness! Who is he?"

"Child, child, you're talking cross to-day because you're at outs with yourself. You've been at outs ever since you took this idea of leaving the school and us and everything this needless way. You have not treated him right. And why, I can't make out to save me. What have you found out in one week you hadn't learned in three years? If he was not good enough for you, I— But, oh, it's a prime one you're losing, Molly! When a man like that stays faithful to a girl 'spite all the chances he gets, her luck is come."

"Oh, my luck! People have different notions of luck."

"Notions!"

"He has been very kind."

"Kind! Bother! I thought you were waking up."

"And I should like to show him some return. I am afraid he would scarcely enjoy Bennington society."

"There! And so you actually have let the roughness hide the diamond."

Molly broke into high dudgeon. What she said is not important.

While it was going on and after it was done Mrs. Taylor surveyed the room, and then she spoke the hard word—"I expect you will find better grammar in Vermont, deary."

She did not wait for Molly to find speech. The good dame stalked out and across to her own cabin, and left the girl flashing independence in solitude among her boxes. It was in vain she fell to work upon them. Presently something had to be done over again, and when it was, the box held several chattels less than before the readjustment. She played a sort of desperate dominoes to fit these objects in the space, but here were a paper-weight, a portfolio, with two wretched volumes that no chink would harbor; and letting them fall all at once, she straightened herself, still stormy with revolt, eyes and cheeks still hot from the sting of long-parried truth. Then it was that in this pause from her forlorn home-breaking her glance rested defiant and intimate upon the quiet little miniature, appealed to it for support across the hundred years between them. So the flaxen girl on the wall and she among the boxes stood a moment face to face in seeming communion, and then the descendant turned again to her work. But after a desultory touch here and there she drew a long breath and walked to the open door. What use was in finishing to-day, when she had nearly a week? This first spurt of toil had swept the cabin bare of all indwelling charm, and its look was chill. Across the lane his horse, the one he had "gentled" for her, was grazing idly. She walked there and caught him, and led him to her gate. Mrs. Taylor saw her go in, and soon come out in riding-dress; and she watched the girl throw the saddle on with quick ease—the ease he had taught her. Mrs. Taylor also saw the sharp cut she gave the horse, and laughed grimly to herself in her window as horse and rider galloped into the beautiful sunny loneliness.

To the punished animal this switching

was new, and at its third repetition he turned his head in surprise, but was no more heeded than were the bluffs and flowers where he was taking his own undirected choice of way. He carried her over ground she knew by heart—Corn-cliff Mesa, Crowheart Butte, Westfall's Crossing, Upper Cañon; open land and woodland, pines and sage-brush, all silent and grave and lustrous in the sunshine. Once and again a ranchman greeted her, and wondered if she had forgotten who he was; once she passed some cow-punchers with a small herd of steers, and they stared after her too. Bear Creek narrowed, its mountain-sides drew near, its little falls began to rush white in mid-day shadow, and the horse suddenly pricked his ears. Unguided, he was taking this advantage to go home. Though he had made but little way—a mere beginning yet—on this trail over to Sunk Creek, here was already a Sunk Creek friend whinnying good-day to him, so he whinnied back and quickened his pace, and Molly started to life. She saw the black horse she knew also, saddled, with reins dragging on the trail as the rider had dropped them to dismount. A cold spring bubbled out beyond the next rock, and she knew her lover's horse was waiting for him while he drank. She pulled at the reins, but loosed them, for to turn and escape now was ridiculous; and riding boldly round the rock, she came upon him by the spring. One of his arms hung up to its elbow in the pool, the other was crooked beside his head, but the face was sunk downward against the shelving rock, so that she saw only his black tangled hair. As her horse snorted and tossed his head she looked swiftly at the other horse, as if to question him. Seeing now the sweat matted on his coat, and noting the white rim of his eye, she sprang and ran to the motionless figure. A patch of blood at his shoulder behind stained the soft flannel shirt, spreading down beneath his belt, and the man's whole strong body lay slack, and pitifully helpless.

She touched the hand beside his head, but it seemed neither warm nor cold to her; she felt for the pulse, as nearly as she could remember the doctors did, but could not tell whether she imagined or not that it was still; twice with painful care her fingers sought and waited for the beat, and her face seemed like one of

listening. She leaned down and lifted his other arm and hand from the water, and as their ice-coldness reached her senses clearly she saw the patch near the shoulder she had moved grow wet with new blood, and at that sight she grasped at the stones upon which she herself now sank. She held tight by two rocks, sitting straight beside him, staring, and murmuring aloud, "I must not faint; I will not faint"; and the standing horses looked at her, pricking their ears.

In this cup-round spread of the ravine the sun shone warmly down, the tall red cliff was warm, the pines were a warm film and filter of green; outside the shade across Bear Creek rose the steep, soft, open yellow hill, warm and high to the blue, and Bear Creek tumbled upon its sun-sparkling stones. The two horses on the margin trail still looked at the spring and trees, where sat the neat flaxen girl so rigid by the slack prone body in its flannel shirt and leathern chaps. Suddenly her face livened. "But the blood ran!" she exclaimed, as if to the horses, her companions in this. She moved to him, and put her hand in through his shirt against his heart.

Next moment she had sprung up and was at his saddle, searching, then swiftly went on to her own and got her small flask and was back beside him. Here was the cold water he had sought, and she put it against his forehead and drenched the wounded shoulder with it. Three times she tried to move him, so he might lie more easy, but his dead weight was too much, and desisting, she sat close and raised his head to let it rest against her. Thus she saw the blood that was running from in front of the shoulder also; but she said no more about fainting. She tore strips from her dress and soaked them, keeping them cold and wet upon both openings of his wound, and she drew her pocket-knife out and cut his shirt away from the place. As she continually rinsed and cleaned it, she watched his eyelashes, long and soft and thick, but they did not stir. Again she tried the flask, but failed from being still too gentle, and her searching eyes fell upon ashes near the pool. Still undispersed by the weather lay the small charred ends of a fire he and she had made once here together, and ridden home after coffee and fried trout. She built another fire now, and when the flames were going

well, filled her flask-cup from the spring and set it to heat, meanwhile returning to nurse his head and wound, which her cold water had stopped bleeding. Then she poured her brandy in the steaming cup, and, made rough by her desperate helplessness, forced some between his lips and teeth.

Instantly, almost, she felt the tremble of life creeping back, and as his dark eyes opened upon her she sat still and mute. But the gaze seemed luminous with an unnoting calm, and she wondered if perhaps he could not recognize her; she watched this internal clearness of his vision, scarcely daring to breathe, until presently he began to speak, with the same profound and clear impersonality sounding in his slowly uttered words.

"I thought they had found me. I expected they were going to kill me." He stopped, and she gave him more of the hot drink, which he took, still lying and looking at her as if the present did not reach his senses. "I knew hands were touching me. I reckon I was not dead. I knew about them soon as they began, only I could not interfere." He waited again. "It is mighty strange where I have been. No. Mighty natural." Then he went back into his reverie, and lay with his eyes still full open upon her where she sat motionless.

She began to feel a greater awe in this living presence than when it had been his body with an ice-cold hand; and she quietly spoke his name, venturing scarcely more than a whisper.

At this, some nearer thing wakened in his look. "But it was you all along," he resumed. "It is you now. You must not stay—" Weakness overcame him, and his eyes closed. She sat ministering to him, and when he roused again, he began anxiously at once: "You must not stay. They would get you too."

She glanced at him with a sort of fierceness, then reached for his pistol, in which was nothing but blackened empty cartridges. She threw these out and drew six from his belt, loaded the weapon, and snapped shut its hinge.

"Please take it, ma'am," he said, more anxious and more himself. "I ain't worth tryin' to keep. Look at me."

"Are you giving up?" she inquired, trying to put scorn in her tone. Then she seated herself.

"Where is the sense in both of us—"

"You had better save your strength," she interrupted.

He tried to sit up.

"Lie down!" she ordered.

He sank obediently, and began to smile.

When she saw that, she smiled too, and unexpectedly took his hand. "Listen, friend," said she. "Nobody shall get you, and nobody shall get me. Now take some more brandy."

"It must be noon," said the cow-puncher, when she had drawn her hand away from him. "I remember it was dark when—when—when I can remember. I reckon they were scared to follow me in so close to settlers. Else they would have been here."

"You must rest," she observed.

She broke the soft ends of some ever-green, and putting them beneath his head, went to the horses, loosened the cinches, took off the bridles, led them to drink, and picketed them to feed. Further still, to leave nothing undone she could herself manage, she took the horses' saddles off to refold the blankets when the time should come, and meanwhile brought them for him. But he put them away from him. He was sitting up against a rock, stronger evidently, and asking for cold water. His head was fire-hot, and the paleness beneath his swarthy skin had changed to a deepening flush.

"Only five miles!" she said to him, bating his head.

"Yes. I must hold it steady," he answered, waving his hand at the cliff.

She told him to try and keep it steady until they got home.

"Yes," he repeated. "Only five miles. But it's fightin' to turn around." Half aware that he was becoming light-headed, he looked from the rock to her and from her to the rock with dilating eyes.

"We can hold it together," she said. "You must get on your horse." She took his handkerchief from round his neck, knotting it with her own, and to make more bandage she ran to the roll of clothes behind his saddle and tore in half a clean shirt. A handkerchief fell from it, which she seized also, and opening, saw her own initials by the hem. Then she remembered: she saw again their first meeting, the swollen river, the overset stage, the unknown horseman who carried her to the bank on his saddle and went away unthanked—her whole first adventure on that first day of her coming to this new

country—and now she knew how her long-forgotten handkerchief had gone that day. She refolded it gently and put it back in his bundle, for there was enough bandage without it. She said not a word to him, and he placed a wrong meaning upon the look she gave him as she returned to bind his shoulder.

"It don't hurt so much," he assured her (though pain was clearing his head for the moment, and he had been able to hold the cliff from turning). "Yu' must not squander your pity."

"Do not squander your strength," said she.

"Oh, I could put up a pretty good fight now!" But he tottered in showing her how strong he was, and she told him that, after all, he was a child still.

"Yes," he slowly said, looking after her as she went to bring his horse, "the same child that wanted to touch the moon, I guess." And during the slow climb down into the saddle from a rock to which she helped him he said, "You have got to be the man all through this mess."

She saw his teeth clinched and his drooping muscles compelled by will; and as he rode and she walked to lend him support, leading her horse by a backward-stretched left hand, she counted off the distance to him continually—the increasing gain, the lessening road, the landmarks nearing and dropping behind: here was the tree with the wasp-nest gone; now the burned cabin was passed; now the cottonwoods at the ford were in sight. He was silent, and held to the saddle-horn, leaning more and more against his two hands clasped over it; and just after they had made the crossing he fell, without a sound, slipping to the grass, and his descent broken by her. But it started the blood a little, and she dared not leave him to seek help. She gave him the last of the flask and all the water he craved.

Revived, he managed to smile. "Yu' see, I ain't worth keeping."

"It's only a mile," said she. So she found a log, a fallen trunk, and he crawled to that, and from there crawled to his saddle, and she marched on with him, talking, bidding him note the steps accomplished. For the next half-mile they went thus, the silent man clinched on the horse, and by his side the girl walking and cheering him forward, when suddenly he began to speak:

"I will say good-by to you now, ma'am."

She did not understand at first.

"He is getting away," pursued the Virginian. "I must ask you to excuse me, ma'am." He would have turned his horse, but she caught the bridle.

"You must take me home," said she.

"I am afraid of the Indians."

"Why, you—why, they've all gone. There he goes. Ma'am—that hawse—"

"No," said she, holding firmly his rein and quickening her step. "A gentleman does not invite a lady to go out riding and leave her."

His eyes lost their purpose. "I'll certainly take you home. That sorrel has gone in there by the wallow, and Judge Henry will understand." With his eyes watching imaginary objects, he rode and rambled, and it was now the girl who was silent, except to keep his mind from its half-fixed idea of the sorrel. As he grew more fluent she hastened still more, listening to head off that notion of return, skilfully inventing questions to engage him, so that when she brought him to her gate she held him in a manner subjected, answering faithfully the shrewd unrealities she devised, whatever makeshifts she could summon to her mind; and next she had got him inside her dwelling and set him down docile, but now completely wandering; and then—no help was at hand even here. She had made sure of aid from next door, and there she hastened, to find the Taylors' cabin locked and silent; and this meant parents and children were gone to drive; nor might she be luckier at her next nearest neighbors', should she travel the intervening mile to fetch them. With a mind jostled once more into uncertainty, she returned to her room, and saw a change in him already. Illness had stridden upon him; his face was not as she had left it, and the whole body, the splendid supple horseman, showed sickness in every line and limb, its spurs and pistol and bold leather chaps a mockery of trappings. She looked at him, and decision came back to her, clear and steady. She supported him over to her bed and laid him on it. His head sank flat, and his loose nerveless arms staid as she left them. Then among her packing-boxes and beneath the little miniature, blue and flaxen and gold upon its lonely wall, she undressed him. He was cold, and she covered him to the face, and ar-

ranged the pillow, and got from its box her scarlet and black Navajo blanket and spread it over him. There was no more she could do, and she sat down by him to wait. Among the many and many things that came into her mind was a word he said to her lightly a long while ago. "Cow-punchers do not live long enough to get old," he had told her. And now she looked at the head upon the pillow, grave and strong, but still the head of luxurious unworn youth.

At the distant jingle of the wagon in the lane she was out, and had met her returning neighbors midway. They heard her with amazement, and came in haste to the bedside; then Taylor departed to spread news of the Indians and bring the doctor, twenty-five miles away. The two women friends stood alone again, as they had stood in the morning when anger had been between them.

"Kiss me, deary," said Mrs. Taylor. "Now I will look after him—and you'll need some looking after yourself."

But on returning from her cabin with what store she possessed of lint and stimulants, she encountered a rebel, independent as ever. Molly would hear no talk about saving her strength, would not be in any room but this one until the doctor should arrive; then perhaps it would be time to think about resting. So together the dame and the girl rinsed the man's wound and wrapped him in clean things, and did all the little that they knew—which was, in truth, the very thing needed. Then they sat watching him toss and mutter. It was no longer upon Indians or the sorrel horse that his talk seemed to run, or anything recent, apparently, always excepting his work. This flowingly merged with whatever scene he was inventing or living again, and he wandered unendingly in that incompatible world we dream in. In the medley of occasion and names, often thickly spoken, but rising at times to grotesque coherence, the listeners now and then could piece out the reference from their own knowledge. "Monte," for example, was his pet horse, continually addressed, and Molly heard her own name, but invariably as "Miss Wood"; nothing less respectful came out, and frequently he answered some one as "ma'am." At these fragments of revelation Mrs. Taylor abstained from speech, but eyed Molly Wood with caustic reproach. As the night wore on,

short lulls of silence intervened, and the watchers were deceived into hope the fever was abating. And when the Virginian sat quietly up in bed, essayed to move his bandage, and looked steadily at Mrs. Taylor, she rose quickly and went to him with a question as to how he was doing.

"Rise on your laigs, you polecat," said he, "and tell them you're a liar."

The good dame gasped, then bade him lie down, and he obeyed her with that strange double understanding of the delirious; for even while submitting he muttered "liar," "polecat," and then "Trampas."

At that name light flashed on Mrs. Taylor, and she turned to Molly; and there was the girl struggling with a fit of mirth at his speech, but the laughter was fast becoming a painful seizure. Mrs. Taylor walked Molly up and down, speaking immediately to arrest her attention.

"You might as well know it," she said. "He would blame me for speaking of it, but where's the harm all this while after? And you would never hear it from his mouth. Molly, child, they say Trampas would kill him if he dared, and that's on account of you."

"I never saw Trampas," said Molly, attentive.

"No, deary. But before a lot of men—Taylor has told me about it—Trampas spoke disrespectfully of you, and before them all he made Trampas say he was a liar. That is what he did when you were almost a stranger among us, and he had not started seeing so much of you. I expect Trampas is the only enemy he ever had in this country. But he would never let you know about that."

"No," whispered Molly, "I did not know."

"You had better go to bed, child. You look about ready for the doctor yourself."

"Then I will wait for him," said Molly.

So the two nurses continued to sit until darkness at the windows weakened into gray, and the lamp was no more needed. Their patient was rambling again. Yet, into whatever scenes he went, there in some guise did the throb of his pain evidently follow him, and he lay hitching his great shoulder as if to rid it of the cumbrance. They waited for the doctor, not daring much more than to turn pillows and give what other ease they could; and then, instead of the doctor, came a messenger, about noon, to say he was gone

on a visit some thirty miles beyond, where Taylor had followed to bring him here as soon as might be. At this Molly consented to rest and to watch, turn about; and once she was over in her friend's house lying down, they tried to keep her there. But the revolutionist could not be put down, and when, as a last pretext, Mrs. Taylor urged the proprieties and conventions, the pale girl from Vermont laughed sweetly in her face and returned to sit by the sick man. With the approach of the second night his fever seemed to rise and master him more completely than they had yet seen it, and presently it so raged that the women called in stronger arms to hold him down. There were times when he broke out in the language of the round-up, and Mrs. Taylor renewed her protests. "Why," said Molly, "don't you suppose I knew they could swear?" So the dame, in deepening astonishment and affection, gave up these shifts at decorum. Nor did the delirium run into the intimate, coarse matters that she dreaded. The cow-puncher had lived like his kind, but his natural daily thoughts were clean, and came from the untamed but unstained mind of a man. And towards morning, as Mrs. Taylor sat taking her turn, suddenly he asked had he been sick long, and looked at her with a quieted eye. The wandering seemed to drop from him at a stroke, leaving him altogether himself. He lay very feeble, and inquired once or twice of his state and how he came here; nor was anything left in his memory of even coming to the spring where he had been found.

When the doctor arrived, he pronounced it would be long—or very short. He praised their clean water treatment; the wound was fortunately well up on the shoulder, and gave so far no bad signs; there were not any bad signs; and the blood and strength of the patient had been as few men's were; each hour was now an hour nearer certainty, and meanwhile—the doctor would remain as long as he could. He had many inquiries to satisfy. Dusty fellows would ride up, listen to him, and reply, as they rode away, "Don't yu' let him die, doc." And Judge Henry sent over from Sunk Creek to answer for any attendance or medicine that might help his foreman. The country was moved with concern and interest; and in Molly's ears its words of good feeling seemed to unite and sum up

a burden: "Don't yu' let him die, doc." The Indians who had done this were now in military custody. They had come unpermitted from a southern reservation, hunting, next thieving, and as the slumbering spirit roused in one or two of the young and ambitious, they had ventured this in the secret mountains, and perhaps had killed a trapper found there. Editors immediately reared a tall war out of it; but from five Indians in a guard-house waiting punishment not even an editor can supply war for more than two editions, and if the recent alarm was still a matter of talk anywhere, it was not here in the sick-room. Whichever way the case should turn, it was through Molly alone (the doctor told her) that the wounded man had got this chance—this good chance, he repeated. And he told her she had done not a woman's part, but a man's part, and now had no more to do; no more till the patient got well, and could thank her in his own way, said the doctor, smiling, and supposing things that were not so—misled perhaps by Mrs. Taylor.

"I'm afraid I'll be gone by the time he is well," said Molly, coldly; and the discreet physician said ah, and that she would find Bennington quite a change from Bear Creek.

But Mrs. Taylor spoke otherwise, and at that the girl said: "I shall stay as long as I am needed. I will nurse him. I want to nurse him. I will do everything for him that I can!" she exclaimed, with force.

"And that won't be anything, deary," said Mrs. Taylor, harshly. "A year of nursing don't equal a day of sweetheart."

The girl went walking—she was of no more service in the room at present—but she turned without going far, and Mrs. Taylor spied her come to lean over the pasture fence and watch the two horses—that one the Virginian had "gentled" for her, and his own Monte. During this suspense came a new call for the doctor, neighbors profiting by his visit to Bear Creek; and in his going away to them, even under promise of quick return, Mrs. Taylor suspected a favorable sign. He kept his word as punctually as had been possible, arriving after some six hours with a confident face, and spending now upon the patient a care not needed, save to reassure the bystanders. He spoke his opinion that all was even better than he

could have hoped it would be so soon. Here was now the beginning of the fifth day; the wound's look was wholesome, no further delirium had come, and the fever had abated a degree while he was absent. He believed the serious danger-line lay behind, and (short of the unforeseen) the man's deep untainted strength would reassert its control. He had much blood to make, and must be cared for during weeks—three, four, five—there was no saying how long yet. These next few days it must be utter quiet for him; he must not talk nor hear anything likely to disturb him; and then the time for cheerfulness and gradual company would come—sooner than later, the doctor hoped. So he departed, and sent next day some bottles, with further cautions regarding the wound and dirt, and to say he should be calling the day after to-morrow.

Upon that occasion he found two patients. Molly Wood lay in bed at Mrs. Taylor's, filled with apology and indignation. With little to do, and deprived of the strong stimulant of anxiety and action, her strength had quite suddenly left her, so that she had spoken only in a sort of whisper. But upon waking from a long sleep, after Mrs. Taylor had taken her firmly, almost severely, in hand, her natural voice had returned, and now the chief treatment the doctor gave her was a sort of scolding, which it pleased Mrs. Taylor to hear. The doctor even dropped a phrase concerning the arrogance of strong nerves in slender bodies, and of undertaking several people's work when several people were at hand to do it for themselves, and this pleased Mrs. Taylor remarkably. As for the wounded man, he was behaving himself properly. Perhaps in another week he could be moved to a more cheerful room. Just now, with cleanliness and pure air, any barn would do.

"We are real lucky to have such a sensible doctor in the country," Mrs. Taylor observed, after the physician had gone.

"No doubt," said Molly. "He said my room was a barn."

"That's what you've made it, deary. But sick men don't notice much."

Nevertheless, one may believe, without going widely astray, that illness, so far from veiling, more often quickens the perceptions—at any rate those of the naturally keen. On a later day—and the

interval was brief—while Molly was on her second drive to take the air with Mrs. Taylor, that lady informed her that the sick man had noticed. "And I could not tell him things liable to disturb him," said she, "and so I—well, I expect I just didn't exactly tell him the facts. I said yes, you were packing up for a little visit to your folks. They had not seen you for quite a while, I said. And he looked at those boxes kind of silent like."

"There's no need to move him," said Molly. "It is simpler to move them—the boxes. I could take out some of my things, you know. Just while he has to be kept there. I mean—you see, if the doctor says the room should be cheerful—"

"Yes, deary."

"I will ask the doctor next time," said Molly, "if he believes I am—competent—to spread a rug upon a floor." Molly's references to the leech were usually acid these days. And this he totally failed to observe, telling her when he came, why, to be sure! the very thing! And if she could play cards or read aloud, or afford any other light distractions, provided they did not lead the patient to talk and tire himself, that she would be most useful. Accordingly she took over the cribbage-board, and came with unexpected hesitation face to face again with the swarthy man she had saved and tended. He was not so swarthy now, but neat, with chin clean, and hair and mustache trimmed and smooth, and he sat propped among pillows watching for her.

"You are better," she said, speaking first, and with uncertain voice.

"Yes, ma'am. They have given me awdehs not to talk," said the Southerner, smiling.

"Oh yes. Please do not talk—to-day."

"No, ma'am. Only this"—he looked at her, and saw her seem to shrink—"thank you for what you have done," he said, simply.

She took tenderly the hand he stretched to her; and upon these terms they set to work at cribbage. She won, and won again, and the third time laid down her cards and reproached him with playing in order to lose.

"No," he said, and his eye wandered to the boxes. "But my thoughts get away from me. I'll be strong enough to hold them on the cyards next time, I reckon."

Then they played a little more, and she put away the board for this first time.

"You are going now?" he asked.

"When I have made this room look a little less forlorn. They haven't wanted to meddle with my things, I suppose." And Molly stooped once again among the chattels destined for Vermont. Out they came; again the bear-skin was spread on the floor, various possessions and ornaments went back into their ancient niches, the shelves grew comfortable with books, and, last, some flowers were stood on the table.

"More like old times," said the Virginian, but sadly.

"It's too bad," said Molly, "you had to be brought into such a looking place."

"And your folks waiting for you," said he.

"Oh, I'll pay my visit later," said Molly, putting the rug a trifle straighter.

"May I ask one thing?" pleaded the Virginian, and at the gentleness of his voice her face grew rosy, and she fixed her eyes on him with a sort of dread.

"Anything that I can answer," said she.

"Oh yes. Did I tell yu' to quit me, and did you load up my gun and stay? Was that a real business? I have been mixed up in my haid."

"That was real," said Molly. "What else was there to do?"

"Just nothing—for such as you!" he exclaimed. "My haid has been mighty crazy; and that little grandmother of yours yondeh, she—but I can't just quite catch a-hold of these things"—he passed a hand over his forehead—"so many—or else one right along—well, it's all foolishness!" he concluded, with something almost savage in his tone. And after she had gone from the cabin he lay very still, looking at the miniature on the wall.

He was in another sort of mood the next time, cribbage not interesting him in the least. "Your folks will be wondering about you," said he.

"I don't think they will mind which month I go to them," said Molly. "Especially when they know the reason."

"Don't let me keep you, ma'am," said he. Molly stared at him; but he pursued, with the same edge lurking in his slow words: "Though I'll never forget. How could I forget any of all you have done—and been? If there had been none of this, why, I had enough to remember!"

But please don't stay, ma'am. We'll say I had a claim when yu' found me pretty well dead, but I'm gettin' well, yu' see—right smart, too!"

"I can't understand, indeed I can't," said Molly, "why you're talking so!"

"Oh, a sick man is funny. And, yu' know, I'm grateful to you."

"Please say no more about that, or I shall go this afternoon. I don't want to go. I am not ready. I think I had better read something now."

"Why, yes. That's cert'nly a good notion. Why, this is the best show you'll ever get to give me education. Won't yu' please try that *Emma* book now, ma'am? Listening to you will be different." This was said with softness and humility.

Uncertain—as his gravity often left her—precisely what he meant by what he said, Molly proceeded with *Emma*; slackly at first, but soon with the enthusiasm that Miss Austen invariably gave her. She held the volume and read away at it, commenting briefly, and then, finishing a chapter of the sprightly classic, found her pupil slumbering peacefully. There was no uncertainty about that.

"You couldn't be doing a healthier thing for him, deary," said Mrs. Taylor. "If it gets to make him wakeful, try something harder." This was the lady's scarcely sympathetic view.

But it turned out to be not obscurity in which Miss Austen sinned.

When Molly next appeared at the Virginian's threshold, he said, plaintively, "I reckon I am a dunce, ma'am." And he sued for pardon. "When I waked up," he said, "I was ashamed of myself for a plumb half-hour." Nor could she doubt this day that he meant what he said. His mood was again serene and gentle, and without referring to his singular words that had distressed her, he made her feel his contrition, even in his silence. "I am right glad you have come," he said. And as he saw her going to the bookshelf, he continued, with diffidence: "As regyards that *Emma* book, ma'am, yu' see—yu' see, the doings and sayings of folks like them are above me. But I think" (he spoke most diffidently), "if yu' could read me something that was *about* something, I—I'd be liable to keep awake." And he smiled with a certain shyness.

"Something *about* something!" queried Molly, at a loss.

"Why, yes. I saw a fine play one time. The British king was fighting, and there was his son the prince. He cert'nly must have been a jim-dandy boy if that is all true. Only he would go around town with a mighty triffin' gang. They sported and they held up citizens. And his father hated his travelling with trash like them. It was right natural—the boy and the old man! But the boy showed himself a man too. He killed a big fighter on the other side who was another jim-dandy—and he was sorry for having it to do." The Virginian warmed to his recital. "I wish I could see that play again. There was a fat man kept everybody laughing. He was awful natural too; except yu' don't commonly meet 'em so fat. But the prince—that play was bed-rock, ma'am! Have you got something like that?"

"Yes, I think so," she replied. "I believe I see what you would appreciate."

She took her Browning, her idol, her imagined affinity. For the pale decadence of New England had somewhat watered her good old Revolutionary blood too, and she was inclined to think under glass and to live underdone—when there were no Indians to shoot! She would have joyed to venture "Paracelsus" on him, and some lengthy rhymed discourses; and she fondly turned leaves and leaves of her pet doggerel analytics. "Pippa Passes" and others she had to skip, from discreet motives—things he would have doubtless staid awake at; but she chose a poem at length. This was better than *Emma*, he pronounced. And short. The horse was a good horse. He thought a man whose horse must not play out on him would watch the ground he was galloping over for holes, and not be likely to see what color the rims of his animal's eye-sockets were. You could not see them if you sat as you ought to for such a hard ride. Of the next piece that she read him he thought still better. "And it is short," said he. "But the last part drops."

Molly instantly exacted particulars.

"The soldier should not have told the general he was killed," stated the cow-puncher.

"What should he have told him, I'd like to know?" said Molly.

"Why, just nothing. If the soldier could ride out of the battle all shot up, and tell his general about their takin' the town—that was being gritty, yu' see. But

that truck at the finish—will yu' please say it again, ma'am?"

So Molly read:

"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride

Touched to the quick, he said:

"I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,

Smiling the boy fell dead."

"Nay, I'm killed, sire," drawled the Virginian, amiably; for (symptom of convalescence) his freakish irony was revived in him. "Now a man who was man enough to act like he did, yu' see, would fall dead without mentioning it."

None of Molly's sweet girl friends had ever thus challenged Mr. Browning. They had been wont to cluster over him with a joyous awe that deepened proportionally with their misunderstanding. Molly paused to consider this novelty of view about the soldier. "He was a Frenchman, you know," she said, under inspiration.

"A Frenchman," murmured the grave cow-puncher. "I never knowed a Frenchman, but I reckon they might perform that class of foolishness."

"But why was it foolish?" she cried. "His soldier's pride—don't you see?"

"No, ma'am."

Molly now burst into a luxury of discussion. She leaned toward her cow-puncher with bright eyes searching his; with elbow on knee and hand propping chin, her lap became a slant, and from it Browning the poet slid and toppled, and lay unrescued. For the slow cow-puncher unfolded his notions of masculine courage and modesty (though he did not deal in such high-sounding names), and Molly forgot everything to listen to him, as he forgot himself and his inveterate shyness and grew talkative to her. "I would never have supposed that!" she would exclaim as she heard him; or, presently again, "I never had such an idea!" And her mind opened with delight to these new things which came from the man's mind so simple and direct. To Browning they did come back, but the Virginian, though interested, conceived a dislike for him. "He is a smarty," said he, once or twice.

"Now here is something," said Molly. "I have never known what to think."

"Oh, heavens!" murmured the sick man, smiling. "Is it short?"

"Very short. Now please attend." And she read him twelve lines about a lover who rowed to a beach in the dusk,

crossed a field, tapped at a pane, and was admitted.

"That is the best yet," said the Virginian. "There's only one thing yu' can think about that."

"But wait," said the girl, swiftly. "Here is how they parted:

"Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim—
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me."

"That is very, very true," murmured the Virginian, dropping his eyes from the girl's intent ones.

"Had they quarrelled?" she inquired.

"Oh no, ma'am!"

"But—"

"I reckon he loved her very much, ma'am."

"Then you're sure they hadn't quarrelled?"

"Dead sure, ma'am. He would come back afteh he had played some more of the game."

"The game?"

"Life, ma'am. Whatever he was a-do-in' in the world of men. That's a bed-rock piece, ma'am!"

"Well, I don't see why you think it's so much better than some of the others."

"I could sca'cely explain," answered the man. "But that writer does know something."

"I am glad they hadn't quarrelled," said Molly, thoughtfully. And she began to like having her opinions refuted.

His bandages, becoming a little irksome, had to be shifted, and this turned their discourse from literature to Wyoming; and Molly inquired, had he ever been shot before? No, he told her. "I have been lucky in having few fusses," said he. "I hate them. If a man has to be killed—"

"You never—" broke in Molly.

"No. I have never had to kill a man—unless I got one of those Indians, and I wasn't waitin' to see! But I came mighty near doing for a white man that day. He had been hurting a hawse."

"Hurting?" said Molly.

"Injuring. I will not tell yu' about that, ma'am. It would hurt you to hear such things. But hawses—don't they depend on us? Ain't they somethin' like children? I did not lay up the man very bad. He was able to travel 'most right away. Why, ma'am, you'd have wanted to kill him yourself!"

So the Virginian talked, nor knew

what he was doing to the girl. Nor was she aware of what she was receiving from him as he unwittingly spoke himself out to her in these Browning meetings they held each day. But Mrs. Taylor grew pleased. The kindly dame would sometimes cross the road to see if she were needed, and steal away again after a peep at the window. There, inside, among the restored home treasures, sat the two: the rosy alert girl, sweet as she talked or read to him; and he, the grave, half-weak giant among his wraps, watching her.

Of her delayed home visit he never again spoke, either to her or to Mrs. Taylor; and Molly veered aside from any trend of talk she foresaw was leading in that subject's direction. But in those hours when no visitors came, and he was by himself in the quiet, he would lie often sombrely contemplating the girl's room, her little dainty knickknacks, her home photographs, all the delicate manifestations of what she came from and what she was. Strength was flowing back into him each day, and Judge Henry's latest messenger had brought him clothes and mail from Sunk Creek and many inquiries of kindness, and returned taking the news of the cow-puncher's improvement, and how soon he would be permitted the fresh air. Hence Molly found him waiting in a flannel shirt of highly becoming shade, and with a silk handkerchief knotted round his throat; and he told her it was good to feel respectable again. In his lap lay one of the letters brought over by the messenger; and though she was midway in a book that engaged his full attention—*David Copperfield*—his silence and absent look this morning stopped her, and she accused him of not attending.

"No," he admitted; "I am thinking of something else."

She looked at him with that apprehension which he knew.

"It had to come," said he. "And to-day I see my thoughts straighter than I've been up to managing since—since my haid got clear. And now I must say these thoughts—if I can, if I can!" He stopped. His dark eyes were intent upon her; one hand was gripping the arm of his chair.

"You promised—" trembled Molly.

"I promised you should love me," he sternly interrupted. "Promised that to myself. I have broken that word."

She shut *David Copperfield* mechanically, and grew white.

"Your letter has come to me hyeh, ma'am," he continued, gentle again.

"My—" She had forgotten it.

"The letter you wrote to tell me good-by. You wrote it a little while ago—not a month yet, but it's away and away long gone for me."

"I have never let you know—" began Molly.

"The doctor," he interrupted once more, but very gently now. "He gave awdehs I must be kept quiet. I reckon yu' thought tellin' me might—"

"Forgive me!" cried the girl. "Indeed I ought to have told you sooner! Indeed I had no excuse!"

"Why, ma'am, why should yu' tell me if yu' preferred not? You had written. And you speak" (he lifted the letter) "of never being able to repay kindness; but you have turned the tables. I can never repay you by anything! by anything! So I had figured I would just jog back to Sunk Creek and let you get away, if you did not want to say that kind of good-by. For I saw the boxes, ma'am. Mrs. Taylor is too nice a woman to know the trick of lyin', and she could not deceive me. I have knowed yu' were going away for good ever since I saw those boxes. But now hyeh comes your letter, and it seems no way but I must speak. I have thought a deal, lyin' in this room. And—to-day—I can say what I have thought. I could not make you happy, ma'am." He stopped, but she did not answer.

"Once, I thought love must surely be enough," he continued. "And I thought if I could make you love me, you could learn me to be less—less—more your kind. And I think I could give you a pretty good sort of love. But that don't help the little mean pesky things of day by day that make roughness or smoothness for folks tied together so awful close. Mrs. Taylor hyeh—she don't know anything better than Taylor does. She don't want anything he can't give her. Her friends will do for him and his for her. And when I dreamed of you in my home—" he closed his eyes and drew a long breath. At last he looked at her again. "This is no country for a lady, ma'am. Will yu' forget and forgive the bothering I have done?"

"Oh!" cried Molly. "Oh!" And she

put her hands to her eyes. She had risen, and stood with her face covered.

"I surely had to tell you this all out, didn't I?" said the cow-puncher in his sick-chair.

"Oh!" said Molly again.

"I have put it clear how it is?" he pursued. "I ought to have seen from the start I was not the sort to keep you happy."

"But," said Molly—"but I—you ought—please try to keep me happy!" And sinking by his chair, she hid her face on his knees.

Speechless, he bent down and folded her round, putting his hands on the hair that had been always his delight. Presently he whispered,

"You have beat me; how can I fight this?"

She answered nothing. So they remained long, the flaxen head nesting in the great arms, and the black head laid against it, while over the silent room presided the little Grandmother Stark in her frame, rosy, blue, and flaxen, not quite familiar, not quite smiling.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE ORCHARD.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

BEHIND the old farm-house, stretching from the barn on one side to the lane that leads back to the hill wood-lot on the other, stands the ancient orchard. It was planted perhaps a century ago, when this old farm was one of the outposts of civilization, and owes its origin to seeds brought from Rhode Island or Vermont, or possibly from England itself. The trees have grown to their full stature, and their interlocking boughs provide a continuous canopy of shade, except here and there where one has fallen under some fierce blast and has been removed for fuel. The stumps of these unfortunates soon became nuclei for thickets of briars sown by the wind from the raspberry and blackberry vines along the fence; their rotting roots were quickly honeycombed by the galleries of the ants, and the dense coverts now form a place of refuge for chipmunks, small ground-birds, the grass-snakes, and an occasional blacksnake that creeps up from the brook. Only the wood-pile, the vegetable patch and a line of currant and gooseberry bushes, intervene between the back porch of the house and the gnarled and leaning apple and pear trunks.

No part of the farm is more delightful than this ancient orchard. It is the first feature to attract the admiring attention of the visitor from the city, and it is the favorite lounging-place of the rustic in his idle moments. In April he watches the earliest opening of the foliage, greets the first reddening flower buds, and gazes with joyful anticipation upon the whitening blossoms that soon make a vast bouquet of each aged tree and rejuvenate it.

Then, as the flowers carpet the sward with their rosy petals, and the tiny calyces left behind grow larger and greener day by day, he observes with interest the fattening of the little apples, speculates on the prospect of a good yield, and by August tries his teeth on a yellowish one that has fallen, and perhaps finds a palatable bit on that side next the sun.

How the red and yellow and russet apples lie in bright heaps on the grass, forming zones about each trunk, reflecting the ruddy afternoon sunlight as it glints among the branches and shimmers through the September haze in a soft golden glory, while dim in the dusk a veery rings his vespers in a tree-top, and from the fence down by the brook a thrasher whistles his happy "Good-night."

This orchard is beloved of all the birds, but with some it is a chosen and constant home. Here may be heard the disconsolate plaint of the wood-pewee, whose nest is a prize for sharp eyes—a tiny cup of bark shreds saddled upon a bough and covered with lichens, looking just like an old knot or scar. Of course the robin, the brown thrush, the cat-bird, and that busybody the wren, are to be seen there every day, and now and then a bluejay. Here, too, builds the kingbird, and his less familiar cousin the great-crested fly-catcher, the latter attracting attention by his piercing yet not unmelodious whistle, and by his brave appearance, as, with crest erect, he perches upon some topmost twig and scorns the world—a very D'Artignan among birds. There is another brown and crested bird in the orchard, the cedar-bird or cherry-waxwing; but it wears a sleek,

Quakerish dress of drab-brown, with blackish wings and a short tail tipped with yellow, and it has scarlet waxen tips on the ends of the smaller quills of the wing, and sometimes of the tail. It is not likely to be confounded, therefore, with the dashing flycatcher; moreover, it is the most silent bird in the list.

Many small warblers, vireos, and flycatchers are likely to be seen here, because the decaying trees harbor hosts of insects—nuthatches, striped zebra-warblers, agile brown creepers, small woodpeckers, and, most conspicuous of all, the purple finch, whose song has delightful sweetness and gayety. The word "purple" conveys to my mind a strong sense of blue; but here it alludes to the crimson which tints the feathers of the bird's head and breast, as though he had dived to the shoulders into ripe strawberries.

But there is one bird whose preference for the place is so manifest that it takes its name from the circumstance; I speak of the orchard oriole, *Icterus spurius* of Linnæus, which is well known all over the middle parts of the United States.

Although by no means a dandy, like the Baltimore oriole, he is every inch a gentleman, and wears his neat dress of crimson and black with an aristocratic air. Yet he is not above work. No bird is more ceaselessly active, and none is a better servitor of the agriculturist; for, from his first arrival in May until he joins small companies of his fellows for the southward journey in October, he is untiring in his pursuit of just those insects that the orchardist most dreads.

A quarter of an hour's watching of one will satisfy any one of his rightful claim to our admiration and thanks. He flies to a branch, moves his head from side to side, spies a canker-worm trusting—vain hope!—to its color to hide it on the green surface of a leaf, and pounces upon it in an instant. Then a nest of tent-caterpillars catches his eye, and he attacks it furiously, tearing apart the shreds of silk, and greedily devouring every one of the writhing and horrid mass of worms—a meal few other birds will undertake. Even that does not satiate him, and he restlessly renews the search for those creeping larvæ of insects so desirable to him and his family, and many of which are so hateful to the farmer. He seems to revel in his work, and hurries about it with a busy and gleeful air, heedless of your espio-

nage, his crimson coat gleaming among the glossy leaves or contrasting sharply with the aromatic blossoms.

The gayety that marks all his actions characterizes his song. He whistles a clear, full tune—not the reiterated bugle-call of the Baltimore, but a sprightly, impromptu air, hastening from note to note as though singing against time, and yet under protest at the speed he is forced to assume, causing an embarrassed feeling that he is not doing his best. This remarkable song is thus quite indescribable, and is not much heard after the early part of June, when family cares begin to curb the singer's exuberant spirits.

Finding its pleasure and profit in familiarity with men, this oriole makes its home almost exclusively in orchards, and is found breeding from the Rio Grande to Lake Erie, but rarely eastward of the Hudson River. Its migratory journeys in winter carry it to the West Indies and Central America. It shows a slight tendency to gregariousness, even in breeding; for several nests may frequently be seen in adjoining trees, all the proprietors keeping upon the most neighborly terms with each other and with other birds.

The nest is ordinarily suspended only a few feet from the ground, between the gnarled twigs near the end of an apple bough, to which it is strongly bound, and beneath which it is essentially pensile, although by no means so freely swinging a pouch as the structure of the Baltimore oriole. Nevertheless, it is sometimes hung (much after the pendulous manner of its cousin's) among the pendent tips of drooping willow branches, several of which will be found woven into its sides in such a way as to serve as upright ribs or stays. Such nests are likely to prove of neater workmanship, and perhaps a trifle greater in depth, than others. In both cases, however, the shape and proportions are nearly the same, the cavity being about as large as a coffee-cup. The walls are rather thin, particularly in nests built at the South, where a circulation of air is so desirable.

The material of which this beautiful and easily recognized structure is composed consists usually of pliant stems and blades of yellowish-green grass, often with the ripe heads left on, giving a somewhat rough appearance in many cases to the outside of the nest. This grass is woven into a firm basket, the stems be-

are thousands of Englishmen, let alone Americans, who are equally ignorant. It is a word which from the Cape to the Zambesi River calls up to the minds of Dutch Afrianders thoughts which in the American mind are associated with such names as Lexington and Saratoga. Every Yankee schoolboy knows all about the Revolutionary war, but the Englishman reads of it only as an episode in his long, sanguinary history. In regard to South Africa, the Englishman is, if possible, more ignorant than about us, but the Boer has less to remember, and that little has sunk deep into his memory. The story of Slaagter's Neck was told me by an accomplished lady of Cape Town, whose house is the salon for all that pretends to social distinction in the Colony. She is a woman of the world, has resided in the capitals of Europe, and is a personal friend of Cecil Rhodes. But when she told me the story of Slaagter's Neck her eyes filled with tears and her voice vibrated, for her ancestors were amongst the earliest Dutchmen at the Cape.

In October of 1815 the first step was taken which culminated in a rebellion and a set of executions now referred to as Slaagter's Neck. The official almanac of the Transvaal government includes the anniversary of this sad event as one of the memorable days in the Boer calendar; and as it is the first of the many rebellions in which South-African Boers have been engaged, let us try to understand it. In this recital I shall be guided not merely by information from the mouth of Boers now living, but by the composition of the highly respected Henry Cloete, who was officially connected with nearly every detail of this story, and who is an ancestor of Mr. Graham Cloete, secretary of the City Club of Cape Town.

At the opening of the court session information was given by the prosecutor that a Dutch farmer named Frederick Bezuidenhout had refused to appear before the court on the charge of having ill-treated a native. He had, moreover, threatened to shoot any one daring to trespass upon his premises, and those who knew him considered him capable of carrying out any threat he might make. So the court sent a military force to bring him in. This duty fell upon Lieutenant Rousseau, in charge of twenty men. They found Bezuidenhout fully prepared to meet them from behind the stone walls of a cattle-

pen, through which he and a powerful half-breed had made loop-holes for their rifles. Bezuidenhout called upon them to leave, or he would fire upon them; but the soldier party, instead of retiring, spread themselves out in skirmish-line, with a view to surrounding the place. Realizing his danger, Bezuidenhout, after a hasty shot which hurt no one, ran back to his house, and thence through the back door into a thick bush and jungle close to the house. For upwards of an hour the twenty pursuers searched in vain for him and his companion. They followed his tracks over and over again, leading to a ledge of rocks, where they at once became lost. But finally they espied the shining muzzles of two rifles protruding from a hole in this ledge. Lieutenant Rousseau, with no thought for his own life, sprang up from rock to rock, and when close to the two men challenged Bezuidenhout to come out and surrender himself, assuring him of personal safety if he would merely engage to accompany the court messenger on the summons he was ordered to serve upon him. The Boer said he would see him first in hell; so the lieutenant disposed his men in two columns. These crept up Indian file in opposite directions from under the rock, and when the first man got within a few inches under the entrance, one column rushed forward and threw up the two projecting barrels, which were fired off without effect; and immediately afterwards the first man of the second column sprang forward and fired his rifle straight into the cave. A loud cry for mercy came out of the darkness, and when the firing ceased the half-breed crawled forth to surrender himself, saying that his master had been badly wounded. But even now, without opposition, it was no easy job to get into this cave, which proved to be a large one, with huge stalactites hanging from the ceiling. Several guns were found here, and abundant ammunition, showing plainly that this place had been prepared for a safe retreat in case of some such emergency. At the entrance lay the expiring body of the obstinate Boer, whose crouching position had enabled the first shot to go clean through head and breast. Lieutenant Rousseau withdrew his men as quickly as possible after the performance of his duty, for he anticipated trouble with the surrounding natives, who were known to have been

carrying on illicit trade with Bezuidenhout. They took the half-breed with them, but he was subsequently discharged.

The incident appeared to be closed, and the trials were proceeding in rotation, when an officer stationed at a neighboring post rode in with the announcement that the farmers about him were preparing for war. At once Colonel Cuyler, who was commandant of the frontier, as well as local magistrate, rode off, and within forty-eight hours stood in the midst of a congress of rebel farmers. On demanding to know what they meant, he learned then that after Lieutenant Rousseau and his twenty men had retired, the relatives and neighbors had gathered at the farm of Frederick Bezuidenhout with a view to burying his remains. On that occasion a brother of the deceased became greatly excited, and called upon his friends to resent the act of the law-officers. They promised assistance, and determined to attack the nearest military post and expel the British forces from the frontier. But with the true Dutch love of regularity if not law, they resolved to issue circular letters to the neighbors for the purpose of holding a congress at which the state of the country should be discussed. A brother-in-law of the dead rebel meanwhile started to visit a black chief in order to gain his alliance by the promise of plunder. Several meetings were held, two leaders were elected, and these sent abroad appeals to the remoter parts of the frontier, commanding all good burghers to meet on a particular day and at a given place, for the purpose of expelling "the tyrants" from the country.

At this point let us note that we are dealing with Boers who have never recognized any law excepting what they have made for themselves at a general meeting of their fellows. They broke the English law because they recognized no right of England to govern them at all; but they would have been equally rebellious had the Dutch East India Company claimed jurisdiction over them. They were as good specimens of God-fearing law-breakers as we can well imagine; it would be hard to find their counterpart even in the Rocky Mountains or in the Sierra Nevadas. The plans of the rebels were disclosed to a Dutch magistrate by a well-affected Dutch farmer; and one of the leaders was arrested while leaving his farm to join the first assembly of men in

arms. He was no sooner brought as a prisoner to the nearest military post than some three to four hundred rebels assembled and demanded the prisoner from the commander. But in the mean time the rebel who had gone to stir up the blacks came back with an unsatisfactory answer, and this produced some vacillation in the insurgent camp. The government party did their utmost to persuade the farmers to disband, but such was the anger and eloquence of the immediate relatives of Frederick Bezuidenhout that they took a mighty oath to remain loyal to one another until they had expelled "the tyrants" from the frontier. Colonel Cuyler after this despaired of bringing about their submission by peaceful means, so with a force composed of loyal burghers and regulars he attacked an advance-post of the rebels, whereupon thirty of them threw down their arms; but the remainder retired with their wagons and cattle into the mountains, where they set themselves to work preparing for a possible attack. From the little I have already said we see that even at that time the Boers were divided amongst themselves on the subject of loyalty to the British government, just as they are to-day in the largest part of South Africa. But the government troops pursued these rebels into their fastnesses, succeeded in surrounding them, and after a severe skirmish, in which Bezuidenhout's brother was shot, the chiefs of the rebellious movement were made prisoners. They were put upon their trial on the same charge that was brought against Dr. Jameson's fellow-conspirators at Johannesburg in the spring of 1896, namely, high treason. After a long and painful trial six of the leaders were condemned to death, while the rest were sentenced to witness the execution of their leaders, and to suffer afterwards various degrees of punishment. The Governor commuted the sentence of one of the leaders into transportation for life, but for the other five it was ordered that they should be hung at Slaagter's Neck—the very place where they had together exacted from all their followers the oath to stand by each other until they had "expelled the tyrants." This sentence was passed upon men who had been seized while engaged in active warfare upon a well-organized government. The Reformers who in 1896 were condemned to death by a Transvaal

judge had committed no breach of the peace, had not pledged themselves to overturn or injure the government under which they lived. They were in every case enlightened men at the head of great industrial enterprises, endeavoring to secure for the Transvaal reforms which had been for many years urgently demanded by every intelligent Boer in every part of South Africa. This by way of interjection, for "Slaagter's Neck" is now often used to illustrate the clemency of the Transvaal tribunal, as compared with the justice afforded by English courts just eighty years ago.

On the 6th of March, 1816, Colonel Cuyler performed the saddest duty that can fall to the lot of a soldier. A scaffold was erected, and the five guilty men mounted simultaneously and prepared themselves for death. A large number of friends and relatives had gathered to take leave of them, and many entertained some hope that their lives would ultimately be spared. The horror of the situation was intensified by a ghastly accident, resulting from the hasty and imperfect manner in which the scaffold had been constructed. The whole fabric suddenly gave way when the weight of the five powerful men was thrown upon it, and these, slowly recovering from their asphyxiated condition, crawled piteously to the officer whose painful duty it was to carry out this sentence, and they cried aloud to him for mercy. The friends and relatives saw in this accident an act of providential mercy, and added their heart-rending screams for mercy to those of the condemned. It was with difficulty that the impassioned crowd could be restrained by the troops. But though Colonel Cuyler was a kind-hearted man, the stern nature of his duty left him no alternative but to see the execution carried out to the letter. The five men were again secured, and the preparations were hastily made so that the execution might take place within the time specified in the sentence. So the last rays of the setting sun shone savagely upon five dangling corpses—rebels in the eyes of the law, but martyrs in the hearts of their fellow-Boers. They were buried by the executioner at the foot of the gallows, according to the terms of the sentence, and amidst the cries and sobs of their friends, who were not allowed the custody of their now precious bodies. So ends the story of Slaagter's Neck.

THE BOERS AND SLAVERY.

No sooner had the Napoleonic wars closed with the battle of Waterloo than the public mind in England commenced to agitate vigorously for the total abolition of slavery. The Boers had no great sympathy with slavery as an institution, but they naturally felt that after they had purchased a slave for two or three thousand dollars, that slave should not be set at liberty unless the purchase-price was first paid. A greater evil, however, than the mere abolition of slavery was in their minds—having the whole country overrun with black vagrants who could not be compelled to work at any price, and who were so numerous that they could steal with impunity. In the year 1826 the self-styled philanthropists of England secured the passage of a local ordinance which allowed the Boers to retain all the responsibilities of slave-ownership, but not much else.

The government in this year appointed a new office of Slave-Protector. Henceforward many rules of a stringent nature were introduced, intended to protect the slave against injustice from his owner. Many of these rules were dictated by genuine respect for Christian teaching, but the effect in South Africa was not satisfactory.

Henceforward the negro did not receive from his white master and mistress little gifts and indulgences, but demanded as his right the observance of an ordinance. The old happy relation was destroyed—a relation which the negro perfectly understood—namely, that of a chief to his subjects, or a father to his children. What would become of family relations if a policeman could, on every festive occasion, determine the amount of every gift which a child was entitled to expect from its parents? An inquisitorial office was thus created amongst the Boers which would have been resented even amongst peasant-farmers of Germany.

This ordinance of 1826 was made even less tolerable by another in 1830, which made the masters liable to heavy fines, and made the punishment of a negro depend upon so many prerequisites that a slaveholder of 1830 had less control of his men than a mine-manager has to-day in Kimberley, albeit in the old days we called them black slaves, and to-day they are British subjects. For instance, by

the law of 1830 every proprietor of slaves had to keep a record-book containing a detailed account of each punishment inflicted upon a black, with the names of the witnesses, and many other particulars; and if thereafter at any time a complaint should be made against him regarding a punishment inflicted, and if this record-book did not tally in every respect with the case made out against him, the master was to be tried for wilful and corrupt perjury, independent of the complaint itself. Thus a Boer farmer who could neither read nor write, and who was just able to pay his way by farming, would have to hire a secretary to walk about the fields with him and write down the particulars of what happened from day to day when this negro was caught asleep, or the other one found drunk. Great was the consternation at Cape Town when this London-made law became known. On all sides arose the cry of indignant protest at the government which required each farmer to record and swear to his own misdeeds. A huge public meeting was held, and all vowed not to take out these "punishment-record books."

There was a wise Governor at the Cape on that occasion, Sir Lowry Cole, and when he saw the enormous excitement produced by this unpopular law, he made strong representations to the Secretary of State, with the result that the obnoxious edict became a dead letter.

From the manner in which the government was thus interfering with the slave question, it became clear that total abolition would soon arrive, and that therefore it would be well for them to work with the government, and thus render the transition easy. Many liberal-minded slave-proprietors established a "Philanthropic Society," whose object was to buy up all young females just reaching the age of puberty, to set them free, but not to throw them loose upon the world until they should have served an apprenticeship of three or four years, and thus secured training and a small amount of money. This was a splendid movement, and within a few years two or three hundred black girls had been set free; and there were so many applications of masters or mistresses to confer this boon upon all their slave girls that the activity of the society was limited only by want of funds.

As no slaves were imported during these years, and as the number of slave mothers decreased steadily, the Boers were able to look forward to the day when slavery amongst them would be eradicated through voluntary effort, and without such a social revolution as has darkened the annals of American progress.

This plan was so thoroughly simple, humane, and politic that it seems to us incredible that the English government of that time treated it with contempt. How joyful would the government at Washington have been had the slave-owners of 1860 shown towards the public sentiment of the Northern States the same conciliatory disposition manifested by the Cape Boers towards the fanatical philanthropists of London! The Cape-Colonists begged the imperial Parliament for a grant of seven or eight thousand pounds a year (about \$35,000) in order that their "Philanthropic Society" might enlarge its scope in setting free girl slaves, and to assist able-bodied men in the purchase of their liberty. It was calculated that thus gradually and imperceptibly slavery would have been entirely extinguished in about ten years, at the small cost of \$35,000 a year. But the only answer they got from London was that the British public was impatient, and that nothing would satisfy it except instant emancipation.

The English philanthropists were just as honest as the "abolitionists" of New York and Boston who applauded John Brown of Ossawatimie, but their zeal was directed less by knowledge than by a general belief that men who owned slaves were necessarily cruel. Personally I am opposed to slavery, in spite of the many good slave-owners I have known; but grievous as may have been the sins of Boer farmers and Southern planters before the emancipation of slaves, I think that impartial students of African and American history will admit that the punishment has been more than adequate. In America, the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863 has made of our Southern States a social community most discouraging to any white man, and by no means ideal to the negro. In Africa emancipation resulted in a whole body of excellent white people breaking up their homes and wandering away into the wilderness, as our Puritan ancestors

did in 1620. In both cases it was not the emancipation alone which produced the mischief, but the fact that the liberated negro was at once elevated to a position equal, if not superior, to that of his former master. In many of our Southern States we have had the monstrous spectacle of black majorities voting away money raised by taxing the property of white men; and in South Africa the Boer farmers saw themselves at the mercy of a black population infinitely nearer barbarism than our blacks, and relatively ten times as numerous.

In August of 1833 the British Parliament abolished slavery, and sent out to the Cape a new Governor, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, with express orders to carry the new law into execution. Like so many English Governors, he was a broad-minded, capable gentleman, whose duty compelled him to enforce measures unpopular with the great majority of those whom he was called upon to govern. He is more happily recalled in Natal, whose chief seaport bears his name.

On the 1st of December, 1834, the new act was to come into force; the late slaves were to serve an apprenticeship of four years, and on the 1st of December, 1838, were to be finally free from all control. During these four years compensation was to be distributed amongst the farmers. Appraisers were appointed by the government, who examined slaves personally and fixed an average price. When the slaves were liberated, therefore, the individual farmer had no knowledge of what would be paid for each slave, or even how much would be apportioned for the total number of slaves in his particular colony. The appraisal was conducted with a fairness that was generally admitted, and the return showed that upon the total number of slaves found within the colony—nearly thirty-six thousand—a sum of about £3,000,000 would be required, thus yielding an average of about £85 per head.

The slave-proprietors submitted to the right of government in this matter in the exercise of its "dominium eminens"—the right to take from private individuals whatever is necessary to the good of the whole state. The average valuation was one which must necessarily do material injustice to owners of valuable slaves—for instance, of such as were worth five or six hundred pounds. But in spite of

this there was general acquiescence, because the situation was so bad that slave-owners preferred abolition at some pecuniary sacrifice rather than a continuance of the agitation that had been vexing them since 1815. They were, however, to receive a rude shock. The British government had voted £20,000,000 for the emancipation of all slaves in all her colonies, and the share of the Boers was on this basis to have been £3,000,000; but when the money finally arrived, it turned out to be only £1,200,000, which reduced the average value of each slave from £85 to £33 12s. Mr. Cloete himself tells how for one of his slaves, worth £600, the highest sum allowed by government was given him—namely, £60—which sum was ultimately turned into cash as barely £48. If this was the loss sustained by a public character, so distinguished as a lawyer, what must have been the fate of isolated, ignorant farmers, who had probably never seen a promissory note or a cheque in their lives? Sudden ruin fell upon many families, for a large number of slaves were mortgaged, and when those who had lent their money on this security saw how their value had been forcibly diminished, they at once took legal proceedings to collect their debts, and in many cases respectable families were sold out by the sheriff—families which but a few months previous were called rich.

When, in the autumn of 1896, Americans contemplated the mere possibility of the adoption of a policy likely to injuriously affect our national credit, every citizen with a dollar in the savings-bank became a victim by the mere shadow of this impending calamity. But the Boers of South Africa suffered in their property not merely to the extent of fifty cents on the dollar, but in many cases had ninety per cent. of all they owned swept away by one vote of legislators six thousand miles away, aliens to them in speech, and knowing of the slavery question about as much as an average farmer knows of finance.

The troubles of the Boers were not to end here; they were not to receive payment in cash, but in notes that could only be cashed at the Bank of England after passing through several offices in London. No doubt these precautions were well meant, but Boer farmers scarcely knew where London was. The consequence was that these ignorant people, fearful

lest they should lose everything, sold their government certificates for anywhere from eighteen to thirty per cent. discount. So that the value of the slave, as appraised by the government officials themselves, was reduced first to one-third and finally to one-fifth. Can we wonder that the Cape Colony farmers burst out into indignant protest against a measure which robbed them of property which had been acquired by means no less honorable than those employed by the average Londoner in the purchase of a house or the good-will of a business?

The American planters of South Carolina and Louisiana were less loyal to the government of their choice than the Boers to the rule of Queen Victoria, for they met the anti-slavery propositions of the Northern States by organized rebellion, and fought until nearly every man in the Southern States was either killed or reduced to beggary. At the Cape many Dutch farmers were too proud to accept the wretched pittance offered them as compensation. It was officially recorded that in 1856 the Cape government had on its hands about £5000, which it had repeatedly tendered to farmers whose slaves had been taken from them, but these farmers had persistently refused compensation which to them suggested insult on top of injury.

When the 1st of December, 1838, arrived, the fate of the farmers was sealed. Families who had forty, fifty, perhaps eighty, slaves and a large farm establishment woke up on the 2d of December to find that no money or coaxing could induce their negroes to work any more. In the United States, where the negro was surrounded by conditions which compelled him to work or to starve, the harm done to the whites was great enough, but by no means so disastrous as in the black man's place of origin, where he can escape from farm drudgery to the more congenial savagery of his tribe without having to cross the Atlantic Ocean.

THE CAUSES OF THE GREAT TREK.

The discontent roused by British measures against slavery was one of the chief causes of the migration known as the Great Trek. It was strongly helped, however, by the manner in which the English treated their Boer allies in their common wars against the natives. The outskirts of the Cape Colony were being

constantly plundered by black tribes, and whenever the Boers attempted to retaliate, the missionaries and the government united in denouncing them as oppressors of the blacks, while they listened to the fluent fabrications of the negroes, who successfully posed as the weak and innocent party. The year 1835 was, however, ushered in by the news that not only the Boer farmers of the frontier, but the whole Colony was threatened by a force of fifteen thousand natives, who had commenced on Christmas day of the year before burning every farm-house, murdering all the whites, and carrying off the cattle. The Governor, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, called to his aid everything white that could fight, and in about fifteen months, by aid of these straight-shooting Dutch farmers, the Colony was cleared of the enemy.

An official inquiry was made with great care, and the losses sustained by the frontier farmers were as follows: 456 farm-houses burned and completely destroyed; 350 others partially destroyed; 60 big farm-wagons captured and destroyed; 5715 horses; 112,000 head of horned cattle; 162,000 sheep.

All these animals were irreparably lost. The value of that which the natives destroyed or captured in this raid was officially fixed at £300,000, or \$1,500,000; and this is without including the losses by the many public-spirited individuals who helped in fitting out the army of whites in the field.

The Boer farmers, who had borne the brunt of the campaign and all the incidental fighting, were not allowed even to take back to themselves animals and farm-wagons which they recognized as having been stolen from them. They were told that all the trophies of war would be sold by government and the proceeds applied to defraying general expenses. But here again, as when their slaves were taken from them, the government offered them the prospect of future compensation. This was maddening enough to men who had succeeded in expelling the common enemy, and returned to find their houses in ashes, their women and children butchered—left with nothing but their rifles and their hungry horses. Yet so high was their esteem for D'Urban, their Governor, that they submitted to a compensation which they knew would be inadequate.

The reward of their loyalty was a sur-

prise even to the English at the Cape. It was penned just one year after this murderous raid, by a British Colonial Secretary whose name should be linked with Lord North's for that quality of judgment which unmakes in a day what it has required generations to build up. Lord North drove the American colonies into rebellion, and Lord Glenelg, sixty years later, drove from the Cape Colony a body of Dutchmen unequalled for courage, obstinacy, and devotion to the teachings of Martin Luther. Let me quote one passage alone from Lord Glenelg's despatch of December 26, 1835:

"Through a long series of years the Kaffirs" (not Boers, you notice), "had an ample justification of war; they had to resent, and endeavored justly though impotently to *avenge*, a series of encroachments; they had a perfect right to hazard the experiment, however hopelessly, of extorting by force that redress which they could not otherwise obtain; and the original justice is on the side of the conquered" (the blacks), "and not of the victorious party."

This was the final cruel insult, hard enough upon a Governor so upright and intelligent as D'Urban, but can we imagine the feelings of a whole population denounced when their crime consisted in having offered their lives and their property in defence of their country? There could have been no greater surprise had the men who marched with Sherman "from Atlanta to the sea" been informed, on their return to Washington, that they were brigands, and therefore not deserving of their country's gratitude.

THE GREAT TREK.

The Boers now at last realized not only that they had been treated with injustice through many years; that they had been plundered by the legislation of alleged philanthropists; that they had been most cruelly insulted by a Colonial Secretary; they were made to feel that in future, as in the past, their petitions and protests would be met in London with the same cynical rebuff that met Benjamin Franklin when he appeared as agent for the American colonies at the bar of the House of Commons. People like the Dutch do not leave their homes and expose the lives of themselves and their families to wild beasts and blacks for the mere love of change; and it is only mis-

chievous that writers of to-day persist in tracing Boer antipathy to English rule simply to their love of trekking. It was England alone that forced them to become first trekkers and finally rebels—as we shall see later on.

The future was foreshadowed in the spring of 1836 by the sudden offering for sale of an unusually large number of farms.

Of course these farms were sacrificed to speculators at a ridiculously low figure, and the most enlightened government in Europe looked on at the strange spectacle—the most respectable families of a large and eminently God-fearing community tramping forth into the wilderness in order to escape the tyranny of laws passed by men who prided themselves upon their philanthropic liberality.

This is a critical point in the history of English colonization, only second in importance to the order which sent a handful of regulars from Boston to Lexington in the spring of 1775, and let loose the war which ended in an English republic composed of three million Americans. The Great Trek of 1836 resulted in the establishment of two Dutch, or at least Afrikaner, republics in the heart of South Africa. Public sentiment from the Cape of Good Hope to the Zambesi River has been largely educated in the study of their own history, which is the story rather of their wrongs than of their joys under a British dominion. We cannot understand the demands of the Boer without trying to put ourselves in his place; and it is only when we have done so that we can understand how deeply he resents the patronizing, if not insolent, tone adopted towards his people by many English newspapers and public men—for, thanks to the cable, the sayings of London are repeated in Pretoria as soon as they are in New York or Shanghai.

The local government sought to dissuade the Boers from leaving the Colony, and rumors were afloat that force would be used for this purpose, on the ground that the imperial government could appeal to an old English writ known to lawyers as "*ne exeat regno*." But the new Lieutenant-Governor, Stockenström, used these remarkable words to a deputation of Boers who approached him on this subject in August, 1836: "It is but candid at once to state that I am not aware of any law which prevents any of his

Majesty's subjects from leaving his dominions and settling in another country, and such a law, if it did exist, would be tyrannical and oppressive."

Africans remember this, particularly because at a later date we shall see that English officials acted upon the assumption that the Boers, by emigrating to other parts of Africa, lost none of their obligations as British subjects.

The pioneer trekking party was made up of about two hundred persons, headed by Hendrik Potgieter, who crossed into the territories now known as the Orange Free State, and advanced over the same fertile country that I travelled in 1896, through Thabanchu, where is now a prosperous little town with several churches. This was the Boer *Mayflower* trip, which was soon followed by others. To be strictly accurate, a small party had preceded that of Potgieter, had reached Delagoa Bay, where all were seized with the horrible fever of that place, and all perished excepting two. But the main party, who followed in the track of Potgieter, soon commenced to have differences of opinion, connected, of course, with the distribution of land to new arrivals, and a part of them decided to try their fortunes further northward, along the banks of the Vaal, which is the present boundary between the two Dutch republics. They were now to make their first acquaintance with the Matabele, who were particularly jealous of any approach from this direction. The pioneers were attacked and massacred at points far in advance of the main body, but fortunately news was carried to those following, and fifty big wagons were hastily locked together in a circle, in order to form a fort against the whole army of the Matabele, which now rushed upon them. So enormous was the number of the blacks, and so insignificant the handful of defenders, that it seems to-day a miracle that any white men survived. The negroes rushed in upon the "laager" and stabbed in between the spokes of the wheels, and furiously sought to break in and exterminate the few white men, women, and children who were there defending their lives with heroic coolness. But the wagons were well chained together, and the bullets of the Boers were not wasted; and the women and children fought by the side of their husbands and fathers as they did in New England against the redskins. The Matabele, though at

least ten to one, were driven off, though they carried with them six thousand head of cattle and upwards of forty thousand sheep; for, of course, there was no room in the laager for any but the people themselves. The Matabele have now received their death-blow at the hands of Cecil Rhodes, who has done more than any other to make Africa the heritage of English-speaking people. But the Puritan Boers were the first to carry amongst the savage negro tribes respect for the white man's rifle, if not for his manner of government. For half a century have the Boers lived in the midst of black tribes ready at a moment's notice to swoop down upon their settlements and carry off their cattle, burn down their houses, and sometimes murder women and children.

There is no room here to tell in detail the successive fights with natives, the massacres, surprises, hardships, which made up the local history of their people for many years, and which to-day constitute the most precious heritage to the descendants of the great pioneers or foretrekkers.

DINGAAN'S DAAG.

One of the great festival days, in the Transvaal particularly, is the 16th of December, called Dingaan's daag—the day of Dingaan. It commemorates a tragic episode of the year 1838, which is worth recalling, because it illustrates the quality of the Boers' traditional enemy, as well as another thorny episode in their relations with the English government.

Those of us who have explored the wilderness know the fascination of going on and on, forgetting what we have achieved, and thirsting only for the accomplishment of another triumph. When the Boers had once tasted the sweets of a free roving life, it was natural that some of them at least should refuse to settle down until they had convinced themselves that there was no better place left unexplored. This explains the movement against the Matabele, on the one side, and the other movement with which Dingaan's daag will be forever associated. The rich fields of Natal were remotely known from ships that had visited her chief port, but it was not supposed that wagons could cross the great mountain range which divides that coast from the interior table-land. But Piet Retief was the pioneer to lead a



SLAAGTER'S NECK—THE BREAKING OF THE SCAFFOLD.

party over this very Draaksberg, or Dragon Mountain. He brought his followers safely to Port Natal, where he met with a hearty reception from a band of British emigrants who, strange to say, were living there as an independent community. These joined forces in resenting any pretensions put forward by the Cape government for treating them as included in that colony, and based their behavior upon language used by the then Secretary for the Colonies, Lord Glenelg, who had expressly "disclaimed in the most distinct terms any intention on the part of his Majesty's government to assert any authority over any part of this territory." Piet Retief felt, however, that to prevent future disputes regarding rights to the soil he should have treaties with the native chiefs. For this purpose he visited the capital of Dingaan, where he met with a kind reception, and was promised a formal cession of this territory, on condition that he first recovered some cattle alleged to have been stolen by a black neighbor. Retief accepted the condition, and soon

brought back seven hundred head of cattle, together with sixty horses and some guns, which had at various times been stolen.

This was towards the close of 1837, by which time nearly a thousand wagons had descended over the Draaksberg and spread themselves over a rich and almost uninhabited country, anticipating here a settled home for themselves and their children. In January of 1838 Piet Retief, accompanied by seventy of the most respectable and picked men among the emigrants, with about thirty black servants, rode in state to the capital of Dingaan, and there handed over to him the cattle and other property which they had recovered. Dingaan expressed great satisfaction, and treated them to many festivities, notably sham war-dances analogous to the one I witnessed at Delagoa Bay. The 4th of February, 1838, had been fixed for the signing of the treaty by which Dingaan ceded to the emigrant farmers all that part of the world. The treaty was carefully explained to the black chief,

who thereupon affixed his sign, and was followed by his principal councillors. The business on which they had come being now concluded, the Boers announced their departure for the following day. Dingaan asked them to come into his kraal for a final leave-taking, and told them they must leave their arms outside in sign of mutual confidence. Retief acceded to all this, and the Boer rifles were stacked outside the kraal, in charge of their black servants. They found Dingaan effusively hospitable, seated in the midst of his warriors. He passed the loving-cup, and while the Boers were thus seated upon the ground drinking his health, the black chief sprang to his feet and



THE DEATH OF BEZUIDENHOUT.



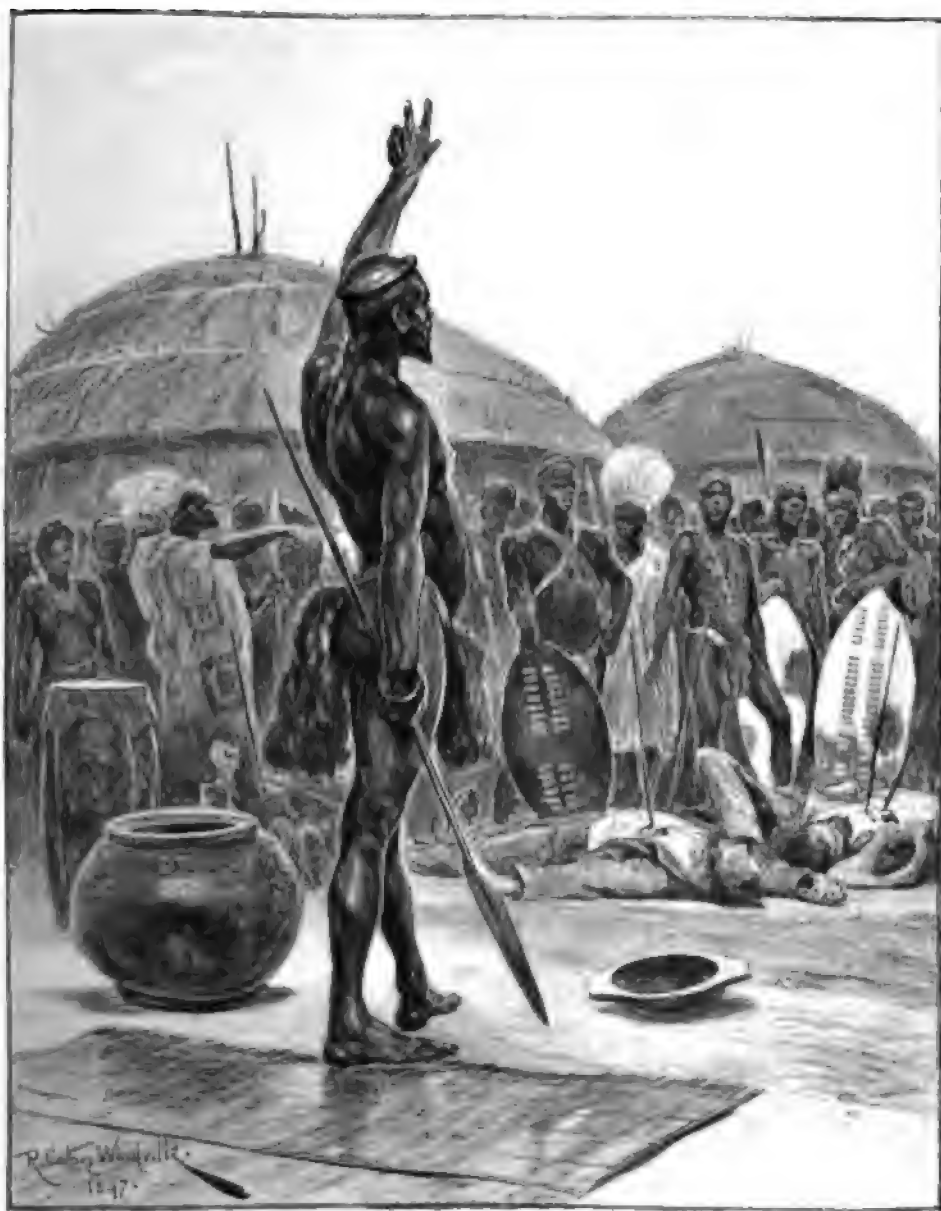
BOERS TREKKING—CROSSING THE DRAAKSBERG.

gave a signal which turned the feast into a bath of blood. Several thousand Zulus sprang upon the defenceless white men with assegais and knobkirries, and massacred them almost before they could draw their hunting-knives. Their dead bodies were dragged out and thrown upon a heap of bones marking where other victims of Dingaan had fed the birds of prey. The savages now rushed upon the settlements, conscious that they must strike before the news of the massacre could get out. Dividing into several little armies, the Zulus fell upon the foremost party of emigrants, who were wholly without suspicion of what was to come. Men, women, and children were barbarously murdered, for they were all taken completely by surprise. This would have been the fate of every white man in Natal but for the lucky escape of two young ranchmen, who succeeded in getting news to emigrants in the rear. The country was at once alarmed, and the different detachments of farmers at once drew themselves into laagers and gave the blacks a hot reception. Besides the massacre of the seventy who accompanied Piet Retief to the kraal of Dingaan, six hundred were massacred before laagers could be formed and the tide of black invasion held in check. The place where all this precious blood was shed is to this day known as Weenen, or the place of tears. Six hundred is a small figure in the annals of Napoleonic wars, but to the handful of Boers holding their own against fearful odds even a dozen was a heavy blow.

Most men would have been discouraged by this first experience of Zulu hospitality, but not so these Dutch Afrianders. They at once organized an expedition to prove once more that one white man is not merely the equal of ten, but, if necessary, of one hundred negroes. The English community at Port Natal volunteered their assistance, and together they marched upon the headquarters of the Zulu army. The English were surprised and massacred almost to a man not far from the present town of Durban, and the Zulus followed so rapidly upon the one or two Europeans who escaped that there was barely time for the people at the port to take refuge on board a ship lying at anchor before Dingaan's army swooped down upon the town and carried away all the cattle to be found. This happened less than sixty years ago, where now stands

one of the most beautiful cities in the world, containing public buildings which may be compared favorably with those of any city of our country, and surrounded by beautiful residences inhabited by prosperous merchants.

Dingaan himself headed another army of Zulus, who were watching the main body of the emigrants, some four hundred in number. Another fight was fought in April, 1838, and the Boers again suffered heavy loss, though they killed a large number of the blacks. For the balance of this year the Boers nearly died of starvation, because it was impossible to cultivate the fields or to get supplies from the natives. The blacks were everywhere watching them, and ready to massacre any small party they might run across. But on the 16th of December, 1838, the god of battles gave them a glorious victory, though they were but four hundred and sixty, while the army of Dingaan rushed upon them twelve thousand strong. For three hours the blacks made rush upon rush, trying to break through their improvised fort of wagons. The Dutchmen fought with characteristic coolness and courage—women and children loading the muskets, and the men shooting with precision. The day was finally decided by a cavalry charge of two hundred Boers, who slipped out at the rear of the encampment, and, dividing into two squadrons, rushed in upon the flanks of the negroes and frightened them into a panic. Dingaan fled with his cowardly crew, and left three thousand Zulu corpses behind. He reached his capital safely, burnt every building in the place, and then ran on to conceal himself with the remnant of his army in the forests. It was a wonderful victory, this glorious Dingaan's daag, and no wonder that the Boers celebrate it with a thanksgiving once a year. And it should be a day dear to all Afrianders of every nationality, for Dingaan was the common enemy of all white men, and he united Dutch as well as English against his treachery and cruelty. When the Boers reached Dingaan's capital, which they found still smouldering, they gazed with sorrow and anger upon the great pile of bones and carcasses, made up partly of the seventy brave men who had gone with Piet Retief a few months before. Many of the "riems," or strips of rawhide, which had been used to drag these victims to the



DINGAAN AND THE MURDER OF THE BOER EMISSARIES.

pile of bones still adhered to the bones of their legs and arms. Their skulls were smashed into little pieces by the cruel war-clubs. Piet Retief, their brave leader, was oddly enough discovered by a leathern pouch which he had strapped about him, and which contained the deed by which Dingaan solemnly agreed "to

resign to Retief and his countrymen a place called Port Natal, together with all the land annexed," which deed was a grant of Natal to the Dutch. And what was at first the act of a paramount chief was now made effectively valid by victory over a treacherous and savage enemy. The Boers of to-day are familiar with all

that I have been telling, and they do not appreciate the good motives of that English government which persistently denounces them for their harsh treatment of the natives. Nor can they quite understand why they are not to-day in possession of Natal.

After the destruction of Dingaan's army the Boers went down to Port Natal, to discover that English troops had taken possession of the place, and that these had orders to seize all arms and munitions of war, and to treat the immigrant Boers as a conquered people.

Looking at this from the Boer point of view, it was an act of injustice, but from the stand-point of the English government it was an act of benevolence, for it guaranteed sound and stable government for settlers of all nations and creeds. Had England not seized Natal in 1838, Durban would to-day have been only another Pretoria or Delagoa Bay, governed by the spirit of privileges, monopolies, and other products of protectionism.

On the 14th of February, 1840, England withdrew all her forces from Natal; the commander addressed a touching farewell to the Boers, and, so far as neutral minds could judge, that colony was definitely abandoned to the Dutch immigrants. Meanwhile there had been more fighting with natives, Dingaan had been again defeated, and the present capital, Pietermaritzburg, founded. The action of England was singular first in driving the Boers out of the Cape Colony, then annexing Natal after they had made it valuable, and within two years abandoning it as though by caprice. We have already noted how the mother-country afterwards annexed the Orange Free State, only to abandon it also within a few years. And we all remember how the Transvaal was annexed in 1879, only to be abandoned in 1881, after a disgrace to British arms unmatched in the annals of war since the battle of Jena. Let us note here that the abandonment of these three territories naturally forced the loyal English who remained either to abjure British citizenship and become members of a Dutch community, or else to remain in a society where they would be isolated, if not boycotted.

The year 1842 already brought war between the Dutch immigrants and England, for the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope attempted to regard the Boers as

British subjects, while they in turn insisted upon being recognized as an independent state. Here again England was justified by the event, because the Dutch at that time were altogether too weak to have resisted an attack made upon them by a rival power, and therefore to grant them independence would have been practically handing them over to the influence of France or any other maritime power. The Boers, however, did not share this feeling, and declined any connection with England whatever. The farmers were easily routed by the regulars on this occasion, and their Volksraad, on July 5, 1842, declared their "submission to the authority of her Majesty the Queen of England." This submission was accelerated by the fact that the natives sided with England, and the Boers had reason to fear the massacre of their helpless women and children on the farms while they were at the front. They were at that time encouraged in their opposition to England by certain vague promises held out to them by unauthorized agents of the Dutch government, which acted upon their minds much as did the famous cablegram of the German Emperor at the time of the Jameson raid. After submission the English did what was possible to establish good relations; the Boers were allowed to go freely back to their farms, taking with them their horses and firearms, and they were promised efficient protection against the Zulus.

Natal is to-day the best-governed state in Africa, where Englishmen and Dutchmen work side by side in developing this favored soil.

From the time of leaving the Cape, only five years before, the immigrant trekkers had not only founded the prosperity of Natal, but had spread themselves northward across the Orange River, and to some extent within the present limits of the Transvaal. They had not as yet established any government, but they had cleared the way for less adventurous settlers by impressing the native black man with the feeling that it takes at least ten negroes to kill one white man; and that the treacherous massacre of isolated farmers will be inevitably followed by swift and substantial retribution. If to-day missionaries and white traders can travel without arms and without escort about native territories where a white face is rarely seen, it is because the tradition of



THE CHARGE OF THE BOHNS TO AVENGE DINGMAN'S DADA.

Dutch pioneer-work survives. It is ungrateful of us to repeat charges of cruelty against the Boers, as though they were more cruel than we should have been under similar circumstances. We Americans can better appreciate the Boers if we know the feelings of our frontiersmen toward the North American Indian; and in England the men most just to the Boers are those who know Africa well. Men with their lives at stake amongst savages who respect nothing that is not associated with superior physical force soon become weaned from the forms of legal procedure. We have in our blood

the same Norse instincts as the Boer, and we become predatory and lawless the moment we leave the atmosphere of law courts and policemen. As boys our favorite amusement is to play Indians or pirates, and as we grow older we seek adventure by exploring dangerous countries or joining in a filibustering expedition. The American cowboy of New Mexico or Wyoming views organized society as contemptuously as does the Boer vortrekker, the principal difference being that the cowboy uses his knowledge of Holy Writ mainly by way of adornment to a vernacular mostly slang.



BOER WOMEN HELPING TO DEFEND A LAAGER.



Mr. John Morley.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt.

THE CELEBRITIES OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY T. P. O'CONNOR.

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL RÉNOUARD.

PART I.

IT is impossible to begin any article on the contemporaneous celebrities in the House of Commons without a few words on the greatest of its figures, although he has now for some time departed from the scene of his triumphs. I never can forget the morning when I had to write about Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons for the last time. Apart from the sense of political loss, I had a personal

and selfish reason for regretting his departure. Accustomed for years to write a description of the scenes in the House of Commons, I always found Mr. Gladstone supplied inexhaustible "copy." There was an infinite variety in him which always gave material for graphic description; and when all else failed one could fall back on him, and try at least to make the proceedings of the popular



MR. GLADSTONE BECOMES SUDDENLY DEAF.

Chamber interesting. I have just been reading a book—*The Early Public Life of W. E. Gladstone*, by A. F. Robbins—which throws an interesting light even on the Gladstone whom we saw when he was an octogenarian, and had exchanged the very rigid code and narrow creed—ecclesiastical and political—of his early years for the broader sympathies of popular statesmanship; but, nevertheless, those early years and their impress can be seen through all that had followed, just as one could trace some of the leading characteristics of the young curatelike face and figure of the fifties in the gray-haired and somewhat robust form of the nineties. And one of the most prominent traces of his early days in Mr. Gladstone was his curious habit of retiring into self-communing. It is known that men who are brought up in strong devotional surroundings—at least it is the case among Catholics, and, I assume, among High-Churchmen—are taught to fall back on their inner selves; to hold communings with things far remote from the garish day of ordinary life; to meditate and dream and pray. Mr. Gladstone had a good deal of this left, in spite of the ex-

traordinary readiness which he always displayed to correct any erroneous personal allusion. The fits of abstraction did not last very long, except on occasions of special anxiety or special solemnity. And, as I have said, it never interfered with his readiness to correct an erroneous allusion. Indeed, the watchfulness of Mr. Gladstone as to personal allusions had in it something at once phenomenal and comic. It was phenomenal because he often seemed to be fast asleep, when suddenly that deep-throated voice, like the low growl of a lion, would resound across the floor, and some hapless member would find that the old man was but half asleep. And the comic part of it was that the youngest and least significant member of the House could always attract the attention of Mr. Gladstone, and get reported in the newspapers by making some allusion to Mr. Gladstone of a personal character.

The disappearance of Mr. Gladstone has had a very curious effect on the House of Commons—at least on my impression of that assembly. I thought for a while that it would make the place profoundly uninteresting, and for some time it certainly did affect the House of Commons that way. But, after all, an assembly dealing with interests so vast, peopled by men with passions so vehement and ambitions so keen, and always subject to changes of fortune so sudden and so unaccountable—such an assembly must remain permanently interesting, whatever may happen. The interest in the House of Commons, then, soon revived, even among those who were most affected by the disappearance of Mr. Gladstone. But the other impression to which I have alluded remains; and that is, that the House of Commons has all of a sudden seemed to age in an extraordinary way. Our standard of age in England is very different anyhow from that in the United States. With us a man is still called young at fifty if he be in the House of Commons. I remember, indeed, that people were quite scandalized when Mr. James Lowther was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland at so disgracefully early an age

as forty. But still, so long as Mr. Gladstone remained in the House of Commons, the standard was kept up to a height unnaturally great even for us. With a man vivacious, active, master of all his resources, at eighty-four, it was ridiculous for anybody to feel old who was still a septuagenarian. Sir William Harcourt is well on to seventy; Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. John Morley are approaching their sixtieth year; but what were these but mere boys so long as that wonderful octogenarian was there? Well, the octogenarian is gone; and the result is that we have fallen back on the ordinary standards of age, and people are beginning to realize that, after all, when a man has reached his threescore and ten he is getting old, even for a politician.

The first celebrity of the House of Commons, now that Mr. Gladstone is gone, is of course Sir William Harcourt, the leader of the opposition. I need scarcely remind Americans that on the question of recognized and official leadership we have very different methods from those in the United States. Republican sentiments—or some other reason—do not permit any man to assume the official position of leader in either your Senate or House of Representatives; but in the House of Commons the position of leader is as much an officially recognized institution as the Queen and the Lord Chancellor. There are advantages and inconveniences in both systems. With us a leader has a power of committing his party that would be resented in the United States; on the other hand, the responsibility and the strength which he thus enjoys give his party and its counsels and tactics

a promptitude which would otherwise be lacking.

Sir William Harcourt has now sat in the House of Commons since the general election of 1868—that is to say, for twenty-nine years. He did not, like Mr. Gladstone, enter the House of Commons while he was still a stripling; he had passed his fortieth year, and he had been a practising barrister for a considerable period. His entrance into the House of Commons was the end of his professional career. He was a member of what is called the Parliamentary bar—that is to say, of the bar which practises before those committees of the House of Commons which decide such questions as concessions to a railway corporation, or to a gas company, or the like. It is a wise rule of the House of Commons that no member shall be allowed to practise before such a tribunal; there is the very



MR. ASQUITH.

obvious reason that afterwards the member might be called upon to exercise a judicial capacity with regard to the very matters in which he had been engaged as counsel. When, therefore, a member of the Parliamentary bar enters the House of Commons he has to surrender all his practice. This means the end not merely of this particular branch of his business, but usually of all professional business. For in London professional specialization has gone so far that an advocate now appears not merely on only one side of law practice—that is to say, in equity or common law—but also in only one court. To surrender the Parliamentary bar is therefore to surrender all professional income.

In the case of Sir William Harcourt the sacrifice was very large, for when he entered Parliament he had got to the top-most rung of this branch of the profession, and was making an income of something like £15,000 a year. To surrender an income so enormous was certainly a strong proof of devotion to political duty. He was not more than a month or two in the House of Commons when he began to make himself felt. He had the advan-

And his own side, gave plenty of ground for criticism at the time. The Gladstone Ministry of 1868, politically, was the most active, energetic, and successful of modern English history. In these days, with all our revised forms of closure and other methods of putting down obstruction, it almost takes one's breath away to recount merely the names of the vast measures which that Ministry succeeded in passing into law. But the Ministry was also personally the most disagreeable and offensive that possibly ever held power. It was a Ministry of bad-tempered men. I have heard it said that a temper which in my time I have seen to be remarkable for composure—I mean the temper of Mr. Gladstone—was far less amiable in that period of *Sturm und Drang*, and that he was regarded by even men who followed him as one of the most despotic leaders that ever controlled the House of Commons. But Mr. Gladstone was angelic in comparison with some of the men who were his colleagues. Robert Lowe—Lord Sherbrooke—was one of the testiest of men. He seemed to take a delight in cynically treading upon everybody's corns, and though a member of a popular party, had feelings of hatred and distrust for the people. Mr. Ayrton, who was Commissioner of Works, was even more brusque in manners and more unpopular; and one night it was discovered by a delighted House of Commons that the hatred which these ministers created outside had extended within their own sacred domain, and that Mr. Lowe and Mr. Ayrton were not on speaking terms.

When Sir William Harcourt, therefore, entered the House of Commons he had splendid quarries for his arrows, and he was just the man to fit such a place admirably. He has inexhaustible funds of sarcasm and invective, and everything he says is spiced. Indeed, there is no man of his time who has a wit so brilliant and so destructive. I remember hearing him make a speech at Manchester once. It was when the National Federation—the Central Liberal organization—was holding its annual meetings. The speech in half an hour worked devastation in the whole programme of Sir William's political opponents. And yet all the speech did was to take up the report of a similar meeting of the Conservative party, which had taken place a few days before. But the unerring instinct with which he seized



MR. GLADSTONE ASLEEP IN HIS CHAIR.

tage of entering there with a reputation, for he had written the letters on "Historicus" to the *Times*—letters which created immense attention. For some time he adopted the favorite attitude of all beginners who seek to attract attention: he was a very free critic of his own side.



MR. BALFOUR.

hold of the weak or the comic point in these reports enabled him not merely to convulse the friendly audience he addressed, but to leave nothing standing of the platform of those he criticised. For witty invective of this kind there is no man of his time that can be compared to him. And yet, curiously enough, it is this tremendous power that has occasion-

ally injured him, and that is partly responsible for the fact that he did not reach the Premiership. The English are a serious—it would be rude in an Irishman to call them a dull people, though I have heard the phrase applied to them by their own countrymen—and many sections of them suspect a man who makes people laugh. I have been told that sev-

eral good Liberals in the provinces refuse to read Sir William Harcourt's speeches on no better ground than that they are very amusing. A laugh has not yet ceased to be sinful in certain Liberal sections.

His wit has another and a greater defect—it is not impromptu. He is one of the few men in the House of Commons who always carefully prepare their speeches. And when I say carefully prepare, I do not mean that he simply takes copious notes—nearly every man in a responsible position does that, and ought to do it—but that he writes out literally every single word of the speech he delivers. When he speaks, whether it be on the platform—where probably he is at his best—or in the House of Commons, you always see before him the copious quires of note-paper, written on one side; and as he speaks he calmly lifts page after page until the end. Mr. John Morley, a penman all his life, has the same habit, though he is abandoning it somewhat now that he is becoming a House of Commons veteran; and Sir George Trevelyan used to carry it to such lengths that I have seen him produce the MS. of every one of three electioneering speeches which he delivered daily in the course of an election contest. There is no practice which works such evil to a speaker. Next to being without any preparation, there is no vice so great as over-preparation. So much have I seen this to be the case in my Parliamentary experience that most of the great orators of the House of Commons have seemed to me to fail in proportion to the elaborateness of their preparation.

In the case of Sir William Harcourt the result has been that he is, for a great and powerful debater, one of the most unready speakers in the House of Commons. I have rarely seen him rise to an occasion when he was taken up suddenly and had to answer a sudden attack. In this respect he is so different from Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone never reached anything like the same heights of dazzling oratory as when he was suddenly confronted with a difficult situation or a damaging attack; and the orations which live in men's memories are little speeches dashed off in the middle of the dinner hour. I have never known Sir William Harcourt to make an extemporaneous speech which was successful.

Another leading defect in Sir William

Harcourt's style is that when he is serious he is wont to be ponderous. He overdoes it. And thus people have often found it difficult to keep from laughing even when the occasion was solemn and the language was appropriate. The words he spoke when he first took the place of Mr. Gladstone were eloquent, dignified, and full of sincere feeling, but the speech narrowly escaped being a fiasco. As leader of the House of Commons, in the last Parliament, Sir William was a considerable, I might even say a great success. He was free from Mr. Gladstone's characteristic faults of undue intervention—that restless temperament of his never allowed Mr. Gladstone to be still. On some occasions when Sir William was proposing the most drastic and momentous measures—as, for instance, what was called the gagging of the debate on the Evicted Tenants' bill—he disappointed and enraged his opponents by confining his remarks within the compass of ten minutes. He believed in following the line of least resistance. And then he did not show those faults of temper which were anticipated; he was conciliatory, good-humored, and flexible at the proper time. His budget, a remarkable and even revolutionary transformation of taxation, has made him the idol of the democracy; and the manner in which he conducted a measure so complex and so portentous safely through the House of Commons raised his reputation enormously. At no moment in his political career did he stand in a higher position than at the close of the session of 1894.

Two men could not be much more diverse in look and type than Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley. Sir William Harcourt is a giant in height and figure. He is about six feet four high, and he is stout in proportion. The bold and strong aquiline nose, the full mouth—all the strongly marked features—give him the appearance of the stout Norman race that for so long ruled the Saxon proletariat; and he has also the distinct air of a man of the world who has enjoyed life and laughed a good deal at it. There is no epithet, I believe, which Mr. Morley regards as so inappropriate to him as that which is constantly applied to him by the newspapers—the epithet of "sombre." The epithet is next in offensiveness to him to Jacobin. But his appearance will render both epithets

intelligible. He is of middle height, very thin, very alert in his movements; the face is long, thin, and clean-shaven, and the general impression it gives is one of melancholy and severity. The eye, blue, clear, but cold and quiet, increases this impression. And it is undoubted that he does not take by habit a cheerful view of

when he was younger in politics than in years—all these things have not helped to make a naturally melancholy disposition more cheerful. People attribute too much, in my opinion, to men's philosophy as shaping their spirits, and therefore I do not attach the same importance to his agnostic philosophy as a formative influ-



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human affairs, or of the fortunes of the hour. A French interviewer described him as sadly resigned to the faith that the world was bad, had been bad, and would be bad to the end; and undoubtedly he has not a too lofty estimate of human qualities or human destinies. A life of hard struggle, a sensitive nature that has got many a hard and cruel knock in the glorious profession of literature, and some very bitter experiences of perfidy and treachery which came to him

once on his temperament as some people do. I believe the liver and the temperament generally have a good deal more to do with men's spirits and outlook on life than their theological beliefs; and Mr. Morley's temperament is not naturally cheerful. And yet it should immediately be added that he is, in many respects, one of the most genial of men. There is a cruel and old joke at the expense of Sir William Harcourt that six men agreed each to invite the most disagreeable man of



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their acquaintance to dinner, and that when the day came there were only seven: they had all invited Sir William Harcourt. The story is very absurd, and probably quite untrue, for Sir William Harcourt is one of the pleasantest and best of fellows, and is especially delightful at a dinner table. But there is the very opposite

story with regard to Mr. Morley—that a certain number of persons being asked whom they would choose for a six months' companion on a desert island, all agreed in fixing on Mr. Morley. This is partly due to his powers as a conversationalist. He has also one of the sweetest smiles of any man in the House of Commons; and

though he has nerves and a temper, no man bears his honors more modestly.

As a Parliamentarian he labored for several years after his entrance into the House of Commons from the perilous defect of having entered there at too late an age. Men have done extraordinarily well in the House of Commons who have made but few appearances there, and have paid little attention to its life from day to day; but, speaking generally, the House of Commons is a hard taskmaster. Like other occupations, at least in England, it is exacting and monopolizing. I used to wonder—as everybody has sometimes done—why it was that great advocates proved such poor sticks in the House of Commons, as they have done from time immemorial. All kinds of explanations have been given; the real explanation is very simple—it is that it is impossible for the human mind to suddenly transfer itself from one plane of thought and activity to another; that lawyers engaged in a court of law all day cannot possibly come down and begin a new kind of mental occupation in the House of Commons; and, finally, that human energy is incapable of beginning at four o'clock in the evening an entirely new day's work. Similarly a man who wants to be a good House of Commons man must usually start on his Parliamentary career early in life. It is not the case that men do this as a rule in England, for the member of the House of Commons is usually a man who brings to it the dregs of his existence—the wine of life has been given to the counting-house or the bank until fortune has been achieved. And as Mr. Morley was not far removed from fifty when he entered the House of Commons, it will be clear that he started with an enormous disadvantage. And then he had the additional disadvantage of being one of the most sensitive and self-distrustful of men. I remember when he made his first speech in the House of Commons. I never saw a man much more nervous; his tongue seemed to cleave to his mouth, and he had to take a glass of water before the parched lips could continue the utterance. And for many years afterwards he was almost as bad. He had made up his mind that he was not a good speaker, and this affected his speaking. I remember seeing him a few moments after he delivered what was really a good speech in the home-rule struggle, and he said, "I did badly,

of course; I always do badly." Like Sir William Harcourt, as I have already said, he had the fatal habit—very natural in a man who had had a pen in his hand all his life—of writing down every word of his speeches, and this took away all spontaneity and vivacity from them. And like a good many other self-distrustful and inexperienced speakers, Mr. Morley began by an extreme vehemence. In the desire to produce effect—in the fear that he would not produce it—he lashed himself into extravagance of language and of gesture and of voice. There is no more fatal defect in the House of Commons. I forget who said it first, but whoever said it said a very true thing, when he declared that the language and speech and demeanor of the House of Commons should never go beyond the tone of polite and well-bred society. This was the art the secret of which Mr. Gladstone had learned better than any man of his time. He could be deadly effective and speak scarcely above the tone of the drawing-room; he could thrill with a whisper; he could kill with a statement of a case that was moderate to reserve.

Curiously enough, it was the platform that first taught Mr. Morley something of what was in him. At the very moment when his speeches in the House of Commons were ineffective, he used to address vast gatherings throughout the country and hold them spellbound for upwards of an hour at a time. And finally practice, increase of self-confidence, success, have produced their effect in the House of Commons; and though he has yet much to learn in the shape of readiness and ease, he has become a most effective speaker. He was at his best in introducing a measure when he held office in the last Parliament. The introduction of a measure demands the kind of temperament and mind which is his. A minister who is intrusted with a bill has the carriage of it as his first and supreme duty; and this, of course, means that he must go out of his way to smooth its course. Mr. Morley has an impartial and clear mind, is free from any ferocity of partisan temper, and therefore always used to introduce his measure with an impartiality and a sweetness of temper which started the measure well; it is the same qualities, as well as the conviction of his sincerity and honesty, which have made him one of the most popular figures of the House

of Commons. I have heard him also make some very effective replies—sometimes even when he was taken unawares.

Whatever the defects of his style in elocution, demeanor, and the like, there is no man whose speeches have so enduring an effect. The perfect lucidity of the style, the closeness of the argument, and now and then the glow and poetry of the language, make all his speeches, like all his writings, singularly fascinating. I should put him at the very head of the men who have helped home-rule by their speeches.

I should add to these qualities, as accounting for the success of the speeches, their exalted tone. In the matter of religious freedom for public men we are ahead of the people of America. Such a thing as the refusal to confirm the appointment of Mr. Ingersoll to an embassy because of his religious views is impossible among us. Mr. Morley's style of controversy is not quite the same as that of Mr. Ingersoll, but Mr. Morley is as outspoken, and never has made the smallest abatement of the rigidity of his theological creed, even since he attained to high office. But it speaks highly for the religious tolerance of the non-conformists of England, who form the backbone of the Liberal party, and who are for the most part strenuously orthodox in opinion, that there is no man who stands higher in their confidence and affections than Mr. Morley. And, curiously enough, it is for the reason that he, an avowed unbeliever, is regarded as an eminently religious man. His views of life, serious to sombreness, overcast with melancholy thought, make him far more akin to Puritanism than many a more orthodox believer. This is the distinction between him and Sir William Harcourt and other Parliamentary leaders who might be named. The exuberance of Harcourt's wit, the daring audacity of some of his scorn, and an impression, universal and yet not altogether well founded, that he does not take political convictions seriously—all these things cause him to be regarded with some suspicion by an essentially serious people and an essentially serious party. Morley's temperament is the temperament of the Puritan, while his convictions on theological subjects are those of the Voltairian. It is temperament, perhaps, more than opinions, that tells in political life.

I have said that the House of Commons

is a hard taskmaster, and that those who are to win its favors can only do so by constant and persistent attendance and attention to its business. But the extraordinary and rapid elevation of Mr. Henry Asquith is an entire overthrow of this theory. He came into Parliament for the first time in the general election of 1886. He then had very little position outside the House; for he was a young barrister, rising, but far from risen. Member of a non-conformist family, and without any fortune, he belonged to the great middle class, few of whose children start life in such a country as England with any advantages. Even in the Parnell commission—which was his first great trial—he did not achieve any great distinction beyond a very skilful cross-examination of the late Mr. McDonald, the hapless manager of the *Times*, who had been one of the main instruments in getting up the Pigott case. He was then a junior counsel, and was mainly occupied in helping Lord Russell, his great senior. The assistant of the leading counsel in London is known as the "devil," in familiar language; and when Sir Charles Russell—as he then was—paid a warm tribute to Mr. Asquith, Mr. Asquith remarked that this might be called giving the devil his due.

In the House of Commons Mr. Asquith was a comparatively scant figure. In the Parliament that sat from 1886 to 1892 he did not make more than about five or six speeches—and that is to say, a speech a session. In the laborious drudgery of the House of Commons—in committee-work, in fighting bills in committee, where really the hard fighting is done—in all this Mr. Asquith was quite unknown. He came down early in the evening, when everybody is in the House of Commons; once every year he made his set speech; and for the rest of the time he calmly paired at seven o'clock, and went home to his briefs and his books. And yet there were few people who did not think that his appointment was fully deserved—or, at least, who did not believe that it would turn out successfully. And these prophecies were more than fulfilled. If I were asked the reason, I should say it was because he has the true oratorical gift in him. It is curious how soon that gift reveals itself. I have seen several cases in the course of my Parliamentary experience in which the very first word spoken

by a man has revealed to some at least of an audience that an orator was addressing them. I remember the first time I heard the voice of Mr. Sexton in public; it was at the meeting in the City Hall, Dublin, in 1880, when Parnell was first elected to the leadership. I never doubted for a moment that a great orator had arisen in the Irish ranks from the first minute when I heard this rich voice. Indeed, it is the voice which is the great weapon of the orator; and there are very few cases in history in which it will not be found that the voice was the orator's first and strongest claim to consideration. I remember the time when I could not hear John Bright say "Mr. Speaker" without having tremors down my back. And, curiously enough, when Bright's voice went, his power went also. The last speech I heard him make in the House of Commons was a piteous and almost tragic failure; by that time the leonine voice had come down to a hoarse and feeble and rather petulant whisper.

It was his voice that first showed the world what was in Mr. Asquith. The very first time he raised it in the House of Commons there was communicated to the nerves of that assembly, with the rapidity with which these things happen, the sense that one of its masters had arrived. A few sentences only were required to confirm the impression; and ever since Mr. Asquith has never stood up without profoundly influencing the assembly. And yet it is easy to point out defects in his oratory. He is not very sympathetic—he may even be described as hard; he is not imaginative; he sees things with a cruel clearness that allows no mists or glows. For instance, it fell to his lot to propose the bill disestablishing the Welsh Church. Here was a theme which might well invite fiery enthusiasm and passion from even an opponent. One can well imagine the rich rhetoric in which it would be clothed by Gladstone—the reverential melancholy in which he would aim a blow at an institution sacred by its age, still more sacred by its character. Mr. Asquith showed no symptom of even feeling that he was doing anything in particular; or that, in dealing a deadly blow at a great historic and sacred edifice, he touched chords of the human heart more passionate or profound than if he were asking for the compulsory appropriation of a piece of land for a rail-

way crossing. The strength of Mr. Asquith is, first, his lucidity; secondly, his vigor of thought and purpose; and thirdly, the fine rhetorical swell of his sentences. He rarely makes a brief sentence; they are nearly all not only long, but very long; but there is in them the natural cadence of the born orator. Even in that speech on Welsh disestablishment to which I have alluded this quality of his sentences marked him out as a very striking and a very interesting figure. Physically he has few of the advantages of the orator beyond the beauty of his voice. He is barely of the middle height, and the clean-shaven face, wonderfully young, without a line upon it, surmounted by light brown hair, without one gray lock in it, makes him look almost like a school-boy. The tight-lipped mouth gives an impression of firmness and hardness; and there is in the whole air a certain intellectual scorn that does not tend to make him popular with smaller men. But he is shrewd, self-confident, in complete accord with the more forward tendencies in his party, and nobody can yet tell how far he may go.

These three men conclude the tale of what may be called orators on the Front Opposition bench. But one of the most capable men of the late cabinet must not be omitted when talking of the celebrities of the House of Commons, though he could scarcely be ranked as an orator. Sir Henry Fowler, the late Secretary for India, has a splendid House of Commons manner. Even its defects are suitable to the place. He is a solicitor by profession, and he was forty years of age when he entered the House of Commons. But all his previous training had been of a kind to suit him for a successful career in the House of Commons. He had been an active member of the municipality of Wolverhampton, the town in which he lives and which he represents. With a natural aptitude for figures, he learned all the details of civic finance; and if there is one talent which impresses the House of Commons more than another, it is a talent for figures. Statistics are in the very blood of Englishmen, and the master of statistics is the master of the House of Commons. Sir Henry Fowler is a master of statistics. He can take up a whole bundle of figures and handle them with the facility and dexterity of a juggler dealing with balls.

When a stormy attack has been made on a Liberal proposal, when the landed interest cries out through some one of the squirarchy that radicalism has oppressed and overburdened the land, and that radicalism is the enemy of the farmers and the agriculture of the country, Sir Henry Fowler gets up, and rolling off figure after figure, and pelting them at his hapless opponents as though he were delivering a fusillade of hot shot, leaves the poor country gentlemen sprawling, cowed, speechless with conscious guilt. Sir Henry Fowler is a typical representative of the middle-class dissenter. He belongs to the Wesleyan Methodist body, and, like other laymen of that connection, he has occasionally, I believe, preached. These pulpit appearances have left their indelible mark upon his oratorical style, and now and then there are profound and hollow-voiced depths on comparatively trivial matters which could only have been imparted by the habits of supersolemnity of the preacher. It is urged against him, too, that he has the tendency to moderation and compromise developed to a larger extent than men of strong opinions like. This is a charge which one cannot wholly accept in any particular case without knowing all the facts, compromise being the very essence of statesmanship on certain occasions. But undoubtedly the universal belief that Sir Henry Fowler is not thorough-going enough, has largely damaged his prospects. If it were not for the reputation, I believe he would certainly have the succession of the Liberal leadership in the House of Commons. He had everything in his favor, even of the style to which I have alluded; for these faults, after all, are characteristic of his country and of his party, and instead of being an injury, are probably a benefit to a man who belongs to the Liberal ranks. He has a businesslike mind and a method of dealing with public questions which are particularly popular with a British assembly; but self-distrust and want of go and daring have kept him back; and though he has a great position, it is not as great as a firmer character would have secured for such essentially effective abilities.

I pass from the leaders of the Opposition to the leaders of the Government; and first, of course, must be mentioned Mr. Balfour. I know few men who in so short a time have entirely changed their reputation and also their methods. Mr. Balfour

was for nearly thirteen years a member of Parliament without making any particular mark there. In the Parliament of 1874 he was chiefly known as one of the younger generation of Churchmen and Tories who come from the universities with their heads stuffed with all kinds of theological nonsense. It was on theological subjects—or rather on those pseudo-theological subjects which divide sects not so much in doctrine as from social and political reasons—that he chose usually to speak. It is probably only in England that there could be a fierce controversy over the question whether the dead—belonging in all essentials to the same communion—should be buried in one kind of graveyard or another. But for many generations the question whether the corpse of the non-conformist should lie beside the corpse of the Churchman fiercely divided political parties; and Mr. Balfour, fresh from the ecclesiastical atmosphere of our still clerically ridden universities, was mightily concerned in the question, and, if I remember rightly, was the author of one of many compromises by which it was proposed to settle a question so simple. He had also in these days the absoluteness that comes from the study of books and from ignorance of men, and, it should be added, from the tendency to logic-chopping of the race of Cecil to which he belongs. All this led the House of Commons to pay little regard to him, and to view him as one of those dilettante young men who saunter into politics and then saunter out of them. And then his personal appearance was calculated to increase this estimate. Tall, very thin, with a thin face, and a manner that might well be described as lackadaisical, he had in many respects the whole appearance and manner of the curate who has been the butt of the caricaturists and the satirists for two generations. He also had and has an incurable and not altogether well-bred tendency to what I may call languid sprawling. His favorite attitude used to be to lie poised on a neck as narrow and as slender as that of a delicate woman. Finally, to complete the picture of Mr. Balfour as he was at this period, it should be added that he had the typical curate habit of appealing for inspiration to his pocket-handkerchief.

When such a man—a compound, as everybody thought, of curate and *Punch's*

Postlethwaite—was appointed to the Chief-Secretaryship of Ireland, there was a shout of derision from all quarters. The Chief-Secretaryship of Ireland is one of those curious offices which bring every day to the nineteenth-century politics of England some of the risks, ideas, and conflicts that belonged to a past age of violence in England, and to such disturbed countries as Russia and France in our own times. It is not an office in which men fight their opponents in the tranquil atmosphere of conflicting ideas and rival speeches; physical force, revolution, and deadly conspiracy—popular outbreaks on the one hand, violent repression through the grim agencies of scaffolds and jails and police and soldiers on the other—these are the things which are associated with the office of governing Ireland. In addition, the Chief-Secretaryship for Ireland has been associated with nothing but a succession of disastrous failures; and especially since the time when Ireland, conscious of her strength, has been unquiet and agitated and successful. In recent years the late Mr. Forster went to Ireland with one of the highest reputations of his time, and left it a discredited politician and a broken man. His successor, the late Lord Frederick Cavendish, went there full of all the good intentions of a fine and a lovable nature, and he found death through assassins within a few hours of his arrival on Irish shores. Sir George Trevelyan went there a still young man, with black beard and hair, and left it gray and bent and discredited. In short, the office is one haunted by ghosts. The figure of this tall, delicate, limp young man with the scented pocket-handkerchief, facing such an office, appeared to everybody as grotesque and ridiculous a contrast as that of the fop who vexed the soul of Hotspur by his genteel mincing in face of villanous saltpetre. It is one of the most unexpected things of modern history that such a man should have emerged from such a trial not broken either in health or in mind; and that instead of finding a grave for his reputation there, he should have built upon it the solid fabric of fame and eminence.

It would be going over past and somewhat embittered history to trace the causes for this astonishing outcome of an apparently hopeless enterprise, but I may hurriedly point to the main sources of

Mr. Balfour's success. In the first place, he has the relentless logic of a clear mind. There are plenty of political situations in which the relentless logic is one of the worst of political follies; the Chief-Secretaryship of Ireland—especially in the circumstances in which Mr. Balfour assumed it—was not one of them. On the contrary, it was a place, above all others, where the statesmen had to follow the French motto of *Qui veut la fin, veut les moyens*. There is still—there was far more in the days of Mr. Balfour's Secretaryship—an open war of classes in Ireland; and in war, the great thing is relentlessness until victory has permitted forbearance. This was the reasoning of Mr. Balfour, and it succeeded. He took his side, and in spite of every difficulty, of all stress, of every form of persuasion even from friends, he adhered to his side, with the result that, commanding a whole army of officials—amounting in numbers to thousands, and an army engaged in fierce and active conflict—he was able to inspire them all with the feeling that, whatever happened, their commander-in-chief would stand by them to the end. The policy of Mr. Balfour failed, for it was reversed at a general election, and would have been reversed still more overwhelmingly if it had not been for the great Irish split; and of course I think it is a policy which in the long-run aggravated the evils of Irish life. But viewing it simply from the stand-point of Mr. Balfour's Parliamentary fortunes, it was the right course to pursue, and it certainly led him on to fortune.

The next cause of his extraordinary and unexpected success was the dexterity he displayed in debate. There is no conviction which the experience of the House of Commons has more deeply impressed upon me than the absolute necessity of constant practice for developing debating ability. Mr. Balfour had this opportunity for the first time when he became Chief Secretary for Ireland. Hitherto he had spoken on rare occasions, and fitfully; above all things, without any sign of tenacity of purpose or intensity of interest in the affairs and ambitions of the House of Commons. In 1880 he joined the little band which gathered around Lord Randolph Churchill, and which was known as the Fourth Party. But his contributions to the work of this band were intermittent and half-hearted. Lord Randolph Church-

ill was the last survivor in our times of what—using the word in no offensive sense—might be called the Parliamentary adventurer. Reckless, audacious, trusting to luck, careless of pledges, promises, and declarations in irresponsible positions—regarding all such things as mere temporary expedients, to be forgotten or derided when responsibility and office matured them for payment—Lord Randolph made war after the fashion of the guerilla and the *franc-tireur*. In those far-off days of the Fourth Party, Lord Randolph always appeared to me like one of those characters whom Balzac described, and is said to have brought into being in the world of reality as well as of fiction—the bold young adventurers that cared neither for man nor woman, nor for country, nor God nor devil. Mr. Balfour was neither so reckless, nor so irresponsible, nor so short-sighted, nor so unscrupulous. Widely as I differ from him politically, I believe that, according to his lights, he is an honest and a high-minded politician, and that he has the interests of his country at heart. And therefore it was that in time he found himself out of sympathy with the methods of Lord Randolph Churchill, and that one evening the House tittered loudly when Mr. Balfour was seen to rise from a place above the gangway, and not from the little group below the gangway where Lord Randolph Churchill reigned. A previous article of mine would have made the American reader familiar with all that is implied by the fact whether a man sits above or below the gangway; suffice it here to say that the region above the gangway is that of moderation, repute, and respectability—that below the gangway belongs to the land of Alsatia.

But when Mr. Balfour came to be Chief Secretary for Ireland he had to speak nightly. At first he made a very bad hand of it. I remember well the first night he had to deliver a speech of any magnitude; it was in introducing the Coercion Bill. The bill was a very drastic measure, and there were misgivings even among Mr. Balfour's own friends as to its wisdom or necessity; and when Mr. Balfour sat down, after passing rather shamefacedly through a hurricane of derision, anger, and interrogation from the Irish benches, the cause of coercion and of Mr. Balfour seemed to be lost. These were the days in which Mr. Goschen was regarded as the great man of the Unionist party; and I also remem-

ber from that period the look of almost childlike delight with which Mr. Balfour looked up at Mr. Goschen as he drove home, with all the effectiveness of a great and a trained debater, the case which Mr. Balfour should have made and had failed to make for himself. But time went on: every night Mr. Balfour was subjected to a torrent of questions; his policy in Ireland was of a character to provoke constant Parliamentary attack; and the result was that, having to fight nightly for his life, Mr. Balfour was kept in constant practice, and the House woke up one day to find that the stumbling, ineffective, and almost despised man had grown to be one of the most effective and powerful and ready debaters of the House of Commons. The struggle in Ireland was such as to bring out his peculiar powers. To defend a *régime* of coercion in a free nation and before a representative assembly, with all the representatives of the coerced nation arrayed on the other side, required a wonderful subtlety—the power to obscure issues in words; above all, a fearlessness of partisanship which only a strong and clear mind could have grasped. Mr. Balfour was blessed by fortune, for he had behind him throughout nearly the whole of this Parliament a solid and unassailable majority of 100, and a large portion of his ordinary political opponents had, by the exigencies of politics, become his most ardent admirers and warmest advocates. These things must of course be taken into account; but even allowing for all these abatements, it is impossible to deny that Mr. Balfour, throughout this Parliament of 1886 to 1891, did fight one of the most interesting and one of the most successful combats of modern politics. When the vacancy in the leadership came, through the death of the late Mr. W. H. Smith, there could be no question as to who should have the succession, and, almost by unanimity, Mr. Balfour rose to the vacant place.

Here again Mr. Balfour began badly; his first speeches and moves were wanting in tact and strength, and at once there was one of those sudden and irrational outbursts of rash judgment which are a peculiarity of the House of Commons—a body as changeable and as reflective of change as the thermometer. When his party came into office after the last general election, Mr. Balfour again had to go through some trying criticisms—some de-

served, some wholly unmerited. It is urged that his philosophic detachment, his want of industry, and his lack of all interest in the mere day-to-day details of Parliamentary work have left him and his party open to attack and to defeat. He himself would probably be the first to acknowledge his defects in all these respects, for he is a genuinely modest man. But, on the other hand, these very defects are his protection. Philosophic, he is free from the trammels of a creed; from the rancor of intolerance; is urbane, sweet-tempered, and easy-going. I believe, therefore, that no leader in England holds his place by a tenure more secure.

Mr. Balfour, as leader of the House, shows, in his happiest moods, that he has learned the secret of an excellent House of Commons style. I have already indicated in my passing allusions to Mr. Gladstone what that style should be. The only man in the House of Commons who seems to have shown any power of inheriting it is Mr. Balfour. Lightness of touch would perhaps best describe its chief characteristic—the power, that is to say, of expressing one's opinions clearly and strongly, and yet without unnecessary emphasis, with self-control and with good temper. And then the House of Commons dearly loves its little joke, and especially a little joke with a personal touch in it. The personal touch must not be malignant—for the House of Commons is really a very good-natured assembly—Englishmen generally are good-natured, and do not relish, therefore, anything like bitter personal attack. Besides, men of even strong political antagonism are united by many ties—sometimes by blood-relationship; sometimes by joint commercial enterprises; often by strong personal friendships. This is the style which Mr. Balfour has cultivated with great ability; with this consequence, that he now is listened to with almost equal pleasure by friend and by foe, that his speeches rarely wound, and that they inspire his own side without angering the other. But it would be ridiculous to say that the style is perfect. Though Mr. Balfour's voice is strong and penetrating, it is not pleasant; it is often harsh; and sometimes, when he is vehement, it rises to something like a feminine scream. He is also too much of a logic-chopper not

to attach too much importance to small points; and, on the whole, he gives me the impression of subtlety rather than of strength or sagacity.

Mr. Goschen is one of the figures that are declining in the House of Commons. I make the statement with regret, because I have a very high respect for Mr. Goschen's abilities, and have always regarded him as one of the best qualified public men of his time. But the House of Commons, with all its geniality, does not like failure, and any man who has not got what he is supposed to have wanted is regarded as a failure. When Lord Randolph Churchill was writing that short letter which turned his career from the most prosperous to the most disastrous of our times he left Mr. Goschen out of his calculations of what the deserted Tory party could do; and when Mr. Goschen accepted the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and threw in his lot with the Tories, it was universally supposed that he was on the highroad to the highest position it was in the power of the party he had joined to bestow. And he certainly started with immense advantages. He had long experience, and most of his competitors were either old men of too much past or young men who had no past at all. And beyond all question he was at that time far and away the best debater on the Tory benches. I have already told how he came to the rescue of Mr. Balfour on the historic night when Mr. Balfour brought in his Coercion Bill; all through the coercion struggle he was magnificent. Coercion is a policy that is subject to awkward and sinister episodes, which a government finds it very difficult frequently to confront; for the natural man in a free country revolts against some of the excesses which coercion, however carefully administered, is certain now and then to involve. The footfall of tragedy, too, always pursues coercion; and tragedy, as the result of ministerial action, is always a difficult thing for a government to encounter. It was on such occasions that Mr. Goschen came to the rescue of the Tory government. I have often seen him get up towards the end of a debate, when his own side was silent and depressed, and before many minutes I have seen these same benches riotous with triumph and delight. To accomplish such a transformation is possible only to a great debater.

These debating powers of Mr. Goschen were not known until he got into the midst of the fight over home-rule. An astute, a dexterous, and even an effective debater he had been known to be, but he was always regarded as a man of statistics, and of the sluggish blood of the man of the Bourses; but when this Irish struggle came he developed, especially on the platform, a power of passionate and lofty appeal and invective entirely unsuspected before. When the coercion struggle was transferred to the House of Commons, these same qualities were in good stead, and made Mr. Goschen's speeches wonderfully effective.

In addition to all these things, Mr. Goschen has many of the highest qualities of a member of Parliament. He is a master of finance. When he was but a stripling he wrote a work on the abstruse problem of foreign exchanges, which became at once the text-book in every school of political economy. I am not competent to pronounce on his financial record as Chancellor of the Exchequer, but nobody denied that he was eminently fitted to be the guardian of the finances of the nation. He is a thoughtful, well-read, well-equipped public man, with a conscience and patriotism and learning. And yet there are few men who have so many physical disadvantages as an orator. His voice is as raucous as that of a Californian group of frogs, and his gestures are positively ungainly. It tells enormously for his powers as a speaker that he is able to overcome all these defects, and make even popular audiences forget them. But, as I have said, Mr. Goschen is on the decline. When the vacancy came in the Conservative leadership he was passed over; and the disappointment, though borne with outward equanimity and even magnanimity, has told, and he has never appeared to me to be the same man since. At all events, he has not shone in opposition in recent Parliaments. While Mr. Balfour has gained in ascendancy over the House of Commons, Mr. Goschen has lost; and while the oratorial style of Mr. Balfour has improved, that of Mr. Goschen appears to me to have deteriorated. Mr. Balfour has cultivated lightness of hand; Mr. Goschen has descended to over-emphasis and shrillness, which have proved exasperating to his foes, and not very serviceable to his friends. But then his career is not yet ended.

Mr. Chamberlain also belongs to the class of Parliamentarians who developed somewhat late. He came into the House of Commons with a considerable reputation from Birmingham, which, by an expenditure daring but wise, he had transformed into one of the healthiest, most beautiful, and most wisely governed municipalities in England. But he also entered the House with the prejudice to fight which London always has shown against the provincial, and especially against the provincial celebrity, and his manners and methods were not calculated to decrease this prejudice. He was the inventor of what we have called the "caucus," borrowing the word, but misusing it. With us the caucus means a local political organization to which is given the duty of nominating candidates for elections. The Liberals lost several seats at the election of 1868, and, indeed, lose seats at every election, by conflicting candidatures; and as these candidatures were the result of the want of some nominating body, Mr. Chamberlain and some Birmingham friends, notably Mr. Schnadhorst, conceived the idea of establishing in each constituency a nominating body chosen at meetings of the electors. The idea was regarded as un-English, as creating the "machine" and other transatlantic abominations, and, above all, as calculated and intended to place Mr. Chamberlain in the position of "boss" of the Liberal party. One of the first signs of the resentment which these proceedings created was the blackballing of two of Mr. Chamberlain's brothers at the Reform Club—the chief Liberal club of London. When Mr. Gladstone came to form his ministry of 1880, everybody was considerably surprised to find that he had chosen Mr. Chamberlain to be one of the cabinet. There had been nothing in his House of Commons performances up to that moment to justify such a sudden elevation; for he had not been more than four or five years in Parliament when he attained to this great station, and many a man has considered himself fortunate who has reached that height after a score of years.

Nor can it be said that he did anything as a minister to increase his hold upon the House of Commons. He made a certain number of speeches—not a great many; he passed some measures; he failed to pass others—largely by faults of temper and exaggeration; and altogether

he did not shine as a great Parliamentary personage. And yet it speaks highly for the natural dominance of the man's character that he should have been looked to by so many radicals in the country as their leader and as the heir-apparent to the Premiership when Mr. Gladstone went. This was largely due to the organization which he had brought into existence, and still more to the difference of the attitude he assumed from that of his colleagues. He spoke the language of extreme radicalism; he put forward at the general election of 1885 a scheme of legislative reform far beyond, in some respects, that which Mr. Gladstone had yet shown his willingness to adopt—what came to be known by-and-by as “the unauthorized programme”; and altogether he established a cleavage between himself and the more moderate element of the Liberal party. It was thought at the time that all this was part of a complete and well-organized scheme to oust Mr. Gladstone from the leadership and the Marquis of Hartington—now the Duke of Devonshire—from the succession, and to replace the Whig element of the Liberal party by a frankly radical body of men under the leadership of Mr. Chamberlain. An oratorical tour which Mr. Chamberlain undertook at this period increased his growing reputation, especially among the masses. He went to Scotland, and he spoke to the Highland crofters after their own hearts; he went to the agricultural laborers, and he placed before them the vision of a promised land; he everywhere advocated free education and the abolition of all school fees; and the end of it was that during this election, without any exaggeration, Mr. Chamberlain had become a name to conjure with even more powerful than that of Mr. Gladstone. For every cheer raised by the name of the leader three were given for the name of the daring radical lieutenant. It is a curious instance of the unexpectedness of political life that what seemed to every one and according to every calculation the eve of Mr. Chamberlain's attaining the supreme position in the Liberal party turned out to be the close of his connection with all Liberal movement and with the Liberal party.

Everybody knows the political history of Mr. Chamberlain since that period, and there is no need to recapitulate it. I am concerned here rather with an analysis

of his personal and oratorical position in the House of Commons. I have said already that it was some time before the House recognized him as one of its able debaters. But from the time he took part in the struggle over home-rule he has steadily gone up in oratorical reputation, and he has undoubtedly steadily improved in oratorical powers. At the present moment he can claim to be the most formidable and the readiest debater in that assembly. If I were asked to say what is the chief secret of his success as a speaker, I should answer that it is lucidity. Nothing could be more transparent than his language and meaning. The most involved and intricate subject, or the longest and closest line of reasoning, becomes under his hand as simple, as readily intelligible, as an elementary lesson in the alphabet. The second secret of his success is his power of making what are called “hits.” His humor is not a genial one, nor is his temper sweet, and therefore there is considerable acidity in his wit, but it is a kind of wit that is relished by those who happen to agree with Mr. Chamberlain. In the art of crushing an adversary by an inconvenient quotation, by some form of personal thrust, Mr. Chamberlain is also unequalled. It is this gift which makes him as formidable on the platform as he is in the House of Commons—indeed, sometimes more so, for on the platform he is free from some of the restraints by which a man is limited in a legislative assembly. The third secret of his success is his extraordinary industry. When he entered public life he gave up commercial life almost entirely. He is still interested in the new industry of the Bahamas—mainly, I should think, with a view to encouraging the fortunes of one of his children; but with the exception of an occasional excursion like this into the realms of speculation, Mr. Chamberlain is a man of only one pursuit in life, and that pursuit is politics. To just as small an extent are his energies diverted by the pursuit of pleasure or sport. Most Englishmen are compelled by their training and surroundings to devote a certain portion of every year to some form of outdoor exercise—to shooting or fishing or hunting; Mr. Chamberlain is entirely free from any of these wants. He has not even taken up with any of the milder substitutes which are becoming daily more employed by middle-aged men in Eng-

land. He does not golf like Mr. Balfour; he does not cycle like many other public men; he even does not walk. It is said that sometimes he does not for weeks put foot to ground; and as he is said to enjoy the pleasures of the table with keen relish, his health must be regarded as phenomenal. Not only does he always seem to be in the best of spirits and health, but he looks almost the youngest man in the House of Commons for his years. There is a story—which is probably apocryphal—that he was once addressed as a boy who could find accommodation in any kind of hole on a somewhat overloaded vessel. It is certainly true that though he is approaching his sixtieth year, his face is almost boyish in appearance, and there is not a gray hair in his head—certainly not one that can be seen at a distance. This absorption in political life renders him especially formidable in the House of Commons. He comes down there nightly with a store of quotations ready for use against any opponent who happens to leave himself open to attack, and no sooner has the victim sat down than Mr. Chamberlain is on his legs ready to split him with a quotation from some previous utterance. I have no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain is well served by his secretary, and probably also by his son—a clever young fellow who has already given considerable promise; but, nevertheless, it is Mr. Chamberlain who knows how to make use of the material, and the use he makes of it is certainly a very remarkable, and moreover a very deadly Parliamentary gift.

The fault which I find in the speeches of Mr. Chamberlain is that they are thin, shallow, and ungenial. He never strikes me as a man who has thought out his proposals profoundly, and as really concerned much beyond the debating success of the moment. In listening to him you get the impression of a very clever and a very strong man; but you do not—at least I do not—get the impression of a powerful intellect. Indeed, I should say that Mr. Chamberlain's strength is one of temperament rather than of naked intellect. Even the defects of his temperament are an addition to its strength. He himself, I have heard, declares that he has never forgiven; and he does give the impression of a man that it is not safe to antagonize, and that views life in the

archipersonal manner of a man who sees in its broad and varied panorama a struggle for personal supremacy. It is from this temperament that he derives the power of commanding so much obedience. He is not a man who is much loved, and yet he is able to wield a political influence in Birmingham and around it almost as formidable as what the "boss" wields in some American cities. He has got his position by sheer strength of will and character, and it is this which makes him a man who has always to be counted with. The character so hard otherwise has, however, a very soft side where his own family is concerned. He is, I believe, beloved by his children; and when Mr. Gladstone, with inimitable grace, paid a compliment to Mr. Chamberlain on the oratorical promise of his son, Mr. Chamberlain was immediately and profoundly moved; before the whole astonished House this hard man was seen to wipe away the tears that had sprung to his eyes. What the future of Mr. Chamberlain will be it is impossible to tell. I believe, however, he may be regarded as definitely parted from his old companions in arms. Members of Parliament are a compromising race of short memories and forgiving tempers; but the masses are of a different material, and at this moment undoubtedly Mr. Chamberlain is more hated than any other public man by the British masses. The mere mention of his name at any Liberal meeting suffices to elicit a long and fierce howl of execration; and therefore if the men at Westminster were ready to take him back, the people outside would probably refuse. Nor can it be said that the Tories have any great desire to number him in their ranks. No party is especially anxious to take into its fold even the most brilliant deserters from the other side; and Mr. Chamberlain, after all, remains a radical on some questions still. But whether the Tories like him or not, they will have to accept him if he insists on his rights; and, on the whole, my expectation is that he will be a prominent member of the next Tory cabinet.

Here for the moment I have to leave him and other celebrities. Next month I shall be able to recur to the House of Commons, and in addition speak of some of the celebrities and oddities of the House of Lords.

THE MARTIAN.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

PART IX.

"*Cara deſum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum.*"—VIRGIL.

THE immense fame and success that Barty Josselin achieved were to him a source of constant disquiet. He could take neither pride nor pleasure in what seemed to him not his; he thought himself a fraud.

Yet only the mere skeleton of his work was built up for him by his demon; all the beauty of form and color, all the grace of movement and outer garb, are absolutely his own.

It has been noticed how few eminent men of letters were intimate with the Josselins, though the best among them—except, of course, Thomas Carlyle—have been so enthusiastic and outspoken in their love and admiration of his work.

He was never at his ease in their society, and felt himself a kind of charlatan.

The fact is, the general talk of such men was often apt to be over his head, as it would have been over mine, and often made him painfully diffident and shy. He needn't have been; he little knew the kind of feeling he inspired among the highest and best.

Why, one day at the Marathonæum, the first and foremost of them all, the champion smiter of the Philistines, the apostle of culture and sweetness and light, told me that, putting Barty's books out of the question, he always got more profit and pleasure out of Barty's society than that of any man he knew.

"It does me good to be in the same room with him; the freshness of the man, his voice, his aspect, his splendid vitality and mother-wit, his boyish spirit, and the towering genius behind it all. I only wish to goodness I was an intimate friend of his, as you are; it would be a liberal education to me!"

But Barty's reverence and admiration for true scholarship and great literary culture in others amounted to absolute awe, and filled him with self-distrust.

There is no doubt that, until he was universally accepted, the crudeness of his literary method was duly criticised with

great severity by those professional literary critics who sometimes carp with such a big mouth at their betters, and occasionally kill the Keatses of this world!

In writing, as in everything else, he was an amateur, and more or less remained one for life; but the greatest of his time accepted him at once, and laughed and wept, and loved him for his obvious faults as well as for his qualities. *Tous les genres sont bons, hormis le genre ennuyeux!* And Barty was so delightfully the reverse of a bore!

Dear me! what matters it how faultlessly we paint or write or sing, if no one will care to look or read or listen? He is all fault that hath no fault at all, and we poor outsiders all but yawn in his face for his pains.

They should only paint and write and sing for each other, these impeccables, who so despise success and revile the successful. How do they live, I wonder? Do they take in each other's washing, or review each other's books?

It edifies one to see what a lot of trouble these deriders of other people's popularity will often take to advertise themselves, and how they yearn for that popular acclaim they so scornfully denounce.

Barty was not a well-read man by any means; his scholarship was that of an idle French boy who leaves school at seventeen, after having been plucked for a cheap French degree, and goes straightway into her Majesty's Household Brigade.

At the beginning of his literary career it would cut him to the quick to find himself alluded to as that inspired Anglo-Gallic buffoon, the ex-guardsman, whose real vocation, when he wasn't twaddling about the music of the spheres, or writing moral French books, was to be Mr. Toole's understudy.

He was even impressed by the smartness of those second-rate decadents, French and English, who so gloried in their own degeneracy—as though one were to glory

in scrofula or rickets; those unpleasant little anthropoids with the sexless little Muse and the dirty little Eros, who would ride their angry, jealous little tilt at him in the vain hope of provoking some retort which would have lifted them up to glory! Where are they now? He has improved them all away! Who ever hears of decadents nowadays?

Then there were the grubs of Grub Street, who sometimes manage to squirt a drop from their slime-bags on to the swiftly passing boot that scorns to squash them. He had no notion of what manner of creatures they really were, these gentles! He did not meet them at any club he belonged to—it was not likely. Clubs have a way of blackballing grubs—especially grubs that are out of the common grubby; nor did he sit down to dinner with them at any dinner table, or come across them at any house he was by way of frequenting; but he imagined they were quite important persons because they did not sign their articles! and he quite mistook their place in the economy of creation. C'était un naïf, le Beau Josselin!

Big fleas have little fleas, and they've got to put up with them! There is no "poudre insecticide" for literary vermin—and more's the pity! (Good Heavens! what would the generous and delicate-minded Barty say, if he were alive, at my delivering myself in this unworthy fashion about these long-forgotten assailants of his, and at my age too—he who never penned a line in retaliation! He would say I was the most unseemly grub of them all, and he would be quite right; so I am just now, and ought to know better—but it amuses me.)

Then there were the melodious bardlets who imitate those who imitate those who imitate the forgotten minor poets of the olden time, and log-roll each other in quaint old English. They did not log-roll Barty, whom they thought coarse and vulgar, and wrote to that effect in very plain English that was not old, but quite up to date.

"How splendidly they write verse!" he would say, and actually once or twice he would pick up one or two of their cheap little archaic mannerisms and proudly use them as his own, and be quite angry to find that Leah had carefully expunged them in her copy.

"A fair and gracious garden indeed!" says Leah. "I won't have you use such

ridiculous words, Barty—you mean a pretty garden, and you shall say so; or even a beautiful garden if you like!—and no more 'manifests,' and 'there-abouts,' and 'in veriest sooths,' and 'waters wan,' and 'wan waters,' and all that. I won't stand it; they don't suit your style at all!"

She and Scatcherd and I between us soon laughed him out of these innocent little literary vagaries, and he remained content with the homely words he had inherited from his barbarian ancestors in England (they speak good English, our barbarians), and the simple phrasing he had learnt from M. Durosier's classe de littérature at the Institution Brossard.

One language helps another; even the smattering of a dead language is better than no extra language at all, and that's why, at such cost of time and labor and paternal cash, we learn to smatter Greek and Latin, I suppose. "Arma, virumque cano"—"Tityre, tu, patulæ"—"Mæcenas atavis"—"Μῆνιν ἄειδε"—and there you are! It sticks in the memory, and it's as simple as "How d'ye do?"

Anyhow it is pretty generally admitted, both here and in France, that for grace and ease and elegance and absolute clearness combined, Barty Josselin's literary style has never been surpassed, and very seldom equalled; and whatever his other faults, when he was at his ease he had the same graceful gift in his talk, both French and English.

It might be worth while my translating here the record of an impression made by Barty and his surroundings on a very accomplished Frenchman, M. Paroly, of the *Débats*, who paid him a visit in the summer of 1869, at Campden Hill.

I may mention that Barty hated to be interviewed and questioned about his literary work—he declared he was afraid of being found out.

But if once the interviewer managed to evade the lynx-eyed Leah, who had a horror of him, and get inside the studio, and make good his footing there, and were a decently pleasant fellow to boot, Barty would soon get over his aversion, utterly forget he was being interviewed, and talk as to an old friend; especially if the reviewer were a Frenchman or an American.

The interviewer is an insidious and wily person, and often presents himself to the soft-hearted celebrity in such humble and pathetic guise that one really hasn't the courage to snub him. He has

come such a long way for such a little thing! it is such a lowly function he plies at the foot of that tall tree whose top you reached at a single bound! And he is supposed to be a "gentleman," and has no other means of keeping body and soul together! Then he is so prostrate in admiration before your Immensity. . . .

So you give way, and out comes the little note-book, and out comes the little cross-examination.

As a rule, you are none the worse and the world is none the better; we know all about you already—all, at least, that we want to know; we have heard it all before, over and over again. But a poor fellow-creature has earned his crust, and goes home the happier for having talked to you about yourself and been treated like a man and a brother.

But sometimes the reviewer is very terrible indeed in his jaunty vulgarization of your distinguished personality, and you have to wince and redden, and rue the day you let him inside your house, and live down those light familiar paragraphs in which he describes you and the way you dress and how you look, and what jolly things you say; and on what free and easy terms *he* is with you, of all people in the world!

But the most terrible of all is the pleasant gentleman from America, who has yearned to know you for so many years, and comes perhaps with a letter of introduction—or even without!—not to interview you or write about you (good Heavens! he hates and scorns that modern pest, the interviewer), but to sit at your feet and worship at your shrine, and tell you of all the good you have done him and his, all the happiness you have given them all—"the debt of a lifetime!"

And you let yourself go before him, and so do your family, and so do your old friends: is *he* not also a friend, though not an old one? You part with him almost in sorrow, he's so nice! And in three weeks some kind person sends you from the other side such a printed account of you and yours—so abominably true, so abominably false—that the remembrance of it makes you wake up in the dead of night, and most unjustly loathe an entire continent for breeding and harboring such a shameless type of press reptile!

I feel hard-hearted towards the interviewer, I own. I wish him, and those

who employ him, a better trade; and a better taste to whoever reads what he writes. But Barty could be hard-hearted to nobody, and always regretted having granted the interview when he saw the published outcome of it.

Fortunately, M. Paroly was decently discreet.

"I've got a Frenchman coming this afternoon—a tremendous swell," said Barty at lunch.

LEAH. "Who is he?"

BARTY. "M. Paroly, of the *Débats*."

LEAH. "What is he when he's at home?"

BARTY. "A famous journalist; as you'd know if you'd read the French newspapers sometimes, which you never do."

LEAH. "Haven't got the time. He's coming to interview you, I suppose, and make French newspaper copy out of you."

BARTY. "Why shouldn't he come just for the pleasure of making my acquaintance?"

LEAH. "And mine—I'll be there and talk to him too!"

BARTY. "My dear, he probably doesn't speak a word of English; and your French, you know! You never *would* learn French properly, although you've had me to practise on for so many years—not to mention Bob and Ida."

LEAH. "How unkind of you, Barty! When have I had time to trouble about French? Besides, you always laugh at my French accent and mimic it—and *that's* not encouraging!"

BARTY. "My dear, I *adore* your French accent; it's so unaffected! I only wish I heard it a little oftener."

LEAH. "You shall hear it this afternoon. At what o'clock is he coming, your Monsieur Paroly?"

BARTY. "At four thirty."

LEAH. "Oh, Barty, *don't* give yourself away—don't talk to him about your writings, or about yourself, or about your family. He'll vulgarize you all over France. Surely you've not forgotten that nice 'gentleman' from America who came to see you, and who told you that *he* was no interviewer, not *he*! but came merely as a friend and admirer—a distant but constant worshipper for many years! and how you talked to him like a long-lost brother in consequence. 'There's nobody in the world like the best Amer-

icans,' you said. You adored them *all*, and wanted to be an American yourself—till a month after, when he published every word you said, and more, and what sort of cravat you had on, and how silent and cold and uncommunicative your good, motherly English wife was—you, the brilliant and talkative Barty Josselin, who should have mated with a country-woman of his own! and how your bosom-friend was a huge, overgrown, every-day Briton with a broken nose! I saw what he was at, from the low cunning in his face as he listened; and felt that every single unguarded word you dropped was a dollar in his pocket! How we've all had to live down that dreadfully facetious and grotesque and familiar article he printed about us all in those twenty American newspapers that have got the largest circulation in the world! and how you stamped and raved, Barty, and swore that never another American 'gentleman' should enter your house! What names you called him: 'cad!' 'sweep!' 'low-bred, little Yankee penny-a-liner!' Don't you remember? Why, he described you as a quite nice-looking man somewhat over the middle height!"

"Oh yes; damn him, I remember!" said Barty, who was three or four inches over six feet, and quite openly vain of his good looks.

LEAH. "Well, then, pray be cautious with this Monsieur Paroly you think so much of because he's French. Let *him* talk—interview *him*—ask him all about his family, if he's got one—his children, and all that; play a game of billiards with him—talk French politics—dance 'La Paladine'—make him laugh—make him smoke one of those strong Trichinopoli cigars Bob gave you for the tops of omnibuses—make him feel your biceps—teach him how to play cup and ball—give him a sketch—then bring him in to tea. Madame Cornelys will be there, and Julia Ironsides, and Ida, who'll talk French by the yard. Then we'll show him the St. Bernards and Minerva, and I'll give him an armful of Gloire de Dijon roses, and shake him warmly by the hand, so that he won't feel ill-natured towards us; and we'll get him out of the house as quick as possible."

Thus prepared, Barty awaited M. Paroly, and this is a free rendering of what M. Paroly afterwards wrote about him:

"With a mixture of feelings difficult to analyze and define, I bade adieu to the sage and philosopher of Cheyne Row, and had myself transported in my hansom to the abode of the other great *sommité littéraire* in London, the light one—M. Josselin, to whom we in France also are so deeply in debt.

"After a longish drive through sordid streets we reached a bright historic vicinity and a charming hill, and my invisible Jehu guided me at the great trot by verdant country lanes. We turned through lodge gates into a narrow drive in a well-kept garden where there was a lawn of English greenness, on which were children and nurses and many dogs, and young people who played at the lawn-tennis.

"The door of the house was opened by a charming young woman in black with a white apron and cap, like a waitress at the Bouillon Duval, who guided me through a bright corridor full of pictures and panoplies, and then through a handsome studio to a billiard-room, where M. Josselin was playing at the billiard to himself all alone.

"M. Josselin receives me with jovial cordiality; he is enormously tall, enormously handsome, like a drum-major of the Imperial Guard, except that his lip and chin are shaved and he has slight whiskers; very well dressed, with thick curly fair hair, and regular features, and a singularly sympathetic voice: he is about thirty-five.

"I have to decline a game of billiards, and refuse a cigar—a very formidable cigar, very black and very thick and very long. I don't smoke, and am no hand at a cue. Besides, I want to talk about *Étoiles Mortes*, about *Les Trépassées de François Villon*, about *Déjanire et Dalila*.

"M. Josselin speaks French as he writes it, in absolute perfection; his mother, he tells me, was from Normandy—the daughter of fisherfolk in Dieppe; he was at school in Paris, and has lived there as an art student.

"He does not care to talk about *Les Trépassées* or *Les Étoiles*, or any of his immortal works.

"He asks me if I'm a good swimmer, and can do *la coupe* properly: and leaning over his billiard table he shows me how it ought to be done, and dilates on the merits of that mode of getting through

the water. He confides to me that he suffers from a terrible nostalgia—a consuming desire to do *la coupe* in the swimming-baths of Passy against the current; to take a header *à la hussarde* with his eyes open and explore the bed of the Seine between Grenelle and the Île des Cygnes, as he used to do when he was a school-boy—and pick up mussels with his teeth.

"Then he explains to me the peculiar virtues of his stove, which is almost entirely an invention of his own, and shows me how he can regulate the heat of the room to the fraction of a degree centigrade, which he prefers to Fahrenheit—just as he prefers metres and centimetres to inches and feet—and ten to twelve!

"After this he performs some very clever tricks with billiard balls; juggles three of them in each hand simultaneously, and explains to me that this is an exceptional achievement, as he only sees out of one eye, and that no acrobat living could do the same with one eye shut.

"I quite believe him, and wonder and admire, and his face beams with honest satisfaction—and this is the man who wrote *La quatrième Dimension*!

"Then he tells me some very funny French schoolboy stories; he delights in my hearty laughter; they are capital stories, but I had heard them all before—when I was at school.

"And now, M. Josselin,' I say, 'à propos of that last story you've just told me; in the *Trépassées de François Villon* you have omitted "la très sage Héloïse" altogether.'

"Oh, have I? How stupid of me!—Abélard and all that! Ah, well—there's plenty of time—nous allons arranger tout ça! All that sort of thing comes to me in the night, you know, when I'm half asleep in bed—a—a—I mean after lunch in the afternoon, when I take my siesta.'

"Then he leads me into his studio and shows me pencil studies from the life, things of ineffable beauty of form and expression—things that haunt the memory.

"Show me a study for *Déjanire*,' I say.

"Oh! I'll draw *Déjanire* for you,' and he takes a soft pencil and a piece of smooth card-board, and in five minutes draws me an outline of a naked woman on a centaur's back, a creature of a touching beauty no other hand in the world could produce—so aristocratically, delicately English and of to-day—so severe-

ly, so nobly and classically Greek. C'est la chasteté même—mais ce n'est pas *Déjanire*!

"He gives me this sketch, which I rechristen *Godiva*, and value as I value few things I possess.

"Then he shows me pencil studies of children's heads, from nature; and I exclaim:

"Oh Heaven, what a dream of childhood! Childhood is never so beautiful as that.'

"Oh yes, it is, in England, I assure you,' says he. 'I'll show you *my* children presently; and you, have you any children?'

"Alas! no,' I reply; 'I am a bachelor.'

"I remark that from time to time, just as the moon veils itself behind a passing cloud, the radiance of his brilliant and jovial physiognomy is eclipsed by the expression of a sadness immense, mysterious, infinite; this is followed by a look of angelic candor and sweetness and gentle heroism, that moves you strangely, even to the heart, and makes appeal to all your warmest and deepest sympathies—the look of a very masculine Joan of Arc! You don't know why, but you feel you would make any sacrifice for a man who looks at you like that—follow him to the death—lead a forlorn hope at his bidding.

"He does not exact from me anything so arduous as this, but passing round my neck his powerful arm, he says:

"Come and drink some tea; I should like to present you to my wife.'

"And he leads me through another corridor to a charming drawing-room that gives on to the green lawn of the garden.

"There are several people there, taking the tea.

"He presents me first to Madame Josselin. If the husband is enormously handsome, the wife is a beauty absolutely divine; she also is very tall—très élégante; she has soft wavy black hair, and eyes and eyebrows d'un noir de jais, and a complexion d'une blancheur de lys, with just a point of carmine in the cheeks. She does not say much—she speaks French with difficulty—but she expresses with her smiling eyes so cordial and sincere a welcome that one feels glad to be in the same room with her; one feels it is a happy privilege; it does one good; one ceases to feel one may possibly be an intruder, one almost feels one is wanted there.

"I am then presented to three or four other ladies; and it would seem that the greatest beauties of London have given each other rendezvous in Madame Josselin's salon—this London, where are to be found the most beautiful women in the world, and the ugliest.

"First, I salute the Countess of Ironsides—ah, mon Dieu, la Diane chasseresse—la Sappho de Pradier! Then Madame Cornelys, the wife of the great sculptor, who lives next door—a daughter of the ancient gods of Greece! Then a magnificent blonde, an old friend of theirs, who speaks French absolutely like a French woman, and says thee and thou to M. Josselin, and introduces me to her brother, un vrai type de colosse bon enfant, d'une tenue irréprochable [thank you, M. Paroly], who also speaks the French of France, for he was at school there—a schoolfellow of our host.

"There are two or three children, girls, more beautiful than anything or anybody else in the house—in the world, I think! They give me tea and cakes, and bread-and-butter; most delicious tartines, as thin as wafers, and speak French well, and relate to me the biographies of their animals, une vraie ménagerie which I afterwards have to visit—immense dogs, rabbits, hedgehogs, squirrels, white mice, and a gigantic owl, who answers to the name of Minerva.

"I find myself, ma foi, very happy among these wonderful people, and preserve an impression of beauty, of bonhomie, of naturalness and domestic felicity, quite unlike anything I have ever been privileged to see—an impression never to be forgotten.

"But as for *Étoiles Mortes* and *Les Trépassées de François Villon*, I really have to give them up; the beautiful big dogs are more important than all the books in the world, even the master's—even the master himself!

"However, I want no explanation to see and understand how M. Josselin has written most of his chefs-d'œuvre from the depths of a happy consciousness habituated to all that is most graceful and charming and seductive in real life—and a deeply sympathetic, poignant, and compassionate sense of the contrast to all this.

"Happy mortal, happy family, happy country where grow (poussent) such people, and where such children flourish! The souvenir of that so brief hour spent

at Gretna Lodge is one of the most beautiful souvenirs of my life—and, above all, the souvenir of the belle châtelaine who filled my hansom with beautiful roses culled by her own fair hand, which gave me at parting that cordial English pressure so much more suggestive of *Au revoir* than *Adieu*!

"It is with sincere regret one leaves people who part with one so regretfully.

ALPHONSE PAROLY."

Except that good and happy women have no history, I should almost like to write the history of Barty's wife, and call it the history of the busiest and most hard-working woman in Great Britain.

Barty left everything to her—to the very signing of cheques. He would have nothing to do with any business of any kind.

He wouldn't even carve at lunch or dinner. Leah did, unless I was there.

It is but fair to say he worked as hard as any man I know. When he was not writing or drawing, he was thinking about drawing or writing; when they got to Marsfield, he hardly ever stirred outside the grounds.

There he would garden with gardeners, or cut down trees, or do carpenter's work in his short intervals of rest, or groom a horse.

How often have I seen him suddenly drop a spade or axe or saw or curry-comb, and go straight off to a thatched gazebo he had built himself, where writing materials were left, and write down the happy thought that had occurred; and then, pipe in mouth, back to his gardening or the rest!

I also had a gazebo, close to his, where I read blue books and wrote my endless correspondence with the help of a secretary—only too glad, both of us, to be disturbed by festive and frolicsome young Bartys of either sex—by their dogs—by their mother!

Leah's province it was to attend to all the machinery by which life was carried on in this big house, and social intercourse, and the education of the young, and endless hospitalities.

She would even try to coach her boys in Latin and Euclid during their preparation times for the school where they spent the day, two miles off. Such Latin! such geometry! She could never master the ablative absolute, nor what used to be



called at Brossard's *le que retranché*, nor see the necessity of demonstrating by $A+B$ what was sufficiently obvious to her without.

"Who helps you in your Latin, my boy?" says the master, with a grin.

"My father," says Geoffrey, too loyal to admit it was his mother who had coached him wrong.

"Ah, I suppose he helps you with your Euclid also!" says the master, with a broader grin still.

"Yes, sir," says Geoffrey.

"Your father's French, I suppose?"

"I dare say, sir," says Geoffrey.

"Ah, I thought so!"

All of which was very unfair to Barty, whose Latin, like that of most boys who have been brought up at a French school, was probably quite as good as the English schoolmaster's own, except for its innocence of quantities; and Blanchet and Legendre are easier to learn than Euclid, and stick longer in the memory; and Barty remembered well.

Then, besides the many friends who came to the pleasant house to stay, or else for lunch or tea or dinner, there were pious pilgrims from all parts of the world, as to a shrine—from Paris, from Germany, Italy, Norway, and Sweden; from America especially. Leah had to play the hostess almost every day of her life, and show off her lion, and make him roar and wag his tail, and stand on his hind legs—a lion that was not always in the mood to tumble and be shown off, unless the pilgrims were pretty and of the female sex.

Barty was a man's man par excellence, and loved to forgather with men. The only men he couldn't stand were those we have agreed to call, in modern English, the philistines and the prigs—or both combined, as they can sometimes be; and this objection of his would have considerably narrowed his circle of male acquaintance but that the philistines and the prigs, who so detest each other, were so dotingly fond of Barty, and ran him to earth in Marsfield.

The philistines loved him for his world-wide popularity; the prigs, in spite of it! They loved him for himself alone—because they couldn't help it, I suppose—and lamented over him as over a fallen angel.

He was happiest of all with the good denizens of bohemia who have known

want and temptation and have come unscathed out of the fire, but with their affections and insincerities and conventionalities all burnt away.

Good old bohemia—alma mater dolorosa; stern old gray she-wolf with the dry teats—*marâtre au cœur de pierre*! It is not a bad school in which to graduate, if you can do so without loss of principle, or sacrifice of the delicate bloom of honor and self-respect.

Next to these I think he loved the barbarians he belonged to on his father's side, who, whatever their faults, are seldom prigs or philistines; and then he loved the proletarians who had good straightforward manners and no pretension—the laborer, the skilled artisan, especially the toilers of the sea.

In spite of his love of his own sex, he was of the kind that can go to the devil for a pretty woman.

He did not do this; he married one instead, fortunately for himself and for his children and for her, and stuck to her, and preferred her society to any society in the world. Her mere presence seemed to have an extraordinarily soothing influence on him; it was as though life was short, and he could never see enough of her in the allotted time and space; the chronic necessity of her nearness to him became a habit and a second nature—like his pipe, as he would say.

Still, he was such a slave to his own æsthetic eye and ever-youthful heart that the sight of lovely woman pleased him more than the sight of anything else on earth; he delighted in her proximity, in the rustle of her garments, in the sound of her voice; and lovely woman's instinct told her this, so that she was very fond of Barty in return.

He was especially popular with sweet pretty young girls, to whom his genial, happy, paternal manner always endeared him. They felt as safe with Barty as with any father or uncle, for all his facetious love-making; he made them laugh, and they loved him for it, and they forgot his Apollonship, and his Lionhood, and his general Immensity, which he never remembered himself.

It is to be feared that women who lacked the heavenly gift of good looks did not interest him quite so much, whatever other gifts they might possess, unless it were the gift of making lovely music. The little brown nightingale outshone

the brilliant bird-of-paradise if she were a true nightingale; if she were very brown indeed, he would shut his eyes and listen with all his ears, rapt, as in a heavenly dream. And the closed lids would moisten, especially the lid that hid the eye that couldn't see—the emotional one!—although he was the least lachrymose of men, since it was with such a dry eye he wrote what I could scarcely read for my tears.

But his natural kindliness and geniality made him always try and please those who tried to please him, beautiful or the reverse, whether they succeeded or not; and he was just as popular with the ducks and geese as with the swans and peacocks and nightingales and birds-of-paradise. The dull, commonplace dames who prosed and buzzed and bored, the elderly intellectual virgins who knew nothing of life but what they had read—or written—in "Tendenz" novels, yet sadly rebuked him, more in sorrow than in anger, for this passage or that in his books, about things out of their ken altogether, etc.

His playful amenity disarmed the most aggressive blue-stocking, orthodox or Unitarian, Catholic or Hebrew—radicals, agnostics, vegetarians, teetotalers, anti-vaccinationists, anti-vivisectionists—even anti-things that don't concern decent women at all, whether married or single.

It was only when his privacy was invaded by some patronizing, loud-voiced *nouvelle-riche* with a low-bred physiognomy that no millions on earth could gild or refine, and manners to match; some foolish, fashionable, would-be worldling, who combined the arch little coquetties and impertinent affectations of a spoilt beauty with the ugliness of an Aztec or an Esquimaux; some silly, titled old frump who frankly ignored his tea-making wife and daughters and talked to him only—and only about her grotesque and ugly self—and told him of all the famous painters who had wanted to paint her for the last hundred years—it was only then he grew glum and reserved and depressed and made an unfavorable impression on the other sex.

What it must have cost him not to express his disgust more frankly! for reticence on any matter was almost a torture to him.

Most of us have a mental sanctum to which we retire at times, locking the door

behind us; and there we think of high and beautiful things, and hold commune with our Maker; or count our money; or improvise that repartee the gods withheld last night, and shake hands with ourselves for our wit; or caress the thought of some darling secret wickedness or vice; or revel in dreams of some hidden hate, or some love we mustn't own; and curse those we have to be civil to whether we like them or not; and nurse our little envies till we almost get to like them.

There we remember all the stupid and unkind things we've ever said or thought or done, and all the slights that have ever been put on us, and secretly plan the revenge that never comes off—because time has softened our hearts, let us hope, when opportunity serves at last!

That Barty had no such holy of holies to creep into I feel pretty sure—unless it was the wifely heart of Leah; whatever came into his head came straight out of his mouth; he had nothing to conceal, and thought aloud, for all the world to hear; and it does credit, I think, to the singular goodness and guilelessness of his nature that he could afford to be so outspoken through life and yet give so little offence to others as he did. His indiscretion did very little harm, and his naïve self-revelation only made him the more lovable to those who knew him well.

They were poor creatures, the daws who pecked at that manly heart, so stanch and warm and constant.

As for Leah, it was easy to see that she looked upon her husband as a fixed star, and was well pleased to tend and minister and revolve, and shine with no other light than his; it was in reality an absolute adoration on her part. But she very cleverly managed to hide it from him: she was not the kind of woman that makes a door-mat of herself for the man she loves. She kept him in very good order indeed.

It was her theory that female adoration is not good for masculine vanity, and that he got quite enough of it outside his own home; and she would make such fun of him and his female adorers all over the world that he grew to laugh at them himself, and to value a pat on the back and a hearty "Well done, Barty!" from his wife more than

"The blandishments of all the womankind
In Europe and America combined."

Gentle and kind and polite as she was,

however, she could do battle in defence of her great man, who was so backward at defending himself; and very effective battle too.

As an instance among many, illustrating her method of warfare: Once at an important house a very immense personage (who had an eye for a pretty woman) had asked to be introduced to her, and had taken her down to supper—a very immense personage indeed, whose fame had penetrated to the uttermost ends of the earth, and deservedly made his name a beloved household word wherever our tongue is spoken, so that it was in every Englishman's mouth all over the world—as Barty's is now.

Leah was immensely impressed, and treated his elderly Immensity to a very full measure of the deference that was his due; and such open homage is not always good for even the Immensest Immensities—it sometimes makes them give themselves immense airs. So that this particular Immensity began mildly but firmly to patronize Leah. This she didn't mind on her own account, but when he said, quite casually:

"By-the-way, I forget if I *know* your good husband; do I?" she was not pleased, and immediately answered:

"I really can't say; I don't think I ever heard him mention your name!"

This was not absolutely veracious on Leah's part; for to Barty in those days this particular great man was a god, and he was always full of him. But it brought the immense one back to his bearings at once, and he left off patronizing, and was almost humble.

Anyhow it was a lie so white that the recording angel will probably delete what there is of it with a genial smile, and leave a little blank in its place.

In an old diary of Leah's I find the following entry:

"March 6, 1874. — Mamma and Ida Scatcherd came to stay. In the evening our sixth daughter and eighth child was born."

Julia (Mrs. Mainwaring) was this favored person—and is still. Julia and her predecessors have all lived and flourished up to now.

The Josselins had been exceptionally fortunate in their children; each new specimen seemed an even finer specimen than the last. The health of this remark-

able family had been exemplary—measles and mumps and whooping-cough their only ailments.

During the month of Leah's confinement Barty's nocturnal literary activity was unusually great. Night after night he wrote in his sleep, and accumulated enough raw material to last him a lifetime; for the older he grew and the more practised his hand, the longer it took him to give his work the shape he wished: he became more fastidious year by year as he became less of an amateur.

One morning, a day or two before his wife's complete recovery, he found a long personal letter from Martia by his bedside—a letter that moved him very deeply, and gave him food for thought during many weeks and months and years:

"MY BELOVED BARTY.—The time has come at last when I must bid you farewell.

"I have outstaid my proper welcome on earth as a disembodied conscience by just a hundred years, and my desire for reincarnation has become an imperious passion, not to be resisted.

"It is more than a desire—it is a duty as well, a duty far too long deferred.

"Barty, I am going to be your next child. I can conceive no greater earthly felicity than to be a child of yours and Leah's. I should have been one long before, but that you and I have had so much to do together for this beautiful earth—a great debt to pay: you, for being as you are; I, for having known you.

"Barty, you have no conception what you are to me and always have been.

"I am to you but a name, a vague idea, a mysterious inspiration; sometimes a questionable guide, I fear. You don't even believe all I have told you about myself; you think it all a somnambulist invention of your own; and so does your wife; and so does your friend.

"O that I could connect myself in your mind with the shape I wore when I was last a living thing! No shape on earth, not either yours or Leah's or that of any child yet born to you both, is more beautiful to the eye that has learnt how to see than the fashion of that lost face and body of mine.

"You wore the shape once, and so did your father and mother, for you were Martians. Leah was a Martian, and wore it too; there are many of them here; they



"I DON'T THINK I EVER HEARD HIM MENTION YOUR NAME."

are the best on earth, the very salt thereof. I mean to be the best of them all, and one of the happiest. Oh, help me to that!

"Barty, when I am a splendid son of yours, or a sweet and lovely daughter, all remembrance of what I was before will have been wiped out of me until I die. But *you* will remember, and so will Leah, and both will love me with such a love as no earthly parents have ever felt for any child of theirs yet.

"Think of the poor loving soul, lone, wandering, but not lost, that will so trustfully look up to you out of those gleeful, innocent eyes!

"How that soul has suffered both here and elsewhere you don't know, and never will till the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed; and I am going to forget it myself for a few decades—sixty, seventy, eighty years perhaps; such happy years, I hope—with you for my father and Leah for my mother, during some of them at least—and sweet grandchildren of yours, I hope, for my sons and daughters! Why, life to me now will be almost a holiday.

"Oh, train me up the way I should go! Bring me up to be healthy and chaste and strong and brave—never to know a mean ambition, or think an ungenerous thought—never to yield to a base or unworthy temptation.

"If I'm a boy—and I want to be a boy very much (although perhaps a girl would be dearer to your heart)—don't let me be either a soldier or a sailor, however much I may wish it as a Josselin or a Rohan; don't bring me up to buy or sell like a Gibson, or deal in law like a Bletchley.

"Bring me up to invent, or make something useful, if it's only pickles or soap, but not to buy and sell them; bring me up to build or heal or paint or write or make music—to help or teach or please.

"If I'm a girl, bring me up to be as much like Leah as you can, and marry me to just such another as yourself, if you can find him. Whether I'm a girl or a boy, call me Marty, that my name may rhyme with yours.

"When my conscience re-embodies itself, I want it never to know another pang of self-reproach. And when I'm grown up, if you think it right to do so, tell me who and what I once was, that I may love you both the more; tell me how fondly I loved you when I was a bland

and fleeting little animalcule, without a body, but making my home in yours—so that when you die I may know how irrevocably bound up together we must forever be, we three; and rejoice the more in your death and Leah's and my own. Teach me over again all I've ever taught you, Barty—over and over again!

"Alas! perhaps you don't believe all this! How can I give you a sign?

"There are many ways; but a law, of necessity inexorable, forbids it. Such little entity as I possess would cease to be; it was all but lost when I saved your life—and again when I told you that you were the beloved of Julia Royce. It would not do for us Martians to meddle with earthly things; the fat would soon be in the fire, I can tell you!

"Try and trust me, Barty, and give me the benefit of any doubt.

"You have work planned out for many years to come, and are now yourself so trained that you can do without me. You know what you have still to say to mankind; never write a line about which you are not sure.

"For another night or two you will be my host, and this splendid frame of yours my hostelry; on y est très bien. Be hospitable still for a little while—make the most of me; hug me tight; squeeze me warm!

"As soon as Leah is up and about and herself again you will know me no more, and no more feel the north.

"Ah! you will never realize what it is for me to bid you good-by, my Barty, my Barty! All that is in your big heart and powerful brain to feel of grief belongs to me, now that you are fast asleep. And your genius for sorrow, which you have never really tested yet, is as great as any gift you possess.

"Happy Barty, who have got to forty years without sounding the great depths, and all through me! What will you do without your poor devoted unknown Martia to keep watch over you, and ward—to fight for you like a wild-cat, if necessary?

"Leah must be your wild-cat now. She has it in her to be a tigress when you are concerned, or any of her children! Next to you, Leah is the darling of my heart; for it's your heart I make use of to love her with.

"I want you to tell the world all about your Martia some day. They may dis-

believe, as you do; but good fruit will come of it in the future. Martians will have a freer hand with you all, and that will be a good thing for the earth; they were trained in a good hard school—they are the Spartans of our universe.

"Such things will come to pass, before many years are over, as are little dreamt of now, and all through your wanting to swallow that dose of cyanide at No. 36 rue des Ursulines Blanches, and my having the gumption to prevent you!

"It's a good seed that we have sown, you and I. It was not right that this beautiful planet should go much longer drifting through space without a single hope that is not an illusion, without a single hint of what life should really be, without a goal.

"Why such darkness under so bright a sun! such blindness to what is so patent! such a deaf ear to the roaring of that thunderous harmony which you call the eternal silence!—you of the earth, earthy, who can hear the little trumpet of the mosquito so well that it makes you fidget and fret and fume all night, and robs you of your rest. Then the sun rises and frightens the mosquitoes away, and you think that's what the sun is for, and are thankful; but why the deuce a mosquito should sting you, you can't make out! mystery of mysteries!

"At the back of your brain is a little speck of perishable matter, Barty; it is no bigger than a needle's point, but it is bigger in you than in anybody else I know, except in Leah; and in your children it is bigger still—almost as big as the point of a pin!

"If they pair well, and it is in them to do so if they follow their inherited instinct, their children and their children's children will have that speck still bigger. When that speck becomes as big as a millet seed in your remote posterity, then it will be as big as in a Martian, and the earth will be a very different place, and man of earth greater and even better than the Martian by all the greatness of his ampler, subtler, and more complex brain; his sense of the Deity will be as an eagle's sense of the sun at noon in a cloudless tropical sky; and he will know how to bear that effulgence without a blink, as he stands on his lonely summit, ringed by the azure world.

"Indeed, there will be no more Martians in Mars by that time; they are near

the end of their lease; all good Martians will have gone to Venus, let us hope; if not to the Sun itself!

"Man has many thousands of years before him yet ere his little ball of earth gets too cold for him; the little speck in his brain may grow to the size of a pea, a cherry, a walnut, an egg, an orange! He will have in him the magnetic consciousness of the entire solar system, and hold the keys of time and space as long and as far as the sun shines for us all—and then there will be the beginning of everything. And all through that little episode in the street of those White Ursulines! And the seed of Barty and Leah will overflow to the uttermost ends of the earth, and finally blossom and bear fruit for ever and ever beyond the stars.

"What a beginning for a new order of things! what a getting up stairs! what an awakening! what an annunciation!

"Do you remember that knock at the door?

"*Il est dix heures, savez-vous? Voulez-vous votre café dans votre chambre?*"

"She little knew, poor little Frau! humble little Finche Torfs, lowly Flemish virgin, who loved you as the moth loves the star; villain mangeur de cœurs que vous êtes!

"Barty, I wish your wife to hear nothing of this till the child who once was your Martia shall have seen the light of day with eyes of its own; tell her that I have left you at last, but don't tell her why or how; tell her some day, years hence, if you think she will love me the better for it; not otherwise.

"When you wake, Barty, I shall still be inside you; say to me in your mezza voce all the kind things you can think of—such things as you would have said to your mother had she lived till now, and you were speeding her on a long and uncertain journey.

"How you would have loved your mother! She was most beautiful, and of the type so dear to you. Her skin was almost as white as Leah's, her eyes almost as black, her hair even blacker; like Leah, she was tall and slim and lithe and graceful. She might have been Leah's mother too, for the likeness between them. How often you remind me of her when you laugh or sing, and when you're funny in French; those droll, quick gestures and quaint intonations, that ease and freedom and deftness as you move! And then



"I'M A PHILISTINE, AND NOT ASHAMED."

you become English in a moment, and your big, burly, fair-haired father has come back, with his high voice, and his high spirits, and his frank blue eyes, like yours, so kind and brave and genial.

"And you, dear, what a baby you were—a very prince among babies; ah! if I can only be like that when I begin again!

"The people in the Tuileries garden used to turn round and stare and smile at you when Rosalie with the long blue streamers bore you along as proudly as if Louis Philippe were your grandfather and she the royal wet-nurse; and later, after that hideous quarrel about nothing, and the fatal fight by the 'Mare aux Biches,' how the good fisher-people of Le Pollet adored you!—'un vrai petit St.-Jean! il nous portera bonheur, bien sûr!'"

"You have been thoroughly well loved all your life, my Barty, but most of all by me—never forget that!

"I have been your father and your mother when they sat and watched your baby sleep; I have been Rosalie when she gave you the breast; I have been your French grandfather and grandmother quarrelling as to which of the two should nurse you as they sat and sunned themselves on their humble door-step in the rue des Guignes!

"I have been your doting wife when you sang to her, your children when you made them laugh till they cried. I've been Lady Archibald when you danced the Dieppoise after tea, in Dover, with your little bare legs; and Aunt Caroline too, as she nursed you in Malines after that silly duel where you behaved so well; and I've been by turns Mérovée Brossard, Bonzig, old Laferté, Mlle. Marceline, Finche Torfs, poor little Marianina, Julia Royce, Father Louis, the old Abbé, Bob Maurice—all the people you've ever charmed or amused, or been kind to—a legion, good Heavens! I have been them all! What a snowball made up of all these loves I've been rolling after you all these years! and now it has all got to melt away in a single night, and with it the remembrance of all I've ever been during ages untold.

"And I've no voice to bid you good-by, my beloved; no arms to hug you with, no eyes to weep—I, a daughter of the most affectionate, and clinging, and caressing race of little people in existence! Such eyes as I once had, too; such warm, soft, furry arms, and such a voice—it

would have wanted no words to express all that I feel now; that voice—*nous savons notre orthographe en musique là-bas!*

"How it will please, perhaps, to remember even this farewell some day, when we're all together again, with nothing to come between!

"And now, my beloved, there is no such thing as good-by; it is a word that has no real meaning; but it is so English and pretty and sweet and childlike and nonsensical that I could write it over and over again—just for fun!

"So good-by! good-by! good-by! till I wake up once more after a long living sleep of many years, I hope; a sleep filled with happy dreams of you—dear, delightful people, whom I've got to live with, and love, and learn to lose once more; and then—no more good-byes!"

MARTIA."

So much for Martia—whoever or whatever it was that went by that name in Barty's consciousness.

After such close companionship for so many years, the loss of her—or it—was like the loss of a sixth and most valuable sense, worse almost than the loss of his sight would have been; and with this he was constantly threatened, for he most unmercifully taxed his remaining eye, and the field of his vision had narrowed year by year.

But this impending calamity did not frighten him as in the old days. His wife was with him now, and as long as she was by his side he could have borne anything—blindness, poverty, dishonor—anything in the world. If he lost her, he would survive her loss just long enough to put his affairs in order, and no more.

But most distressfully he missed the physical feeling of the north—even in his sleep. This strange bereavement drew him and Leah even more closely together, if that were possible; and she was well content to reign alone in the heart of her fractious, unreasonable, but most affectionate, humorous, and irresistible great man. Although her rival had been but a name and an idea, a mere abstraction in which she had never really believed, she did not find it altogether displeasing to herself that the lively Martia was no more; she has almost told me as much.

And thus began for them both the happiest and most beautiful period of their joint lives, in spite of sorrows yet to come. She took such care of him that he might have been as blind as Belisarius himself, and he seemed almost to depend upon her as much—so wrapt up was he in the work of his life, so indifferent to all mundane and practical affairs. What eyesight was not wanted for his pen and pencil he reserved to look at her with, at his beloved children, and the things of beauty in and outside Marsfield: pictures, old china, skies, hills, trees, and river; and what wits remained he kept to amuse his family and his friends—there was enough and to spare.

The older he grew the more he teemed and seethed and bubbled and shone—and set others shining round him—even myself. It is no wonder Marsfield became such a singularly agreeable abode for all who dwelt there, even for the men-servants and the maid-servants, and the birds and the beasts, and the stranger within its gates—and for me a kind of earthly paradise.

And now, gentle reader, I want very badly to talk about myself a little, if you don't mind—just for half a dozen pages or so, which you can skip if you like. Whether you do so or not, it will not hurt you—and it will do me a great deal of good.

I feel uncommonly sad, and very lonely indeed, now that Barty is gone; and with him my beloved comrade Leah.

The only people left to me that I'm really fond of—except my dear widowed sister, Ida Scatcherd—are all so young. They're Josselins of course—one and all—and they're all that's kind and droll and charming, and I adore them. But they can't quite realize what this sort of bereavement means to a man of just my age, who has still got some years of life before him, probably—and is yet an old man.

The Right Honorable Sir Robert Maurice, Bart., M.P., etc., etc., etc. That's me. I take up a whole line of manuscript. I might be a noble lord if I chose, and take up two!

I'm a liberal conservative, an opportunist, a pessi-optimist, an in-medio-tutissimist, and attend divine service at the Temple Church.

I'm a philistine, and not ashamed;* so was Molière; so was Cervantes. So, if you like, was the late Martin Farquhar Tupper—and those who read him; we're of all sorts in philistia—the great and the small, the good and the bad.

I'm in the sixties—sound of wind and limb—only two false teeth (one at each side, bicuspid, merely for show). I'm rather bald, but it suits my style; a little fat, perhaps—a pound and a half over sixteen stone! but I'm an inch and a half over six feet, and very big-boned. Altogether, diablement bien conservé! I sleep well, the sleep of the just; I have a good appetite and a good digestion, and a good conceit of myself still, thank Heaven—though nothing like what it used to be! One can survive the loss of one's self-respect; but of one's vanity, never.

What a prosperous and happy life mine has been, to be sure, up to a few short months ago, hardly ever an ache or pain!—my only real griefs, my dear mother's death ten years back, and my father's in 1870. Yes, I have warmed both hands at the fire of life, and even burnt my fingers now and then, but not severely.

One love disappointment. The sting of it lasted a couple of years, the compensation more than thirty! I loved her all the better, perhaps, that I did not marry her. I'm afraid it is not in me to love a very good wife of my own as much as I really ought!

And I love her children as well as if they'd been mine, and her grandchildren even better. They are irresistible, these grandchildren of Barty's and Leah's—mine wouldn't have been a patch on them; besides, I get all the fun and none of the bother and anxiety. Evidently it was my true vocation to remain single—and be a tame cat in a large warm house, where there are lots of nice children.

Oh happy Bob Maurice! Oh happy sexagenarian!

"O me fortunatum, mea si bona nōrim!" (What would Père Brossard say to this? He would give me a twisted pinch on the arm—and serve me right!)

I'm very glad I've been successful, though it's not a very high achievement to make a large fortune by buying and

* The illustration accompanying this passage was found in an unfinished state after du Maurier's death. It has been reproduced as the artist left it, and affords an interesting glimpse of his method of drawing.

selling that which put into a man's mouth is said to steal away his brains!

But it does better things than this. It reconciles and solves and resolves mental discords, like music. It makes music for people who have no ear—and there are so many of these in the world that I'm a millionaire, and Franz Schubert died a pauper. So I prefer to drink beer—as he did; and I never miss a Monday Pop if I can help it.

I have done better things, too. I have helped to govern my country and make its laws; but it all came out of wine to begin with—all from learning how to buy and sell! We're a nation of shop-keepers, though the French keep better shops than ours, and more of them.

I'm glad I'm successful because of Barty, although success, which brings the world to our feet, does not always endear us to the friend of our bosom. If I had been a failure, Barty would have stuck to me like a brick, I feel sure, instead of my sticking to him like a leech! And the sight of his success might have soured me—that eternal chorus of praise, that perpetual feast of pudding in which I should have had no part but to take my share as a mere guest, and listen and look on and applaud, and wish I'd never been born!

As it was, I listened and looked on and clapped my hands with as much pride and pleasure as if Barty had been my son—and my share of the pudding never stuck in my throat!

I should have been always on the watch to take him down a peg when he was pleased with himself—to hold him cheap and overpraise some duffer in his hearing—so that I might save my own self-esteem; to pay him bad little left-handed compliments, him and his, whenever I was out of humor; and I should have been always out of humor, having failed in life.

And then I should have gone home wretched—for I have a conscience—and woke up in the middle of the night and thought of Barty; and what a kind, genial, jolly, large-minded, and generous-hearted old chap he was and always had been—and buried my face in my pillow, and muttered:

"Ach! what a poor mean jealous beast I am—un fruit sec! un malheureux raté!"

With all my success, this life-long exclusive cultivation of Barty's society, and

that of his artistic friends, which has somehow unfitted me for the society of my brother merchants of wine—and most merchants of everything else—has not, I regret to say, quite fitted me to hold my own amongst the "leaders of intellectual modern thought," whose company I would fain seek, and keep in preference to any other.

My very wealth seems to depress and disgust them, as it does me; and I'm no genius, I admit, and a poor conversation-alist.

To amass wealth is an engrossing pursuit—and now that I have amassed a good deal more than I quite know what to do with, it seems to me a very ignoble one. It chokes up everything that makes life worth living; it leaves so little time for the constant and regular practice of those ingenuous arts which faithfully to have learned is said to soften the manners, and make one an agreeable person all round.

It is even more *abrutissant* than the mere pursuit of sport or pleasure.

How many a noble lord I know who's almost as beastly rich as myself, and twice as big a fool by nature, and perhaps not a better fellow at bottom—yet who can command the society of all there is of the best in science, literature, and art!

Not but what they will come and dine with me fast enough, these shining lights of culture and intellect—my food is very good, although I say it, and I get noble lords to meet them.

But they talk their real talk to each other—not to me—and to the noble lords who sit by them at my table, and who try to understand what they say. With me they fall back on politics and bimetallism, for all the pains I've taken to get up the subjects that interest them, and keep myself posted in all they've written and done. Precious little they know about bimetallism or politics!

Is it only on account of their pretty manners that my titled friends are such favorites with these highly intellectual guests of mine—and with me? If so, then pretty manners should come before everything else in the world, and be taught instead of Latin and Greek.

But if it's only because they're noble lords, then I'm beginning to think with Mr. Labouchere that it's high time the Upper House were abolished, and its denizens wafted into space, since they make such snobs of us all—including your humble

servant, of course, who at least is not quite so snobbish as to know himself for a damned snob and pretend he isn't one.

Anyhow, I'm glad my life has been such a success. But would I live it all over again? Even the best of it? The "forty year?"

Taking one consideration with another, most decidedly not.

I have only met two men of my own age who would live their lives over again. They both cared more for their meals than for anything else in the world—and they have always had four of these every day; sometimes even five! plenty of variety, and never a meal to disagree with them! *affaire d'estomac*! They simply want to eat all those meals once more. They lived to feed, and to re-feed would re-live!

My meals have never disagreed with me either—but I have always found them monotonous; they have always been so simple and so regular when I've had the ordering of them! Fried soles, chops or steaks, and that sort of thing, and a pint of lager-beer—no wine for me, thank you; I sell it—and all this just to serve as a mere foundation for a smoke—and a chat with Barty, if possible!

Hardly ever an ache or a pain, and I wouldn't live it all over again! yet I hope to live another twenty years, if only to take Leah's unborn great-grandchildren to the dentist's, and tip them at school, and treat them to the pantomime and Madame Tussaud's, as I did their mothers and grandmothers before them—or their fathers and grandfathers.

This seems rather inconsistent! For would I care, twenty years hence, to relive these coming twenty years? Evidently not—it's out of the question.

So why don't I give up at once? I know how to do it, without pain, without scandal, without even invalidating my life-insurance, about which I don't care a rap!

Why don't I? why don't *you*, O middle-aged reader—with all the infirmities of age before you, and all the pleasures of youth behind? Anyhow, we don't, either you or I—and so there's an end on't.

Oh Pandora! I have promised myself that I would take a great-grandchild of Barty's on a flying-machine from Marsfield to London and back in half an hour—and that great-grandchild can't well be born for several years—perhaps not for another twenty!

And now, gentle reader, I've had my little say, and I'm a good deal better, thanks, and I'll try not to talk about myself any more.

Except just to mention that in the summer of 1876 I contested East Rosherville in the Conservative interest and was successful—and owed my success to the canvassing of Barty and Leah, who had no politics of their own whatever, and would have canvassed for me just as conscientiously if I'd been a Radical, probably more so! For if Barty had permitted himself any politics at all, he would have been a red-hot Radical, I fear—and his wife would have followed suit. And so, perhaps, would I!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE Southern Cross, cocoanuts, bananas, guavas, mangoes, oranges, chirimoyas, zapotas, strawberries, coffee, pulque, June days in February, and fifty cents exchangeable for a dollar—what more can mortal desire, throwing in idleness and a cheerful disposition? The Study windows look on Mexico!

Mexico is much visited lately by citizens of the United States, and much described. It has become, or is becoming, for the restless and the adventurous, a sort

of El Dorado. It is supposed to be in a transition state, from a land of few wants to a land of many wants; that is to say, of dissatisfaction with present conditions. Consequently it offers a fair field for the speculator, or the promoter, or the missionary of modern civilization, who has an ambition to be rich quickly and with the least effort. Our own population, which always seeks a better country, if not a heavenly, is convinced that our far West is settled up, fully exploited, and that

it is necessary to find new fields for its energy. I suppose it must be confessed that our American experiment, allowing so much freedom of action in a land vast, varied, and undeveloped, has bred a very restless population. We have run over an enormous territory without civilizing it and this appetite for adventure and the acquisition of sudden wealth craves chances in a world not yet fully awakened to its own wants and resources. The resources are undeniable. There is no limit to the production of sugar, coffee, wheat, corn, cotton, and many other staples, in perpetually ripening crops, except adequate supply of water. But for the dryness of the winter months (and in many tropical regions irrigation overcomes this) there would be everywhere two crops a year.

With a bountiful nature, and a population accustomed to work for pay that would only support them in conditions of squalor, it can be seen why the citizen of the United States, who is always looking for a place to "invest his capital" (meaning often only his wits), finds Mexico attractive. So long as wages are low, and the peon is content to live as he does, and the American dollar can be changed into two Mexican dollars for the purchase of land or the pay of labor, the prospect seems a dazzling one for the adventurer. The government invites investments by the most liberal concessions, and encourages in every way the building of railways and the development of productive lands. I doubt if there is another country where foreigners are so much encouraged and so well protected by the authorities as in Mexico. And this invitation to foreigners will continue so long as the government is administered in its present spirit, until the Mexicans are educated, and have learned to live better and to demand adequate wages. Meantime the government, while holding out inducements to foreign capital, is multiplying its schools, both for common and industrial education, and adopting our new educational methods, from the colleges down to the kindergartens. In this transitional period the American sees an opportunity for making a fortune. It would sound strange in England, and it begins to be rare in the United States, to hear of fortunes made by agriculture. But cases of it are said to be common here. I was told that in the little, clean, healthful,

delightful city of Guadalajara (125,000) there are forty-seven millionaires (no one of them worth more than three millions), who have nearly all made their money from the product of their haciendas. Many of them are from the lower ranks, and began with no capital a few years ago.

Some of these lucky people are foreigners who have married Mexican women and adopted the manners of the country. I could fill this paper with instances I have heard of, of foreigners who came here penniless, and in a few years have risen to positions of trust and ownership in banks, railways, and plantations. But these stories are common the world over. These profitable haciendas, where sugar, coffee, and cereals are grown, both the old and the new, are really feudal principalities in extent and in authority. In the centre of a tract of tens of thousands of acres, only a small proportion of which is cultivated, is the owner's residence. If he is a Mexican (and comparatively few as yet are owned by foreigners), there is a church with a tall spire or tower near the house—a landmark for every dusty visitor—a store, and, grouped around, the mud hovels of the peons who are the feudal dependents. The hacienda residence may be surrounded by a high adobe wall, and within are the various offices, courts, with tropical trees, plants, and flowers and fountains. The large and poor population of this domain are absolutely dependent upon the proprietor. Their dwellings are wretched, even for this climate; their wardrobe would make a rag-market in any ghetto; and they are apt to be in debt to the proprietor, who gives them their wages in store pay, at a handsome profit. And yet, so far as I can see, it is a contented and cheerful population, both in country and city. There is an air of leisure everywhere; church festivals and holidays are frequent; every one has his *siesta* in the middle of the day; in small cities the shops close from twelve to three; the tramways take a rest then also, and there is no appearance that laborers are driven in their tasks. You cannot hurry anything or anybody. For "to-morrow" is always coming. It will thus be seen that it is a good country for the laboring-men, who can wear anything that will hold together, eat anything that a cent will buy, sleep on a mat on the ground wrapped in his *serape*, and who has not been taught that if he has a piece of sil-

ver worth fifty cents it is his right to take it to the mint and have it coined into a dollar.

II.

The interest of a traveller depends upon the new sensations a country offers him. In Mexico he has too many of them to digest at once. He is in a world foreign in appearance, habits, manners, to Anglo-Saxon ideas. Nothing is familiar, and everything is highly picturesque, until long regarding it makes it commonplace and vulgar. In the cities he is reminded of Spain, and often of Italy (since the Catholic Church prevails), but in the country and small towns the appearance is Oriental, or rather Egyptian. This resemblance to Egypt is due to the color or colors of the inhabitants, to the universal use of the donkey as a beast of burden, to the brown adobe walls and mud huts covered with cane, to the dust on the foliage, the clouds of dust raised in all the highways, and to a certain similarity of dress, so far as color and rags can give it, and the ability of men and women to squat all day on the ground and be happy.

Herbert Spencer might extend here his comments on the relation of color to sex. It is the theory that all the males of birds have gay plumage in order to make them attractive to the other sex, while the females go in sober colors. This is also supposed to hold true of barbarous nations. The men who dress at all or use paint as a substitute wear bright colors and more ornaments than the women, while the gentle sex is content to be inconspicuous. Needless to say that in what we call civilization this rule is reversed. The men affect plain raiment, while the women vie with the tropical birds of the male gender. Tried by this test, Mexico has not reached the civilization of the United States. The women of the lower orders are uniformly sober in apparel, and commonly wear, drawn over the head, a *reboso* in plain colors. The scant dress is usually brown or pale blue. It is the men who are resplendent, even the poorest and the beggars. The tall conical hats give to all of them an "operative" distinction; the lower integuments may be white (originally), as also the shirt and the short jacket; or the man may have marvellous trousers, slit down the sides and flapping about so as to show his drawers; or sometimes, in the better

class, fastened down with silver buttons; but every man of them slings over his left shoulder or wraps about him, drawing it across his mouth on the least chill in the air, a brilliantly colored *serape*, or blanket, frequently of bright red. Even if he appears in white cotton, he is apt to wear a red scarf round his waist; and if he is of a higher grade, he has the taste of a New York alderman for a cravat. This variety and intensity of color in the dress of the men gives great animation and picturesqueness to any crowd in the streets, and lights up all the dusty highways. Since I was in Mexico, eleven years ago, there has been a great change in the costumes of the better class. Ladies are getting to wear bonnets and hats instead of the black shawl, and I see fewer *majos*, or dandies, with silver buttons on their breeches, slashed jackets, and conical hats weighted down with a hundred or two hundred dollars' worth of silver or gold braid. The practice of carrying guns, with cartridge-belts, and pistols and knives, seems to have abated, though most people would be lonesome without a long knife handy on the hip or a pistol somewhere concealed. In the pawn-shops can always be seen stacks of knives and pistols.

III.

The tolerant traveller makes allowance for different points of view in morals. When the Mexican is reproached for his bull-fight, he retorts that his President would not permit a prize-fight in the republic. This wise ruler said that Mexico had already too many brutal pastimes. Americans are familiar with the distinction between a Continental Sunday and an English Sunday. Some prefer one, and some the other. In Mexico the first day of the week is well marked. In Guadalajara, for instance, great attention is paid to Sunday. It is a great market-day. Not only is the handsome and spacious market crowded with buyers and sellers, but the sidewalks and streets leading to it. Throngs of people fill the city from the neighboring villages, and business is very brisk. The churches are filled all the morning with kneeling worshippers in such numbers that they overflow in the stone courts and on the pavements. The shops frequently send their wares into the streets to meet the popular liking for out-of-door huxtering. The great theatre, one of the largest and handsomest

in the republic, and said to have a larger stage than any in America, gives an opera in the afternoon and another in the evening. The variety theatres are running. The bull-ring attracts the masses, though within a few years it has ceased to be the fashion for ladies of standing to attend. The Pit where chickens dispute is roaring from morning till night. The crowing of the bellicose cocks cannot overpower the clamor of the gamblers. This exhibition is, however, not simply a Sunday game, but is given thrice a week. The pit is said to resemble, leaving out the roosters and allowing for the difference in dress of the brokers, a gold pit or a wheat pit in a stock-exchange. These several contentions and performances do not, however, exhaust the Sunday observances. The military band plays in the Plaza. It is usually an excellent band, for the Mexicans are, either by nature or cultivation, good musicians. Even the penitentiary has its band, the members of which are given leisure for practice, and no doubt their music softens the asperities of convict life. There is also on Sunday afternoon a game of ball. This is purely Spanish, and it was played by active young fellows from the Basque Provinces, in Spain. It is played in a court enclosed on three sides by high walls. The balls, which are hard and elastic, and about the size of a baseball, are thrown and caught in a narrow curved basket, which is fastened to the right hand by means of a glove at the back, into which the hand is thrust, and it is also laced to the wrist. As a mark of the fine physical breeding of the players, I noticed that the gloves were too small to admit the hand of an ordinary man. It requires great dexterity to catch a ball rebounding from the wall in this little curved basket, and to deliver it by the same motion to the wall again, but the leverage of the basket gives great impetus to the ball. The agility required to intercept the ball in its flight is marvellous, and the whole game is a display of trained muscle, quick sight, endurance, and grace.

IV.

I hear it asserted often that Mexico is becoming Americanized. This is true as to means of transportation, the introduction of electric lights, improved hotel accommodations, and a certain stir of expectation of some change. But I have

great faith in the persistence of traditions and habits and the influence of climate. It is difficult to introduce the American push and restlessness in business, and to overcome the habits formed in many centuries of letting the morrow take care of itself. There must be the mid-day *siesta*, and the number of working-days is reduced by over eighty feast-days, saints' days, and holidays, besides the Sundays. Perhaps the productiveness of nature is an inducement to very leisurely labor, and the lack of any sharp division of seasons has its influence. Our sharp alternation of seasons is a sort of moral discipline, as well as a stimulus to extra exertion in summer to prepare for winter. What must be the effect upon character when this stimulus is wanting? On the Mexican Southern Railway, from Puebla to Oaxaca, we descend by a series of fertile terraces from an elevation of seven thousand feet in a few hours to about seventeen hundred and fifty feet before reaching Tomellin and entering the wonderful Cañon de los Cues. We come into a region of cocoanuts and bananas. But all the valleys and terraces, in March, were green or yellow with wheat and corn and sugar-cane. It confuses one's ideas to pass a field of wheat, the green blades just springing from the ground, and next a field ripe for harvest, and next a threshing-floor where the grain is being trodden out by mules. This means that you can plant and reap every day in the year, if you can obtain water in the dry winter season, and do not wait for the regular and copious summer rains. Climate is such a discipline to us that I cannot but think that the loss of this discipline must affect the moral nature. It is possible, of course, that industry will be stimulated by the inflow of settlers from the north, and that this country will take on new enterprise and productive vigor; but in my observation it is easier for Americans here to fall into Mexican ways and Mexican moral views than it is to convert the Mexicans to our view of life. I do not doubt that Mexico has a great industrial, agricultural, and manufacturing future, but I fancy that its power of absorption, like that of Egypt, is greater than its facility of adaptation. Its present prosperity is mainly due to the liberal ideas and the autocracy of one man. I do not know any ruler in the world who is to-day so absolute as Presi-

dent Diaz, nor do I know of any one who shows more good sense, firmness, and wisdom in ruling a people. The task is not easy, considering the mixed character of the inhabitants, and the reactionary tendency of a Church which is not content to surrender the power it has exercised for three centuries. Whatever may be our theory of republicanism and universal suffrage, I have no doubt that the rule of President Diaz is the very best that Mexico could have in its present stage of development. Things may change when the popular free schools have had their effect. At present the revolutionists are suppressed, and the full-blown popular demagogues have not been developed.

V.

Mexico generally is an old-looking country, but it is older than it looks. This appearance of age is increased in the winter, when the hills and fields are mostly brown, and thick dust covers the vegetation. But besides this, it has almost everywhere, especially in the south, the appearance of a land long cultivated, long inhabited, worn by the travel and labor of long generations, of one civilization following another. The seven historical tribes which occupied the Valley of Mexico two centuries before the appearance of Cortes; at which time the Aztecs had become the dominant tribe, were preceded by older races, called Toltecs, or whatever you will, who left their mounds and great pyramids, and evidences of a long and considerably developed civilization. And back of these were the builders in Yucatan and at Mitla. We speak glibly of the Maia race

that are supposed to have built the temples of Palenque and great cities in Yucatan and Guatemala; but who were they? Are the present inhabitants descendants who have forgotten the traditions of their great ancestors? All the nine leagues from Oaxaca to Mitla I was impressed with the great age of the country, as one is in Egypt.

At Mitla I procured some clay images, mostly miniature, doubtless of gods, but some of them no doubt portraits, and some of these bore a striking resemblance to the little heads found at the pyramids of the Sun and the Moon in the Valley of Mexico; that is, some of them had the slant Oriental eyes, and others Ethiopian features, very different from any races we now know in those regions. The ruined temples of Mitla are covered with stucco which was painted Pompeian red. On these surfaces is still seen picture-writing in lively colors. There is a pyramid also at Mitla, and there are some elaborately wrought sepulchral chambers. The ruins are in a desolate place, not far from the brown hills, but close to them is a charming hacienda, owned by Don Felix Quero, who is a sort of feudal lord over the neighboring peons. Enclosed in high walls, with many open courts containing flowers, trees, and fountains, with singing birds and discreet monkeys, this picturesque hacienda is one of the most pleasing places of entertainment the traveller will find in Mexico. How old are the Mitla ruins? Considering the nature of the material of which the temples were built, it seems probable that they date well within our era. But the inscriptions teach us nothing. They are a silent mystery.



POLITICAL.

OUR record closes April 12, 1897.—The foreign admirals at Crete announced, on March 18, the conditions of the proposed autonomous government of the island. The insurgent leaders declared that they would accept nothing but annexation to Greece. The blockade of Crete by the assembled fleet of the powers began on March 21. Inland, fighting continued in spite of the international forces. The powers threatened to blockade Greece, at the motion apparently of Germany and Russia. On April 9 Greek irregulars crossed the frontier of

Thessaly, in direct disobedience to orders from Athens, and successfully engaged Turkish forces.

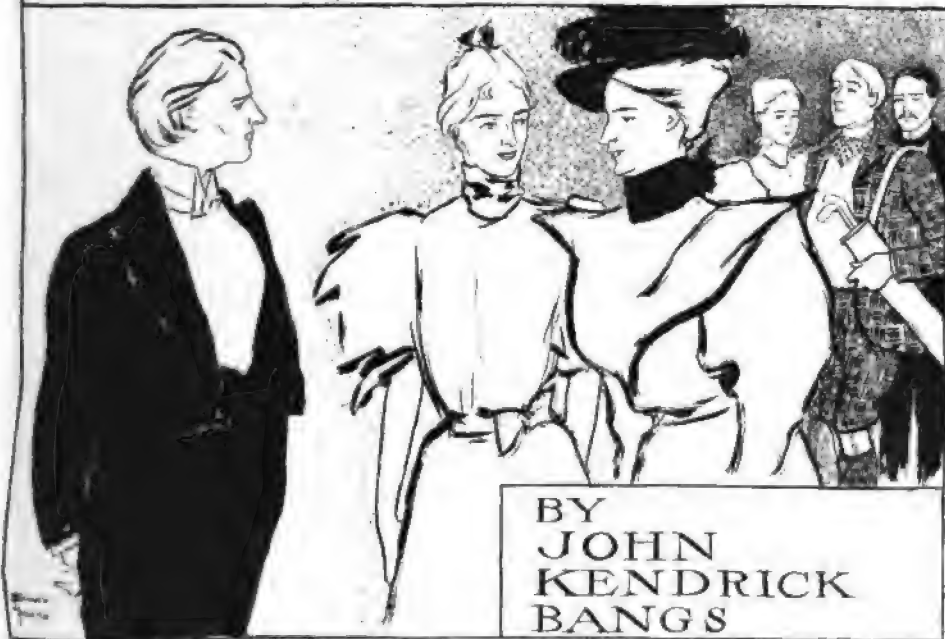
On March 28 General Ruis Rivera, Maceo's successor in Cuba, was captured, but, on the whole, Spanish operations in the Philippines and in Cuba were pursued without vigor.

Floods prevailed in the Mississippi throughout the month, causing great loss of property and of life.

OBITUARY.

April 3.—At Vienna, Johannes Brahms, the celebrated musical composer, aged sixty-four years.

THE GOLFLACS



BY
JOHN
KENDRICK
BANGS

A Farce.

IN TWO SCENES AND AN INTERMEZZO.

CHARACTERS:

MR. and MRS. THADDEUS PERKINS, host and hostess.
MISS DOROTHY ANDREWS, a visitor.
MR. and MRS. HENDERSON PETERS, musical enthusiasts.
PROFESSOR TREBLE, projector of the choral club.
MR. JACK BARLOW, a golflac.
MR. BOB YARIGLEY, another.
JENNIE, the maid.

The scene is laid in the drawing-room of the Perkins summer residence at Phillipsburg. The time is in the early part of September, and Saturday evening about fifteen minutes of eight o'clock. The curtain rising discovers Mrs. Perkins and Jennie the maid, the latter lighting the lamps. Mrs. Perkins is visibly annoyed.

Mrs. Perkins. I do hope Teddy's had something to eat over at the links. He won't have time to do much more than dress before the Peterses and Professor Treble get here. Heigho! (Turns down a lamp which Jennie has left smoking.) Life seems to have resolved itself into an endless chain of bunkers and hazards these days. Jennie, tell John he'd better make up the fire in here to-night, so that we can light it in case it gets cold. These early autumn nights are—

Jennie. John isn't here, Mrs. Perkins. Mr. Perkins took him over to the golf-grounds to carry his clubs, ma'am.

Mrs. Perkins. Oh! Very well. (Exit Jennie.)

That's it! Nothing is sacred with these golf-players—not even a hired man. [Laughs satirically.]

Enter Miss Andrews.

Miss Andrews. Oh, Bessie dear, I've had a charming forty winks! This country air makes me so sleepy at first. Is Thaddeus back?

Mrs. Perkins. No, Dorothy, he isn't. Now that golf has taken my place, I really don't know when he'll be back. He's taken John over to the links to carry for him. (Laughs.) Next thing I know, he'll be making a caddy out of the cook.

Miss Andrews. Oh, well, Bess, it takes him out-of-doors, and that's what we all need these days. I really wish we'd gone with him when he asked us. I've felt like golf to-day. Sometimes when I am away from the links I feel like a champion.

Mrs. Perkins. I wish you'd said so before, Dorothy. To tell the truth, I'd like to have gone myself. It's so exhilarating walking and climbing over the country.

Miss Andrews. Isn't it? And to-day has been so crisp and bright. Really, when they talk about golf widows I always think the widows need no sympathy. They are bereft because they want to be. Still, very few widows are anxious to follow their husbands immediately.

Mrs. Perkins. That's just it. Teddy has tried and tried to get me to go with him, and I haven't

gone yet, but it has been because I've wanted him to have a good time. It's rather a good thing for a man to have his fun without—ah—without encumbrances once in a while. Teddy shows that he feels the same way; he won't even let little Ted carry for him.

Miss Andrews. Of course he won't. How would you both feel if little Ted were to be hit in the back by a golf-ball and—well, not killed, but tremendously put out by it? Not to mention the language he might hear.

Mrs. Perkins (laughing). I can laugh at the possibility, Dorothy, but the reality would— (*The front door slams.*) Ah! here he is at last.

Enter Perkins.

Perkins. Hello, Bess! Howdy do, Dorothy. Wish you'd gone with us. Oh-oh, but I'm tired! (*Throws himself wearily into arm-chair.*) Had the finest time you ever knew. Great! And I've come back hungry as a bear. Suppose you've had your dinner? Sandwich 'll do for me. Made the best score yet—that is, my best—one hundred and ten for the eighteen. Kind of sorry about it, though; it 'll bring my handicap down so I won't come within a mile of the medal.

Miss Andrews. It is a disadvantage to play a good game, sometimes.

Perkins. Indeed it is. Only duffers have a chance to win the handi—

[*Voices are heard without.*]

Mrs. Perkins. Why, there's some one in the hall, Teddy!

Perkins. Oh, yes, so there is, Bess! Certainly—but it's all right. Only Jack and Bob. Got thinking of my drive on the seventh hole, and forgot 'em. (*Rises and calls through portières.*) Come in, boys.

Mrs. Perkins (aghast, to Miss Andrews). Bob and Jack! Dear me. Two more! And this the night of the choral society! I've only provided supper for six.

Miss Andrews. Oh, never mind that, Bess. Golf fits in with everything. Besides, Henderson Peters is as much of a golflac as any one, and if the men get talking about what they've done at various links, they won't stop to eat.

Enter Barlow and Yardsley, apparently at odds.

Mrs. Perkins. Good-evening, Mr. Barlow. How dy do, Mr. Yardsley?

Yardsley. Ah! Mrs. Perkins. Very kind of you to take us in. And Miss Andrews! Jove! this is an unexpected pleasure.

Barlow. "He was a stranger, and you took him in." I came in on the score of old friendship, eh? Miss Andrews, I endorse all that Yardsley says about the pleasure.

Yardsley. Well, I like that. What a lack of originality! Imitative nature, yours, Barlow.

Mrs. Perkins. You are both welcome.

Yardsley. } Thanks, very much.

Barlow. }

Perkins (stretching himself out upon the sofa). Jove, I'm tired! I say, boys, let's settle down for the evening and talk, eh? Talk is my forte. I love talk—about golf. Don't you? And meanwhile we'll feast on sandwiches and beer, eh? Bob, did you see how I got out of that bunker on the crag?

Mrs. Perkins (aside to Perkins). Teddy—

Yardsley. Yes. Made a fool of yourself there, Ted, old man. Took your mashie. Perfectly silly. Now when I get bunkered—

Miss Andrews. Did you really get bunkered, ever?

I thought Mr. Yardsley could overcome all obstacles, Mr. Barlow?

Barlow (laughing). Yes, he did; and by-the-way, Yardsley, when you do get bunkered, you don't seem to think you need any clubs at all, the way you try to cuss the ball out. I tell you what it is, old man—

Mrs. Perkins. Thaddeus dear—

Perkins. That's right, Jack; give it to him. I never heard a man use such language as Bob did. Ha-ha! By Jingo! Remember the fourth hole when he got in the long grass? Why, Miss Andrews, he said—

Yardsley. 'Sh! 'sh! Never mind what I said. Pleasant weather we are having, Mrs. Perkins. (*Aside to Perkins.*) Shut up!

Miss Andrews (coming to Yardsley's rescue). I have frequently played with Mr. Yardsley, Thaddeus, and he's often landed in a hazard without—

Barlow. Playing with you is necessarily a hazard for a bachelor, Miss Andrews.

Yardsley. Never found it unpleasantly so.

Miss Andrews (smiling). Well, he never used any language when we were playing. Really, once I thought him commendably silent.

Yardsley (gratefully). Thanks, thanks, Miss Dorothy. I remember it.

Barlow. Yes, you do. You told me about it. (*Significantly.*) If you'd said what you thought—

Yardsley. Miss Andrews would never have spoken to me again. I admit it.

Miss Andrews (laughing). Oh yes she would have, Mr. Yardsley! I knew what was passing through your mind at that time.

Yardsley (eagerly). Did you really? And can you forgive all that—all those—ah—those unutterable words? It was a fearful strain.

Miss Andrews. I don't know if I can, Mr. Yardsley. They were so far beyond my ordinary vocabulary that really I—I began to wish, for the first time in my life, that I was a man, and could say certain things when I was bunkered and still remain a respectable person, the way men can.

Barlow. Ha-ha! Bob, that's a good one on you.

Yardsley. Well, I know one thing. The Rev. Dr. Jimford plays on our links a great deal, and when he misses a stroke and says nothing, the whole club thinks, Jerusalem, what a profane silence!

Miss Andrews. That's just the point. Dr. Jimford was on the links the last time I played there, and after a stroke he'd missed, what he didn't say was positively awful. I've never liked him since.

Mrs. Perkins (primly). Oh, I don't know, Dorothy—the doctor meant well. He had due regard for his cloth. [Barlow and Yardsley converse aside.]

Miss Andrews. Well, Bessie dear, I don't agree with you. That expression must come out some time, and I think it was awfully mean in the doctor to suppress it at the time when it was moderately justifiable, and then have some poor little descendant of his in centuries to come blurt it out unexpectedly. If he'd said it at the time he missed his stroke, the recording angel might have overlooked it, under the circumstances. But he didn't, and some miserable little bit of posterity will bring it out at the breakfast table some morning and break up an entire family.

Mrs. Perkins (severely). Thaddeus!

Perkins. Oh—ah—yes, dear. What is it?

Mrs. Perkins. Professor Treble—

Perkins (jumping up). Lord save us, Bess, I forgot! Boys—

Barlow. Wait a minute, Ted. Now, Bob, you are

all wrong about that. When you are stymied, the only thing to do is to use your—

Perkins. Wait a minute yourself, Jack. I want to tell you something. I—ah—I have unfortunately overlooked the fact that Professor Treble—

Yardley. Teddy, my dear boy, it is your turn to wait a minute. Barlow says that on the fifth hole—you remember the one—you made that perfectly bully drive there—four hundred and sixty yards if it was an inch—

Perkins (complacently). Yes, I remember it. Was it the fifth or the fourth?

Miss Andrews. Oh, that fifth is a fearful hole!

Yardley. It was the fifth. That's what I said. Perkins, you were looking for your ball when I played, so you don't know what happened. Barlow says that on the fifth hole, when he stymied me—Let's see—did you stymied me, or did Barlow? One of you was looking for his ball, and the other stymied me. Which one was it?

Perkins. } I did it.

Barlow. }

Yardley. Oh, tut! When I say did either of you, you say both. Confound it all—

Mrs. Perkins. Thaddeus, I wish—

Perkins. Well, I'll give in. It was Barlow that stymied me. Who stymied Yardley I don't know.

Barlow. You're right there, Perkins. I made that bully approach. Remember it? From behind the wall, and, by thunder, right on the green, by a beautiful loft, and squarely in front of Bob! And he used his putter!

Yardley. Of course I did. There I was—

Barlow. On the green, of course, and nothing to do but use the putter. Why, it was criminal!

Miss Andrews. What could you use, Mr. Barlow? Every time I've been on the green I've used my putter, and, Bessie dear (to Mrs. Perkins), don't you remember the last time we played I said to you that golf was so simple—you always instinctively knew what club to use?

Mrs. Perkins. And I said it was more than simple—idiotic—merely hitting a ball, and saying "what a splendid stroke!" But that was before I'd tried it myself. I've changed my mind since. It isn't as foolish as it looks.

Yardley. But on the green you do use a putter, Mrs. Perkins, really—

Barlow. That's exactly the point I raise. Ninety-seven and a half players out of a hundred say, "when you are on the green, use the putter." Why? Because it's the putting-green. Now I maintain that—

Yardley (wearily). You're interesting but not convincing, Barlow. I admire your statistics, particularly when you say ninety-seven and a half. Where do you get your half?

Barlow. You're it, Bobbie! If you'd been a whole player you'd have taken your mashie that time. By-the-way, Miss Andrews, you should have been with us to-day. It was superb. Regular brassy day. Did you bring your clubs with you?

Miss Andrews. Oh, indeed yes. Mrs. Perkins and I have been out on the tennis-court all the afternoon, putting.

Yardley. That's a mighty good scheme. Turned your court into a putting-green, eh?

Perkins. Yes; but it isn't a marker to the place I've rigged up in the attic.

Mrs. Perkins. Excuse me for reminding you, dear—

Perkins. There's an old rag carpet and a rat

hole up there. I put the carpet over the hole, cut another hole in the carpet, put an old tin cup of the baby's in the hole, and it's the best wet-weather putting-green you ever saw.

Miss Andrews. It is splendid; but there is something the matter with my putter. I played at it all morning, and I couldn't make the ball go anywhere near the hole.

Yardley. Really? Perhaps I—ah—can fix the club for you.

Miss Andrews. I'll get them all and show you.

[Exit.]

Mrs. Perkins. Really, Thaddeus, I think it should



be stated that Professor Treble is to be here to-night with the organizing members of the new choral club.

Perkins (slapping his knee impatiently). All right, my dear. I'd forgotten it again. Boys, let's go up stairs and dress, eh? We're going to have some people here shortly, and perhaps you'd like to furnish up a bit.

Yardley. } Certainly.

Barlow. }

Yardley. But how can I dress? I haven't anything but these.

Barlow. Nor I!

Yardsley. Perhaps we'd better go back to town, after all.

Perkins. Oh, dress be hanged! Who cares, anyhow? We've been playing golf. Come on. You can wear golf clothes to weddings these days, and it's all right. [*Barlow and Yardsley go out.*]

Perkins. Really, Bess, I'd forgotten all about to-night, and the fellows were so tired I asked 'em to stay.

Mrs. Perkins (smiling). It's all right, Teddy, only hurry up; they'll be here at eight.

Perkins (lingering). I thought you'd be pleased about my drive at the seventh hole—

Mrs. Perkins (pushing him out of the door). I am. It was magnificent, Teddy; only do hurry.

Perkins. All right, dear. I go. But that drive—
[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Perkins (as Perkins goes out). Oh dear! [*Looks at watch.*] Thaddeus is so forgetful. It's quite eight o'clock, and he'll never be ready. [*Front-door bell rings.*] Tho Henderson Peterses, I haven't a doubt. They're always so precisely on time that I sometimes believe they sit on the curb-stone watching the clock.

Enter Jennie.

Jennie. There's a man outside, ma'am, as says he is Profesher Trible, Mrs. Perkins, but I think he's an imposture; he looks more like a football-player than a profesher, ma'am. His hair is that long.

[*Holds her hands wide apart.*]

Mrs. Perkins. Ask him in, Jennie. It is the professor.

Jennie. Very well, ma'am, if you say so. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Perkins. Football-player is good. And, oh dear! [*Impatiently.*] I had hoped that Thaddeus would be here when Mr. Treble arrived! Musicians are so trying.

Enter Jennie with Treble.

Jennie. Profesher Trible, ma'am.

Treble (aside). Trible! Trible! Idiot!

Mrs. Perkins. Why, how do you do? I am very glad to see you.

Treble. So am I, madam. It is a very pleasant evening.

Mrs. Perkins. Very. And it is so nice to have a pleasant evening. [*Aside.*] Mercy! I never know what to say to these musical people!

Treble (rubbing his hands together). I hope we shall make considerable progress to-night. There's nothing like an early start in musical matters, and really I am so absorbed in this new work I have taken on—

Mrs. Perkins. I should think you might be—

Perkins (from above stairs). Bess, where are my white shirts?

Mrs. Perkins. Excuse me for a minute, Mr. Treble. Mr. Perkins is—

Treble. Certainly, madam. Pray do not hurry on my account. May I test the virtues of this instrument?

[*With a nod towards the piano.*]

Mrs. Perkins. Of course. Make yourself perfectly at home.

[*Exit Mrs. Perkins. Treble seats himself at piano. After improvising for a moment, he runs off into the Boccherini Minuet. After short interval, enter Yardsley. Yardsley listens. Treble is so absorbed in his playing he does not observe him.*]

Yardsley. Ahem!

Treble (turning around on piano stool). Oh, pardon me. I was not aware—

Yardsley. Go ahead, sir. Don't stop. I was

quite entertained. What was that thing you were playing?

Treble (aside). Thing! The idea—thing! A composition like that!

Yardsley. I beg your pardon. I didn't quite catch—
Treble. It's Boccherini.

Yardsley. Indeed? Very charming piece. Ah—do you know any Scotch music? Gad! no instrument like the bagpipes, eh?

Treble. Only one, thank Heaven!

Yardsley. Oh! Then you don't care for the—ah—the bagpipes?

Treble. I can't say I do.

Yardsley. Ever play golf, sir?

Treble. Never. Never heard of it. What is golf—another barbaric wind instrument?

Yardsley. Well, that is a good one. [*Scornfully.*] What fun do you get out of life, anyhow?

Treble. Music, my friend. Music—not the catch-penny—

Enter Mrs. Perkins, followed by Miss Andrews with a caddy bag full of clubs.

Miss Andrews. Here they are, Mr. Yardsley. [*Perceiving Professor Treble.*] Oh, excuse me, professor; I didn't know you had arrived.

[*Shakes his hand. She and Yardsley withdraw to one side of room, where he inspects clubs.*]

Mrs. Perkins. I am so glad to see you know Mr. Yardsley. I didn't know you'd met.

Treble (shortly). We haven't, Mrs. Perkins.

Yardsley (looking up from clubs). Never before, that is, but it's a great pleasure now, I'm sure. My musical education has been sadly neglected. [*Turning to Miss Andrews, and referring to her driver.*] It needs stringing up. [*Treble looks surprised.*]

Treble (aside). Well, rather.

Yardsley. And Professor Treble has just been showing me what a Bunkerini is. Very nice thing.

Treble (aside). Bunkerini! Stringing up! What a strange person this Mr. Yardsley is!

Mrs. Perkins. Professor Treble is to take charge of our new choral society here, Mr. Yardsley. We have a great musical enthusiasm in Phillipsburg.

Yardsley. So I have heard. [*Turning to Miss Andrews.*] Then whack it as hard as you can.

Treble (with a nervous glance at Yardsley). It is tremendous, Mrs. Perkins. I have been here only a month now, and really have been very much impressed with—
[*Bell.*]

Yardsley (as Mrs. Perkins rises). Hasn't Perkins had you out to the links yet, professor?

Treble. To the what?

Yardsley. The links—St. Jonab's Club, right across the hills, you know.

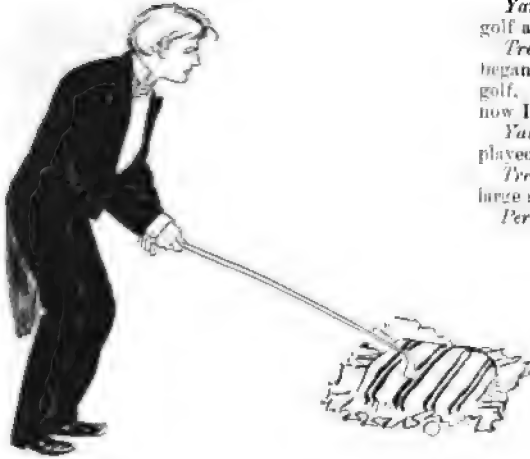
[*Mr. and Mrs. Henderson Peters are ushered in by Jennie. They are greeted warmly by Mrs. Perkins and Miss Andrews. They look askance at Yardsley. Treble stands at attention.*]

Mrs. Perkins. Professor Treble, have you met Mr. and Mrs. Peters? [*They greet each other.*] Mr. Yardsley, Mr. and Mrs. Peters. Mr. Yardsley has been golfing with my husband, and—ah—

Treble (aside). Golfing? What a curious word!

Mrs. Peters (looking at Yardsley through her lorgnettes). So I should judge. [*Turning to Treble.*] I am so glad to meet you, Professor Treble. I had the pleasure of meeting Madame Nordica last winter, and I think she spoke of you as being—

Yardsley (to Peters). A trifle soft, but not by any means bad. [*Treble starts as if insulted.*] We did the eighteen before luncheon.



Treble (pulling himself together). She is a very good friend of mine. Of course you heard her as Isokde last winter?

Mrs. Perkins. Wasn't she divine?

Yardsley (to Peters and Miss Andrews). She hasn't good form, though, and she drives like a regular ninny.

Mrs. Peters (with a glance of annoyance at her husband). And de Reszke; oh dear! it was perfect!

Treble. Almost too perfect, was it not? He is so great in Wagner that I said to him, Jean, my friend, my advice to you is—

Yardsley. Not to top your ball; use your mashie always under the circumstances; and if you find the soil too sandy, tee off again and lose your stroke.

Mrs. Perkins (to Treble). Very good advice, I think.

Yardsley. Thank you, Mrs. Perkins, it was; and, by Jove! when they stopped he was four holes up with two to play.

Mrs. Peters (using her lorgnettes). How extraordinary!

Treble. Isn't he?

Peters. Really!

Enter Perkins with Barlow, involved in an argument.

Perkins has on dinner coat, white shirt, black tie, golf trousers, stockings, and patent-leather pumps.

Perkins. Now, Jack, don't be foolish. It was the only thing I could do.

Mrs. Perkins (observing Perkins's costume). Teddy!

Perkins. What? Oh—ah—excuse me. Mrs. Peters, I am so glad to see you, and—

Hullo, Henderson! we missed you to-day. Ah, Treble, old chap, how goes the choir? You're not the man to be bunkered by church choir rows, I'll be bound.

Treble. Bunkered?

Perkins. Well—er—ha-ha! of course—I mean—

Confound it, Yardsley, you know what I mean.

Yardsley. Certainly. Bunkered, Professor Treble, is golfese for impeded, don't you know. When you get a bad lie in the ditch, and can't ground your club, for instance, why—ah—oh, hang it! Say, Treble, you ought to drop the organ and play golf. It's the only way to learn the language.

Barlow. It's dead easy when you once know how.

Peters. And so exhilarating.

Treble. And with what is this interesting thing played?

Yardsley. Thing! Great Scott, Treble, don't call golf a thing!

Treble. You'll have to excuse my ignorance. You began talking about bagpipes, and then ran on to golf. I know how the bagpipes are played, and now I ask how golf is played, that's all.

Yardsley. Oh, that's all right, old chap! It's played with clubs.

Treble. Ah, I see! It is like a xylophone on a large scale?

Perkins. Well, I'll be—

Barlow. He's a beauty, he is!

Peters. Isn't he?

Mrs. Perkins (aside to her husband).

Teddy, do look at your costume. What ever induced you?

[Treble withdrawing to converse with Mrs. Peters; Miss Andrews joins them.]

Peters (to Yardsley). They ought to take down the wall, though. It's too infernally high; and, by Jingo! if you get into the ploughed field—

Perkins. I'm awfully sorry, Bess, but it was pure inadvertence. Barlow came in before I was half dressed, and made a very irritating remark about a play I made at the seventh hole, and I forgot. Put on my white shirt, coat, and tie, and just plain forgot. Anyhow, it's all right.

Mrs. Perkins. But you look so absurd.

Perkins. I look merely courteous, my dear. With Peters in full dress, and Yardsley and Barlow in their golfies, I've got to strike an average.

Mrs. Perkins (with a sigh). Well, dear, you've struck it.

Barlow. Don't be an ass, Yardsley! There you were; your ball was unplayable. *You couldn't have got it out with a pickaxe.*

Yardsley. Of course I couldn't; the pickaxe is essentially an Irish club. *I had to play with Scotch clubs, hang you, Barlow!*

Mrs. Peters. I really didn't take very much to *Falstaff*, to tell the truth, Professor Treble. You see, Verdi became so Wagnerian without becoming Wagner.

Miss Andrews. Still, what a splendid chance it gave Maurel!

Treble. Yes; and think—here is a man who—

Peters. Never played golf in his life. Of course he's an ass.

Mrs. Peters. Henderson!

Peters. My dear?

Miss Andrews. You really must learn golf, Mr. Treble, if you are to get on with these gentlemen.

Treble. I fear it is so.

Mrs. Peters. No personalities, please, Henderson.

Peters. I was only saying, my dear, that a man who never played golf was—

Treble. Dear me! what is golf?

Mrs. Perkins (foreseeing trouble). Professor, shall we have a little music?

Perkins (aside to Barlow and Yardsley). The littler the better. I move we have a little Scotch, eh?

Treble. Certainly.

Perkins (overjoyed). You will?

Treble. What shall it be?

Perkins. What kind do you prefer?

Mrs. Peters. Oh—a little Chaminade—perhaps.

Yardsley (aside to Barlow). What kind of a beverage is Chaminade? Sounds like lemonade.

Barlow. Give it up. I don't care for liqueurs myself.

Miss Andrews. 'Sh! Chaminade is a composer.

[Treble sits at piano and sings. Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Perkins sit in rapt attention. Perkins at the beginning tiptoes softly out, followed by Peters, Barlow, and Yardsley. Miss Andrews shakes her pouter at them, and joins the group about the piano. On the completion of the song the men return in time to hear Mrs. Peters say: "Perfectly charming. What was it?"]

Perkins. Glenlivet, Mrs. Peters. After all, there's nothing like it for a steady diet—eh, boys?

CURTAIN.

Intermezzo: Scottish airs to be played on the bagpipes with piano accompaniment.

Scene II.—The same. Two hours later. Curtain rising discovers empty room, in much disorder. Sofa cushions on floor, chairs upside down, etc. Enter the ladies.

Mrs. Perkins (with a slight laugh, picking up cushions). I can't say that I think we've accomplished much for the choral club.

Mrs. Peters (assisting in righting things). Nor I. Henderson really ought to be ashamed of himself. Mr. Treble was outlining his plan so nicely when he made that tactless remark.

Miss Andrews. Well, there's one thing about it which, if Mr. Treble thought more of others and less of himself, he'd have known. Mr. Peters didn't mean anything by it, and as soon as Mr. Treble calmed down—

Mrs. Peters. I know, dear; but you couldn't really blame Mr. Treble. When a man makes a statement that there are two hundred good voices available for a choral society, it is startling to have a stranger blurt out, "beastly lie!" I don't wonder he got mad. Musicians are excitable, anyhow. They have to be, I suppose. If they weren't, they wouldn't be musicians.

Mrs. Perkins. Still, he should have known that Mr. Peters couldn't have meant to refer to his statement, and I'm sure any golf-player—

Miss Andrews. That's just the trouble. The professor is only a piano-player. For my part, I'm rather glad it happened. It will be a lesson to Mr. Treble, and with a few lessons outside of music, I think he has the making of a very agreeable man. (Laughs.) It was so amusing! and wasn't he droil when he jumped up and demanded an explanation?

Mrs. Peters. I was afraid that poor Henderson's last hour had come.

Mrs. Perkins. They've calmed him down all right. With Dorothy's clubs to help along the explanation, it didn't take him long to get the idea.

Mrs. Peters. I should say not. He became as good a golfiac as the best of them. When I asked him at supper how he liked Seidl, he said, "Very much; do you play this wonderful game of golf?"

Miss Andrews (laughing). I really never saw a man so quickly won over. Still, what could you expect? I thought Thaddeus's explanation of the game was superb. It was a very happy thought making the house into a links and giving the professor an exhibition game with a paper ball; and how ingeniously Mr. Yardsley turned the sofa cushions and chairs into bunkers and hazards!

Mrs. Peters. I don't think it did Mrs. Perkins's rug much good when Mr. Treble "ploughed up" the field.

Mrs. Perkins (rising and walking to the door). Oh, I didn't mind that as long as we got out of our awful scrape without bloodshed. But they are very

long over their cigars, it seems to me. I think I'll tell them to come in here and smoke. Shall I?

Miss Andrews. Still talking "bad lies," I fancy.

Mrs. Peters. Certainly, Mrs. Perkins. Why shouldn't they smoke in our presence collectively? I'm sure Henderson does it with me individually.

[Exit Mrs. Perkins.]

Mrs. Peters. Isn't it strange how men get worked up over a thing like golf, and then forget everything else in the world? I don't suppose we've said twenty words about the choral society's affairs.

Miss Andrews. Oh, we women are just as bad. At our last teachers' meeting at the Sunday-school we didn't talk anything but golf.

Enter Mrs. Perkins.

Mrs. Perkins. Well, I declare! Where do you suppose they are now?

Miss Andrews. } Where?

Mrs. Peters. }

Mrs. Perkins. Out on the lawn, teaching Mr. Treble to drive in the moonlight!

Miss Andrews. Good!

Mrs. Peters. Oh, these men, these men! I should think you'd be frightened to death with these balls whistling all over the place, Mrs. Perkins. (A crash.) There—something has happened!

Miss Andrews (rushing to window). Mr. Treble's just done something. [Opens window.]

Mrs. Perkins (calling out). What are you doing?

Perkins (from without). Nothing, dear; only playing a little golf. Treble's just driven a ball through the laundry window.

Mrs. Perkins (starting back anxiously). You'll have to excuse me, Mrs. Peters, but I must go up stairs and close the nursery blinds. I'm not going to have the baby hit with a golf-ball just to accomplish the reformation of Mr. Treble, and he seems to be indulging in all the vagaries of a beginner.

[Exit hurriedly.]

Miss Andrews (looking out of the window). I wish I could join them. I feel just like it.

[Seizes a driver and swings it viciously.]

Mrs. Peters. Why don't you? I'll chaperon you.

Miss Andrews. Really? Then come along. I've got a wrap here, and, after all, it's not cold. Take one of these clubs, and here's a ball. We might as well play golf as the rest of them.

[Exeunt. As they go out a golf-ball drops into the room through the open window. Perkins appears at window with loftier in his hand. He climbs in.]

Perkins (turning). Come on, Treble. That wasn't a bad stroke, after all. Lucky the window was open, though—eh? Climb right in.

[Treble climbs in with difficulty. He is breathless with excitement.]

Treble. Now what do I do? Use my ledder?

Perkins. Brassie, brassie—not ledder. Don't get your metals mixed. Let's see; I hardly know what to advise you to do now. I'm afraid we're done for. It was a good stroke, but bad direction. You got the loft in great shape.

Yardsley (at window). Say, is the ball playable?

Barlow (looking over Yardsley's shoulder). Of course it is. Jove, Treble, you're playing in great form! Peters is looking for his ball now in the bushes. As a matter of fact, you did better than he did, getting into the light.

Yardsley. Why the deuce don't you help Peters find his ball? You're his caddy.

Barlow. Oh, I had to see this. It's the finest game of the season. What are you going to do?

Perkins. We don't know yet. Now if I were playing I'd loft out through the window again. But Treble's too new for the safety of the glass; and then again he might drive through the piano, and put it out of tune.

Treble. Can't I pick it up and throw it out?

Barlow. Yes; but you'll lose two strokes.

Yardsley (jumping in and pulling back the portières). Better not do that, though; it's a bad habit for a beginner. If you weren't bunkered by that sofa cushion, you could putt out through the front door in two, and have a better lie.

Peters (appearing at window). Well, what's the matter here? I'm on the green.

Perkins. Better putt out the door, Treble; that's the best.

[*Hands him a putter. Treble grasps it in two hands, and draws back to strike with all his might, when, enter Mrs. Perkins.*

Mrs. Perkins. Dear me, Teddy, what are you up to?

[*Treble pauses.*

Perkins. Still teaching Treble golf. Playing one hole, dear, that's all. He's just lofted in here.

Treble (apologetically). Accidentally, of course, Mrs. Perkins. You see, I—ah, I split the ball.

Perkins. Sliced, Treble, sliced.

Treble. I sliced the ball with the lifter, and instead of its landing on the common, it stymied in through the window.

Barlow. Ah-ha! You have a great head for language, Treble. Stymied through the window is good. You want to be careful, old man, that you don't top your caddy next time you try that wonderful croquet shot you made with your masher down on the tennis-court.

Perkins. Shut up, Barlow. He's doing mighty well. Just stop your guying. He plays golf far better than you can play the piano.

[*All the men by this time have climbed into the room.*

Yardsley. That's right; he's done superbly. Only broken one pane of glass, and—

Peters. Hasn't sworn once. By-the-way, Treble, you want to pick out one choice swear word to use when you miss a stroke. It's a part of the game.

Perkins. With an alternate for use in the presence of ladies. I have two. One of 'em is—

Mrs. Perkins. Thaddeus!

Perkins. I'll whisper it, my dear. When I miss with only men about, I say— [*Whispers to Treble.*

Treble (with a whistle). Really? Dear me, Mr. Perkins, I—

Perkins. Yes, that's the word; and you don't know what comfort I get out of it; and with ladies about I make a grimace, and say, "Oh, tut!" which isn't half so pleasant.

Barlow. The best expression is "dear me!" Treble. It is so easily changed into damn me! you know. Ah, excuse me, Mrs. Perkins! I really thought you'd gone out.

Mrs. Perkins. Oh, don't mention it, Mr. Barlow! I'm getting used to it. That isn't a circumstance to Thaddeus's other word. He uses it on cold winter mornings when the pipes burst, whether I'm about or not. But where are Mrs. Peters and Dorothy?

Perkins. Haven't seen 'em. Now, Treble. Hold the portières back, Yardsley. And, Barlow, you open the front door. Treble, take that putter and tap the ball as straight for the door as you can. We'll move the sofa cushion. Don't whack it as if you were using a bat. Just tap it gently.

[*Barlow and Yardsley obey.*

Treble. What's this stick—the putty?

Perkins. Putter; and it isn't a stick—it's a club. Remember that. There are people who will cut your acquaintance if you use the word stick. It's the name of ignorance. And say, don't hold it like a croquet-mallet. Take it this way.

[*Suits action to the word.*

Yardsley. That's awful form, Perkins.

Perkins. You attend to that portière, Yardsley, and mind your own business. I got this form from Willie Withers, of the Wampum Country Club at Dorchester, and he knows a thing or two.

Yardsley. It's bad form, just the same.

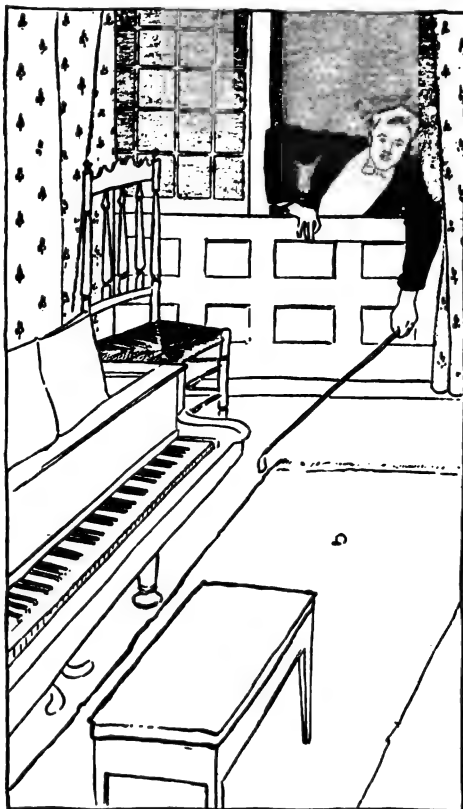
Perkins. Oh yes! Everything's bad form that doesn't make you look like a monkey on a stick. I know what I'm talking about. You do what I tell you, Treble.

[*Treble looks from one to the other in despair.*

Yardsley. Well, I want to see the man start right. Now Willie Park told me—

Mrs. Perkins. I think I'd better see what has become of Mrs. Peters, if you men are going into an argument on form. [*Exit.*

Perkins. Willie Park, and Willie Jones, and Willie Campbell, and Willie MacSlushy rolled into one can't hold a candle to Willie Withers, Yardsley, and you know it—at least I hope you do. Just take your



Willies West and let 'em grow up with the country. I know what's good form on my own links.

Yardsley. Well, I was only telling you.

Perkins. That's all right. Tell all you know, but don't insist on knowing everything. Willie Withers—

Barlow (from without). Hi! when are you going to play? I'm not going to hold this door open all night.

Treble. What is the rule, anyhow, Mr. Peters, when there is a dispute of this nature? With Mr. Yardsley saying one thing, and Mr. Perkins another, I don't know what to do.

Peters. It's the rule of life, Mr. Treble: when in doubt, take Scotch and soda.

Perkins. Well, this time we'll play first, because there's no doubt. Do as I tell you, Treble.

[*Treble seizes putter and taps the ball gently.*

It rolls under the piano.

Treble (anxiously). How was that? Pretty good?

Yardsley (sarcastically clapping his hands). Splendid Willie Withers putt. It's just what I expected.

Perkins (mad). Yardsley, you make me tired. If he'd tried your composite Willie shot, he'd have landed the ball in the furnace.

Barlow (coming in). Haven't you got out yet?

Yardsley. No. Under Willie Perkins's instructions Willie Treble has got underneath Mr. Willie Steinway's piano, and doesn't know what in Willie to do next.

Treble (renting on his club). I've found my cuss word, gentlemen. It will be, Oh, Willie!

Yardsley (with a laugh). You're getting on, old man. (*Shakes his hand.*) That's the best yet.

Barlow. Where's the ball?

Perkins. Under the piano.

Peters. Suggested new golf rule: What to do when ball is under piano. Is piano movable hazard? If not, what club—eh?

Yardsley. Ball under piano—use—ah—

Treble (inspired). Choral club, eh? [*All laugh.*

Perkins. It's unplayable.

Yardsley. What? The piano?

Perkins (desperately). I want to say something. Any ladies present?

[*Mrs. Perkins appearing at the window.*

Mrs. Perkins. I've found them, Teddy. They've come out to watch you play.

Perkins. Oh, tut!

Mrs. Perkins. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. [*Disappears.*

Yardsley. Dear me, Thaddeus, you are mad, I'm afraid.

Perkins. Well, I didn't mean it. If I'd been real mad I'd have said—

Treble (anxiously). Er—the other word—eh?

Perkins. Precisely.

Treble. What do I do now, gentlemen? Let us finish the game.

Perkins. Give it up. Barlow, what shall we do with this ball? Take it out?

Barlow. I don't know. This is the first musical hazard I ever struck. Treble knows all about pianos. Let him decide for himself.

Treble. I should get a stick and knock it out—the ball, I mean, not the piano.

Peters (tired). Oh, let me hole out and take it.

Perkins. Not by a long shot. You're twenty-nine, aren't you?

Treble (ready to stop). Then he's beaten us, Mr. Perkins. He's twenty-nine, and I'm only fourteen.

Barlow (falling on the sofa). Good Lord! the idea of trying to make a golf-player out of that!

Enter Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Peters, and Miss Andrews.

Mrs. Peters. Where have you been?

Miss Andrews. We've been looking all over the place for you.

Perkins. Where have we been? Why, home, like respectable citizens, of course. *Where have you been?*

Treble. We climbed in through the window after my ball. You see, I made a fortissimo stroke—

Yardsley. At a pianissimo moment.

Barlow. The ball took a crescendo movement—

Perkins. And is resting under the piano.

Miss Andrews (clapping her hands). Lovely! And now?

Treble. We are wondering what to do. They are all telling me something different.

Perkins. It is difficult to compose ourselves. Nobody but Wagner could make harmony out of our situation.

Miss Andrews. Why, get it out, of course. (*To Treble.*) Give me your putter. (*Makes a sweep under the piano. The ball rolls toward the door.*) There! it's a splendid lie.

Peters. Why have you taken sides, Miss Andrews?

Miss Andrews. I haven't, Mr. Peters. I am interested in the—ah—the development of the choral society, and I think if Mr. Treble knows more about golf, he'll know more about human foibles, and so be a better conductor. (*To Treble.*) Just hit it gently, Mr. Treble, so that it will go out here. (*Stands in doorway. Treble seizes a club from the caddy bag and makes a mild stroke. The ball rolls out.*) Splendid!

Barlow. Superb. Really I never saw anything like it, and I've played golf for seven years.

Yardsley. Ever play the piano hazard before, Jack?

Barlow. Nit. Treble, I tell you what I think you'd better do.

Treble (making a stroke through the air with his club). What's that?

Barlow. Ask Perkins for a little Scotch and soda.

Mrs. Peters. But the choral club?

Miss Andrews. Give up the hole to Mr. Peters, Mr. Treble. You can't expect to win your first game.

Perkins. Bully advice, Treble.

Yardsley. Splendid. The best golf-player always knows when he is beaten. Acknowledge defeat, Treble, and you'll have one of the qualities of the best players.

Mrs. Perkins. Yes. It's getting so cold.

Treble. Very well; I agree. As I said before, I am beaten. He's twenty-nine, and I'm sixteen. I gained a little on the last two. And the choral club—really, I feel embarrassed.

Peters. Suppose you call a meeting for Thursday or—

Mrs. Peters. We have a dinner Thursday, Henderson. Suppose we make it Wednesday or Friday afternoon at our house?

Treble. Wednesday or Friday. Ah, Mrs. Peters, I have an engagement to—play golf with Mr. Perkins on both those days; but on Monday—

Miss Andrews. I did want you to join a party at St. Jonah's on Monday, Mr. Treble. Miss Hawkins and Mr. Bolivar, both good voices, are going.

Peters. And you know you promised me Saturday, Treble.

Treble (with a despairing glance at Mrs. Perkins). I really—really don't know what to do.

Mrs. Perkins. I shall be at home Sunday afternoon. Suppose you all come to tea Sunday night?

All. Delighted.

Mrs. Perkins. But one thing must be understood beforehand—golf must not be mentioned.

Perkins (expostulating). My dear, Sunday's a bully day for golf. Don't rule golf out on—

Mrs. Perkins. I know. But you didn't wait to hear me out.

Miss Andrews. Give Bessie a chance, Thaddeus; I know what she's going to say.

Mrs. Perkins. Then, Dorothy dear, you say it.

Miss Andrews. Golf shall neither be played nor mentioned after six o'clock P.M.

Mrs. Perkins. Exactly, Dorothy.

Mrs. Peters (smiling). But what shall the men talk about?

Perkins. Music!

Treble. Well, I don't know. Since I learned golf— [Yardsley, Peters, and Barlow laugh.]

Yardsley. Since he learned, eh?

Barlow. He's got the first requisite.

Peters. He has that. I never saw such confidence! Brassy nature, eh? [They laugh.]

Perkins. What's the matter, boys?

Barlow. Nothing. We're only somewhat in doubt as to whether Treble is—

Perkins. Doubt? Then we'll apply the rule. Come on, it's in the other room.

Treble. The Scotch and soda rule?

Perkins. Precisely, Treble. It's a good rule, and measured by fingers and not by feet.

[The ladies sniff scornfully.]

Mrs. Peters. But it affects the feet more than it does the fingers.

Treble. Well—if you'll excuse me, Mr. Perkins—I—ah—I won't have any.

Barlow. But you're chilled, old man.

Yardsley. B-r-r-r. I am.

Treble. Well, I think, if you'll let me, I'll warm up at the piano.

Peters. It is good exercise.

Miss Andrews. Yes. Next to a run on the links, a run on the keys is as exhilarating as anything I know.

Perkins. Well, Barlow, you and Yardsley and Peters and I will have to go it alone; but, Treble, you've got to remember one thing. No man ever played golf as it ought to be played who didn't understand the Scotch and soda play. I advise you to practise it.

[They go out. Treble smiles adieu, and sits down at piano and plays softly from Chopin.]

Mrs. Perkins. I've often wondered just where the essential charm of golf lay.

Mrs. Peters. I learned it long ago. The game can never gain a foothold in a prohibition country.

Miss Andrews. Well, like every other game, it must fail unless it is played with spirit.

[The men appear at the door with steaming hot Scotchies in their hands, and as they do so Treble runs off from Chopin into "The Bluebells of Scotland," Perkins holds his glass high, and the others follow his example. Finishing, Treble twirls about on piano-stool.]

Perkins. Here's to him!

Treble. Who?

Perkins. Why, you, my dear fellow. The biggest Willie of us all.

Miss Andrews (laughing and rising). Certainly. When a professor of music, Mr. Treble, runs in three minutes from Chopin to the "Bluebells of Scotland," he is entitled to admission into the inner circles of—

Onans. The golfiacs.

[The glasses are held high again, and Treble, as the curtain slowly falls, sits again at the piano, and with much spirit plays "Comin thro' the Rye."]



THE INFLUENCE OF HUMOR.

THEY were a jolly crowd, sitting before a blazing log fire at the club. Two of them had just returned from an extensive tour, and the conversation hung somewhat upon their experiences in the West.

"For my part," said the professional humorist, "I've enjoyed the railway journey hugely. You get pretty good treatment from these railroad men. They're good fellows in every way. There isn't anything under the canopy they won't do for you, if they can."

"I don't know about that," put in the club growler. "I've had railway journeys to burn, and they have involved a deal of discomfort, and, as far as my experience has gone, I've never been able to get any extreme amount of courtesy out of the officials."

"Perhaps you didn't go about it in the right way," said the other. "There's everything in knowing how."

"Oh, as for that, I've always addressed courteous notes to those in charge, asking for such favors as I wished, and stating upon what basis I put my claim for especial consideration, and I don't recall an instance in which I have had any attention whatsoever paid to my communications."

"That proves the truth of what I say. It all depends on how you put it. Now I always adopt the humorous method. Ask for what you want, and begin by making the officials laugh. A recent experience of mine shows that. On my way home from Chicago I naturally wished, after a long absence, to get back to my family as quickly as possible. My town is on the line of the railroad in question, but the train does not ordinarily stop there; so, to avoid an extra journey of fifty miles, I decided to wire the officials of the road, some of whom I knew. 'Make 'em laugh,' I said to myself, 'and there you are.' So I telegraphed as follows:

"To So-and-So, Central Station:

"I began using your railroad twenty years ago, and since that time I have used no other. How about stopping the Chicago Special, No. 917, at Blank to let me off?"

"This was sent from Kalamazoo, and cost one dollar and forty-seven cents."

"And the train stopped?"

"No," said the humorist, "it didn't stop; it rushed by my town like an avalanche. But the next time I met the official to whom the message was addressed he said, 'I say, Jim, that was a mighty good joke of yours.'"

The growler looked at the humorist in perplexity.

"What the deuce does that prove?" he asked.

"That a railway official is a most courteous man, if you give him a chance. Why, my dear fellow, most other men would have ignored my exhibition of cheek entirely."

"But," persisted the growler, "I don't see what you got out of it."

"A luncheon at the Transportation Club," said the humorist. "What more could you expect?"

UNCERTAINTY.

NOW that again the nearing sun slants warm each southern slope on, Belinda, of a sudden, leaves the noisy town behind,

And slowly fares across the fields (with rubbers, let us hope, on),

While shadows on her forehead tell of something on her mind.

What is it in the spring-time drives a maid to meditation?

What brings her out to tramp the fields in chosen solitude?

Some matter of finance? or faith, or heart, or station?

It must be what would all these four and most things else include.

Oh, what is man, Belinda dear, that you are mindful of him?

Caressed of fortune, can it be there's anything you lack?

Ay, there's the rub! so much to lose—so great a risk to love him!

And yet, who dares not love may miss what never may come back!

Take heed, Belinda! Life is long enough to discipline him.

Be sure he's straight, as humans go, and sound, and sane and true;

Be sure he has withal the saving streak of iron in him

To make him deaf when sirens sing, and calm when notes fall due!

Wise choice to you, Belinda! Man's no easy thing to measure,

For now and then he justifies the shape he's moulded in;

And then again he doesn't: still, an able woman's leisure

May find worse use than steering him, and helping him to win.

E. S. MARTIN.



UNCERTAINTY.

NO OBJECTION AT ALL.

SHE had spent the evening with his sister, and had been so altogether charming that he had almost decided to overlook the fact of her having been born in Boston and to ask her to marry him. He was to walk home with her, and as they left the house asked casually, stopping meantime to find a match for the cigar already in his fingers,

"Do you object to my smoking?"

"Not at all—on the way back," she replied.

He hastily buttoned his coat, dropping his cigar. "It's a cold night," he remarked, mentally adding that, after all, it wouldn't do to forget she was a Bostonian.

A SPECIFIC DEFINITION.

LUCY was only seventeen years old when she came up from "ole Virginy" to become a servant in New York. As she was very pretty and neat, her mistress decided to make a lady's-maid of her, and as she grew to know her better, took more and more interest in her welfare. One day, not many weeks after her

arrival, Lucy came to Mrs. Dobson, somewhat perturbed, and asked what "love" was.

"Nebber knew wha' it was. Done read 'bout it, and dat's all."

Mrs. Dobson, a little amused, endeavored to define love as simply as possible, but with small success, since Lucy was still fancy-free.

Several months passed, and in the mean time Lucy's acquaintance among the young people of her color in the neighborhood extended. One Joe, the hall-boy in a house directly opposite to the home of Mrs. Dobson, seemed particularly smitten with Miss Lucy's dusky charms, and, little by little, she grew less insensible to his attentions. Joe, however, was something of a flirt, for one night, after bidding Lucy an affectionate adieu, he met a second girl only half an hour later. This Lucy heard of, and trembling in the intensity of her feeling, she went up stairs to her mistress.

"Oh, Mis' Dobson," she burst out, with a half-sob, "I done foun' out now wha' love is. It am a' itchin' roun' de heart dat yu' can't scratch!"



A VALUABLE WATCH-DOG.

BROWN. "What's your idea of locking him in the house nights?"
SMITH. "So he won't be stolen. He cost me seventy-five dollars."



See "The Maritan."

MARTY.

As found in an unfinished state, after de Maurier's death.

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SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

BY GENERAL GEORGE A. FORSYTH, U.S.A.

"When I heard this I took two of my aides-de-camp, Major George A. Forsyth and Captain Joseph O'Keefe, and with twenty men from the escort started for the front."—FROM THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF P. H. SHERIDAN, vol. ii., chapter iii., page 80.

IN the summer of 1864 I was on detached duty as an acting aide on the staff of Major-General Philip H. Sheridan, then in command of the Army of the Shenandoah. I was one of two officers who rode to the front with him "from Winchester down" on the 19th of October, 1864, the day of the battle of Cedar Creek, and I purpose to tell the story of the ride from its inception to the close of the day on which it ended. I shall give, in sequence, the orders which practically compelled his absence from his army, show that he lost no time in returning to it, and state in detail his orders to me on the field of battle, and, to the best of my ability, show the condition of affairs as they existed on his reaching the army. If I am compelled to give myself undue prominence, please recollect that on the field I was only one of many aides sent here and there by the commanding general, and I can only tell of what passed between us, and what happened immediately under my own eye.

It seemed as though the campaign in the valley of the Shenandoah in the year 1864 was practically over. Twice within four days General Sheridan had attacked and defeated the Confederate army under General Early: first, on the 19th of September, at the crossing of Opequon Creek, in front of Winchester, Virginia, and again at Fisher's Hill, twenty-two miles further up the valley, on the 22d day of the same month. Both victories had been wrung from the enemy by dint of hard fighting and good judgment on the part of the commanding general of the United States forces, and his reputation as the commander of an army was now seemingly as secure as the brilliant record he

had already made as a brigade, division, and corps commander.

The Federal troops lay quietly in camp in fancied security near Strasburg, just in rear of Cedar Creek, one of the tributaries of the Shenandoah River, and the shattered forces of the enemy were supposed to be somewhere in the vicinity of Gordonsville, Virginia; but the Confederate general, Jubal A. Early, was a soldier unused to defeat, a bitter enemy and a desperate foe, and, as later events went to show, an officer willing to risk his all on the mere possibility of regaining, by a sudden and unexpected blow, the lost prestige of himself and army. In my opinion, but for the opportune arrival of General Sheridan on the field of battle, there is no reasonable doubt that he would have succeeded in accomplishing his object.

So well satisfied was General Grant with the result of General Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley that he thought he could with safety largely detach from the Army of the Shenandoah, and accordingly had directed that the Sixth Army Corps be returned to its old place with the Army of the Potomac, and he also contemplated withdrawing one division of the Nineteenth Army Corps to another field of duty. It may be as well to state here that there were only two divisions of the Nineteenth Corps with the Army of the Shenandoah, the other division being on duty in Louisiana.

Accordingly, on the 12th of October, orders were issued directing the Sixth Corps to march to Alexandria, Virginia, by the way of Ashby's Gap, and on the 13th instant it started, but events developed that induced General Sheridan to be-

lieve that it was possible that General Early had been re-enforced, and he ordered it back the next day, especially as in addition to said developments he received the following telegram from General Halleck, the Chief of Staff of the Army:

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 12, 1864—12 M.

Major-General Sheridan, Strasburg:

General Grant wishes a position taken far enough south to serve as a base for future operations upon Gordonsville and Charlottesville. It must be strongly fortified and provisioned. Some point in the vicinity of Manassas Gap would seem best suited for all purposes. Colonel Alexander, of the Engineers, will be sent to consult with you as soon as you connect with General Augur.

H. W. HALLECK,

Major-General and Chief of Staff.

He informed the Chief of Staff of his action regarding this corps in the following despatch:

CEDAR CREEK, VA.,

October 13, 1864—9.30 A.M.

Maj. Gen. H. W. Halleck, Chief of Staff:

Your telegram dated 12 M. October 12 received. If any advance is to be made on Gordonsville and Charlottesville, it is not best to send troops away from my command, and I have therefore countermanded the order directing the Sixth Corps to march to Alexandria. I will go over and see General Augur and Colonel Alexander, and communicate with you from Rectortown.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-General.

And also despatched General Augur as follows:

CEDAR CREEK, October 13, 1864.

GENERAL,—News received from Washington since I wrote you last night make it necessary for you to hold on to your present position at Rectortown. I will try and get over and see you either this evening or to-morrow.

P. H. SHERIDAN.

On the 14th he received the two following telegrams:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
October 13, 1864.

Major-General Sheridan

(Care of General Augur):

If you can come here a consultation on several points is extremely desirable. I propose to visit General Grant, and would like to see you first.

EDWIN M. STANTON,

Secretary of War.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 13, 1864—5 P.M.

(Via Rectortown and Harper's Ferry.)

Major-General Sheridan, Cedar Creek:

The Secretary of War wishes you to come to Washington for consultation if you can safely leave your command. General Grant's wishes

about holding a position up the valley as a basis against Gordonsville, etc., and the difficulty of wagoning supplies in the winter, may change your views about the Manassas Gap road.

H. W. HALLECK,

Major-General and Chief of Staff.

The same day he wrote General Augur as follows:

CEDAR CREEK, October 14, 1864—3.30 P.M.

Major-General Augur, Rectortown:

GENERAL,—I got ready to go over and see you yesterday, and was on the point of starting when a force of rebel cavalry made its appearance in my front. I had sent a brigade, 700 strong, to go across the Shenandoah to establish a signal-station on the mountains to the left of Strasburg. The rebel cavalry opened three pieces of artillery on the party. I started a cavalry division across the creek on the Back road, and Crook sent a small division over toward Fisher's Hill for the purpose of developing the enemy's force. Up to that time he had shown nothing but cavalry. As Crook's force pushed out, after crossing the creek toward Strasburg, the enemy moved out a strong infantry line of battle. After skirmishing for some time, Crook's command fell back to the north side of the creek. The indications last night were that the enemy were in force—infantry and cavalry, with artillery. The Sixth Army Corps, which started yesterday morning to march to Alexandria, was stopped and ordered back to Front Royal. It did not succeed in reaching Front Royal last night, but camped at Millwood. This corps was ordered up here this A.M., and reached this point about 12 M. to-day. During the night the enemy fell back. I had made arrangements to attack. I have not as yet made up my mind as to the intention of the enemy in making this move. I rather think that Early expected to find only Crook's command here. He was under the impression that I had gone over to the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, to operate on that line. Colonel Powell's division of cavalry is at Front Royal. You had better continue your work on the railroad. If required, I will send over more troops. I am very anxious to see you, and will try to get over to you as soon as I possibly can.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-General.

The earnest desire for his presence in Washington is evident from the following telegram:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
October 14, 1864.

Major-General Augur, Rectortown:

Has General Sheridan reached you yet?

EDWIN M. STANTON,

Secretary of War.

On the 15th of October I was directed by Colonel J. W. Forsyth, General Sheridan's chief of staff, to accompany the

commanding general, but I had no idea where he was going, and I had learned that it was useless to ask questions. I found, however, that only four of the staff were to go with him, viz., Colonel J. W. Forsyth, Captains M. V. Sheridan and Joseph O'Keeffe, and myself. We took the road to Front Royal, accompanied by a large body of cavalry, and stopped at a farm-house that night. The next morning we again took up the march to Front Royal. While stopping near this place the general received from General Wright the following despatch:

HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION,
October 16, 1864.

Maj. Gen. P. H. Sheridan,

Commanding Middle Military Division:

GENERAL, — I inclose you dispatch which explains itself. If the enemy should be strongly re-enforced in cavalry, he might, by turning our right, give us a great deal of trouble. I shall hold on here until the enemy's movements are developed, and shall only fear an attack on my right, which I shall make every preparation for guarding against and resisting.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
H. G. WRIGHT,
Major-General, Commanding.

(Enclosure.)

Lieutenant-General Early:

Be ready to move as soon as my forces join you and we will crush Sheridan.

LONGSTREET, Lieutenant-General.

This message was taken off the rebel signal-flag on Three-Top Mountain.

He replied to it as follows:

HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION,
FRONT ROYAL, October 16, 1864.

Maj. Gen. H. G. Wright,

Commanding Sixth Army Corps:

GENERAL, — The cavalry is all ordered back to you; make your position strong. If Longstreet's dispatch is true, he is under the impression that we have largely detached. I will go over to Angur, and may get additional news. Close in Colonel Powell, who will be at this point. If the enemy should make an advance, I know you will defeat him. Look well to your ground and be well prepared. Get up everything that can be spared. I will bring up all I can, and will be up on Tuesday, if not sooner.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-General.

From this place we proceeded to Rector-town, arriving there about noon. The following telegraphic despatches are self-explanatory:

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 16, 1864.

Major-General Augur, Rector-town:

It is impossible to say how far the road is

to be repaired till we can have an interview with General Sheridan.

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General and Chief of Staff.

RECTOR-TOWN, VA., October 16, 1864.

Major-General Halleck, Chief of Staff:

General Sheridan just arrived here.

C. C. AUGUR, Major-General.

RECTOR-TOWN, VA., October 16, 1864—1.50 P.M.

Major-General Halleck, Chief of Staff:

I have no cipher clerk here. An intercepted signal dispatch would indicate that Longstreet was marching to join Early with considerable force, and was not far off. Have you heard that any rebel force has been detached from Richmond? Cipher dispatches sent me yesterday or day before, via this place, were lost.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-General.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 16, 1864—4 P.M.

Major-General Sheridan, Rector-town:

General Grant says that Longstreet brought with him no troops from Richmond, but I have very little confidence in the information collected at his headquarters. If you can leave your command with safety come to Washington, as I wish to give you the views of the authorities here.

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General and Chief of Staff.

From the above despatches it will be seen that General Sheridan could not well ignore the request of the Chief of Staff of the Army and of the Secretary of War to go to Washington. In fact, the statement of the Secretary of War, that he was only awaiting his (Sheridan's) arrival in order to confer with him prior to taking his own departure to confer with General Grant, practically settled the question. We pushed on from Rector-town, through Manassas Gap, to the terminus of the railroad then being in process of reconstruction, where we took the cars, with our respective mounts, for Washington, reaching the city at a fairly early hour in the morning of the 17th instant. After a hasty breakfast at Willard's Hotel, General Sheridan went at once to the War Department, and had a lengthy interview with the Chief of Staff of the Army and the officials of the War Department, returning to the hotel shortly after twelve o'clock. We had lunch on his arrival, and then went immediately to the Baltimore and Ohio depot, where a special train was awaiting us, and at once started for Martinsburg. This train was provided by order of the War Department at General Sheridan's especial

request, in order that no unnecessary time should be lost in his return to the army. The Chief of Staff of the Army sent the following despatch regarding the interview to General Grant:

WASHINGTON, October 17, 1864—12.30 P.M.

Lieutenant-General Grant, City Point:

General Sheridan has just been here. He has not yet fully decided about the Manassas road, but will do so in a day or two. He has gone back, with Colonels Alexander and Thom, to make a fuller reconnaissance. . . .

H. W. HALLECK,

Major-General and Chief of Staff.

We arrived at Martinsburg after dark, where we found an escort which had been ordered there to meet us.* Early the next morning we started by the valley turnpike for Winchester, twenty-eight miles distant, reaching there about three in the afternoon. We had with us on the ride Colonels Alexander and Thom, of the Engineer Corps, who had accompanied the general from Washington under special instructions from the War Department.

After lunch at the headquarters of Colonel Oliver Edwards, who was in command at Winchester, I accompanied General Sheridan and Colonels Alexander and Thom on an extended and careful survey of the country in the immediate vicinity of the town. We rode over the ground thoroughly, and it was dark ere we returned. I heard the matter of Winchester, as an available point of defence in case the Army of the Shenandoah was heavily depleted of its infantry, discussed freely; but I do not think the consensus of opinion was in its favor. Immediately on his arrival at Colonel Edwards's headquarters, General Sheridan had sent a despatch by courier to General Wright, at Cedar Creek, notifying him of his return thus far, and requesting any information of importance be sent him. During the evening a courier brought word from General Wright saying that all was quiet, and that he had ordered a strong reconnoissance to go and develop the enemy's position. So we all went to bed without any thought of what awaited us.

In the morning, about daylight, word was brought from the picket-line south of Winchester of heavy firing at the front. General Sheridan interviewed the

officer who brought the information and decided that it must be the result of the reconnoissance that General Wright had notified him the night before was to take place this morning. Little apprehension was occasioned by the report. After breakfast, probably nearly or quite nine o'clock, we mounted and rode at a walk through the town of Winchester to Mill Creek, a mile south of the village, where we found our escort awaiting us.

We could occasionally hear the far-away sound of heavy guns, and as we moved out with our escort behind us I thought that the general was becoming anxious. He leaned forward and listened intently, and once he dismounted and placed his ear near the ground, seeming somewhat disconcerted as he rose again and remounted. We had not gone far, probably not more than a mile, when, at the crest of a little hill on the road, we found the pike obstructed by some supply-trains which had started on their way to the army. They were now halted and seemingly in great confusion. Part of the wagons faced one way, part the other; others were half turned round, in position to swing either way, but were huddled together, completely blocking the road.

Turning to me, the general said, "Ride forward quickly and find out the trouble here and report promptly." I rode rapidly to the head of the train and asked for the quartermaster in charge, and was told he had gone up the road a short distance.

On reaching him, I found him conversing with a quartermaster-sergeant. They informed me that an officer had come from the front and told them to go back at once, as our army had been attacked at daylight, defeated, and was being driven down the valley. The officer, they said, had gone back toward the front after warning them to come no further.

Galloping back, I made my report. "Pick out fifty of the best-mounted men from the escort," was the response. Riding down the column, with the aid of one of the officers of the regiment, this was soon accomplished, and I reported with the selected men. Turning to his chief of staff, Colonel J. W. Forsyth, the general said something regarding certain instructions he had evidently been giving him, and then said to me, "You and Captain O'Keeffe will go with me"; and nodding good-by to the other gentlemen of our party, with whom he had probably

* Captain M. V. Sheridan was left at this place to bring to the front some members of Congress who were coming up to visit the Army of the Shenandoah.



TO THE FRONT FROM WINCHESTER.

been conferring while I was making up the cavalry detail, he turned his horse's head southward, tightened the reins of his bridle, and with a slight touch of the spur he dashed up the turnpike and was off. A yard in rear, and side by side, Captain O'Keeffe and myself swept after him, while the escort, breaking from a trot to a gallop, came thundering on behind.

The distance from Winchester to Cedar Creek, on the north bank of which the Army of the Shenandoah lay encamped, is a little less than nineteen miles. The general direction was west of south, and the road to it, by way of the valley pike, ran directly through the road-side hamlets of Milltown, Kearnstown, Newtown, and Middletown. Our army was encamped four miles south of Middletown. The Shenandoah Valley turnpike, over which we were now speeding, was formerly a well-built macadamized road, laid in crushed limestone, and until the advent of the war had been kept in excellent condition. Even now, though worn for three years past by the tread of contending armies with all the paraphernalia of war as they swept up and down the valley, it was a fairly good road; but the army supply-trains, ammunition-wagons, and artillery had worn it into deep ruts in places, and everywhere the dust lay thick and heavy on its surface, and powdered the trees and bushes that fringed its sides, so that our galloping column sent a gray cloud swirling behind us. It was a golden sunny day that had succeeded a densely foggy October morning. The turnpike stretched away, a white, dusty line, over hill and through dale, bordered by fenceless fields, and past farm-houses and empty barns and straggling orchards. Now and then it ran through a woody copse, with here and there a tiny stream of water crossing it, or meandering by its side, so clear and limpid that it seemed to invite us to pause and slake our thirst as we sped along our dusty way. On either side we saw, through the Indian-summer haze, the distant hills covered with woods and fairly ablaze with foliage; and over all was the deep blue of a cloudless Southern sky, making it a day on which one's blood ran riot and he was glad of health and life.

Within a mile we met more supply-trains that had turned back, and the general stopped long enough to order the offi-

cer in charge to halt, park his trains just where he was, and await further instructions. Then on we dashed again, only to meet, within a few moments, more supply-trains hurrying to the rear. The general did not stop, but signalling the officer in charge to join him, gave him instructions on the gallop to park his train at once, and use his escort to arrest and stop all stragglers coming from the army, and to send back to the front all well men who might drift to him, under guard if necessary.

Scarcely had we parted from him and surmounted the next rise in the road when we came suddenly upon indubitable evidence of battle and retreat. About a mile in advance of us the road was filled and the fields dotted with wagons and men belonging to the various brigade, division, and corps headquarters, and in among them officers' servants with led horses, and here and there a broken ambulance, sutlers' supply-trains, a battery forge or two, horses and mules hastily packed with officers' mess kits, led by their cooks, and now and then a group of soldiers, evidently detailed enlisted men attached to the headquarters trains. In fact, this was the first drift-wood of a flood just beyond and soon to come sweeping down the road. Passing this accumulation of débris with a rush by leaving the pike and galloping over the open fields on the side of the road, we pushed rapidly on; but not so quickly but that we caught an echoing cheer from the enlisted men and servants, who recognized the general, and shouted and swung their hats in glee.

Within the next few miles the pike and adjacent fields began to be lined and dotted everywhere with army wagons, sutlers' outfits, headquarters supply-trains, disabled caissons, and teamsters with led mules, all drifting to the rear; and now and then a wounded officer or enlisted man on horseback or plodding along on foot, with groups of straggling soldiers here and there among the wagon-trains, or in the fields, or sometimes sitting or lying down to rest by the side of the road, while others were making coffee in their tin cups by tiny camp-fires. Soon we began to see small bodies of soldiers in the fields with stacked arms, evidently cooking breakfast. As we debouched into the fields and passed around the wagons and through these groups, the general would wave his hat to the men and point

to the front, never lessening his speed as he pressed forward. It was enough; one glance at the eager face and familiar black horse and they knew him, and starting to their feet, they swung their caps around their heads and broke into cheers as he passed beyond them; and then, gathering up their belongings and shouldering their arms, they started after him for the front, shouting to their comrades further out in the fields, "Sheridan! Sheridan!" waving their hats, and pointing after him as he dashed onward; and they too comprehended instantly, for they took up the cheer and turned back for the battle-field.

To the best of my recollection, from the time we met the first stragglers who had drifted back from the army, his appearance and his cheery shout of "Turn back, men—turn back! Face the other way!" as he waved his hat towards the front, had but one result: a wild cheer of recognition, an answering wave of the cap. In no case, as I glanced back, did I fail to see the men shoulder their arms and follow us. I think it is no exaggeration to say that as he dashed on to the field of battle, for miles back the turnpike was lined with men pressing forward after him to the front.

So rapid had been our gait that nearly all of the escort, save the commanding officer and a few of his best-mounted men, had been distanced, for they were more heavily weighted, and ordinary troop horses could not live at such a pace. Once we were safe among our own people, their commander had the good sense to see that his services were no longer a necessity, and accordingly drew rein and saved his horses by following on at a slow trot. Once the general halted a moment to speak to an officer he knew and inquire for information. As he did so he turned and asked me to get him a switch; for he usually rode carrying a light riding-whip, and furthermore he had broken one of the rowels of his spurs. Dismounting, I cut one from a near-by way-side bush, hastily trimmed it, and gave it him. "Thanks, Sandy," said he, and as we started again he struck his splendid black charger Rienzi a slight blow across the shoulder with it, and he at once broke into that long swinging gallop, almost a run, which he seemed to maintain so easily and so endlessly—a most distressing gait for those who had to follow far. These two words of thanks

were nearly the only ones he addressed to me until we reached the army; but my eyes had sought his face at every opportunity, and my heart beat high with hope from what I saw there. As he galloped on his features gradually grew set, as though carved in stone, and the same dull red glint I had seen in his piercing black eyes when, on other occasions, the battle was going against us, was there now. Occasionally Captain O'Keeffe and myself exchanged a few words, and we waved our hats and shouted to the men on the road and in the fields as we passed them, pointing to the general and seconding as best we could his energetic shout: "Turn back, men—turn back! Face the other way!" Now and then I would glance at the face of my companion, Captain O'Keeffe, whose gray-blue eyes fairly danced with excitement at the prospect of the coming fray; for if ever a man was a born soldier and loved fighting for chivalry's sake, it was that gallant young Irish gentleman Captain Joe O'Keeffe.*

Each moment that we advanced the road became more closely clogged with stragglers and wounded men, and here the general suddenly paused to speak to one of the wounded officers, from whom I judge he got his only correct idea of the attack by the enemy at dawn, the crushing of our left, and the steady out-flanking that had forced our army back to where it was at present, for I caught something of what the officer said, and his ideas seemed to be clear and concise. This pause was a piece of rare good fortune for me, for my orderly happened to be by the side of the road with my led horse, and in a trice he changed my saddle, and I rejoined the general ere he was a hundred yards away, with all the elation that a fresh mount after a weary one inspires in the heart of a cavalryman.

Within a comparatively short distance we came suddenly upon a field-hospital in a farm-house close to the road beyond Newtown, where the medical director had established part of his corps. Just ahead of us the road was filled with ambulances

* Captain O'Keeffe had been a soldier in the Pope's guard, and was, I think, a relative of the Bishop of Cork. He came to this country, tendering his sword to the government, and was made an aide-de-camp. He resigned this position to become Major of the Second New York Cavalry, and was mortally wounded at the battle of Five Forks, April 1, 1865.

containing wounded men, who were being carried into the house to be operated upon, while outside of the door along the foot-path lay several dead men, who had been hastily placed there on being taken from the stretchers. The vicinity was dotted with wounded men, sitting or lying down or standing around, waiting to have their wounds dressed, while the surgeons were flitting here and there doing their best and straining every nerve to meet their necessities. Giving the place a wide berth, after the first glance, and galloping around the line of ambulances that filled the pike, we passed through a fringe of woods, up a slight eminence in the road, and in a flash we were in full view of the battle-field. It was a grewsome sight to meet the eyes of a commanding general who, three short days before, had left it a triumphant host lying quietly in camp, resting securely on its victories, and confident in its own strength. And now!

In our immediate front the road and adjacent fields were filled with sections of artillery, caissons, ammunition-trains, ambulances, battery wagons, squads of mounted men, led horses, wounded soldiers, broken wagons, stragglers, and stretcher-bearers—in fact, all that appertains to and is part of the rear of an army in action. One hasty glance as we galloped forward and we had taken in the situation. About half or three-quarters of a mile this side of Middletown, with its left resting upon the turnpike, was a division of infantry in line of battle at right angles to the road, with its standards flying, and evidently held well in hand. Near the turnpike, and just to its left, one of our batteries was having a savage artillery duel with a Confederate battery, which was in position on a little hill to the left and rear of Middletown as we faced it. To the left of this battery of ours were the led horses of a small brigade of cavalry, which was holding the ground to the left of the pike, and both the infantry and cavalry dismounted skirmishers were in action with those of the enemy. Further to the left and slightly to the rear, on a bit of rising ground, was another of our batteries in action. Half a mile to the right and somewhat to the rear of the division of infantry which was in line of battle, could be seen a body of infantry in column slowly retiring and tending towards

the pike; and just beyond these troops was another body of infantry, also in column, and also moving in the same general direction. Further to the right, across a small valley, and more than a mile away from these last-mentioned troops, was a still larger force of infantry, on a side-hill, facing towards the enemy, in line of battle but not in action. I looked in vain for the cavalry divisions, but concluded rightly that they were somewhere on the flanks of the enemy.

Skirting the road, and avoiding as best we might the impedimenta of battle, the general, O'Keeffe, and myself spurred forward. Finally, on the open road and just before we reached the troops in line, which was Getty's division of the Sixth Army Corps, I asked permission to go directly down to the skirmish-line to see the actual condition of things. "Do so," replied the general, "and report as soon as possible." Just then we reached the line, and as I glanced back I saw the chief draw rein in the midst of the division, where he was greeted by a storm of cheers and wild cries of Sheridan! Sheridan! while standards seemed to spring up out of the very earth to greet him. A few seconds later and I was on the skirmish-line by the side of Colonel Charles R. Lowell, commanding the regular cavalry brigade.

"Is Sheridan here?"

"Yes."

"Thank goodness for that!"

At this moment Mr. Stillson, the war correspondent of one of the New York newspapers (who had risked his life for news more than once, and in fact was doing it now), rode up and made the same inquiry.

"He is here," was my reply.

"Well? What is he going to do about it?"

"He's going to whale blank out of them."

"He can't do it," shaking his head.

"Wait, and you'll see."

"I wish I may," said the plucky correspondent, "but I doubt it," and he turned and rode back to find the general.

Turning again to Colonel Lowell, I eagerly asked for the facts about the battle, well knowing that there was no cooler head or better brain in all the army, nor one to be more absolutely relied upon. As we rode along the skirmish-line, that I might get a better view of the enemy,



"SHIRIDAN! SHIRIDAN!"

he gave me the details as he knew them. Then, as we watched the enemy forming his battalions in the distance for another advance, I put the question:

"Can you hold on here forty minutes?"

"Yes."

"Can you make it sixty?"

"It depends; you see what they are doing. I will if I can."

"Hold on as long as possible," said I; and turning, I rode rapidly back to my chief, whom I found dismounted, surrounded by several general officers, and in the midst of those of his staff who had not gone with us to Washington. Dismounting, I saluted. Stepping one side from the group, he faced me and said,

"Well?"

"You see where we are?" (A nod.)

"Lowell says that our losses, killed, wounded, and missing, are between three and five thousand, and more than twenty guns, to say nothing of transportation. He thinks he can hold on where he is for forty minutes longer, possibly sixty."

I can see him before me now as I write, erect, looking intently in my eyes, his left hand resting, clinched savagely on the top of the hilt of his sabre, his right nervously stroking his chin, his eyes with that strange red gleam in them, and his attenuated features set as if cast in bronze. He stood mute and absolutely still for more than ten seconds; then, throwing up his head, he said:

"Go to the right and find the other two divisions of the Sixth Corps, and also General Emory's command [the two divisions of the Nineteenth Corps]. Bring them up, and order them to take position on the right of Getty. Lose no time." And as I turned to mount, he called out: "Stay! I'll go with you!" And springing on his horse, we set off together, followed by the staff.

Riding up closely to him, I said, "Pardon me, general, but I think if I had control of a division I could do good work here."

Looking me squarely in the eyes for a few seconds, he replied: "Do you? Perhaps I'll give you control of more than that."

Not another word was said, and in a few moments we had reached the head of the nearest division we were seeking. It was ordered on the line—I think by the general himself; and as I started for the

head of the other division, he ordered me to ride directly over to General Emory's command (two divisions of the Nineteenth Corps), and order it up, to take position in line of battle on the right of the Sixth Corps. I rode over to General Emory's line, which was about a mile away, and found his troops in good condition, though somewhat shattered by the fortunes of the day, facing toward the enemy, and half covered by small ledges of rock that cropped out of the hill-side. On receiving the order, he called my attention to the fact that in case the enemy advanced on the Sixth Corps, he would be nearly on their flank, and thought best that I apprise the commanding general of the fact, as it might induce him to modify the order. Galloping back, I gave his suggestion to the general.

"No, no!" he replied. "Get him over at once—at once! Don't lose a moment!"

I fairly tore back, and the troops were promptly put in motion for their new position, which they reached in due time, and were formed in line of battle in accordance with General Sheridan's orders.

After the whole line was thoroughly formed, I rode over to my chief and urged him to ride down it, that all the men might see him, and know without doubt that he had returned and assumed command. At first he demurred, but I was most urgent, as I knew that in some instances both men and officers who had not seen him doubted his arrival. His appearance was greeted by tremendous cheers from one end of the line to the other, many of the officers pressing forward to shake his hand. He spoke to them all, cheerily and confidently, saying: "We are going back to our camps, men, never fear. I'll get a twist on these people yet. We'll raise them out of their boots before the day is over."

At no time did I hear him utter that "terrible oath" so often alluded to in both prose and poetry in connection with this day's work.

As we turned to go back from the end of the line, he halted on the line of the Nineteenth Corps and said to me: "Stay here and help fight this corps. I will send orders to General Emory through you. Give orders in my name, if necessary. Stay right on this line with it."

"Very good, general," was my reply; and the general and staff left me there and galloped toward the pike.



"STAY HERE AND HELP FIGHT THIS CORPS."

It must have been nearly or quite half past twelve o'clock by this time, and as soon as the skirmishers were thrown forward the troops were ordered to lie down; an order gladly obeyed, for they had been on their feet since daylight, fighting and without food. They were to have but a short period of rest, however, for in a few moments the low, rustling murmur that presages the advance of a line of battle through dense woods (the Nineteenth Corps was formed just at the outer edge of a belt of heavy timber) began to make itself felt, and in a moment the men were in line again. A pattering fire in front, and our skirmishers came quickly back through the woods, and were absorbed in the line; then there was a momentary lull, followed by a rustling, crunching sound as the enemy's line pressed forward, trampling the bushes under foot, and crowding through bits of underbrush.

In a flash we caught a glimpse of a

long gray line stretching away through the woods on either side of us, advancing with waving standards, with here and there a mounted officer in rear of it. At the same instant the dark blue line at the edge of the woods seemed to burst upon their view, for suddenly they halted, and with a piercing yell poured in a heavy volley, that was almost instantly answered from our side, and then volleys seemed fairly to leap from one end to the other of our line, and a steady roar of musketry from both sides made the woods echo again in every direction. Gradually, however, the sounds became less heavy and intense, the volleys slowly died away, and we began to recognize the fact that the enemy's bullets were no longer clipping the twigs above us, and that their fire had about ceased, while a ringing cheer along our front proclaimed that for the first time that day the Confederate army had been repulsed.

During the attack my whole thought, and I believe that of every officer on the line, had been to prevent our troops from giving way. In one or two places the line wavered slightly, but the universal shout of "*Steady, men, steady, steady!*" as the field-officers rode up and down the line, seemed to be all that was needed to inspire the few nervous ones with renewed courage and hold them well up to their work. As for myself, I was more than satisfied, for only years of personal experience in war enables a man to appreciate at its actual value the tremendous gain when a routed army turns, faces, and checks a triumphant enemy in the open field. It is a great thing to do it with the aid of re-enforcements; it is a glorious thing to do it without.

For a few moments the men stood leaning on their arms, and some of us mounted officers rode slowly forward anxiously peering through the trees, but save for a dead man or two there was no sign of the enemy; the Confederates had fallen back. Word was passed back to the line, and the men were ordered to lie down, which they willingly did. I rode slowly up and down the line of the Nineteenth Corps, and after a few moments grew impatient for orders, for as a cavalryman my first thought, after the repulse of the enemy, was a countercharge. The minutes crept slowly by and nothing came, not even an aide for information. Twenty minutes elapsed, thirty, forty, fifty, and I could wait no longer, but galloped to army headquarters, which I found to the right of the turnpike, about two hundred yards in rear of the Sixth Corps. Dismounting, I went up and saluted the commanding general, who was half lying down, with his head resting on his right hand, his elbow on the ground, and surrounded by most of his staff. Colonel J. W. Forsyth, his chief of staff, as well as Colonels Alexander and Thom of the Engineer Corps, were with him, having reached the field since I had been on the line with the Nineteenth Corps.

"Well, what is it?" said the general.

"It seems to me, general, that we ought to advance; I have come hoping for orders." He half sat up, and the black eyes flashed. I realized that I had laid myself open to censure; but gradually an amused look overshadowed the anxious face, and the chief slowly shook his head.

"Not yet, not yet; go back and wait."

I saluted, mounted, and rode leisurely back, cogitating as I went. I knew that there must be some good reason for the delay, but as yet I was unable to fathom it. Reaching the rear of the centre of the Nineteenth Corps, I found a shady spot, and dismounting, sat down on the ground just back of the line, holding my horse's bridle in my hand, for I had no orderly with me. Very soon I became interested in watching the various phases of the situation as they developed before me, and I soon saw one reason for delay, and that was that we were steadily growing stronger. The tired troops had thrown themselves on the ground at the edge of the woods, and lay on their arms in line of battle, listlessly and sleepily. Every now and then stragglers—sometimes singly, oftener in small groups—came up from the rear, and moving along back of the line, dusty, heavy-footed, and tired, found and rejoined their respective companies and regiments, dropping down quietly by the side of their companions as they came to them, with a gibe or a word or two of greeting on either side, and then they too, like most of the rest, subsided into an appearance of apathetic indifference. Here and there men loaded with canteens were sent to the rear in search of water; and every few yards soldiers lay munching a bit of hardtack, the first food many of them had had during the day, for they were driven from their camps at daylight.

Little was said by officers or men, for the truth was nearly all were tired, troubled, and somewhat disheartened by the disaster that had so unexpectedly overtaken them; for even in the light of existing events the Confederates had triumphed. They had been routed from their position, their left overwhelmed, crushed, and driven in upon the centre, and the whole army repeatedly outflanked and forced back beyond Middletown, a distance of nearly five miles, where they now were, with the loss of many cannon, most of their wounded, thousands of prisoners, and quantities of transportation—this, too, by a foe whom they believed practically vanquished, and whom they had defeated in pitched battle twice within the last thirty days. This unpalatable fact burnt itself into their brain as they lay prone on the ground, with their rifles beside them, trying to snatch a few moments' troubled sleep for their heavy

eyes and weary bodies. It must have been a bitter cud to chew.

As the moments continued to pass with no orders from headquarters I grew impatient again, notwithstanding the fact that the delay was increasing our strength by the return of stragglers and the reorganization of scattered regiments, as well as giving a much-needed rest to the whole army. For the foe was also resting, and probably gaining strength in the same manner, so I mounted and passed through our line, and rode out towards the enemy as far as I could with reasonable safety. Owing to the woods and the conformation of the ground, I could not accurately determine anything, so I came back and went again to army headquarters. I reported my actions, and told the general how I had not been able to satisfy myself as to the present location of the enemy's line, but I thought the men were sufficiently rested to advance in good heart. He did not reply immediately, but seemed thoughtful and perplexed.

Finally he shook his head, and said, "Not yet, not yet; go back and wait patiently."

Riding back to my former location, I dismounted and sat down again, much puzzled to know the reason for this inaction, as it was so unlike what I had seen of my chief, who was always so quick to see and prompt to act, especially on the field of battle. I think it must have been nearly an hour when I again passed to the front of our line, gave my horse to one of the skirmishers, and cautiously stole through the woods, till, on surmounting a slight rise, I distinctly heard sounds that indicated the vicinity of the enemy, and by crawling forward I saw his line in the distance, and made out that the Confederates were piling up stones and rails on the prolongation of a line of stone fences, evidently expecting an advance from our side and preparing for it.

I returned at once, and for the third time reported at army headquarters. As I came up I noticed that the general had evidently just received a report of some kind from an officer who was riding off as I made my appearance. Reporting what I had heard and seen, he glanced up brightly and said:

"It's all right now! I have been kept back by a report of troops coming down in our rear by way of the Front Royal pike. It's not so, however." Then, turn-

ing to one of his staff-officers, he asked for the time of day.

"Twenty minutes to four," was the reply.

"So late!" said the general. "Why, that's later than I thought!" And then, turning again to me, he said: "Tell General Wright to move forward the Sixth Corps and attack at once, keeping his left on the pike; then tell General Emory to advance at the same time, keeping the left of the Nineteenth Corps well closed on the right of the Sixth Corps; if opportunity offers, swing the right division of the Nineteenth Corps to the left, and drive the enemy towards the pike. I will put what is available of General Crook's forces on the left of the pike and General Merritt's cavalry also, and send Custer well out on Emory's right to cover that flank. Do you clearly comprehend?"

"Certainly! The Sixth and Nineteenth Corps attack, with Merritt's cavalry on the left and Custer's on the right, the right division of the Nineteenth to try and outflank the enemy and swing towards the pike."

"Good!" said the general, with a quick nod, and I saluted and sprang to my saddle with a feeling of elation difficult for one not a soldier to adequately comprehend.

I found General Wright just in rear of his corps, lying on the ground. He sat up as I reported, and I saw that his beard was clotted with blood and his neck and chin swollen, and he spoke with something of an effort. He had been shot just under the chin early in the day, but had retained command of the army until General Sheridan's arrival, and then assumed command of his own corps. On receiving General Sheridan's order he said,

"Do I understand that General Emory's troops connect with my right flank?"

"Certainly!"

"And General Crook's forces will be on the left of the pike?"

"Yes, and General Merritt's cavalry also."

"Very well."

And as I saluted and turned away he was already giving orders to his aides. I rode rapidly to General Emory and repeated the commanding general's instructions, and then returned to my former station in rear of the right centre of the Nineteenth Corps.

In a few moments the news ran down

the line that we were to advance. Springing to their feet at the word of command, the tired troops stood to arms and seemed to resolutely shake off the depression that had sat so heavily upon them, and began to pull themselves together for the coming fray. Everywhere along the line of battle men might be seen to stoop and retie their shoes; to rebuckle and tighten their waist-belts; to unbutton the lids of their cartridge-boxes and pull them forward rather more to the front; to rearrange their haversacks and canteens, and to shift their rolls of blankets in order to give freer scope to the expansion of their shoulders and an easier play to their arms; to set their forage-caps tighter on their heads, pulling the vizor well down over their eyes; and then, almost as if by order, there rang from one end of the line to the other the rattle of ramrods and snapping of gunlocks as each man tested for himself the condition of his rifle, and made sure that his weapon was in good order and to be depended upon in the emergency that was so soon to arise. Then grounding arms, they stood at ease, half leaning on their rifles, saying little, but quietly awaiting orders and grimly gazing straight toward the front. In front of the battalions, with drawn swords and set lips, stood their line-officers, slightly craning their heads forward and looking into the woods, as if trying to catch a glimpse of the enemy they knew to be somewhere there, but whom as yet they could not see.

I push through the line slightly forward of the nearest brigade, and in a moment the sharp command, "Attention!" rings down the line. "Shoulder arms! Forward! *March!*" And with martial tread and floating flags the line of battle is away. "Guide left!" shouts the line-officers. "Guide left—*left!*" and that is the only order I hear as we press forward through the thick trees and underbrush. I lean well forward on my horse's neck, striving to catch if possible a glimpse of the Confederate line; but hark! Here comes the first shot. "Steady! Steady, men!" Another, and now a few scattering bullets come singing through the woods. The line does not halt nor return the fire, but presses steadily on to the oft-repeated command of "Forward! *forward!*" that never ceases to ring from one end to the other of the advancing line. Soon the woods become less dense,

and through the trees I see just beyond us an open field partly covered with small bushes, and several hundred yards away, crowning a slight crest on its further side, a low line of fence-rails and loose stones, that, as we leave the edge of the woods and come into the open, suddenly vomits flame and smoke along its entire length, and a crashing volley tells us that we have found the enemy. For an instant our line staggers, but the volley has been aimed too high, and few men fall. "Steady—steady, men!" shout the officers. "*Aim!*" and almost instinctively the whole line throw forward their pieces. "*Fire!*" and the next instant a savage volley answers that of the Confederates. I can see that it has told, too, for in several places along the opposite crest men spring to their feet as if to fall back, but their officers promptly rally them. "Pour it into them, men!" shouts our officers. "Let them have it! It's our turn now!" for brute instinct has triumphed, and the savage is uppermost with all of us. For a moment or two the men stand and fire at will, as rapidly as it is possible to reload, and then the Confederate fire seems to slowly slacken; so, with a universal shout of "Forward! *forward!*" we press towards the enemy's line. Before we are much more than half-way across the field, however, they seem to have abandoned our front, for I can not see anything ahead of us, though I stand up in my stirrups and look eagerly forward. But what—what is that? *Crash! crash!* and from a little bush-covered plateau on our right the enemy sends a couple of rattling volleys on our exposed flank that do us great harm, and I realize that *we are outflanked!*

For an instant the line gives way, but every mounted officer in the vicinity, among whom I recognize General Fessenden, seems to be instantly on the spot trying to rally the troops and hold the line. "*Steady! steady! Right wheel!*" is the shout, and the men after the first flush of surprise behave splendidly, one young color-bearer rushing to the right and waving his flag defiantly in the new direction from which the enemy's fire is now coming. I ask him to let me take it, as I am mounted and it can be seen better, as there is some undergrowth at this particular spot in the field. At first he demurs, but seeing the point, yields. Holding on to my saddle, the color-bearer

accompanies me toward a slight hillock. The line catches sight of it, and the left begins to swing slowly round, the men in our immediate vicinity loading and firing as rapidly as they can in the direction from which the enemy is now advancing. The Confederates are giving it to us hot, and we realize that we have lost the continuity of our line on both flanks.

Suddenly peal on peal of musketry broke out on our right, and the copse in front of us was fairly bullet-swept by repeated volleys. The next moment a portion of one of McMillan's brigades, which he had promptly swung around and faced to the right, dashed forward, and together we moved up to the position just held by the enemy, to find that he was in headlong retreat. One hasty look and I saw that we had pierced the enemy's line, and that his extreme left was cut off and scattered. But I could not see any troops, nor anything of his line over in the direction of the pike, as there was a dense belt of woods that shut out the view. Nevertheless, the steady roar of artillery and peals of musketry told us that heavy fighting was going on in that part of the field. General McMillan was already reforming his men to move over and take up the line and our former direction to the left, when General Sheridan, riding his gray charger Breckenridge, and surrounded by his staff, came out of the woods and dashed up. One glance and he had the situation. "This is all right! this is all right!" was his sole comment. Then turning to General McMillan, he directed him to continue the movement and close up to the left and complete our line of battle as it originally was.

He told me, however, to hold the troops until I saw that Custer had driven the enemy's cavalry from our flank. This we could easily see, as the country was open and the ground lower than where we were. Having given these instructions, the general, followed by his staff, galloped rapidly to the left and rear through the woods, evidently making for the pike, where, judging from the continued roar of field-guns and musketry, the Sixth Corps was having savage work.

As soon as we saw General Custer's squadrons charge across the field and engage the enemy's cavalry, General McMillan ordered the advance, and we pushed forward, driving the enemy ahead of us through the wood, and came out to the

left and rear of the Confederate line, enabling our left to pour in a fearful fire on their exposed flank. The enemy was gallantly holding his line behind some stone fences, but "flesh that is born of woman" could not stand such work as this, and the cavalry, having got well in on their right flank about this time, their entire line gave way in retreat.

Our whole army now pressed rapidly forward, not stopping to re-form, but driving them from each new line of defence; but it was no walk-over even then, for the Confederates fought splendidly—desperately even. They tried to take advantage of every stone fence, house, or piece of woods on which to rally their men and retard our advance. Their batteries were served gallantly and handled brilliantly, and took up position after position; but it was all in vain, for we outnumbered them both cavalry and infantry, and their men must have comprehended the fact that our cavalry was turning both their flanks. They made their last stand on the hills just this side of Cedar Creek, occupying the reverse side of some of our own earthworks; and when the infantry I was with came up to Belle Plain, which was the house General Sheridan had occupied as headquarters prior to his departure for Washington, it was already getting quite dark. I dismounted here and ran in a moment to see whether Colonel Tolles and Dr. Ohlenschlaeger, two of General Sheridan's staff who had been wounded by guerillas, were still living. They were still alive, but unconscious, and some one (a Confederate, I think), fearing that the house might be shelled during the action, had kindly placed their mattresses on the floor to keep them as far out of harm's way as possible. Hurrying out, I pushed on with the infantry.

For a few moments the Confederates held their position on the hills, but suddenly abandoned it in haste and sought safety in flight, for some of General Custer's cavalry had crossed the creek at the ford below and were getting in their rear, and to remain was to be captured. I soon caught up with some of our cavalry regiments, and we started in full cry after the enemy. It was no use for them to attempt anything but flight from this on, and they abandoned everything and got away from our pursuing squadrons as best they might, hundreds of them leaving the pike and scattering through the



"HOLDING ON TO MY SADDLE, THE COLOR-BEARER ACCOMPANIES ME."

hills. On we went, pell-mell, in the dark. Two regiments, the Fifth New York Cavalry and the First Vermont Cavalry, to the best of my recollection, were the only regimental organizations that went beyond Strasburg. The road was literally crammed with abandoned wagons, ambulances, caissons, and artillery.

At a small bridge where a creek crosses the road some distance south of the town we were fired upon from the opposite side by what I thought was the last organized force of General Early's army. I now believe it to have been his provost guard with a large body of our prisoners captured by the enemy early in the day. The planks of this bridge were torn up to prevent the enemy from coming back during the night and carrying off any of the captured property. I then started to return to headquarters, counting the captured cannon as I went. It soon occurred to

me that as it was so dark I might mistake a caisson for a gun, so I dismounted and placed my hand on each piece. I reached headquarters about half past eight or possibly nine o'clock. Camp-fires were blazing everywhere. I went up to the chief, who was standing near a bright fire surrounded by a group of officers, and saluting, reported my return.

"Where do you come from?"

"Beyond Strasburg."

"What news have you?"

"The road is lined with transportation of almost every kind, and we have captured forty-four pieces of artillery."

"How do you *know* that we have forty-four pieces?"

"I have placed my hand on each and every gun."

Standing there in the firelight I saw my chief's face light up with a great wave of satisfaction.

TWO SONNETS.

BY HELEN HAY.

THE COMING OF LOVE.

I DREAMED that love came as the oak-trees grow,
By the chance dropping of a tiny seed,
And then from moon to moon with steady speed,
Tho' torn by winds and chilled with heedless snow,
The sap of pulsing life would upward flow
Till in its might the heavens themselves could read
Portents of power that they must lean to heed.
This was my dream; the waking proved not so.
For love came like a flower and grew apace.
I saw it blossom, tenderly and frail
Till the dear Spring had run its eager race.
Then the rough wind tossed high the petals red,
The seed fell far in soil beyond my pale.
I know not now, if love be lost or dead.

AGE.

I HAVE a dream that somewhere in the days
Since when a myriad suns have burned and died
There was a time my soul was not, for pride
Of spendthrift youth, the pensioner who pays
Dole for the pain of searching thro' the haze
Where joy lies hidden. As the puff-balls ride
The wandering wind across the summer's side,
So winged my spirit in a golden blaze
Of pure and careless Present—Future naught
But a sad dotard's wail—and I was young
Who now am old. Now years like flashes seem
Lambent or gray on the great wall of Thought.
This is a song a poet may have sung.
No proof remains—I have but dreamed a dream.

THE MARTIAN.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

PART X.

"Je suis allé de bon matin
Cueillir la violette,
Et l'aubépine, et le jasmin,
Pour célébrer ta fête.
J'ai lié de ma propre main
Bouton de rose et romarin
Pour couronner ta blonde tête.

"Mais de ta royale beauté
Sois humble, je te prie.
Ici tout meurt, la fleur, l'été,
La jeunesse, et la vie:
Bientôt, bientôt ce jour sera,
Ma belle, où l'on te portera
Dans un linceul, pâle et flétri."
—A FAVORITE SONG OF MARY TREVOR'S.

THAT was a pleasant summer. First of all we went to Ste.-Adresse, a suburb of Hâvre, where there is very good bathing—with rafts, *périssaires*, *pique-têtes* to dive from—all those aquatic delights the French are so clever at inventing, and which make a "station balnéaire" so much more amusing than a mere British watering-place.

We made a large party and bathed together every morning; and Barty and I taught the young ones to dive and do "la coupe" in the true orthodox form, with that free horizontal sweep of each alternate arm that gives it such distinction.

It was very good fun to see those rosy boys and girls taking their "hussardes" neatly without a splash from the little platform at the top of the pole, and solemnly performing "la coupe" in the wake of their papa; one on his back. Right out to sea they went, I bringing up the rear—and the faithful Jean-Baptiste in attendance with his boat, and Leah inside it—her anxious eyes on the stretch to count those curly heads again and again. She was a good mathematician, and the tale always came right in the end; and home was reached at last, and no one a bit the worse for a good long swim in those well-aired, sunlit waves.

Once we went 'on the top of the diligence to Étretat for the day, and there we talked of poor Bonzig and his first and last dip in the sea; and did "la coupe" in the waters that had been so fatal to him, poor fellow!

Then we went by the steamer *Jean Bart* to Trouville and Deauville, and up the Seine in a steam-launch to Rouen.

In the afternoons and evenings we took

long country walks and caught moths, or went to Hâvre by tramway and cleared out all the pastry-cooks in the rue de Paris, and watched the transatlantic steamers, out or home, from that gay pier which so happily combines business with pleasure—*utile dulci*, as Père Brossard would have said—and walked home by the charming Côte d'Ingouville, sacred to the memory of Modeste Mignon.

And then, a little later on, I was a good Uncle Bob, and took the whole party to Auteuil, near Paris, and hired two lordly mansions next door to each other in the Villa Montmorency, and turned their gardens into one.

Altogether, with the Scatcherds and ourselves, eight children, governesses, nurses and other servants, and dogs and the smaller animals, we were a very large party, and a very lively one. I like this sort of thing better than anything else in the world.

I hired carriages and horses galore, and for six weeks we made ourselves thoroughly comfortable and at home in Paris and around.

That was the happiest holiday I ever had since the vacation Barty and I spent at the Lafertés, in the Gué des Aulnes, when we were schoolboys.

And such was our love for the sport he called "*la chasse aux souvenirs*" that one day we actually went there, travelling by train to La Tremblaye, where we spent the night.

It was a sad disenchantment!

The old Lefertés were dead; the young ones had left that part of the country; and the house and what remained of the gardens now belonged to another family,

and had become formal and mean and businesslike in aspect, and much reduced in size.

Much of the outskirts of the forest had been cleared, and was being cleared still, and cheap little houses run up for workmen: an immense and evil-smelling factory with a tall chimney had replaced the old home-farm, and was connected by a single line of rails with the station of La Tremblaye. The clear pellucid stream where we used to catch crayfish had been canalized—"s'est encanaillé," as Barty called it—its waters fouled by large traffic and all kinds of horrors.

We soon found the haunted pond that Barty was so fond of—but quite in the open, close to an enormous brick-field, and only half full; and with all its trees cut down, including the tree on which they had hanged the gay young Viscount who had behaved so badly to Séraphine Doucet, and on which Séraphine Doucet afterwards hanged herself in remorse.

No more friendly charcoal-burners, no more wolves or boars or cerfs-dix-cors; and as for were-wolves, the very memory of them had died out.

There seems no greater desecration to me than cutting down an old and well-remembered French forest I have loved, and solving all its mystery, and laying bare the nakedness of the land in a way so brutal and expeditious and unexpected. It reminds one of the manner in which French market-women will pluck a goose before it's quite dead; you bristle with indignation to see it, but you mustn't interfere.

La Tremblaye itself had become a flourishing manufacturing town, and to our jaundiced and disillusioned eyes everybody and everything was as ugly as could be—and I can't say we made much of a bag in the way of souvenirs.

We were told that young Laferté was a barrister at Angers, prosperous and married. We deliberated whether we would hunt him up and talk of old times. Then we reflected how curiously cold and inhospitable Frenchmen can sometimes be to old English friends in circumstances like these—and how little they care to talk of old times and all that, unless it's the Englishman who plays the host.

Ask a quite ordinary Frenchman to come and dine with you in London, and see what a genial and charming person he can be—what a quick bosom-friend,

and with what a glib and silver tongue to praise the warmth of your British welcome.

Then go and call on him when you find yourself in Paris—and you will soon learn to leave quite ordinary Frenchmen alone, on their own side of the Channel.

Happily, there are exceptions to this rule!

Thus the sweet Laferté remembrance, which had so often come back to me in my dreams, was forever spoilt by this unlucky trip.

It had turned that leaf from the tablets of my memory into a kind of palimpsest, so that I could no longer quite make out the old handwriting for the new, which would not be obliterated, and these were confused lines it was hard to read between with all my skill!

Altogether we were uncommonly glad to get back to the Villa Montmorency—from the distorted shadows of a nightmare to happy reality.

There, all was fresh and delightful; as boys we had often seen the outside walls of that fine property, which had come to the speculative builder at last, but never a glimpse within; so that there was no desecration for us in the modern laying out of that beautiful double garden of ours, whatever there might have been for such ghosts of Montmorencys as chose to revisit the glimpses of the moon.

We haunted Auteuil, Passy, Point du Jour, Suresnes, Courbevoie, Neuilly, Meudon—all the familiar places. Especially we often haunted the neighborhood of the Rond-point de l'avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

One afternoon, as he and I and Leah and Ida were driving round what once was our old school, we stopped in the lane not far from the porte cochère, and Barty stood up on the box and tried to look over the wall.

Presently, from the grand stone loge which had replaced Jaurion's den, a nice old concierge came out and asked if we desired anything. We told him how once we had been at school on that very spot, and were trying to make out the old trees that had served as bases in "la balle au camp," and that if we really desired anything just then it was that we might become schoolboys once more!

"Ah, ma foi! je comprends ça, mesieurs—moi aussi, j'ai été écolier, et j'ai-
mais bien la balle au camp," said the good old man, who had been a soldier.

He informed us the family were away, but that if we liked to come inside and see the garden, he was sure his master would have no objection. We jumped at this kind offer, and spent quite an hour there, and if I were Barty I could so describe the emotions of that hour that the reader would feel quite as tearfully grateful to me as to Barty Josselin for Chapters III. and IV. in *Le Fil de la Vierge*, which are really founded, *mutatis mutandis*, on this selfsame little adventure of ours.

Nothing remained of our old school—not even the outer walls; nothing but the big trees and the absolute ground they grew out of. Beautiful lawns, flower-beds, conservatories, summer-houses, ferns, and evergreen shrubs made the place seem even larger than it had once been—the very reverse of what usually happens—and softened for us the disenchantment of the change.

Here at least was no desecration of a hallowed spot. When the past has been dead and buried a long while ago, there is no sweeter decking for its grave than a rich autumn tangle, all yellow and brown and pale and hectic red, with glossy evergreens and soft damp moss to keep up the illusion of spring and summer all the year round.

Much to the amusement of the old concierge and his wife, Barty insisted on climbing into a huge horse-chestnut tree, in which was a natural seat, very high up, where, well hidden by the dense foliage, he and I used to color pipes for boys who couldn't smoke without feeling sick.

Nothing would suit him now but that he must smoke a pipe there while we talked to the good old couple below.

"Moi aussi, je fumais quand c'était défendu; que voulez-vous? Il faut bien que jeunesse se passe, n'est-ce pas?" said the old soldier.

"Ah, Dame!" said his old wife, and sighed.

Every tree in this enchanted place had its history—every corner, every square yard of soil. I will not inflict these histories on the reader; I will restrain myself with all my might, and merely state that just as the old school had been replaced by this noble dwelling, the noble dwelling itself has now been replaced, trees and garden and all, by a stately palace many stories high, which rears itself among so many other stately palaces

that I can't even identify the spot where once stood the Institution F. Brossard!

Later, Barty made me solemnly pledge my word that if he and Leah should predecease me I would see to their due cremating and the final mingling of their ashes; that a portion of these—say half—should be set apart to be scattered on French soil, in places he would indicate in his will, and that the lion's share of that half should be sprinkled over the ground that once was our play-ground, with—or without—the legitimate owner's permission.

(Alas! and ah me! These instructions would have been carried out to the letter but that the place itself is no more; and with a conviction that I should be merely acting just as they would have wished, I took it on myself to mingle with their ashes those of a very sweet and darling child of theirs, dearer to them and to me and to us all than any creature ever born into this cruel universe; and I scattered a portion of these precious remains to the four winds, close by the old spot we so loved.)

Yes, that was a memorable holiday; the charming Fête de St.-Cloud was in full swing; it was delightful to haunt it once more with those dear young people so little dreamt of when Barty and I first got into scrapes there, and were duly punished by Latin verbs to conjugate in our best handwriting for Bonzig or Dumollard.

Then he and I would explore the so-called Bois de Boulogne for the little "Mare aux Biches," where his father had fallen under the sword of Lieutenant Rondelys; but we never managed to find it: perhaps it had evaporated; perhaps the does had drunk it all up, before they too had been made to vanish, before the German invader—or inside him; for he was fond of French venison, as well as of French clocks! He was a most omnivorous person.

Then Paris had endless charms for us both, and we relieved ourselves at last of that long homesickness of years, and could almost believe we were boys again, as we dived into such old and well-remembered streets as yet remained.

There were still some slums we had loved; one or two of them exist even now. Only the other day I saw the rue de Cléry, the rue de la Lune, the rue de



A SKETCH OF JULIA ROYCE.

Found in du Maurier's sketch-book after his death, and probably a rejected study for the illustration in Part VII. (April), page 706.

la Montagne—all three on the south side of the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle: they are still terrible to look at from the genial boulevard, even by broad daylight—the houses so tall, so irregular, the streets so narrow and winding and black. They seemed to us boys terrible indeed between eight and nine on a winter's evening, with just a lamp here and there to make their darkness visible. Whither they led, I can't say: we never dared explore their obscure and mysterious recesses. They may have ended in the *cour des miracles* for all we knew—it was nearly fifty years ago—and they may be quite virtuous abodes of poverty to-day; but they seemed to us then strange, labyrinthine abysses of crime and secret dens of infamy, where dreadful deeds were done in the dead of long winter nights. Evidently, to us in those days, whoever should lose himself there, would never see daylight again; so we loved to visit them after dark, with our hearts in our mouths, before going back to school.

We would sit on posts within call of the cheerful boulevard, and watch mysterious women hurry up and down in the cold, out of darkness into light and back again, poor creatures—dingy moths, silent but ominous night-jars, forlorn women of the town—ill-favored and ill-dressed, some of them all but middle-aged, in common caps and aprons, with cotton umbrellas, like cooks looking for a situation.

They never spoke to us, and seemed to be often brutally repulsed by whatever men they did speak to—mostly men in blouses.

“Ô dis donc, *Hôrtense!* qu'y *fait* froid! quand donc qu'y s'ra *ônze* heures, q'nous allions nous *coucher*?”

So said one of them to another one cold, drizzly night, in a raucous voice, with low intonations of the gutter. The dimly felt horror and despair and pathos of it sent us away shivering to our Passy omnibus as fast as our legs could carry us.

That phrase has stuck in my memory ever since. Thank Heaven! the eleventh hour must have struck long ago, and *Hortense* and her friend must be fast asleep and well out of the cold by now; they need walk those evil streets no more. . . .

When we had exhausted it all, and we felt homesick for England again, it was good to get back to Marsfield, high up over the Thames—so beautiful in its rich October colors, which the river reflected—with its old trees that grew down to the

water's edge, and brooded by the boat-house there, in the mellow sunshine.

And then again, when it became cold and dreary, at Christmas-time, there was my big house at Lancaster Gate, where the Josselins were fond of spending some of the winter months, and where I managed to find room for them all—with a little squeezing during the Christmas holidays, when the boys came home from school. What good times they were!

“On May 24th, at Marsfield, Berks, the wife of Bartholomew Josselin, of a daughter”—or, as Leah put it in her diary, “our seventh daughter and ninth child—to be called *Martia*, or *Marty* for short.”

It seems that *Marty*, prepared by her first ablution for this life, and as she lay being powdered on Mrs. Jones's motherly lap, was of a different type from her predecessors—much whiter, and lighter, and slighter; and she made no exhibition of that lusty lung-power which had so characterized the other little *Barties* on their introduction to this vale of tears.

Her face was more regularly formed and more highly finished, and in a few weeks grew of a beauty so solemn and pathetic that it would sometimes make Mrs. Jones, who had lost babies of her own, shed motherly tears merely to look at her.

Even *I* felt sentimental about the child; and as for *Barty*, he could talk of nothing else, and made those rough and hasty silver-point studies of her head and face—mere sketches—which, being full of obvious faults, became so quickly famous among æsthetic and exclusive people who had long given up *Barty* as a writer on account of his scandalous popularity.

Alas! even those silver-points have become popular now, and their photogravures are in the shop windows of sea-side resorts and in the back parlors of the lower middle class; so that the æsthetic exclusives who are up to date have had to give up *Barty* altogether. No one is sacred in these days—not even Shakespeare and Michael Angelo.

We shall be hearing Schumann and Wagner on the piano-organ; and “*nous autres*” of the cultured classes will have to fall back on Balfe and Byron and Landseer.

In a few months little *Marty* became famous for this extra beauty all over Henley and Maidenhead.



A STUDY FOR "LE DERNIER DES ABENCERRAGES,"

Showing how de Maurier worked out his details,—see the drawing in Part VIII. (May), page 847.

She soon grew to be the idol of her father's heart, and her mother's, and Ida's. But I really think that if there was one person who idolized her more than all the rest, it was I, Bob Maurice.

She was extremely delicate, and gave us much anxiety and many alarms, and Dr. Knight was a very constant visitor at Marsfield Lodge. It was fortunate, for her

sake, that the Josselins had left Campden Hill and made their home in Marsfield.

Nine of these children—including one not yet born then—developed there into the finest and completest human beings, take them for all in all, that I have ever known; nine—a good number!

"Numero Deus impare gaudet."

Or, as poor Rapaud translated this (and



"ZE BRINCESS VOULD BE SO JARMT."

was pinched black and blue by Père Brosard in consequence):

"Le numéro deux se réjouit d'être impair!" (Number two takes a pleasure in being odd!)

The three sons—one of them now in the army, as becomes a Rohan; and one a sailor, as becomes a Josselin; and one a famous actor, the true Josselin of all—are the very types of what I should like for the fathers of my grandchildren, if I had marriageable daughters of my own.

And as for Barty's daughters, they are all—but one—so well known in society and the world—so famous, I may say—that I need hardly mention them here; all but Marty, my sweet little "maid of Dove."

When Barty took Marsfield, he and I had entered what I have ever since considered the happiest decade of a successful and healthy man's life—the forties.

"Wait till you get to *forty year*!"

So sang Thackeray, but with a very different experience to mine. He seemed to look upon the fifth decade as the grave of all tender illusions and emotions—and exult!

My tender illusions and emotions became realities—things to live by and for. As Barty and I "dipped our noses in the Gascon wine"—Vougeot-Conti and Co.—I blessed my stars for being free of Marsfield, which was, and is still, my real home, and for the warm friendship of its inhabitants, who have been my real family, and for several years of unclouded happiness all round.

Even in winter what a joy it was, after a long solitary walk, or ride, or drive, or railway journey, to suddenly find myself at dusk in the midst of all that warmth and light and gayety; what a contrast to the House of Commons; what a relief after Barge Yard or Downing Street; what tea that was, what crumpets and buttered toast; what a cigarette; what romps and jokes, and really jolly good fun; and all that delightful untaught music that afterwards became so cultivated! Music was a special inherited gift of the entire family, and no trouble or expense was ever spared to make the best and the most of it.

Roberta became the most finished and charming amateur pianist I ever heard; and as for Mary *la rossignole*—Mrs. Trevor—she's almost as famous as if she had made singing her profession, as she once

so wished to do. She married happily instead, a better profession still; and though her songs are as highly paid for as any—except, perhaps, Madame Patti's—every penny goes to the poor.

She can make a nigger melody sound worthy of Schubert, and a song of Schumann go down with the common herd as if it were a nigger melody, and obtain a genuine encore for it from quite simple people.

Why, only the other night she and her husband dined with me at the Bristol, and we went to Baron Schwartzkind's in Piccadilly to meet Royal Highnesses.

Up comes the Baron with,

"Ach, Mrs. Drefor! vill you not zing zomzing? ze BrinCESS would be so jarmt."

"I'll sing as much as you like, Baron, if you promise me you'll send a cheque for £50 to the Foundling Hospital to-morrow morning," says Mary.

"I'll send *another* fifty, Baron," says Bob Maurice. And the Baron had to comply, and Mary sang again and again, and the Princess was more than charmed.

She declared herself enchanted, and yet it was Brahms and Schumann that Mary sang; no pretty little English ballad, no French, no Italian.

"Aus meinen Thränen spriessen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor;
Und meine Seufze werden
Ein Nachtigallen Chor. . ."

So sang Mary, and I declare some of the royal eyes were moist.

They all sang and played, these Josselins; and tumbled and acted, and were droll and original and fetching, as their father had been and was still; and, like him, amiable and full of exuberant life; and, like their mother, kind and appreciative and sympathetic and ever thoughtful of others, without a grain of selfishness or conceit.

They were also great athletes, boys and girls alike; good swimmers and riders, and first-rate oars. And though not as good at books and lessons as they might have been, they did not absolutely disgrace themselves, being so quick and intelligent.

Amid all this geniality and liveliness at home and this beauty of surrounding nature abroad, little Marty seemed to outgrow in a measure her constitutional delicacy.

It was her ambition to become as athletic as a boy, and she was persevering in

all physical exercises—and threw stones very straight and far, with a quite easy masculine sweep of the arm: I taught her myself.

It was also her ambition to draw, and she would sit for an hour or more on a high stool by her father, or on the arm of his chair, and watch him at his work in silence. Then she would get herself paper and pencil, and try and do likewise; but discouragement would overtake her, and she would have to give it up in despair, with a heavy sigh and a clouded look on her lovely little pale face; and yet they were surprisingly clever, these attempts of hers.

Then she took to dictating a novel to her sisters and to me: it was all about an immense dog, and three naughty boys who were awful dunces at school, and ran away to sea, dog and all; and performed heroic deeds in Central Africa, and grew up there, "booted and bearded, and burnt to a brick!" and never married or fell in love, or stooped to any nonsense of that kind.

This novel, begun in the handwriting of all of us, and continued in her own, remained unfinished; and the precious MS. is now in my possession. I have read it oftener than any other novel, French or English, except, perhaps, *Vanity Fair*!

I may say that I had something to do with the development of her literary faculty, as I read many good books to her before she could read quite comfortably for herself: *Evenings at Home*, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, *Gulliver*, *Robinson Crusoe*, books by Ballantyne, Marryat, Mayne Reid, Jules Verne, etc., and *Treasure Island*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*; and then her father's books, or some of them.

But even better than her famous novel were the stories she improvised to me in a small boat which I often rowed up stream while she steered—one story in particular, that had no end; she would take it up at any time.

She had imagined a world where all trees and flowers and vegetation (and some birds) were the size they are now; but men and beasts no bigger than Lilliputians, with houses and churches and buildings to match—and a family called Josselin living in a beautiful house called Marsfield, as big as a piano-organ.

Endless were the adventures by flood and field of these little people: in the

huge forest, and on the gigantic river which it took them nearly an hour to cross in a steam-launch when the wind was high, or riding trained carrier-pigeons to distant counties, and the coasts of Normandy, Brittany, and Picardy, where everything was on a similar scale.

It would astonish me to find how vivid and real she could make these imaginations of hers, and to me how fascinating—oddly enough she reserved them for me only, and told no one else.

There was always an immensely big strong man, one Bobby Maurice, a good-natured giant, nearly three inches high and over two ounces in weight, who, among other feats, would eat a whole pea at a sitting, and hold out an acorn at arm's-length, and throw a pepper-corn over two yards—which has remained the record.

Then, coming back down stream, she would take the sculls and I the tiller, and I would tell her (in French) all about our school adventures at Brosard's; and Bonzig, and the Lafetés, and the Revolution of February; and in that way she picked up a lot of useful and idiomatic Parisian which considerably astonished Fräulein Werner, the German governess, who yet knew French almost as well as her own language—almost as well as Mr. Ollendorff himself.

She also changed one of the heroes in her famous novel, Tommy Holt, into a French boy, and called him *Rapaud*!

She was even more devoted to animals than the rest of the family: the beautiful Angora, Kitty, died when Marty was five, from an abscess in her cheek, where she'd been bitten by a strange bull-terrier; and Marty tearfully wrote her epitaph in a beautiful round hand—

"Here lies Kitty, full of grace;
Died of an *abbess* in her face!"

This was her first attempt at verse-making; and here's her last, from the French of Sully-Prudhomme:

"If you but knew what tears, alas!
One weeps for kinship unbestowed,
In pity you would sometimes pass
My poor abode!

"If you but knew what balm, for all
Despond, lies in an angel's glance,
Your looks would on my window fall
As though by chance!

"If you but knew the heart's delight
To feel its fellow-heart is by,
You'd linger, as a sister might,
These gates anigh!

"If you but knew how oft I yearn
For one sweet voice, one presence dear,
Perhaps you'd even simply turn
And enter here!"

She was only just seventeen when she wrote them, and, upon my word, I think they're almost as good as the original!

Her intimate friendship with Chucker-out, the huge St. Bernard, lasted for nearly both their lives, alas! It began when they both weighed exactly the same, and I could carry both in one arm. When he died, he turned the scale at sixteen stone, like me.

It has lately become the fashion to paint big dogs and little girls, and engravings of these pictures are to be seen in all the print-sellers' shops. It always touches me very much to look at these works of art, although—and I hope it is not libellous to say so—the big dog is always hopelessly inferior in beauty and dignity and charm to Chucker-out, who was champion of his day. And as for the little girls—*Ah, mon Dieu!*

Such pictures are not high art, of course, and that is why I don't possess one, as I've got an æsthetic character to keep up; but why they shouldn't be, I can't guess. Is it because no high artist—except Briton Rivière—will stoop to so easily understood a subject?

A great master would not be above painting a small child or a big dog separately—why should he be above putting them both in the same picture? It would be too obvious, I suppose—like a melody by Mozart, or Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," or Schubert's Serenade, and other catchpenny tunes of the same description.

I was also very intimate with Chucker-out, who made more of me than he even did of his master.

One night I got very late to Marsfield by the last train, and letting myself in with my key, I found Chucker-out waiting for me in the hall, and apparently in a very anxious frame of mind, and extremely demonstrative, wanting to say something more than usual—to confide a trouble—to confess!

We went up into the big music-room, which was still lighted, and lay on a couch together; he with his head on my knees, whimpering softly as I smoked and read a paper.

Presently Leah came in and said:

"Such an unfortunate thing happened;

Marty and Chucker-out were playing on the slope, and he knocked her down and sprained her knee."

As soon as Chucker-out heard Marty's name he sat up and whined piteously, and pawed me down with great violence; pawed three buttons off my waistcoat and broke my watch-chain—couldn't be comforted; the misadventure had been preying on his mind for hours.

I give this subject to Mr. Briton Rivière, who can paint both dogs and children, and everything else he likes. I will sit for him myself, if he wishes, and as a Catholic priest! He might call it a confession, and an absolution! or, "The Secrets of the Confessional."

The good dog became more careful in future, and restrained his exuberance, even going down stairs with Marty on the way to a ramble in the woods, which excited him more than anything: if he came down stairs with anybody else, the violence of his joy was such that one had to hold on by the banisters. He was a dear good beast, and a splendid body-guard for Marty in her solitary woodland rambles—never left her side for a second. I have often watched him from a distance, unknown to both; he was proud of his responsibility—almost fussy about it.

I have been fond of many dogs, but never yet loved a dog as I loved big Chucker-out—or *Choucroute*, as Coralie, the French maid, called him, to Fräulein Werner's annoyance (*Choucroute* is French for sauerkraut); and I like to remember him in his splendid prime, guarding his sweet little mistress, whom I loved better than anything else on earth. She was to me a kind of pet Marjorie, and said such droll and touching things that I could almost fill a book with them. I kept a diary on purpose, and called it *Martiana*.

She was tall, but lamentably thin and slight, poor dear, with her mother's piercing black eyes, and the very fair curly locks of her papa—a curious and most effective contrast—and features and a complexion of such extraordinary delicacy and loveliness that it almost gave one pain in the midst of the keen pleasure one had in the mere looking at her.

Heavens! how that face would light up suddenly at catching the unexpected sight of some one she was fond of! How often it has lighted up at the unexpected sight of "Uncle Bob"! The mere remem-

brance of that sweet illumination brightens my old age for me now; and I could almost wish her back again, in my senile selfishness and inconsistency. *Pazienza!*

Sometimes she was quite embarrassing in her simplicity, and reminded me of her father.

Once in Dieppe—when she was about eight—she and I had gone through the *Établissement* to bathe, and people had stared at her even more than usual, and whispered to each other.

"I bet you don't know why they all stare so, Uncle Bob."

"I give it up," said I.

"It's because I'm so *handsome*: we're all handsome, you know, and I'm the handsomest of the lot, it seems! *You're not handsome*, Uncle Bob. But oh! aren't you *strong*! Why, you could tuck a pious-pious under one arm and a postman under the other and walk up to the castle with them and pitch them into the sea, *couldn't* you? And that's better than being handsome, *isn't* it? I wish I was like that."

And here she cuddled and kissed my hand.

When Mary began to sing (under Signor R—), it was her custom of an afternoon to lock herself up alone with a tuning-fork in a large garret and practise, as she was shy of singing exercises before any one else.

Her voice, even practising scales, would give Marty extraordinary pleasure, and me too. Marty and I have often sat outside and listened to Mary's rich and fluent vocalizings, and I hoped that Marty would develop a great voice also, as she was so like Mary in face and disposition, except that Mary's eyes were blue, and her hair very black, and her health unexceptionable.

Marty did not develop a real voice, although she sang very prettily and confidently to me, and worked hard at the piano with Roberta; she learnt harmony and composed little songs, and wrote words to them, and Mary or her father would sing them to her and make her happy beyond description.

Happy! she was always happy during the first few years of her life—from five or six to twelve.

I like to think her happiness was so great for this brief period that she had her full share of human felicity just as if she had lived to the age of the Psalmist.

It seemed everybody's business at Mars-

field to see that Marty had a good time. This was an easy task, as she was so easy to amuse; and when amused, herself so amusing to others.

As for me, it is hardly too much to say that every hour I could spare from business and the cares of state was spent in organizing the amusement of little Marty Josselin, and I was foolish enough to be almost jealous of her own father and mother's devotion to the same object.

Unlike her brothers and sisters, she was a studious little person, and fond of books—too much so, indeed, for all she was such a tomboy; and all this amusement was designed by us with the purpose of winning her away from the too sedulous pursuit of knowledge. I may add that in temper and sweetness of disposition the child was simply angelic, and could not be spoiled by any spoiling.

It was during these happy years at Marsfield that Barty, although bereft of his Martia ever since that farewell letter, managed, nevertheless, to do his best work, on lines previously laid down for him by her.

For the first year or two he missed the feeling of the north most painfully—it was like the loss of a sense—but he grew in time accustomed to the privation, and quite resigned; and Marty, whom he worshipped—as did her mother—compensated him for the loss of his demon.

Inaccessible Heights, Floréal et Fructidor, The Infinitely Little, The Northern Pactolus, Pandore et sa Boîte, Cancer and Capricorn, Phœbus et Sélène, followed each other in leisurely succession. And he also found time for those controversies that so moved and amused the world; among others, his famous and triumphant confutation of Canon —, on one hand, and Professor —, the famous scientist, on the other, which has been compared to the classic litigation about the oyster, since the oyster itself fell to Barty's share, and a shell to each of the two disputants.

Orthodox and agnostic are as the poles asunder, yet they could not but both agree with Barty Josselin, who so cleverly extended a hand to each, and acted as a conductor between them.

That irresistible optimism which so forces itself upon all Josselin's readers, who number by now half the world, and will probably one day include the whole of it—when the whole of it is civilized—belonged to him by nature, by virtue of

his health and his magnificent physique and his happy circumstances; and an admirably balanced mind, which was better fitted for his particular work and for the world's good than any special gift of genius in one direction.

His literary and artistic work never cost him the slightest effort. It amused him to draw and write more than did anything else in the world, and he always took great pains, and delighted in taking them; but himself he never took seriously for one moment—never realized what happiness he gave, and was quite unconscious of the true value of all he thought and wrought and taught!

He laughed good-humoredly at the passionate praise that for thirty years was poured upon him from all quarters of the globe, and shrugged his shoulders at the coarse invective of those whose religious susceptibilities he had so innocently wounded; left all published insults unanswered; never noticed any lie printed about himself—never wrote a paragraph in explanation or self-defence, but smoked many pipes and mildly wondered.

Indeed, he was mildly wondering all his life: at his luck—at all the ease and success and warm domestic bliss that had so compensated him for the loss of his left eye, and would almost have compensated him for the loss of both.

"It's all because I'm so deuced good-looking!" says Barty; "and so's Leah!"

And all his life he sorrowed for those who were less fortunate than himself. His charities and those of his wife were immense—he gave all the money, and she took all the trouble.

"C'est papa qui paie, et maman qui régle," as Marty would say; and never were funds distributed more wisely.

But often at odd moments the Welt-schmerz, the sorrow of the world, would pierce this man who no longer felt sorrows of his own—stab him through and through—bring the sweat to his temples—fill his eyes with that strange pity and trouble that moved you so deeply when you caught the look; and soon the complicated anguish of that dim regard would resolve itself into gleams of a quite celestial sweetness—and a heavenly message would go forth to mankind in such simple words that all might read who ran. . . .

All these endowments of the heart and brain, which in him were masculine and

active, were possessed in a passive form by his wife; instead of the buoyant energy and boisterous high spirits, she had patience and persistency that one felt to be indomitable, and a silent sympathy that never failed, and a fund of cheerfulness and good sense on which any call might be made by life without fear of bankruptcy; she was of those who could play a losing game and help others to play it—and she never had a losing game to play!

These gifts were inherited by their children, who, moreover, were so fed on their father's books—so imbued with them—that one felt sure of their courage, endurance, and virtue, whatever misfortunes or temptations might assail them in this life.

One felt this especially with the youngest but one, Marty, who, with even more than her due share of those gifts of the head and heart they had all inherited from their two parents, had not inherited their splendid frames and invincible health.

Roderick, *alias* Mark Tapley, *alias* Chips, who is now the sailor, was, oddly enough, the strongest and the hardest of the whole family, and yet he was born two years after Marty. She always declared she brought him up and made a man of him, and taught him how to throw stones, and how to row and ride and swim; and that it was entirely to her he owed it that he was worthy to be a sailor—her ideal profession for a man.

He was devoted to her, and a splendid little chap, and in the holidays he and she and I were inseparable, and of course Chucker-out, who went with us wherever it was—Hâvre, Dieppe, Dinard, the Highlands, Whitby, etc.

Once we were privileged to settle ourselves for two months in Castle Rohan, through the kindness of Lord Whitby; and that was the best holiday of all—for the young people especially. And more especially for Barty himself, who had such delightful boyish recollections of that delightful place, and found many old friends among the sailors and fisher-people—who remembered him as a boy.

Chips and Marty and I and the faithful Chucker-out were never happier than on those staiths where there is always such an ancient and fishlike smell; we never tired of watching the miraculous draughts of silver herring being disentangled from the nets and counted into baskets, which

were carried on the heads of the stalwart, scaly fish-women, and packed with salt and ice in innumerable barrels for Billingsgate and other great markets; or else the sales by auction of huge cod and dark gray dog-fish as they lay helpless all of a row on the wet flags, amidst a crowd of sturdy mariners looking on, with their hands in their pockets and their pipes in their mouths.

Then over that restless little bridge to the picturesque old town, and through its long narrow street, and up the many stone steps to the ruined abbey and the old church on the East Cliff; and the old churchyard, where there are so many stones in memory of those who were lost at sea.

It was good to be there, in such good company, on a sunny August morning, and look around and about and down below: the miles and miles of purple moor; the woods of Castle Rohan; the wide North Sea, which turns such a heavenly blue beneath a cloudless sky; the two stone piers, with each its light-house, and little people patiently looking across the waves for Heaven knows what; the busy harbor full of life and animation; under our feet the red roofs of the old town, and the little clock-tower of the market-place; across the stream the long quay, with its ale-houses and emporiums and jet-shops and lively traffic; its old gabled dwellings and their rotting wooden balconies. And rising out of all this, tier upon tier, up the opposite cliff, the Whitby of the visitors, dominated by a gigantic windmill, that is—or was—almost as important a landmark as the old abbey itself.

To the south the shining river ebbs and flows, between its big ship-building yards and the railway to York, under endless moving craft and a forest of masts, now straight on end, now slanting helplessly on one side, when there's not water enough to float their keels; and the long row of Cornish fishing-smacks, two or three deep.

How the blue smoke of their cooking wreathes upward in savory whiffs and whirls! They are good cooks, these rovers from Penzance, and do themselves well, and remind us that it is time to go and get lunch at the hotel.

We do, and do ourselves uncommonly well also; and afterwards we take a boat, we four (if the tide serves), and row up for a mile or so to a certain dam at Rus-

warp, and there we take another boat on a lovely little secluded river, which is quite independent of tides, and where for a mile or more the trees bend over us from either side as we leisurely paddle along and watch the leaping salmon-trout, pulling now and then under a drooping ash or weeping-willow to gaze and dream or chat, or read out loud from *Sylvia's Lovers*; Sylvia Robson once lived in a little farm-house near Uppang, which we know well, and at Whitby every one reads about Sylvia Robson; or else we tell stories, or inform each other what a jolly time we're having, and tease old Chucker-out, who gets quite excited, and we admire the discretion with which he disposes of his huge body as ballast to trim the boat, and remains perfectly still in spite of his excitement, for fear he should upset us. Indeed, he has been learning all his life how to behave in boats, and how to get in and out of them.

And so on till tea-time at five, and we remember there's a little inn at Sleights, where the scones are good; or, better still, a leafy garden full of raspberry-bushes at Cock Mill, where they give you excellent jam with your tea, and from which there are three ways of walking back to Whitby, when there's not enough water to row—and which is the most delightful of those three ways has never been decided yet.

Then from the stone pier we watch a hundred brown-sailed Cornish fishing-smacks follow each other in single file across the harbor bar and go sailing out into the west as the sun goes down—a most beautiful sight, of which Marty feels all the mystery and the charm and the pathos, and Chips all the jollity and danger and romance.

Then to the trap, and home all four of us, *au grand trot*, between the hedge-rows and through the splendid woods of Castle Rohan; there at last we find all the warmth and light and music and fun of Marsfield, and many good things besides: supper, dinner, tea—all in one; and happy, healthy, hungry, indefatigable boys and girls, who've been traipsing over miles and miles of moor and fell, to beautiful mills and dells and waterfalls—too many miles for slender Marty or little Chips; or even Bob and Chucker-out—who weigh thirty-two stone between them, and are getting lazy in their old age, and fat and scant of breath.

Whitby is an ideal place for young

people; it almost makes old people feel young themselves there, when the young are about; there is so much to do.

I, being the eldest of the large party, chummed most of the time with the two youngest and became a boy again; so much so that I felt myself almost a sneak when I tactfully tried to restrain such exuberance of spirits on their part as might have led them into mischief; indeed, it was difficult not to lead them into mischief myself; all the old inventiveness (that had got me and others into so many scrapes at Brossard's) seemed to come back, enhanced by experience and maturity.

At all events, Marty and Chips were happier with me than without—of that I feel quite sure, for I tested it in many ways.

I always took immense pains to devise the kinds of excursion that would please them best, and these never seemed to fail of their object; and I was provident and well skilled in all details of the commissariat (Chips was healthily alimentative); I was a very Bradshaw at trains and times and distances; and also, if I am not bragging too much, and making myself out an Admirable Crichton, extremely weatherwise, and good at carrying small people picka-back when they got tired.

Marty was well up in local folk-lore, and had mastered the history of Whitby and St. Hilda, and Sylvia Robson; and of the old obsolete whaling-trade, in which she took a passionate interest; and fired poor little Chips's mind with a passion for the polar regions (he is now on the coast of Senegambia).

We were much on the open sea ourselves, in cobses; sometimes the big dog with us—"Joomboa," as the fishermen called him; and they marvelled at his good manners and stately immobility in a boat.

One afternoon—a perfect afternoon—we took tea at Runswick, from which charming little village the Whitbys take their second title, and had ourselves rowed round the cliffs to Staithes, which we reached just before sunset; Chips and his sister also taking an oar between them, and I another. There, on the brink of the little bay, with the singularly quaint and picturesque old village behind it, were fifty fishing-boats side by side waiting to be launched, and all the fishing population of Staithes were there to launch

them—men, women, and children; as we landed we were immediately pressed into the service.

Marty and Chips, wild with enthusiasm, pushed and yo-ho'd with the best; and I also won some commendation by my hearty efforts in the common cause. Soon the coast was clear of all but old men and boys, women and children, and our four selves; and the boats all sailed westward in a cluster, and lost themselves in the golden haze. It was the prettiest sight I ever saw, and we were all quite romantic about it.

Chucker-out held a small court on the sands, and was worshipped and fed with stale fish by a crowd of good-looking and agreeable little lasses and lads, who called him "Joomboa," and pressed Chips and Marty for biographical details about him, and were not disappointed. And I smoked a pipe of pipes with some splendid old salts, and shared my Honeydew among them.

Nous étions bien, là!

So sped those happy weeks—with something new and exciting every day—even on rainy days, when we wore water-proofs and big India-rubber boots and sou'westers, and Chucker-out's coat got so heavy with the soak that he could hardly drag himself along: and we settled, we three at least, that we would never go to France or Scotland—never any more—never anywhere in the world but Whitby, jolly Whitby—

Ah me! l'homme propose. . .

Marty always wore a red woollen fisherman's cap that hung down behind over the waving masses of her long thick yellow hair, a blue jersey of the elaborate kind women knit on the Whitby quay, a short striped petticoat like a Boulogne fishwife's, and light brown stockings on her long thin legs.

I have a photograph of her like that, holding a shrimping-net; with a magnifying-glass I can see the little high-light in the middle of each jet-black eye—and every detail and charm and perfection of her childish face. Of all the art-treasures I've amassed in my long life, that is to me the most beautiful, far and away—but I can't look at it yet for more than a second at a time. . .

"O tempo passato, perchè non ritorni?"

—as Mary is so fond of singing to me sometimes, when she thinks I've got the

blues. As if I haven't always got the blues!

All Barty's teaching is thrown away on me, now that he's not here himself to point his moral—

"Et je m'en vais
Au vent mauvais,
Qui m'emporte
Deçà, delà,
Pareil à la
Feuille morte..."

Heaven bless thee, Mary dear, rossignolet de mon âme! Would thou wert ever by my side! fain would I keep thee for myself in a golden cage, and feed thee on the tongues of other nightingales, so thou mightst warble every day, and all day long. By some strange congenital mystery the native tuning of thy voice is such, for me, that all the pleasure of my past years seems to go forever ringing in every single note. Thy dear mother speaks again, thy gay young father rollicks and jokes and sings, and little Marty laughs her happy laugh.

Da capo, e da capo, Mary—only at night shouldst thou cease from thy sweet pipings, that I might smoke myself to sleep, and dream that all is once more as it used to be.

The writing, such as it is, of this life of Barty Josselin—which always means the writing of so much of my own—has been to me, up to the present moment, a great source of consolation; almost of delight, when the pen was in my hand and I dived into the past.

But now the story becomes such a record of my own personal grief that I have scarcely the courage to go on; I will get through it as quickly as I can.

It was at the beginning of the present decade that the bitter thing arose—*medio de fonte leporum*; just as all seemed so happy and secure at Marsfield.

One afternoon in May I arrived at the house and nobody was at home; but I was told that Marty was in the wood with old Chucker-out, and I went thither to find her, loudly whistling a bar which served as a rallying signal to the family. It was not answered, but after a long hunt I found Marty lying on the ground at the foot of a tree, and Chucker-out licking her face and hands.

She had been crying, and seemed half unconscious.

When I spoke to her she opened her eyes and said:

"Oh, Uncle Bob, I *have* hurt myself so! I fell down that tree. Do you think you could carry me home?"

Beside myself with terror and anxiety, I took her up as gently as I could, and made my way to the house. She had hurt the base of her spine as she fell on the roots of the tree; but she seemed to get better as soon as Sparrow, the nurse, had undressed her and put her to bed.

I sent for the doctor, however, and he thought, after seeing her, that I should do well to send for Dr. Knight.

Just then Leah and Barty came in, and we telegraphed for Dr. Knight, who came at once.

Next day Dr. Knight thought he had better have Sir ———, and there was a consultation.

Marty kept her bed for two or three days, and then seemed to have completely recovered, but for a slight internal disturbance brought on by the concussion, and which did not improve.

One day Dr. Knight told me he feared very much that this would end in a kind of ataxia of the lower limbs—it might be sooner or later; indeed, it was Sir ———'s opinion that it would be sure to do so in the end—that spinal paralysis would set in, and that the child would become a cripple for life, and for a life that would not be long.

I had to tell this to her father and mother!

Marty, however, recovered all her high spirits. It was as if nothing had happened, or could happen, and during six months everything at Marsfield went on as usual, but for the sickening fear that we three managed to conceal in our hearts, even from each other.

At length one day, as Marty and I were playing lawn-tennis, she suddenly told me that her feet felt as if they were made of lead, and I knew that the terrible thing had come. . . .

I must really pass over the next few months.

In the summer of the following year she could scarcely walk without assistance, and soon she had to go about in a Bath chair.

Soon, also, she ceased to be conscious when her lower limbs were pinched and pricked till an interval of about a second

had elapsed, and this interval increased every month. She had no natural consciousness of her legs and feet whatever unless she saw them, although she could move them still, and even get in and out of bed, or in and out of her Bath chair, without much assistance, so long as she could see her lower limbs. Often she would stumble and fall down, even on a grassy lawn. In the dark she could not control her movements at all.

She was also in constant pain, and her face took on permanently the expression that Barty's often wore when he thought he was going blind in Malines, although, like him in those days, she was always lively and droll, in spite of this heavy misfortune, which seemed to break every heart at Marsfield except her own.

For, alas! Barty Josselin, who has so lightened for us the sorrow of mere bereavement, and made quick-coming death a little thing—for some of us, indeed, a lovely thing—has not taught us how to bear the sufferings of those we love, the woful ache of pity for pangs we are powerless to relieve, and can only try to share.

Endeavor as I will, I find I cannot tell this part of my story as it should be told: it should be a beautiful story of sweet young feminine fortitude and heroic resignation—an angel's story.

During the four years that Martia's illness lasted the only comfort I could find in life was to be with her—reading to her, teaching her *Blaze*, rowing her on the river, driving her, pushing or dragging her Bath chair; but, alas! watching her fade day by day.

Strangely enough, she grew to be the tallest of all her sisters, and the most beautiful in the face; she was so wasted and thin she could hardly be said to have had a body or limbs at all.

I think the greatest pleasure she had was to lie and be sung to by Mary or her father, or played to by Roberta, or chatted to about domestic matters by Leah, or read to by me. She took the keenest interest in everything that concerned us all; she lived out of herself entirely, and from day to day, taking short views of life.

It filled her with animation to see the people who came to the house, and talk with them; and among these she made many passionately devoted friends.

There were also poor children from the families of laborers in the neighborhood,

in whom she had always taken a warm interest. She now organized them into regular classes, and taught and amused them and told them stories, sang funny songs to them, and clothed and fed them with nice things, and they grew to her an immense hobby and constant occupation.

She also became a quite surprising performer on the banjo, which her father had taught her when she was quite a little girl, and invented charming tunes and effects and modulations that had never been tried on that humble instrument before. She could have made a handsome living out of it, crippled as she was.

She seemed the busiest, drollest, and most contented person in Marsfield; she all but consoled us for the dreadful thing that had happened to herself, and laughingly pitied us for pitying her.

So much for the teaching of Barty Josselin, whose books she knew by heart, and constantly read and re-read.

And thus, in spite of all, the old happy resonant cheerfulness gradually found its way back to Marsfield, as though nothing had happened; and poor broken Marty, who had always been our idol, became our goddess, our prop and mainstay, the angel in the house, the person for every one to tell their troubles to—little or big—their jokes, their good stories; there was never a laugh like hers, so charged with keen appreciation of the humorous thing, the relish of which would come back to her again and again at any time—even in the middle of the night, when she could not always sleep for her pain; and she would laugh anew.

Ida Scatterd and I, with good Nurse Sparrow to help, wished to take her to Italy—to Egypt; but she would not leave Marsfield, unless it were to spend the winter months with all of us at Lancaster Gate, or the autumn in the Highlands or on the coast of Normandy.

And, indeed, neither Barty nor Leah nor the rest could have got on without her; they would have had to come too—brothers, sisters, young husbands, grandchildren, and all.

Never but once did she give way. It was one June evening, when I was reading to her some favorite short poems out of Browning's *Men and Women*, on a small lawn surrounded with roses, and of which she was fond.

The rest of the family were on the river, except her father and mother, who

were dressing to go and dine with some neighbors—for a wonder, as they seldom dined away from home.

The carriage drove up to the door to fetch them, and they came out on the lawn to wish us good-night.

Never had I been more struck with the splendor of Barty and his wife, now verging towards middle age, as they bent over to kiss their daughter, and he cut capers and cracked little jokes to make her laugh.

Leah's hair was slightly gray, and her magnificent figure somewhat matronly, but there were no other signs of autumn; her beautiful white skin was still as delicate as a baby's, her jet-black eyes as bright and full, her teeth just as they were thirty years back.

Tall as she was, her husband towered over her, the finest and handsomest man of his age I have ever seen. And Marty gazed after them with her heart in her eyes as they drove off.

"How splendid they are, Uncle Bob!"

Then she looked down at her own shrunken figure and limbs—her long wasted legs and her thin slight feet that were yet so beautifully shaped.

And hiding her face in her hands, she began to cry.

"And I'm their poor little daughter—oh dear! oh dear!"

She wept silently for a while, and I said nothing, but endured an agony such as I cannot describe.

Then she dried her eyes and smiled, and said,

"What a goose I am!" and, looking at me,

"Oh! Uncle Bob, forgive me; I've made you very unhappy; it shall never happen again!"

Suddenly the spirit moved me to tell her the story of Martia.

Leah and Barty and I had often discussed whether she should be told this extraordinary thing, in which we never knew whether to believe or not, and which, if there were a possibility of its being true, concerned Marty so directly.

They settled that they would leave it entirely to me—to tell her or not, as my own instinct would prompt me, should the opportunity occur.

My instinct prompted me to do so now. I shall not forget that evening.

The full moon rose before the sun had quite set, and I talked on and on. The others came in to dinner. She and I had

some dinner brought to us out there, and on I talked—and she could scarcely eat for listening. I wrapped her well up, and lit pipe after pipe, and went on talking, and a nightingale sang, but quite unheard by Marty Josselin.

She did not even hear her sister Mary, whose voice went lightly up to heaven through the open window:

"O that we two were Maying!"

And when we parted that night she thanked and kissed me so effusively I felt that I had been happily inspired.

"I believe every word of it's true; I know it; I feel it! Uncle Bob, you have changed my life; I have often desponded when nobody knew; but never again! Dear papa! Only think of him! As if any human being alive could write what he has written without help from above, or outside! Of course it's all true; I sometimes think I can almost remember things. . . . I'm sure I can."

Barty and Leah were well pleased with me when they came home that night.

That Marty was doomed to an early death did not very deeply distress them. It is astonishing how lightly they thought of death, these people for whom life seemed so full of joy; but that she should ever be conscious of the anguish of her lot while she lived was to them intolerable—a haunting preoccupation.

To me, a narrower and more selfish person—Marty had almost become to me life itself—her calamity had made her mine forever; and life without her had become a thing not to be conceived: her life was my life.

That life of hers was to be even shorter than we thought, and I love to think that what remained of it was made so smooth and sweet by what I told her that night.

I read all Martia's Blaze letters to her, and helped her to read them for herself; and so did Barty. She got to know them by heart—especially the last; she grew to talk as Martia wrote; she told me of strange dreams she had often had—dreams she had told Sparrow, and her own brothers and sisters when she was a child—wondrous dreams, in their seeming confirmation of what seemed to us so impossible. Her pains grew slighter and ceased.

And now her whole existence had become a dream—a tranquil, happy dream; it showed itself in her face, its transfigured, unearthly beauty—in her cheerful talk,

her eager sympathy; a kind of heavenly pity she seemed to feel for those who had to go on living out their normal length of days. And always the old love of fun and frolic and pretty tunes.

Her father would make her laugh till she cried, and the same fount of tears would serve when Mary sang Brahms and Schubert and Lassen to her—and Roberta played Chopin and Schumann by the hour.

So she might have lived on for a few years—four or five—even ten. But she died at seventeen, of mere influenza, very quickly and without much pain. Her father and mother were by her bedside when her spirit passed away, and Dr. Knight, who had brought her into the world.

She woke from a gentle doze and raised her head, and called out, in a clear voice, "*Barty—Leah—come to me, come!*"

And fell back dead.

Barty bowed his head and face on her hand, and remained there as if asleep. It was Leah who drew her eyelids down.

An hour later Dr. Knight came to me, his face distorted with grief.

"It's all over?" I said.

"Yes, it's all over."

"And Leah?"

"Mrs. Josselin is with her husband. She's a noble woman; she seems to bear it well."

"And Barty?"

"Barty Josselin is no more."

THE END.

THE MODERN AMERICAN MOOD.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

THE observant American whose memory runs back to the effulgent days following the close of the civil war must be aware of a signal change since then in the mood of his fellow-citizens concerning themselves and the republic. I do not think this is the effect merely of increasing years and of widened experience, but I think it is the result also of a self-scrutiny much more unsparing than we once used; and it appears to me that it is not a morbid or despondent mood, but simply serious, and altogether wholesome.

I.

The grounds of confidence and of diffidence with us are the same that they have always been; our problem has grown larger, but it has not grown much more complex; and it is chiefly in its dimensions that it is so formidable to the imagination. We did mightier things in the green wood relatively than are now laid upon us to do in the dry; and I have no doubt that if we are tolerably faithful and honest we shall come out all right in the end, as every good American used to say we should.

I do not mean that it is easy to be faithful and honest, or at least so easy as to be heroic and magnanimous: a man or a nation can meet a brief demand upon the moral forces of far greater stress than the steady pull of ordinary duties

and responsibilities. But I do mean that if we are coming generally to see that there is no hope for us but in fidelity and honesty, we are in a fair way to possess and to live those virtues. In former years, before the present thoughtful mood overcame us as a people, we had no doubt of the embodiment of those virtues in the national life; and if any one else doubted the fact, we laughed. We had some good reasons for our vainglory, or at least as good as any nation ever had. We had risen in arms above the greatest rebellion known to history, and had destroyed slavery in a conflict that perpetuated and democratized the Union. Better still, we had been morally equal to our victory, and had forgiven the vanquished; in us for the first time in the annals of the race Christianity had governed the action of a Christian people. There is no doubt but that in this magnificent moment we were the admiration and despair of the powers which had hated us and hoped for our ruin. No one who knew Europe during our civil war, or immediately after it, could doubt the existence of the feeling there that invited us to pose, and to pose, as we may say, arrogantly.

We certainly availed ourselves of the invitation. We took ourselves most seriously as the one accomplished fact in a world of experiments and failures. This

was the tone in public and in private at home, and when we went abroad we at least did not change it; in fact, it might be fairly said that in those days we patronized Europe. We were altogether too great to be rancorous; but we went exulting and deriding and pitying through the Old World, which after all its ages had still not solved the riddle of the painful earth, while we had done it, and done it in much less than a century. Wherever two Americans met in France, or in Italy, or in Germany, or in England, and above all in England, this was the temper of their congratulations, and this was the temper of our travel and criticism as it expressed itself in journalism and in literature.

All that was ours was good; if not apparently good, then really good. The absorption of the army into the people; the pardon and reconstruction of the South; the enormous expansion of values in the North, and the rise of the colossal fortunes which we innocently took for a token instead of a result of the general well-being; the rise even of the colossal corruptions, which were proofs that we could stand anything and still come out right in the end; all conducted to our self-satisfaction. What if our merchant marine was wiped from the seas? The volume of our commerce was never so vast; and our war-worn wooden ships carried among the steel-clad monsters of all the seas a flag that no power durst affront. At home, if we paid three prices for everything, very well: we had the money to pay the three prices. In those rapturous years our journalism began to constitute itself upon a scale larger than any in the world, and we saw the beginning of a truly national literature. The arts struck root so vigorously among us that we almost began to believe the arts were American.

II.

It is easy to say how our vainglory began, but it is not so easy to say how it began to vanish, or why. But whatever Europe may think to the contrary, we are now really a modest people. The national attitude is self-critical, and if the standards by which we try ourselves are not those of Europe, but are largely derived from within ourselves, they are none the less severe and none the less just. They

incline us, in the presence of other civilizations, to shame for our own defects rather than triumph in alien shortcomings. The American who now goes exulting and deriding and pitying through Europe, if there is such an American at all, is infinitely outnumbered by his compatriots who are quite silent in making comparisons which may be in our favor, but which cannot flatter us when we consider our advantages. In moments of very intoxicated jingoism we may still threaten the coercion and even destruction of equal powers, but this is not at any time the disposition of the American masses, and it is not commonly the temper of their servants in the political offices, or their spokesmen in the newspaper offices. In letters we are but too meekly attentive to what they say of us over there, and in the arts our study of European methods and monuments has been so diligent that it would be hard to find anything distinctively American in many of our paintings, statues, and edifices. We even take seriously the comments of French travellers upon our life; and our richer people conform as strictly as they can to the social usages of the English aristocracy.

In fact, our present danger is not that we shall praise ourselves too much, but that we shall accuse ourselves too much, and blame ourselves for effects from conditions that are the conditions of the whole world. But if this is better than to rest content with our conditions because they seem to be ours alone, if it is sometimes a good thing to recognize that we are socially and economically sick, it is also a good thing to know that we have in our own political system the power of recuperation against the universal disorder.

This power is the republic, the political institution of the government upon the basis of self-rule, and no one questions this in our present sober mood, any more than in our former transports. No one really doubts the adequacy of the republic to any imaginable emergency; or if there is here and there one whose heart misgives him, he has nothing to suggest in place of it. In a completer sense than we always realize, it is the republic or nothing for us. In the same completer sense, there is no past for us; there is only a future. Something that is still untried may serve our turn, but nothing that has

been tried and failed will serve our turn: If we think, what for us is almost unthinkable, the end of the republic, we think chaos. Our minds cannot conceive of the rise of the nation from such a downfall in any prosperous shape of oligarchy or monarchy; we can only grope in the unexplored regions beyond the republic for some yet more vital democracy, or equality, or fraternity, to save us from the ruin into which our own recreancy may have plunged us.

Love of the republic with us is something like loyalty in the subjects of a king, but it is loyalty to the ideal of humanity, not to some man, self-elected prince in the past, and perpetuated in his descendants through the abeyance of common-sense. It is not the effect of any such affirmation as loyalty is constantly making; it is the result of that wary and calculated assent by which alone republics can exist. We may not think the republic is the best thing that can ever be, but we feel that it is the best we can have for the present; and that anything better must be something more rather than something less of it.

III.

We see that the republic measurably exists wherever any sort of popular check is put upon the will of the ruler; and we think it more becoming reasonable men to choose their prince than to let his ancestors choose him; we regard an election, grotesque and vulgar and imperfect though the process often is, as a civic event; and we regard a parturition, though surrounded by all the dignity of state, as a domestic event, not logically of political significance, and comparatively inadequate as an expression of the popular will in the choice of a prince. Our opinion and our usage in this matter are what mainly distinguish us from such monarchical republics as England, Italy, Sweden, Belgium, and Holland; and with all our diffidence we cannot help thinking that, as compared with ours, their way of choosing a ruler is of the quality of comic opera, though, in its order, we look upon the birth of a fellow-being as a most serious and respectable incident. Where the republic does not exist at all, as in China and Russia and Turkey, or as in Germany, where it exists so feebly and passively that any violent impulse of the

prince may annul it, we find indefinitely greater cause for satisfaction with our own democratic republic. So far as the peoples of these countries acquiesce in their several despotisms, they appear to us immature; so far as the English, Italians, Swedes, Dutch, and Belgians limit their respective republics by the birth-choice of a prince, they seem to us not fully responsive to the different sorts of revolutions which called their republics, like our own, into being. Even the elective French republic, where the outlawed titles of nobility are still permitted social currency, strikes us as retarded in its fulfilment of the democratic destiny. But we make excuses for France, as we do for England, Italy, Belgium, Sweden, and Holland, though we cannot help seeing our own advantage in these respects over republics which are each in some things freer than our own.

We believe that the republic as we have it is, upon the whole, the best form of government in the world; but we no longer deny that other peoples have the republic because they have hereditary princes. We believe that the republic as we have it, and the yet more fully developed republic as we shall have it, is the destined form of government for all nations, but we are no longer eager to thrust our happiness upon them; and we do not expect them at once to prefer our happiness when it is quite within their reach. We perceive that in none of these free states called kingdoms is the divine right of kings recognized, and if in the freest of them the form without the fact of recognition is still kept up, if the queen's ministers go down upon their knees to her in assuming the powers of government which she cannot really bestow, and can never exercise, and can scarcely influence, still we see that it is merely a form. It is a droll anomaly which we are rid of, and the spectacle of it in a monarchical republic might perhaps foster an inordinate pride in us, if the democratic republic, as we have it, were not so essentially unflattering.

If we all take it for no more than it is, it insists in turn upon our finally taking ourselves severally for no more than we are. It bids us be men, but not imagine that we can be more than men by any device of heraldry or any trick of sovereign legerdemain. We cannot, any of us, kneel down John Smith, and rise

Sir John, by effect of virtue in the executive, who would be extremely surprised and disgusted if we knelt to him at all, or even kissed his hand. The sense, the wisdom of this most important fact of an equal humanity has at last got into our blood and our breath; it pulsates and respires in us; but with such effect that the least of us is beginning to realize that others are as good as he, and not merely that he is as good as others. I know we try to deny this socially, though the forms of society mean equality for all who are in it; but we affirm it politically, and we act upon it politically. We are all well content with the fact, except some weaker brethren who cannot find recognition in our system for the superiority they ascribe to themselves, and are forced to lead a life of rather undignified and unpitied exile in other countries. By virtue of this reasoned humility with respect to each other, we forbear to vaunt ourselves with regard to peoples who are not necessarily characterized by their archaic, not to say barbaric, ceremonies.

IV.

With us the danger has been not that we should attach a mystical value to birth, but that we should bow our reason to wealth; yet I think there is already less of this danger than there once was. Our ideal of great wealth has been rudely shaken, not only by its enemies, but by the example of its possessors, who have shown at least that humanity does not always better itself by accumulating the means of luxury. Without the duties and responsibilities of wealth in the countries where it is nearly always joined with rank, it is here often a spectacle that awakens in the beholder no emotions nobler than envy and greed. After once indulging a riotous exultation that we had more millionaires than any other nation in the world, it is safe to say that our national pride no longer centres in them, or even in their money. Many of us have our doubts whether a very rich American can be a very good American, and we feel that the burden of proof rests heavily with such an American.

Wealth is without social ultimatum among us, and is less harmful than anywhere else. It may go on and become greater and greater wealth, but it never can become birth; our plutocracy cannot

turn aristocracy on this soil. It may buy birth, but it must then go where birth counts. If it desires rank, it must seek it in exile. The millionaire who marries his daughter to a French or English noble banishes her; this can no longer be her home; his grandchildren cannot inherit him here in the state they are born to abroad. In fact, great wealth expatriates itself whether it goes or whether it stays. If it stays, it stays in a wholly alien circumstance. It surrounds itself with the service of foreign menials, in an ideal of life wholly foreign to the life of America, which is the life of work. It eliminates itself from the fellow-citizenship which regards it askance, in tacit irony or open sarcasm. American wealth does not penetrate its European shell with the corruption that wealth sends out beneath and about it in other countries where it ultimates in rank and civic importance. Within its gates and portals it is shut up with the miasms which money must breed whenever it is not actively employed in the industries.

It is not merely the old-fashioned American who looks upon it with misgiving. It is the newest-fashioned American, the best-educated, the most finely equipped, the young man choosing deliberately a high calling in which he cannot hope to make a fortune—it is he who regards the vast accumulations of money, once our admiration, with generous content in his higher aim. The time is past when it could be said that our best young men were tempted away from the arts and the humanities by the greater allurements of money-making.

V.

On the threshold of a new century, the portal of the future, we see more clearly than ever that America is the home of work, of endeavor, of the busy effort in which man loses the heavy sense of self as he can in no pleasure, and tastes the happiness of doing something, making something, creating something. Our problem is how to keep the chance of this free to all; how to find work for all; how to render drones impossible, either rich drones or poor drones, voluntary or involuntary. Perhaps the vastness of this problem is what has rendered us less self-satisfied in the presence of others' difficulties, such difficulties as we sur-

mounted when we left royalty and rank behind, and trusted our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor to the common good-will of common men. They are still confronted over there in the Old World with questions which we solved a century ago; but our problem is none the less serious for that. We do not feel the gay buoyancy of our nonage under the burden, but we are not discouraged, though we are so much more serious. We have been a little drunk with our prosperity; our luck had gone to our heads, perhaps; but we have not forgotten our duty, which is not the duty of people to prince, of class to class, but of man to man. We recognize fully that we are in each other's keeping as no people ever were before; and that if we are true to ourselves, equal to our opportunities, there is no good that we may not achieve for the common advantage.

I think that much of the self-criticism which has characterized us in these later, these wiser years is an effect of the unfathomable confidence we have in our destiny, which is one with our duty as well as our glory. We have it laid upon us to leave no question unasked which, if answered, may help us to know our duty. What has been our fault that we have any knotty problem, after a hundred years of absolute freedom and of almost unbroken prosperity? In what have we been false to ourselves? How have we failed to remember that there is no good but the good of all? What are the recoverable chances that we have thrown away? What is the secret of our stupidity, our heedlessness, our blindness?

We ask all this in terms of greater or less severity, but whatever we find the answer to be, not one of us dreams of looking for the remedy outside of democracy. No one proposes to revert to a former condition, of any sort whatever. It is not pretended, even in the wildest burlesque, that we could by any manner of means help ourselves, or save ourselves, through monarchy or aristocracy or autocracy. These things are logically so impossible for us that we are not even afraid of them. We intend the good of all; that is what we understand America to mean; and those forms have been found by quite sufficient experiment never to be for the good of any. Would a change (a wholly unimaginable change) to them put food in the mouths, clothes on the

backs, knowledge in the heads of the common people? We ourselves are the common people, and we know what the common people need.

VI.

It is in no overweening mood of optimism that we trust the republic to save itself. There are almost as few mere optimists as mere pessimists among us. Question those who seem to be the one or the other, and you find that at the bottom of their hearts they have the same doubts, the same hopes. The blindest optimist does not deny that there are a good many screws loose; the bleakest pessimist does not affirm that there is no means within our democracy of tightening them again, or that there is any means outside of democracy.

We trust the republic with itself; that is, we trust one another, and we trust one another the most implicitly when we affirm the most clamorously, one half of us, that the other half is plunging the whole of us in irreparable ruin. That is merely our way of calling all to the duty we owe to each. It is not a very dignified way, but the entire nation is in the joke, and it is not so mischievous as it might seem. By-and-by, probably, we shall change it. We should certainly change it in the presence of any vital danger; for one reason, because we should then be all of one mind, in devotion to the republic.

Nothing in our modern mood, I think, is more notable than the quiet of our patriotism. In this we are like people whose religion has become their life; it is no longer an enthusiasm, and it is certainly not a ceremonial. They do not seek for a sign; the light is in them. I cannot answer for the new generation, which is soon to inherit America, but I believe we who are about bequeathing it to them desire nothing so little as a miracle. We have had many miracles in our time, and we have not found that they permanently profited, even as a foundation of faith. But the age of miracles is past with us, and we are glad it is past. They are never concerned with things of the mind, or things of the soul; it is as difficult to be good as to be wise; either of these states is the effect of long and slow endeavor; and neither is the effect of miracles. These gave us no

righteous men and no great men, though they gave us many rich ones.

VII.

With the popular American love of quantity there was always an underlying, or innerlying, love of quality; and I hope I do not too fondly believe that it is this which is coming to characterize us nationally. It is this essential fineness which has made us cherish most the delicate effects in poetry and fiction; in our painting it has sought the expression of the same subtle beauty through an earlier simplicity and a later virtuosity; in our sculpture it endeavors for a modern soul in antique perfection of form; in our necessarily eclectic architecture it chooses the elegance which it arrived too late, perhaps, to create.

Shall I go a little farther and say that this American world of thought and feeling shows the effect, beyond any other world, of the honor paid to woman? It is not for nothing that we have privileged women socially and morally beyond any other people; if we have made them free, they have used their freedom to make the whole national life the purest and best of any that has ever been. Our women are in rare degree the keepers of our consciences; they influence men here as women influence men nowhere else on earth, and they qualify all our feeling and thinking, all our doing and being. If our literature at its best, and our art at its best, has a grace which is above all the American thing in literature and art, it is because the grace of the moral world where our women rule has imparted itself to the intellectual world where men work. When it shall touch the material world to something of its own fineness, and redeem the gross business world from the low ideals which govern it, then indeed we shall have the millennium in plain sight.

The common man, with his rights and needs, is here forever; humanity has come to stay; the republic is the sense of humanity. We may, some of us, not quite like the common man, and his rights and needs may bore us, but we cannot escape their presence, and I believe the most of us do not wish to escape them. It is in our willingness to own them that we soberly confront the new century, af-

ter a cycle of the supposition that they had been fully provided for by the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. If Europe has anything to tell us of ways and means for doing this better, we are willing to listen: we do not expect to find any help through kings and classes; they have been thoroughly tried, and they have thoroughly failed: but if Europe, under the old forms, has any secret of democracy, we are willing to consider that, and willing, upon due consideration, to give it a trial. Still, we rather look to ourselves, to our history, and to the peculiar type of human nature which we have evolved here, for suggestion; and I think we do this with a feeling of our responsibility no less devout than inarticulate. It has troubled some anxious souls hitherto that we have nowhere named God in our organic law; but with God in our hearts this is not perhaps so necessary as it has seemed. He has inclined them to such recognition of the human brotherhood as there never was before in the world; and inspired us with so great faith in one another that it does not wholly fail us in the most obstreperous moments of political difference, but revives and begins to effect itself as soon as the noise of the party tomtoms has died away.

Our patriotism is not of the earlier passion and tenderness which the day of small things inspired. These would be out of keeping with our enormous prosperity, our irresistible power. But the modern Americanism is essentially patient and tolerant. It no longer affirms that we have found the only way or the best way, but that the way to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is for us the way that our fathers set out upon a hundred years ago. We have really more faith in the republic than they had, for we have found that it works, and they could merely believe that it would work. We do not preach it so much as we once did, and the terms of our rhetoric are somewhat decayed; but at least we have not now the humiliation of having slaves to keep the flies off us while we frame the praise and argument of freedom. What is most generous in our aspiration and intention is the most modern, and we can trust the future to be as true as the present to the ideals of the past.



SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

THE CELEBRITIES OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY T. P. O'CONNOR.

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL RENOUEAU.

PART II.

I DID not mention, in my last article, among the celebrities of the House of Commons, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. He also is like Mr. Balfour in being a somewhat late growth in reputation. His first official appointment was as Under-Secretary for the War Department. The office of Under-Secretary has often a great deal of unmerited scorn placed upon it in modern days. It used to be different in other times, when men were content to rise slowly and in regular order in the hierarchy of office. Nobody was surprised that Mr. Gladstone began his official life as an Under-Secretary; on the contrary, people thought him a very lucky fellow to have got so good a start at so early a period of his political career. But nowadays many men would be regarded as demeaning themselves if they accepted an Under-Secretaryship even at the outset of their official career. If Mr. Gladstone had dared to make such an offer to Mr. Asquith, for instance, Mr. Asquith would have been held quite justified in reject-

ing it with some scorn, and even some indignation. I remark this feature in our Parliamentary life because it shows a certain change in our Parliamentary traditions. In olden days men entered Parliament at a younger age than they do now. The constituencies were then largely in the hands of borough-mongers or local magnates, or the wire-puller of the small number of voters; and membership of the House of Commons, therefore, remained to a large extent one of the appanages of the noble and the wealthy. The day of the middle classes had not yet entirely arrived, and the day of the working classes and working-class representation had not even dawned. The result was the men were able to enter Parliamentary life at a much earlier age; and a Parliamentary career became quite a regular occupation—started in boyhood and continued to advanced old age. It can be understood why, under such conditions, men were glad to get anything to start with, and why an Under-Secretaryship was considered an almost necessary and inevitable preliminary to official life. But nowadays men enter the House of Commons after they have attained some kind of political eminence in their respective localities. They have been Mayors or Aldermen or City Councillors, and therefore they enter the House of Commons with a reputation to a certain extent already made. The new race of legislators is middle-aged—trained—slightly provincial in tone and mind; and the old system of laborious and prolonged official training in smaller places has, to a great extent, disappeared.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman belonged to the more modest period of official aspirations, and was content to begin as Under-Secretary for War. That is not a position calculated to bring out House of Commons abilities. Like a good many other things in life, its interest and its picturesqueness and its power of appealing to the public are in inverse proportion to its intrinsic merit and importance. All the Under-Secretary for War is expected to do is to answer departmental questions with sufficient terseness, lucidity, and adroitness, and to defend the military estimates when they come under discussion. But there is no topic in the world which so profoundly bores the House of Commons as the defences of the country—at least as the discussion of these defences

in detail. It is easy enough to get up a smart and even a vehement debate on the question of the navy; when all other topics for attacking a Ministry fail, there is always the chance of getting up an excitement, and even a scare, by the cry that we are neglecting our navy. But though such a cry may lead to a full-dress debate of a night or two, it will not live any longer. When these questions of army and navy come to be discussed in detail, the House always becomes a yawning desert, and the discussion is left entirely to the military men of the House—men who there, as elsewhere, are distinguished by a certain fussiness, class prejudice, and general inarticulateness. The poor Under-Secretary has to stick tight to his seat on the Treasury Bench; but that is all the glory he gets. The House generally does not hear him, and the military men are pretty certain to denounce him as another instance of that fatal misgovernment of military forces by cheese-paring civilians.

When Sir George Trevelyan broke down in health under the strain of the Chief-Secretaryship in the terrible struggle between 1880 and 1885, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's selection as his successor struck people with surprise. But he proved almost as great a success as Mr. Balfour, and falsified prophecies almost as completely. I remember very well almost the first debate we had after the new appointment. It was the business and the joy of the Irish members in those days to say as disagreeable things as they could about the members of the Government, and especially about the Chief Secretary for Ireland. I was acting quite in accord with these traditions when, speaking about the change, I declared that the Government reminded me of the desperate resorts of a beleaguered fortress. They had tried all forms of defence and attack, sorties and cannon and bayonets, and now they had resorted to the sand-bag. Point was lent to the rather malicious designation by the fact that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, then as now, has a somewhat robust physique and a rather quietistic expression. But poor Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had an even franker and more unfortunate manifestation of the view with which his appointment was received by the Irish members. The late Mr. Dwyer Gray was then a member of the House of Commons, but owing to ill health and the

control of a great newspaper, his attendances in the House of Commons were not very regular. And then Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was really almost unknown. This accounts for what happened. Mr. Gray was discussing the new appointment with some gentlemen in the lobby of the House of Commons; one of them was known to him; the other he did not recognize. "Well," said Mr. Gray, summing up his views, "whether the prospect of the Government be bright or dull, there's no doubt they have made a dull Chief Secretary." One of the persons to whom the observation was addressed was Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman himself! Gray, on hearing this, fled disconsolately; and I have heard his wife say that the confusion which his unhappy saying created in him was so great and so lasting that he always blushed afterwards when telling the story.

There is no harm in repeating Mr. Gray's *gaucherie* at this time of day; for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and I have long ago become excellent friends, and nobody laughs more heartily at jokes, even at his own expense, than he. And then he laughs best who wins, and Campbell-Bannerman undoubtedly scored over his opponents in his new office. The Irish members were treated to quite a new experience. In fighting Mr. Forster they had to deal with an opponent with passions and convictions as fierce as their own, and they got back blow for blow. In dealing with Sir George Trevelyan they knew they were attacking a *littérateur* with a thousand open pores of sensitiveness and emotion. But in Campbell-Bannerman they found quite a different kind of man. His good-humor was quite imperturbable; he didn't seem to know what it was to be angry or shocked or surprised. One night we made a terrible onslaught upon him; he had done something so appalling that one wondered why the world still revolved upon its spheres. We were not speechless with indignation, for it took some dozens of speeches to describe his enormities; and at the end of it all Campbell-Bannerman got up with a delighted smile, said that one advantage of holding the position of Chief Secretary for Ireland was that it gave such chasten-



THE THAMES AND THE VICTORIA TOWER,
LOOKING FROM THE CLOCK-TOWER.

ing moral discipline and self-analysis; and then he proceeded to show that, to his mind, he had not done anything in particular, and that all our indignation had been thrown away. This was a "sand-bag" with a vengeance, and to a much larger extent than was altogether comfortable.

So he acted throughout his entire tenure of office, always cheerful, always cool,

always good-humored, until in the end it was quite clear that nothing was to be made of this comfortable, cynical, imperturbable Scotchman, who laughed at everything, including himself, and was not to be provoked or depressed or tired out. Unfortunately his tenure of office did not last very long, and therefore there was no opportunity of knowing what he would ultimately make of his opportunities. When he came into office again the great conversion of the Liberal party had taken place, and it was necessary to put into the office of Chief Secretary a man like Mr. Morley. As he was in the Chief-Secretaryship, Campbell-Bannerman has been in the other great office he has filled. In two successive administrations he was Secretary for War. It speaks highly for him that he was one of the most popular secretaries that have ever held the office. Civilians, as I have said, are never very popular with military men, and especially when in addition they have the misfortune to be Liberals. But Campbell-Bannerman, who labors under both disadvantages, was really one of the most universally liked men by the army that ever presided over the War Office. In the House of Commons he holds the same high place in personal popularity. It is largely due to inexhaustible *bonhomie*, to an easy-going philosophy, to his wit—sly and “pawky,” as the Scotch would say—and to his inexhaustible patience and good temper.

Though it takes me away from the House of Commons, I think this article would not be complete without saying something of the protagonists in the House of Lords. The first person to be mentioned is naturally the man who is most powerful in that assembly by being the chief of its well-drilled majority. The Marquis of Salisbury is a very interesting Parliamentary figure, as much interesting from his weaknesses as from his strength. I have heard it said by elderly men in the House of Commons that at one time the present leader of the Tory party in the Peers was as slender and fragile a looking man as his nephew Mr. Balfour, but it is rather hard to realize that fact now. He is extremely heavy, approaching, I should say, 250 pounds, and all his frame is on a large and awkward scale. The head is very large, and the brows equally so; he wears a full beard; the eyes are rather small, though bright, and underneath they

have the baggy appearance which used to be so remarkable a feature in the face of the late Mr. Blaine. When he stands up to speak he has a curious far-off manner. He never consults a note, he never makes a gesture, he never looks at anybody, either before him or behind him or around him, and his voice scarcely ever has any modification of tone. In short, he seems to be delivering a monologue, with entire unconsciousness of the presence of any of the brilliant audience which so often gathers to hear him. The voice is strong and penetrating, and yet there is a certain mincingness about it, as of an undergraduate that had not got quite over the affectations of his first youth. And his speeches accordingly are not very effective when delivered. They are too monotonous, too lifeless, too spectral, in fact, to touch those chords of emotion which are reached by the real orator. On the other hand, the speeches of Lord Salisbury read better than those of any other politician of his time except Mr. John Morley's. The truth is that Lord Salisbury is a literary man by instinct, and to a certain extent by training, and he has all the excellences and all the defects of the literary man turned politician. The history of his early years is so well known that it would be absurd for me to repeat it. I only allude to one fact in it to make my impression of him intelligible. Marrying against his father's will, and a younger son, he had but a small income in the early days of his married life. The late Mr. Beresford Hope fortunately conceived at this critical period the idea of starting the once famous *Saturday Review*. Mr. Beresford Hope was a brother-in-law of Lord Robert Cecil, as the Marquis of Salisbury then was called, and Lord Robert Cecil immediately became one of the foremost contributors of the new journal. He wrote in very goodly company. It is, indeed, hard to mention any man of eminence of that period who was starting life in London who did not contribute to the *Saturday*. The late Lord Justice Bowen, one of the greatest of our modern judges, Sir Fitzjames Stephen, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. John Morley are among those who at one time or another contributed to the columns of the new journal. In those days it had an enormous reputation, mainly because of the cynical boldness and independence of its com-



LORD SALISBURY ON HIS WAY TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

ments on all things political and literary.

To a certain extent Lord Salisbury has never altogether ceased to be the Saturday Reviewer. His state papers—written often in periods of great excitement and of great peril—have all the lucidity, sharpness, and sometimes the acrimony of the articles he used to contribute to the great satirical journal in his early days. His wit continues to be somewhat sardonic, and to be literary rather than political—that is to say, he thinks more of the turn of the phrase than of the living flesh and blood—the mighty network of emotions, passions, and susceptibilities—into which the phrase may sometimes drop like molten lead on living flesh. He, too, has carried to a certain extent into public life the intellectual arrogance of the scholar and the writer. Since he left the House of Commons he has lived a life of almost entire seclusion, except for his daily and brief appearances in the House of Lords during the Parliamentary session, and for his occasional appearances on the platform at great gatherings of his party. He lives in Hatfield House, which is not far from London, and one sees the announcement, even in exciting times, almost every day, that he has left town for Hatfield. One of the consequences of this isolation is that he sometimes makes curious blunders in fact, and still greater blunders in tactics, and often a speech of his creates dismay in his own party. But he remains a very picturesque and a very worthy figure in our political life. His home is a model of affection and the best traditions of piety and honor; he is sincerely patriotic; and whatever be the limitations or narrownesses of his creed, he is essentially an intellectual and a distinguished nature.

The Earl of Rosebery is the next figure to which one naturally turns in the House of Lords. It is curious how slowly men's reputations grow in England, especially if a politician does not belong to the House of Commons. Such a phenomenon as a man climbing within a few years from the mayoralty of a provincial town to the office of Chief Minister of a nation, which happened in the case of Mr. Cleveland in the United States, is quite impossible with us. The first thing a politician has to do is to become a popular and well-known figure; that is a task which even in these days often takes years. The case

of Lord Rosebery is a proof of this. He is now in his fiftieth year; he has been more or less before the public since he attained his majority; and yet, until he became Prime Minister, there were comparatively few people outside the professional politicians who had formed any very definite impression as to his personality. And yet he had not been an idle politician. He had been twice Foreign Secretary; he was the first chairman of the County Council—a new body which attracted an immense amount of attention, and he had spoken with considerable frequency from the platform.

He himself brought out this fact of his comparative obscurity by a remark which had a certain characteristic *naïveté*. In the first speech he made in the House of Lords after his elevation to the Premiership, he used an unhappy sentence which has since become historic—the sentence in which he was supposed to declare that until England, the “predominant partner,” was convinced of the necessity of home-rule, home-rule would be difficult if not impossible of attainment. Some time after this, and when the cyclone of criticism, revolt, and delighted hostility had swept by, Lord Rosebery made the remark about the surprise he felt when his speeches began to be read. With all the splendid positions he had held up to that time he was receiving attention from the public for the first time.

It is entirely premature, in face of this slowness of apprehension on the part of the nation, to form anything like a definite opinion as to what will be the final impression Lord Rosebery will make upon the nation. He has been treated with a certain degree of unfairness up to the present, for no allowance has been made for his difficulties, and when he was Prime Minister he was in that most unfortunate of all political positions: he had enemies in his own household, whose criticisms were a good deal more drastic and sometimes a good deal more unfair than those of his open political opponents. Every word he uttered was scrutinized with a view to finding a flaw or a mistake or a deception: and when this spirit is abroad against a statesman he is bound to be denounced for having failed. All political men have two reputations, the real and the public—the image of them that corresponds to the reality, and the image of them which exists in the public imagination.

tion. Their acts and words are to a large extent judged rather by the image of them which the public has formed than by their intrinsic merits. If a statesman by length of service, by great successes, by an assured position, has got firm hold of the popular imagination and affection, it is difficult for him to say or do anything which at least nearly half the nation will not regard as thoroughly true, wise, and high-minded. On the other hand, if, when a man's position has yet to be made, there is constantly at work the disintegrating and disparaging influence of those on his own side who are supposed to back him, it is impossible for him to open his mouth without being accused of making mistakes, despising principles, or contemplating treasons.

This has been the unfortunate lot of Lord Rosebery; and for that reason it would be rather premature to regard the unfavorable judgments passed on some of his words as giving a clew to the final verdict of his country upon his powers as a politician. But making these abatements, it is necessary to admit that now and then he has shown the curious lack of tact and felicity which seems to be common to all men who have not the advantage of sitting in the House of Commons. It was a remarkable coincidence that the leaders of both of the great parties were, during Lord Rosebery's Premiership, in the House of Lords; but it is a still more remarkable and a still more instructive fact that they both should often be dreaded by their colleagues as likely to use



THE CHAMBER AS SEEN FROM THE PRESS GALLERY.

some phrase or argument which is an embarrassment and an indiscretion. It is not, in my opinion, that either of these men is inferior in ability to their colleagues in the House of Commons. I believe Lord Salisbury to be quite as able a man as Mr. Balfour; and I regard Lord Rosebery as quite as able a man as Sir William Harcourt. But in the two sets of men all the difference is made by the fact that one sits in the House of Lords and the other sits in the House of Commons. It is not easy to convey to an American public the place which the House of Commons occupies in the government of the British Empire; in a constitution in which the two Houses

of the legislature and the President are practically co-ordinate powers, and in which all are subject to a Supreme Court of law, it is difficult to understand how one branch of the legislature can practically control legislation and executive action; but so it is to a large extent with the House of Commons in England. The sittings of the two assemblies sufficiently bring forward the differences in the two Houses. The House of Commons sits ordinarily from three o'clock in the afternoon till half past twelve at night; the House of Lords rarely sits more than from one to two hours. And the demeanors of the two assemblages are just as different. There is an idea among Englishmen that their chief legislative assembly is distinguished from those of other nations by its quietude and decorum. I think the House of Commons, on the whole, an admirably conducted assembly, but quietude and decorum in the ordinary acceptation of the terms do not characterize its demeanor. When the late Senator Conkling paid a visit to the House of Commons he declared in his wrath that he had seen more disorder in the House of Commons than was possible at a "primary" in the United States. And it is certainly a very noisy assembly. When first I went to the United States I felt extremely disheartened by what I considered the lukewarmness of my audiences, and I felt that my mission as a lecturer was about to prove a very abject and humiliating failure. I was therefore often surprised when Americans came up to me and asked if I had ever addressed audiences so enthusiastic before. During my second trip to America enthusiasm for the Irish cause was at its spring-tide—it was just before the disastrous split—and men came to me and asked the question whether I had ever addressed people so enthusiastic. I was obliged to reply that I had addressed audiences mainly composed of Englishmen and Scotchmen in England and Scotland who struck me as a great deal more enthusiastic than these audiences mainly composed of men and women of the Irish race. A great deal of the difference between the impression the audiences make upon a speaker is due—I made the remark in different fashion but to the same effect in a previous article—to the want of the little words "hear! hear!" in the political vocabulary of America. "Hear! hear!" however, is not wanting in

the vocabulary of the House of Commons; and coming with constant frequency, it makes a mobile, responsive, and articulate assembly. But in the House of Lords the "hear! hear!" is almost as completely unknown as in the Senate of the United States. Whether because it is considered a necessary part of the impassivity of an aristocratic assembly, or because the audience is usually very small, or because their lordships don't want to do anything which may encourage loquacity to the detriment of dinner, or whether, all the members being pretty well of one mind, debate is considered an unnecessary luxury—whatever the reason, it is certain that in the House of Lords applause beyond an extremely faint murmur is unknown. In the days of my youth I used to speak of the House of Lords as an Egyptian tomb; and even now I must say that to pass the tessellated bit of pavement which separates one legislative chamber from the other is like passing from active, fierce, and noisy life to something of the stillness, depression, and noiselessness of the sick-room.

All this has its effect upon the members of the two assemblies. In the House of Commons, men who take an active part in its proceedings are always in what may be called a high state of training. And there are no men who require more incessant and more persistent training than the public men of England, and especially if they have a seat in the House of Commons. That assembly makes demands on health, on readiness, on nerve, almost as great as the conflict between two opposing spears. I have seen the greatest of House of Commons men suffer from even short and occasional absences from that assembly. Mr. Gladstone was a past master in every art of the parliamentary orator, but he always was much better in the middle than at the beginning of a Parliamentary session. It was only when he had been accustomed to speak several times every night that he got that complete command of voice, gesture, and language which made him such a marvel; after the comparative quietude of the recess, his voice frequently got husky from slight exertion; and he made mistakes, or if he didn't do that, he didn't strike the right note with that wonderful and mathematical accuracy that was able to even make a distinction in half-notes.



MR. LABOUCHERE.

It is the absence of this nightly training in skill, dexterity, and, above all things, in the ideas and powers of their adversaries, which is denied to members of the House of Lords, and which, to my mind, accounts largely for the difference between the methods of the Peer and the Commoner in speech-making. I therefore discount, to a certain extent, some of the harsh criticisms that have been passed on certain *gaucheries* of expression that occurred in Lord Rosebery's earlier speeches, and I shall not be able for myself to say whether he is a speaker who will acquire unerring tact or not until I have seen a good deal more of him. I

can say, however, that I regard him already—I have regarded him since I heard his speech on the home-rule bill of 1892—as a man with remarkable oratorical powers. A keen, direct, and practical mind enables him in speech to put things very directly, and with a homely simplicity and illustration which are wonderfully effective on a large platform. I was present at the speech he made at Bradford in 1894, which opened the great campaign against the House of Lords, and I must say it struck me as one of the most remarkable platform speeches to which I had ever listened. I take one passage as well illustrating what I mean of his power of

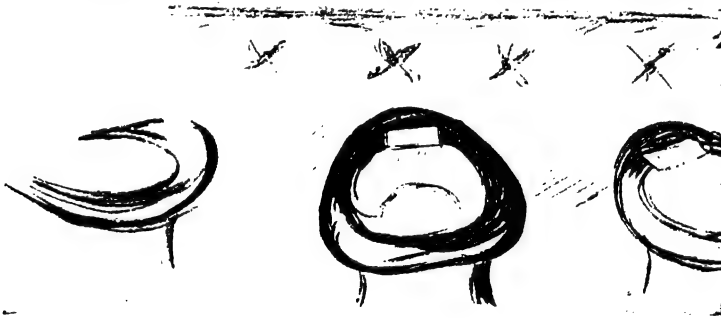
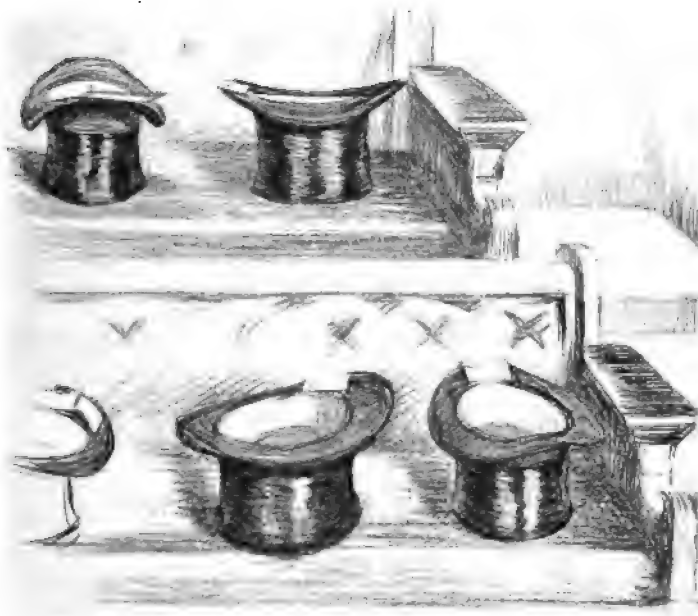
homely and effective illustration. He was complaining of the constant disparity in the numbers of the two political parties in the House of Lords. "You may," he said, "send three hundred Liberals to the House of Commons, there are still but forty Liberal Peers; you may send three hundred and fifty, there are still but forty Liberal Peers; you may send six hundred Liberals to the House of Commons, there still remain but forty Liberal Peers."

Lord Rosebery is without some of the physical characteristics that help an orator. He has not a commanding stature, for he is just about the middle height; has a certain inclination to stoutness; and his face has too much impassivity—natural and to a certain extent acquired—to be that effective ally to his language which the countenance of Mr. Gladstone—dark-eyed, ivory-tinted, and mobile as a lake under an April sky—used to be to his speeches. But, on the other hand, Lord Rosebery has a powerful, penetrating, and rather melodious voice. The rigid self-control which he exercises, though it makes his oratory now and then sound cold, has the enormous advantage of preserving his voice to the end of even a long speech. At the conclusion, for instance, of that speech in Bradford to which I have already alluded, he spoke quite as clearly as at the start; and he had spoken for upwards of an hour on a most exciting topic, to an audience of vast size and in a very hot room.

Finally, in the case of Lord Rosebery, as in that of most public men, his future position is a matter which temperament rather than intellect will have to decide. He is an intensely ambitious man, I should judge, but not in any sense that could be regarded as unworthy. To influence profoundly the history of his country for good; to do some notable deed worth remembering by the Muse of History; to make an appreciable addition to the honor, prosperity, and renown of the British Empire—these, I believe, are aims of which Lord Rosebery has many waking and sleeping dreams. And it is not without light on his character that two of the personages in history who seem to exercise over him a permanent fascination are the younger Pitt and Napoleon Bonaparte. He has written a charming and a very eulogistic biography of Pitt, and he is surrounded by rel-

ics of that statesman. He is one of the best versed men in London in the vast literature that has gathered around Napoleon; and the original of the picture of Napoleon on the *Bellerophon* stands in a prominent place in his house at Berkeley Square. On the other hand, he has certain uncertainties of health and mood which have interfered with his career, and for the moment closed it. He has suffered at various times from sleeplessness—a malady which belongs rarely to any but those highly sensitive natures which have their heights and their depths, their exaltations and their despairs. And temperaments of that kind often lose power from the mere sense of weariness, disgust, and that mournful gospel as to human vanity and futility which besets most men who have not exceptional voracity of vanity, or robustness and even brutality of physique.

I have promised to write something of the oddities as well as the celebrities of the Houses of Parliament. Eccentricity in the House of Commons usually takes the form of a slight variation from the typical style of dress. It is characteristic of a nation in which convention is still very potent that there should be an almost inflexible uniformity of dress in its legislative assembly. But even in this respect convention has lost much of its power, and soon will be entirely dethroned. There was a time when a member of the House of Commons could not propose a motion without wearing a frilled shirt, and the story is frequently told of some of my countrymen—the legends of whose impecuniosity run through so many pages of literature, drama, and politics—that they were in the habit of lending each other the opulent and indispensable garment when their turn to make a motion in the House came on. I have never seen the frilled shirt front, but the House of Commons is very different in many less important matters of dress from what it was when I first entered it. The almost unbroken rule then was that members dressed in a dark frock-coat and wore what we call in England a "tall hat." The first person I remember to have broken through this tradition was John Martin. John Martin was one of those delicate, frail, gentle creatures that supply the constantly recurrent paradox of revolutionary movements. He had a gentle voice and a smile of almost infantsweetness and *naïveté*, and through-



RESERVED SEATS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

out his whole life he had to fight against ill health; but he was one of the most ardent spirits of the movement known as '48 in Ireland, when a handful of young men resolved that all the forces of the British Empire should be met by unarmed peasants in the field. Nay, Martin was even bolder than that—for he entered the movement at a time when failure had already been proved, and nothing was left but to show that there were still men ready to suffer and to die for the cause of Ireland. John Mitchel, who was connected with him by marriage,

had been convicted and sent to penal servitude when Martin entered the revolutionary movement with a new newspaper, quite as vehement and rebellious as any which had been suppressed; and very soon Martin followed Mitchel into transportation. When, years afterward, John Martin sought the triumph of his cause through the more tranquil methods of constitutional agitation, he was elected to the House of Commons, and very soon became generally respected and popular there. But he retained in his dress the quaintness of a unique and independent

nature; for he appeared among all these carefully dressed men with a low-crowned and rather shabby hat. It is a tradition in the House of Commons that the Speaker of the day, who was a very stately old gentleman, called Mr. Martin one day to an interview, and gravely remonstrated with him for his violation of the unwritten code of the House. One may be sure that Martin, who was also a courtly old gentleman, listened with the gravest respect to what the presiding officer of the House had to say to him, but habit was too strong even for his politeness, and John Martin stuck to his low-crowned hat till the day of his death. There used to be in the House of Commons about the same time another Irish member of a much more eccentric type. Indeed, the first sight of this strange figure was almost startling. He had combed over his forehead a mass of well-dyed hair, and, indeed, this wave of hair went down one of his cheeks and concealed half the entire face. He was always dressed in the solemn smooth black of a past generation, and he wore the black stock which was also a remnant of an older epoch. Finally, the face was close-shaven, red-mottled, and the jaws had a curious strength—the strength of obstinacy and eccentricity. This gentleman was named Delahunty. He had a craze which he brought forward on all occasions, and by-and-by he came to be one of the wild delights of the House of Commons. Not the land system, not the emigration of from three to four millions of the population, not the existence of an Established Church—none of these things was the cause of that dread Irish disease which so many statesmen have for so many years been trying to diagnose and to remedy. No! the one all-sufficient cause of the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland, according to Mr. Delahunty, was the existence of the “one-pound” note. I should explain that in Ireland and in Scotland banks are permitted to issue paper money as low down as one pound, while in England a five-pound note is the minimum in paper money. Every session Mr. Delahunty brought forward this proposition, and from the first moment this strange and grotesque figure began to speak—and his utterance was as comic as the rest of his peculiarities—the House gave itself up to unrestrained merriment; men rolled on their seats in delight, and meantime

Mr. Delahunty gesticulated, asseverated, and appealed to Heaven for the destruction of the calamitous one-pound note. He is dead years ago; he was the last of his stock.

With the incursion into the House of Commons of a new type of representative in 1880, the manners of the House with regard to dress began gradually to relax. Some of the Irishmen again set the example with the characteristic originality and daring of their race; 1880 had brought in the working-man members in larger numbers than before, and this also helped forward the revolution—especially in the head-gear. There is a story told of one working-man member who had two hats—the tall hat of convention, the low-crowned hat of class distinction; and these were worn alternately—the tall hat in the House of Commons, the low-crowned hat when he went out among the general public. Some of the Irishmen were more consistent. There used to be in the Parliament of 1880 a characteristic Irishman of a past generation, the late Richard Lalor. Lalor was another example of that paradox between physical characteristics and political conduct to which I have already alluded. Even when I knew him first he was bent, pallid, and spoke almost in whispers; he was a martyr to asthma, and one often wondered how he could manage to live at all, so thin was the thread by which he seemed to hold on to life. But he was an even fiercer and tougher revolutionary than John Martin. He came of a fighting stock. His father had been one of the most daring combatants in the days of what is known in Irish history as the Tithe War; a brother, Finton Lalor, had been the wildest and most daring spirit of 1848; another brother led a small rebellion in the early days of Australia—lost an arm there, but in quieter times became Speaker of a legislature, and now stands in statue marble in a Melbourne street. Richard Lalor, the one of whom I am now speaking, betrayed his character only in his eyes—fierce, though tranquil, unbending—the eyes of the incurable fanatic and the unconquerable rebel. I used laughingly to call him the “Blanqui” of the Irish Revolution. Lalor stuck to his head-gear with the tenacity one can imagine in so obstinate a character. The hat he wore was a rather faded white, and it was unique in shape; neither so



THE OPPOSITION BENCH AND THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR. FROM THE PRESS GALLERY.

tall as the silk hat nor so low as the "bowler." He seemed to me to wear exactly the same hat through the ten or twelve years I knew him in the House of Commons. In his case it was reported also that there had been a private remonstrance from the Speaker, but remonstrance, if uttered, would have been entirely futile; Lalor was not a man to be turned from any purpose by any voice, human or divine.

Joseph Cowen, once the member for Newcastle-on-Tyne—owner and editor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, one of the most influential papers of the North of England—was also one of the daring rebels against the conventional tall hat. The Parliamentary history of Joseph Cowen is one of the curiosities, and also, in a way, one of the tragedies of modern political life in England. At one time he was justly regarded as perhaps the most pow-

erful and eloquent orator among Englishmen in the House of Commons after John Bright. On the platform he was the most welcome speaker, and in his newspaper he wrote with equal brilliancy. His wealth is great, his principles thoroughly democratic; at one time they were even revolutionary and republican. He had been the friend, the generous helper, sometimes even the daring ally, of all the race of revolutionaries who, about a quarter of a century ago, were engaged in tunnelling the old Europe, which since then has fallen all to pieces. I have heard him say himself that he at one time loved and trusted Mazzini so profoundly that he risked his life in bearing some of his messages. Here was a man marked out to be the first democratic Prime Minister of Great Britain—to be the standard-bearer and the representative of the new democratic régime. But he differed from his

party on the Eastern question, and from 1877 to 1880 the opinions of a politician on the question between Russia and Turkey sealed his fate and defined his whole political position. As time went on the gulf widened and deepened, until in the end Cowen became an isolated item. He was strongly antagonistic to the vigorous coercive policy of the Gladstone Government between 1880 and 1885, and finally he retired from political life, and now confines himself to his newspaper, and to an infrequent but always brilliant address on non-political occasions.

Cowen stood out from all the rest of the House of Commons as much in physique as in dress. He was a small man with large dark eyes, and he spoke with a Northern burr so strong as to be sometimes rather difficult to understand. He always appeared in the same dress—a short, rather roughly cut black coat and black trousers—and he never wore by any chance a tall hat—always the soft wide-awake which at one time was almost universal in America. He was once asked playfully by Mr. Labouchere where he got his clothes, for their strangeness of make suggested such an inquiry. Cowen laughingly replied that when he thought he had sufficiently exhausted one suit of clothes he went into a shop and bought a new and ready-made suit: he never could submit to the exasperations of being fitted.

As time went on, and the democratic composition of the House of Commons deepened, even greater changes came. It was at one time thought bad enough to appear in the House of Commons with anything but the tall silk hat and the sombre black coat; but John Burns and several other working-men made the house familiar with the sight not only of a low-crowned hat, but also a painfully short and stumpy coat. The sack-coat, indeed, has now become quite common in the House of Commons. Mr. Keir Hardie, who was supposed to represent a type of labor politician more advanced and more irreconcilable than Mr. Burns, went even further. It is said that the policemen who guard the entrances to the House of Commons, and who have the same ready omniscience and rapid and infallible powers of identification as the porters who guard the hats and coats outside an American *table d'hôte*—it is said that the policemen stared with something approaching to horror and despair

when the sight of Mr. Keir Hardie first came before their eyes. They might well be excused. Mr. Keir Hardie appeared in a flannel shirt; in a curious kind of waist-coat; above all things, in a small jaunty cap—such as you see on a bicyclist or a cricketer. That cap was an innovation so daring and so complete that people regarded the low-crowned hat as conventional and orthodox.

It was reserved for an aristocrat, however, to produce an even more startling innovation. Up to a few years ago the yellow boot was unknown in England outside the annual visit to the sea-side, and even there many people would have been disposed to look upon it as the uniform of what is called in onomatopoeitic fashion the "Bounder." But in this respect, again, the levelling spirit of the age asserted itself; men are now occasionally seen walking through the streets, especially when spring comes, with yellow boots who could not be set down by any enemy, however malignant, as "Bounders." It was reserved, however, for Lord Randolph Churchill to bring the yellow boot into the House of Commons. There was a visible shudder through the House of Commons on the historic evening when Lord Randolph was observed walking up the floor with these staring, appalling yellow boots on; nobody had ever seen such a thing before. It was observed that the late Speaker, who was a very stately figure, and was very resolute in upholding the dignity of the House of Commons—it was observed that the Speaker turned away his eyes as though he would at least appear not to see this horror and profanation. But once the daring example was given, the revolutionary movement at work declared itself openly; now, it is quite a common sight, the moment the fine weather comes, to see the yellow boot.

I expect to see even further developments in the coming session. The rage for the bicycle has invaded the Houses of Parliament. I have been caught by it myself, very much to the improvement of my health and happiness. You will see now on any evening during the session two or three bicycles standing at the entrance of the House. Mr. Herbert Gladstone has provided bath-rooms for the first time. I should not be in the least surprised to see members by-and-by appearing at the bar of the House, and even rising from their places, dressed in

the knickerbockers and the short-tailed jacket of the wheelman. In olden days Lord George Bentinck, before he turned statesman, now and then appeared at a late division with the scarlet coat of the huntsman barely concealed by an overcoat; but there was something respectable and squirearchical about the uniform of so old and aristocratic a sport as fox-hunting, and forgiveness was easy; but the knickerbockers and the short jacket of the democratic bicyclist is quite a different affair.

I have said a good deal about hats, but I have not yet exhausted the part they play in the House of Commons. At one time they were the source of a very strong controversy. I have told your readers in a previous article that there is not seating accommodation in the House of Commons for more than two-thirds of the members. This lack of seating accommodation leads to many perplexities and to many of those artifices which the human mind is so capable of evolving under the stress of necessity. One morning, some years ago, I was somewhat startled in going down Victoria Street to meet Mr. Labouchere walking through that somewhat public thoroughfare with nothing on his head but a very tiny smoking-cap. Mr. Labouchere has the same carelessness with regard to dress as most men of great wealth. He tells with great amusement how, when Lord Russell was defending him in one of his periodical libel suits, he appeared in a suit unusually shabby even for him. The great counsel expressed his satisfaction. It was impossible that any jury would be heartless enough to give large damages against a suffering and poverty-stricken individual, the needs of whose lot were so plainly manifested in the shabbiness of his dress. But still a smoking-cap in the middle of a London street was an excess



THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

even for one so careless of externals. The scene which I described occurred in the days when we were all in a wild state of excitement over Mr. Gladstone's first home-rule bill. The competition for seats was terrific. Now, you can secure a seat in the House of Commons early in the day by placing your hat upon the seat. Mr. Labouchere has a singularly strong affection for the particular seat which he always strives to occupy—the first seat on the first bench below the gangway—the seat which marks out the guerilla leader. But in order to retain this seat, in those days of fever and excitement, it was necessary to be a very early bird indeed. Mr. Labouchere proved equal to this emergency—he is one of the mortals who never take more than three to four hours' sleep; and every morning at ten o'clock he appeared in the House of Commons and deposited his hat on his favorite seat. But then he had to get back to his house, which was then in Queen Anne's Gate; and to meet this difficulty he took with him in his pocket a small travelling-cap, and it was in this cap, on

his return journey, that I met him in Victoria Street.

Other politicians took a different course. They brought down to their locker in the House of Commons a second hat, and, depositing one hat in their seats, calmly walked away under the other. But this trick was detected. The attention of the

and Biggar had left a meeting there, and were on their way back to it when I caught sight of them.

I have said that Parnell was a man who rarely departed from convention; but one of the peculiarities of his later life—one of the things which marked the separation between the days when he was free and when he had formed the disastrous entanglement which killed him—was the change in his dress. I have been told that at one time he was rather a dressy man; this must have been at a



JOHN BURNS.

Speaker of the House was directed to it publicly, and he laid down some rule as to the powers and limitations of the genuine and the bogus hat, the details of which I forget. I remember a more curious sight than even that of Labby in his smoking-cap in Victoria Street.

The late Mr. Parnell was a man who rarely departed from the quiet decorum of an English aristocrat; never did he exhibit passion; he could reveal a cold concentration of rage which made one almost shiver, but which seemed to leave him as tranquil as usual. It was therefore with considerable surprise that I saw him walking through Palace Yard—one of the most open spaces in London, and always in times of excitement the target of staring eyes—in his bare head. By his side trotted the late Mr. Biggar, also bareheaded. The explanation was the same as in the case of Mr. Labouchere. The two Irish leaders were anxious to secure a seat, had deposited their hats in order to do so, and when I saw them were returning to the little offices in King Street, Westminster, where at that period the Irish members used to hold their consultations. Parnell



SIR CHARLES DILKE

period before I knew him, for as long as I had known him he seemed rather indifferent and somewhat eccentric in dress. I remember seeing him once in a London restaurant dressed in a short coat that looked very like that of a man who had just returned from the covers. In those days members of Parliament were much more particular. I was somewhat surprised, and even a little shocked, by the negligent and the easy-going style of the great Parliamentarian's dress. For a short time after he became leader he always appeared in the House in the conventional frock-coat and with a tall hat. Not long afterward, however—about the year 1882—he suddenly began to get extremely careless as to his appearance: his dress entirely changed its character. He began to dress like a middle-aged valetudinarian, as also to look like one.

Around the expanding waist there was a heavy Cardigan waistcoat, such as one is accustomed to see on hypochondriacal elderly men. It was not till he appeared in the witness-box at the Parnell Commission that he put on a new suit of clothes. By that time the waist had disappeared. He had the sunken cheeks and worn frame that foretold of the break-up of the once stalwart physique.

During the debates in the House on the first home-rule bill, Parnell dressed in curious accord with his general air. It was a moment of rare and almost intoxicating triumph. The dreams of centuries were about to be realized, and the task which had proved too great for successive generations of Irish leaders seemed at last to be close to accomplishment by this single man. The greatest statesman of modern England had, after years of resistance, adopted his policy; and the Irish people seemed to see already the promised land. Of all this vast transformation—of this realization of the dream of a nation for centuries—the chief glory undoubtedly belonged to Parnell. And he had fought the battle behind the scenes constantly and tenaciously, though with his characteristic reticence and almost secrecy. There is a story that at one point in the negotiations between himself and Mr. Gladstone this daring iconoclast had actually got up, put on his hat, and declared that he had nothing further to say, and in this way he had carried one of the greatest concessions in the bill to Irish sentiment.

Of all this there was not the slightest public sign in the demeanor of Parnell—neither of the glory nor of the stress. He seemed, indeed, to be more anxious than at any previous period of his life for self-effacement. He came in rather late, he glided into his seat, and he rarely opened his lips; once only was his voice heard in interruption across the floor. That was when Sir Henry James, in opposing the home-rule bill, spoke of Ireland's hope of becoming a nation. "Ireland has always been a nation!" shouted Parnell, in that clear, thrilling, and, it might almost be said, affrighting voice of his, so clearly did its echo give you the sense of an echo from the unfathomable depths of a nature of inflexible intensity and resolution. You can imagine how his colleagues and followers cheered the observation. But it was his one interruption. For the

rest of the time he sat quietly among his friends, taking up no more space than anybody else, talking quietly as if nothing was occurring, as if he was nobody in particular. And he added curiously enough to the humility of his appearance by selecting at that particular and supreme moment a head-dress of peculiar quietness. He wore throughout all that epoch a soft, very low-crowned little hat, not unlike that which might be used in travelling. This little hat remained in men's memories and possessed their imaginations. It was the outward and visible sign of that absence of pretence or swagger or self-consciousness in Parnell at this great moment which made it so hard for some of them to separate from him when the great division came.

Finally, on the question of hats, it is curious to see how the House of Commons becomes transformed when the usual custom of wearing them is departed from. I have already stated that alone, I believe, among legislative assemblies it is the custom of members of both Houses of the British legislature to wear their hats. Members of the House of Commons do not willingly, as a rule, take off their hats. It is, indeed, a singular curiosity of human nature that the very men who would regard it as the very acme of rudeness to keep on their hats inside a room in any other part of the world, almost resent the very idea of not doing so when they get inside the doors of Parliament. There are exceptions to this rule, of course, for many members of the House never wear their hats. Mr. Gladstone never used to do so, Mr. Balfour never does so, Mr. John Morley rarely does so, and, perhaps it is because his Canadian wideawake would look somewhat singular in the House of Commons, Mr. Blake never does so. There are occasions, however, on which every member of the House uncovers, and you have to see the sight and to be familiar with the House of Commons to appreciate all the difference it makes in the appearance of the assembly. There is an air of strangeness, of reverence, almost an awe-inspiring solemnity, about this uncovered gathering of men who are usually covered, that lends a majesty and a gravity to any business that is going forward. For the moment you might imagine that this raging, noisy, laughing, and sometimes even frivolous assembly had been turned

into a solemn temple for the celebration of some profound, thrilling, and moving religious ceremony. The occasions on which this sight is to be seen are very rare. In recent years there has been a tendency to spread the custom, and many members now take off their hats when the Queen's speech is being read; but this is, I believe, an innovation. On one occasion a minister of the crown, Mr. Childers, almost alone among members, kept on his hat; but he got up the next day and was able to show from precedents that he was right and the rest of the House was wrong. Of course on such an occasion as a vote of condolence, as in the case of the second last Czar of Russia after his murder, the humane feeling dictates to everybody to uncover.

It is not often that one sees in the House of Commons, with all its mobility and noise, anything approaching to what may be called a demonstration. Indeed, during my first years in Parliament such a thing was practically impossible. But in the fire and fury of the Irish struggle demonstrations began, and even the late Speaker, who was rather a stern mentor, did not always try to control them. On the night of June 8, 1885, when the Gladstone government was defeated by a combination between the Conservatives and the Parnellites, there was a tremendous outburst of feeling; and this was the occasion when poor Lord Randolph Churchill, who was then approaching the great future—and the great abyss—jumped on to the benches of the House and waved his hat after the manner of a schoolboy who has won a football match. But this was very exceptional—so exceptional that it has remained in the public memory ever since. Later on, when the attacks of Mr. Gladstone on the government of Lord Salisbury were beginning to tell, and the by-elections were going against the Government, the Irish members more than once signalized the winning of some victory by rising in their places and cheering for several minutes. On one occasion Mr. Goschen was delivering a speech when one of those announcements came, and it was somewhat amusing to watch the air of bewilderment with which he suddenly found himself interrupted by the rise of a score of Irishmen from the benches opposite to him and an outburst of wild clamor. It was some time before he found out what it meant, and it was even

longer before he was able to recover himself.

Eccentricity and oddity are more common in the House of Lords than even in the House of Commons. The member of the House of Commons, after all, has to pass through the ordeal of an election; and any man who is brought into contact thus with the people at large, and stands the scrutiny, must be free from any very pronounced eccentricities. But a member of the House of Lords is not responsible to anybody, and, taking his place by right of birth, is free to develop any eccentricities that may seem good to him. I don't know any sight more peculiar and richer in curious types than the House of Lords on the nights when there is a big muster of its members. You see there an extraordinary assortment of hats and general appearances, which to some extent look like a resurrection of a past epoch. For all the world you feel the sensations which Pierre Loti describes, in the dream in which he saw, revived and restored to youth, the old people of his acquaintance. Some of the Peers lead somewhat retired lives; many of them spend a good part of their time in the country; a few of them have been known rarely to stir outside their own demesnes; and men of that type, coming suddenly into the new and unknown world, and wearing the clothes of a past generation—the generation which they knew and which knew them—strike one as eccentric, and to some extent even as pathetic. In addition, these men, accustomed to command—without much to control them beyond their own will and caprices—develop in feature and manner a certain uniqueness of expression.

But eccentricity does not stop here. In the course of generations families decay; eldest sons inherit the names but not the talents of their fathers. There were two notable instances of this; as the men are dead, there can be no harm in referring to them. Everybody who has read the history of the English bar and bench knows what a large place was filled in it by John Campbell, the shrewd, pushing Scotchman, who ultimately became Lord Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor. He it was who wrote the *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, and who there paid off so many old scores that one of his enemies, who had also been Lord Chancellor, declared that he had added a new terror to death. In

this generation this hard-headed, successful, canny, and self-made man was represented by a strange spectral form, at once comic and pathetic. Lord Campbell walked across the stage of life like some belated and almost uncanny figure. He always wore an old-fashioned cloak; he always sat alone; I never saw him exchange a syllable with anybody; and he had one harmless craze: he imagined that he alone had grasped all the heights and depths of the Eastern question. On that subject he delivered speeches of interminable length, in season and out of season. I never knew the man who could repeat a single word of what he had said, for nobody ever paid the least attention to him. But he went on unabashed and unconquered; and even after his death he still speaks, for a volume of his speeches—I presume in accordance with his will and at his expense—has been published.

The late Lord Denman, who died a short time ago at upwards of eighty years of age, was an even more curious and emphatic example of the survival of the name and even the resemblance when everything else has gone. His father was a great counsel, who was able to withstand all the temptations of the court and of society in the great trial between George IV. and his wife, Caroline of Brunswick; and afterwards he was one of the best Chief Justices the country ever had. In his son there was a curious and almost hideous resemblance to him. There were the same strong and finely chiselled Roman nose, the same long, well-shaped face, the same great height, and the same fineness of figure; the voice was also the same sonorous and melodious organ, and there was even a resemblance in the very clothes; for the son adhered rigidly to the style of dress that used to be the mode in the days of his father's youth: he wore a curious neck-tie of many folds, a long coat which in cut and color was like a survival, and there was about the whole figure a curious old-world air, not without its dignity, but infinitely melancholy. For this outward resemblance was but the resemblance of the shell; the old Lord Denman was there in externals and in the body, but the spirit was gone. The Lord Denman this generation knew would be harshly described if he were said to be insane, for he was not violent, and never offended any more than he

hurt anybody; but he was certainly of weak, or at least eccentric, intellect. He attended every sitting of the House of Lords quite conscientiously, and no sitting passed without his rising to speak. Then a very curious thing would happen. You, as a visitor, would be surprised, perhaps even a little shocked, to observe that every Peer in the House began at once to talk to his neighbor, and to talk in as loud a voice as he could, until the usually sombre and spectrally silent assembly became positively as noisy as the grasshoppers in a big field. When you looked at the venerable figure with the hooked nose and heard the melodious voice, you were positively shocked that an assembly of noblemen should show itself so wanting in the commonest courtesies of life. But really there was no choice in the matter. Lord Denman always talked insanities or imbecilities, and there was no method by which he could be kept down except by the rough-and-ready method I have described. He made motions; nobody took notice of them; the Lord Chancellor did not even go through the formality of putting them to the vote and having them rejected. It was as if nobody had spoken; as if this figure were a ghost from the grave.

The House of Lords has a great advantage over the House of Commons in dealing with such cases, for it is bound by no Standing Orders, as the House of Commons is. In the House of Commons the case of lunatics has often given a good deal of trouble. In the very first Parliament I attended there was a member for a Scotch constituency who became insane within a few weeks after his elevation; he never recovered his senses, and his constituency remained vacant for the five years of the Parliament's existence. I have heard of another and an even more curious case. There was a terribly tight division, and every vote counted. The bolder spirits of one of the parties carried out a strange plan of gaining a vote. One of their colleagues was in a lunatic asylum; he was taken out for the division; one friend stood at one side of him, another at the other, and in this way they just managed to get him past the turnstiles where the votes are taken. But the next day the matter was reported, and the vote was disallowed.

In the House of Lords they have to resort to no such direct methods. Some

year or two ago there was a strange scene in which a Peer got on the woolsack and put a motion for a bill and declared it carried. In the House of Commons this would have meant something terrible, and Heaven knows what machinery would have to be brought into action. But in the House of Lords they are able to hush these things up, and to ignore them as if they had never occurred. The delinquent

in this case was also, I heard, the bearer of a great legal name. To see these inheritors of illustrious titles and names—these descendants of the men whose swords or brains helped to build up the splendid fabric of the British Empire—is an object-lesson in heredity more painful than anything in Daudet's *Kings in Exile*—sometimes more terrible than any page even in Zola.

WHITE MAN'S AFRICA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

PART IX.—NATAL: A COLONIAL PARADISE.

NATAL is, of all British colonies, the one in which I would most willingly spend the declining years of my life. It has more honest savagery and more complete civilization than any other part of South Africa. It is a magnificent monument to English courage and English capacity for administration. There is here but one white man to every ten black—that is to say, about forty-five thousand white to four hundred and fifty thousand natives.

It seems only yesterday that Cetywayo had organized these natives into an army so strong that the capital of Natal had to barricade itself, in anticipation of such an overwhelming attack as would drive every white man into the sea. That was only twenty years ago, yet to-day I would walk through this land of Zulus with less precaution against personal violence than I would use were I projecting an evening stroll along the water-fronts of New York.

There is on all sides an atmosphere suggestive of law, liberty, and progress. The blacks are treated with fairness, and they in turn accept the white man's rule, as representing not only the best government they have ever known, but that of a great white Queen who is strong enough to be generous, because strong enough to scourge those who break the law.

The relation of black to white in Natal has a most direct bearing upon the commercial and industrial future of this wonderful country, for there can be no more vital question to a would-be colonist than the cost of his labor and the security of his earnings. The Boers have been unsuccessful in their treatment of the na-

tive not because they are wanting in humanity or intelligence, but because their government has been weak, and from this very weakness they have felt compelled to regard the negroes as dangerous to their existence. We know that in times of war the officer in charge of prisoners can afford to treat them generously only when he feels that his own force is adequate for contingencies. Throughout South Africa the negro has little respect for the Boer, while he readily accepts the orders of an English administrator. England could, by lifting her little finger, lead a million blacks to the conquest of any part of South Africa, and it is safe to say that no other government could meet her at this game.

The Transvaal linked with the Portuguese of Delagoa Bay, should they ever undertake warlike operations, would be seriously handicapped in having the bulk of their black population hostile in their sympathies, if not in their acts.

Four hundred years ago, on Christmas day, 1497, the great Portuguese navigator Vasco da Gama sailed into the port, which he named in honor of the nativity of our Saviour. Port Natal was the name, subsequently changed to Durban, in honor of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, a most excellent Governor of the Cape Colony.

The Portuguese are to-day quite as much entitled to Natal as to the adjoining territory of Mozambique. England generously, if not weakly, surrendered Delagoa Bay to a government compared to which that of Costa Rica or Brazil might be called respectable. I should as soon think of treating with Roumanian gyp-

sies for the education of my children as of expecting anything but mischief to arise from inflicting Portuguese rule upon any native of any country.

Durban is one of the healthiest towns in the world, having an excellent water-supply, modern drainage, clean and well-paved avenues, and in general a municipal administration that must excite the admiration of every visitor knowing anything of such matters. Close at hand, in practically the same climate, with an infinitely better harbor, and within still less distance of Johannesburg, the Portuguese Delagoa Bay is a poisonous swamp, just as Durban was so long as the Portuguese claimed control of it. No contrast could be more striking as illustrating the relative capacity of Portuguese and English.

Natal was practically a No Man's Land until 1843, when England definitely took charge of the country. Previous to this a few English had made a settlement here, and it was a port frequented by American whalers in the good old days when America had a merchant fleet unequalled for sailing capacity and good seamanship; but our so-called protectionists have protected this "infant industry" out of existence, and we now pay Germans and Italians and Swedes to conduct commerce for us. Durban was founded in 1835 by the English. The capital, Pietermaritzburg, commenced existence in 1839, having been laid out as the principal town of the Dutch who trekked out of the Cape Colony in 1836. There are, no doubt, good Dutchmen who cherish a grievance against England because the rule of their Volksraad gave way to that of the English Parliament; but I doubt if the most inveterate of Natal Boers would to-day exchange their government for that which Paul Kruger represents at Pretoria. The Boers have regarded the English as the enemies of liberty, yet in reaching Natal by way of the Transvaal, I felt as does the traveler in Europe who enters the Hungary frontier from the direction of Moscow. The citizen has better guarantees for liberty of speech and action in this British colony than in the neighboring republic, which advertises a quality of freedom more akin to the doctrines of an absolute monarchy than to those of Franklin and Washington.

I have yet to discover that happy country in which the housekeeper is satisfied

with her servants. It is the theme of every American woman, who sighs at the shortcomings of Irish or negro "help," and thinks rapturously of life in England, where servants and cabs are both good and cheap. But English housewives are themselves perpetually dissatisfied for similar reasons, and they in turn envy the people of other countries. Even that fairyland of exquisite social life, Japan, finds that the servants of to-day are not what they used to be; and so I attached little value to anything said in Natal against Zulu servants. These have the faults and virtues of our own negroes of Virginia or Louisiana, and those who find most fault with them are those who have taken little pains to understand them. They are at least inexpensive, for I heard that a black man qualified for every task, from wheeling a perambulator to serving at table, was satisfied with one pound (\$5) monthly. For my own part, I have constructed for myself a heaven in which the service shall be performed alternately by Japanese and Zulus, for if I am to be happy in a future life it must be in an eternity of responsive smiles. The difference between the Zulu and the Japanese is that the chrysanthemum jinrikisha man thinks while he smiles. The Zulu does not find it necessary to smile and at the same time invent a reason for so doing.

When I first looked out upon Durban from the piazza of its comfortable club, I saw a gathering of young Zulus in charge of jinrikishas similar to those of Japan. I felt as I did when first taken to the monkey-cage at the Zoological Gardens—my wonder was not at their animal, but their human appearance. The Zulus before me were compelled by the English authorities to wear a white linen tunic and loose white trousers cut off above the knee. The trimming was red braid around the edges of the short sleeves, around the neck, and at the extremities of the trunks. The effect in contrast with their natural skin was striking, though possibly uncomfortable to men who considered themselves clothed when they had slipped through the lobe of their ear a long horn spoon with which to ladle their snuff. These Zulus were dancing up and down like children playing at horse in the nursery; and they uttered continuous native gurglings, partly like turtle-doves and partly like the hallelujah ejacula-

tions at one of our African Methodist camp-meetings. They all appeared very happy during this performance, which continued so long that I calculated the amount of energy expended to represent about ten miles of unpaid travel. Though the body dress was uniform, there was magnificent diversity regarding head-decoration. One would wear a common straw hat hung around the brim with tassels suggestive of a pagoda, and the chief delight of the wearer was in shaking his head for the pleasure of making the tassels dance. Another had fastened a pair of cow-horns on either side of his head immediately above the ears, and he grinned at me so effusively that I concluded he must have taken great pains with the construction of this hideous head-piece. The kinky top of a third had been interlaced with an enormous profusion of long strings of wool, to which small fluffy balls were attached at short intervals. It seems to me that I have at some time or other seen things of this kind draping women's mantles in our cities, but, at any rate since that fashion departed, the residuary stock appears to have seized the Zulu fancy, for I saw much of it in Natal. The head of a negro so decorated looked like a huge black mop, or one of those Skye terrier dogs about whom one is never safe in saying which is the other end. In repose it is uncanny, but when your jinrikisha Zulu springs about in the shafts and throws his head up and down like a colt impatient of the bit, the effect upon the newly arrived is akin to what I once experienced when a long black log of wood, upon which I proposed to rest myself, turned out to be a huge black snake resting from his gastronomic exercises.

To me a jinrikisha is fascinating. Half the charm of Japan consists in seeing everything with a foreground made up of a beautiful broad, muscular, ginger-colored mass of Japanese back, all tattooed with dragons and storks and Fujiyamas. So I picked out the Zulu who appeared to have the most elasticity of limbs and lips, jumped into his trap, and told him I would like to go to the house of Durban's distinguished citizen and present Prime Minister of Natal, Mr. Harry Escombe. The start was made under circumstances calculated to flatter the personal vanity of a field-marshal. There was a chorus of sympathetic gurgles and

clicks from the jinrikisha colleagues of my Zulu, who shook his worsted mane and pawed the earth with that proud and indecisive ostentation characteristic of the warlike charger. It would not do to move forward like a common workaday vehicle, so my Zulu tinkled his little bell, sprang skittishly up and down, tossed his mane, and made a few feints as though to ram his surrounding colleagues, who made respectful way for him, and evidently recognized in his childlike gambols a certain professional masterliness that went directly to the African heart.

We were at length on the way, my Zulu giving every now and then huge bounds into the air in order to see how near he could come to throwing me backward out of the jinrikisha. I had recently travelled over the prairies of Basutoland, so that on this occasion he was disappointed. Whenever he saw a man or woman of his own color, however far ahead or remote from his line of country, he made a nice calculation as to his chances of running over these subjects of Queen Victoria. There was no malice in my Zulu's nature. When he was so fortunate as to graze his target, he laughed and gurgled and kicked his heels in the air. Had he struck the bull's-eye, his joy would have been too great for utterance. Those whom he nearly knocked down were delighted not merely at their own skill in evading his attentions, but they admired him for so nearly succeeding in his efforts. He would have forfeited their respect had he not made at least some show of attempting their destruction. The Paris cab-driver has shown a praiseworthy disposition to emulate the Zulu jinrikisha in this one respect, but his efforts, though equally well inspired, fall far short of those made by even amateur Zulus.

Pretty soon, not having succeeded in killing or wounding anybody, my Zulu stopped at the public gardens, where were a beautiful fountain and a great variety of tropical trees, amidst which meandered pleasant shady walks. Of course I admired what I saw, and I am ashamed to say that New York, with all its wealth, cannot show so admirably kept a park as this one at Durban. But I kept this thought to myself, and when my restive Zulu had mopped himself and got his second wind, I asked him how far it was still to the house of Mr. Escombe. This

request seemed to give him considerable satisfaction, for he showed me all his back teeth in a setting of coral that would have increased the fame of the late lamented Charles Backus, or even the expansive minstrel mouth of dear old Billy Ker-sands. Once more he rippled out some clicks and gurgles, bobbed his mop of worsted-work, and made believe he was a restive colt at a dress parade. Then he started off, and settled down to a comfortable trot.

The day was such a one as Californians brag about to us Easterners; the roads were macadamized to the satisfaction of the most fastidious wheelman, and my mind was pleasantly occupied in noting the many handsome public buildings of this model seaport of South Africa. The Town Hall would do credit to any capital of our continent, and I was much impressed by the evidences of good detail administration, which in municipal affairs is more important than bushels of ordinances. The houses in general were built substantially and in good taste; there was none of that crudity so painfully striking in Johannesburg, Kimberley, and mining towns generally, where hotels and banks are run up overnight, and must pay for themselves within the next twenty-four hours.

Soon we left the business part of Durban and ascended gradually a beautiful avenue, from each side of which were drives leading to the residences of prosperous citizens, who from this distance and elevation could enjoy the pleasures of the country, while overlooking the harbor and shipping at their feet. This was the famous Berea, as every one in South Africa is supposed to know. On this semicircular slope the people of Durban find that the hottest summers are tolerable, while in winter-time their city is a favorite resort for invalids from a distance. Of course I enjoyed every step of this excursion, and stretched my legs to relieve those of my Zulu postilion. At a particularly pretty point he stopped short and directed at me another succession of bobs and clicks, which I interpreted as meaning that we had at length reached the residence of Durban's chief citizen.

After admiring for some moments a splendid view of the harbor and the two great breakwaters, which reach far out into the sea, past the light-house, I fell into conversation with a passing white

man, who informed me that I had come in the opposite direction from where Mr. Escombe lived, but that if I retraced my steps for a few miles I should have no difficulty. I asked him if he spoke Zulu, and he said he did. Perhaps he spoke the truth—he certainly did not speak the Zulu as it is spoken in Zululand. My black jinrikisha, however, listened to my volunteer interpreter with encouraging signs, and I was soon bowling down the slopes of the Berea, rather glad than otherwise that I had been brought so well out of my way. We passed by many beautiful country-seats, and then entered the town by way of the government railway station, which is another splendid monument to white man's enterprise in Africa, and at length came out on the other side, and trotted along over a broad avenue leading to a point where were many masts of big ships.

Mr. Escombe is called the Father of Port Natal, because it is to him that Durban owes her present excellent facilities as a seaport town. A few years ago only the smallest class of ships could cross the bar, whose average depth was only about twelve feet. To-day the large transatlantic liners plying between England, the Cape, and India are able to enter this port, and discharge their cargo alongside of an embankment well provided with steam-derricks. The railway tracks run alongside of the steamers, so that no time is lost in moving freight from the steamer's hold to the railway truck destined for Johannesburg. Although the distance by rail is a trifle longer to the Transvaal gold-fields from Durban than from Delagoa Bay, yet merchants are apt to prefer sending by way of Natal, on account of the greater security offered.

I was absorbed in speculations of this kind when my springing Zulu halted at a point where the road ceased and the Indian Ocean rolled its long lazy breakers on to a pleasing beach of sand. I was delighted to find so splendid a sea-side resort on the very threshold of this busy town, and to find a colony of villas and boarding-houses for the many who come here for their health. I asked my Zulu to point me out the house of Mr. Harry Escombe, and he did so with clicks and gurgles which made me feel that now, at least, there could be no mistake. But on inquiring it appeared I had underestimated his capacity in this line, for I

learned that I was several miles beyond the place I had hoped to be, and I therefore concluded that the pointing of my jinrikisha had reference to the region in general, rather than to Mr. Escombe in particular. But there were kind citizens at hand to set me right; they gave my Zulu a strong scolding, which he received as gratefully as if it had been a new story by Mark Twain, and again we turned about and trotted along in another direction. We should have thus consumed the whole day had it not been that my Zulu at last felt that he had done enough work to satisfy the cravings of his personal vanity, no less than his stomach, so I was at last mercifully set down in a beautiful little park looking out upon the waters of the bay, where the energetic father of the Durban breakwater holds his hospitable court. I had travelled about twenty-one miles in my morning's jinrikisha ride, although the house I was seeking was less than half a mile from the club where I had spent the night. I paid that man a sum of money which a New York cab-driver would have deemed an insult to Ireland; and I was so effusively gurgled at and clicked at and bobbed at by the mop of worsted that I felt ashamed of myself. From that day on I never passed his jinrikisha without being saluted by a gymnastic movement suggestive of the first steps in a clog-dance.

One morning I got into a railway train running for about a dozen miles through a succession of sugar-plantations. My idea was to see the country and the people in a more leisurely way than I could have done had I travelled by a swifter conveyance. We stopped at most of the cross-roads and picked up a varied assortment of native types that soon made the train look like an anthropological section in the Berlin Museum. It was something of a shock at first to see young ladies step aboard dressed in nothing to speak of beyond their magnificent skin of chocolate-bronze; but a more modest and well-behaved menagerie cannot be conceived. There was a market for Cape gooseberries at the end of this railway, and the occasion was evidently one for social display, for there was considerable coquetry exhibited in the matter of hair-dressing and arrangement of beads. One Zulu maiden fascinated me by a head-dress which reached out behind something like a vast kinky marline-spike. This conical chignon

was at least two feet in extent, and gave her great satisfaction. It excited more envy than if she had worn a ducal coronet. She allowed me to photograph her subsequently, with the result that she became even more haughty.

The Zulus are by nature ladies and gentlemen—that is to say, they are better mannered, speak more gently, are more graceful in their movements, and altogether better company than any roomful of my own people it has ever been my good fortune to meet. The Japanese are superior to the Zulus because they have not only all the Zulu courtesy, but they have knowledge of the world into the bargain. But our so-called fashionables are awkward, devoid of manners, and in speech devoid of melody, as compared with these black Africans.

When I got to the end of the railway line I started at random on a tour of African exploration, assisted by my dusky fellow-passengers, who were all trooping in one direction. As I was the only white man in this variegated party I was beginning to feel much like the Buffalo Bill of an extemporized African Wild West, when suddenly I came face to face with another of my own skin, if not kidney. He was an English trader buying the so-called Cape gooseberries from a swarm of natives, who brought them in from long distances, carrying them in baskets which they poised gracefully upon their heads. The Produce Exchange in New York is an interesting and even exciting congregation at certain times, but in its moments of greatest exhilaration it is tame compared with the normal state of this gooseberry exchange on the edges of Zululand. At the centre, with a set of clumsy scales planted on top of a packing-case, stood the embodiment of English pioneer civilization, a shrewd, illiterate, good-natured, rough and ready, very wide awake Englishman. In connection with his scales he might have been used as an allegorical design for a monument to border justice. There was no handkerchief folded over the eyes of this pioneer; on the contrary, he kept a sharp lookout on the balance, and was so deft as to make an extra percentage on each weighing operation. The blacks had probably never before seen such a piece of mechanism, and, besides, would no more have ventured to question the white man's right in these matters than



AT THE DURBAN RAILWAY STATION—NEGROES AND EAST-INDIANS.

his right to plant a light-house on Durban Point.

The crowd that pressed about this gooseberry-weight maker was composed principally of comely young native women, who made nothing of waiting patiently with a heavy basket upon the head, chatting and laughing one with the other, but never showing any disposition to be selfish in the struggle for first place. Occasionally the crowd from behind would force those in front to press uncomfortably about the seat of justice, whereupon the white man

picked up a horsewhip, which he had provided for this purpose, and set to work whipping indiscriminately whatever could be conveniently reached. It was all done in good-nature, and accepted as something of a practical joke, though as these dusky maidens were mostly dressed in their own skins, there was occasionally a wry face when the flick of the lash fell too precisely. I sat for a long time chatting with this trader, and watching the interesting movement of native life before me. It was an index of the great movement

which is transforming South Africa little by little from a wilderness of savage huts and kraals into a community dependent upon commerce and agriculture.

The rinderpest, or cattle plague, was raging while I was there, increasing daily the cost of living throughout South Africa, and reducing to poverty hundreds of native chiefs whose only wealth is represented by flocks and herds. The train that carried me from the capital of the Transvaal down the slopes of the Draak-berg into Natal had to push its way through swarms of locusts so dense that the sun appeared as through a fog, and the tracks became slimy with the millions that were crushed beneath the wheels. Every green thing in the line of these mysterious myriads was devoured so completely that a hostile army could have done no worse. Between the cattle plague and the locusts there was little left for the native, excepting to plunder the white man, or become his servant and possibly his partner. In Matabeleland and the Portuguese country the natives took to the assegai; in Zululand and Natal they came to work; and if English administration continues in Natal to be in the future what it has been in the past, firm and respectable, the present crisis in South-African affairs will be the starting-point of a great and beneficent economic revolution. Nothing but hard necessity will compel any man to work, whether he be

white or black; and hitherto the half-million natives of Natal have sunned themselves in their kraals, while the fifty thousand whites have done the work.

The land is productive to an astonishing degree; for although Natal is about the same size as England, it raises as great a variety of fruit as can be found between the Gulf of Mexico and the St. Lawrence.

In a shorter distance than from New York to Boston, or from London to Liverpool, I travelled through a greater variety of crops than is represented by the difference between Florida and Maine. Near the coast I found tea, coffee, sugarcane, bananas, pineapples—in short, the most valuable products of the West Indies—growing out-of-doors in a climate where the white man can live in comfort and rear children. Further inland the ground rises to an elevation of four, five, and even six thousand feet, thus providing a temperature suitable for wheat, Indian corn, potatoes, and other products characteristic of the temperate zone, and all this in a latitude less than thirty degrees south of the equator—that is to say, a latitude corresponding to that of Florida, southern Texas, or the mouth of the Mississippi River.

I staid watching the Gooseberry Market until I feared lest I should not manage to get home in time; then bidding farewell to this John Jacob Astor *in posse*, I started on my twelve-mile walk to Durban. The sun was shining bright, and it was an average American summer's day. I walked along an excellently made highway, vastly better than the one which connects New York with the capital of the State. The scenery was always pleasing, and sometimes grand—a delightful contrast to the bleak desolation of the Boer countries. My fellow-tramps were, for the most part, Zulu girls swinging along at a fine foot-pace with burdens upon their heads. The small apology for clothing which they wore within the city limits was dexterously slipped from the shoulders as soon as they reached the open country. There was a broad shallow river in my path, and I had taken my seat upon a rock, proposing to strip the lower part of myself and wade through. But along came three Zulus, who gurgled and clicked at me with sympathetic movements of the head, which I in-



THE LATEST THING IN HEAD-DRESSES.

terpreted as an invitation to be carried across the stream. They may not have said this, but I concluded that the Zulu intention was likely to be mine under any circumstance. So I designated the one whom I regarded as the best for the purpose, motioned him to prepare his back, sprang on to his shoulders, caught his ears between my thighs, and thus, with a Zulu on either side to prevent accidents, I crossed the stream in comfort. There was, of course, some slipping upon polished stones at the bottom, and a great deal of consequent laughter; and when, on reaching the opposite shore, I gave my bearer a trifle for his pains, all three appeared as proud as if they had been German officials receiving a fourth-class decoration at the hands of their Emperor.

Though there are only about fifty thousand Indians from Bombay and Calcutta—that is to say, though they are no more numerous than the whites, their numbers seem multiplied because they live only upon the highways of travel—about railway stations, in towns, and upon the roads which the natives must take in coming to and from the market. My personal observation, founded on my rambles about the country, would have forced on me the conclusion that there were more of them than all the whites and blacks put together. In the whole length of my twelve miles tramp that day, to say nothing of other tramps in other directions, I noticed that nearly every hut represented a family of East-Indians. Their forbidding features haunted me wherever I went. They appeared to do for this country what the Jews of Hungary and Poland do for those two generous and unsuspecting nations. They traffic with the natives by means of wily ways which Westerners can only emulate at a distance. If they have not al-



MY JINRIKISHA MAN.

ready, they will soon have the blacks of Natal in a bondage similar to that in which the Jews to-day hold the improvident emancipated slaves of the United States. It is the same old story. The trader first gives the negro drink, then encourages him to buy what he would not have bought when sober, then coaxes him into debt, and allows him credit out of proportion to his capacity in ready money. Then, when the native is likely to be most embarrassed by a demand upon him, the Hindoo presents his little bill, and threatens legal proceedings if it is not immediately paid. The trader, however, does not wish it paid, and thus he can pretend to accommodate the native who is not able to pay it. The Natal Shylock asks only a promissory note or a mortgage, along with a stipulation that his debtor shall trade with no one excepting himself. Thus out of a little original debt of a few shillings the black man has converted himself into a bond-slave of the Jew, paying to him everything that he can possibly earn, and remaining unto the day of his death in a condition differing only in name from slavery. Wise men see this great wrong that is

done, but no government has yet ventured to cope with it. We have laws protecting our minors from designing money-lenders, but there is no such protection for the negro, who is in money matters vastly weaker than the average boy of fourteen.

These coolies, as they are called in South Africa, were introduced from India with the sole object of providing a reliable supply of labor in the sugar-fields. The Zulus were regarded as too fickle for steady work, and the alien government threw so many safeguards about their immigrants that the sugar-planters were easily reconciled. It was originally provided that when these coolies had served out their term of engagement they should be reshipped to their native land, and indeed the coolies themselves attached great importance to this provision. But as the years passed by the opportunities for advancement were found to be so much more abundant in South Africa than in Calcutta or Bombay that, instead of go-

ing home, this ingenious race sought lucrative employment at work which the black man could not do and the white man would not. I found these coolies in large numbers about the gold-fields of Johannesburg, carrying on most of the petty traffic and a considerable portion of the mechanical trades. They had wedged themselves in between the white man and the black, exactly as they have in the West Indies and British Guiana, though in that part of the world the Chinese run them pretty close. They are a thrifty people, and absorb property with great rapidity. In Natal they are coming to represent more and more the capitalist class of the community, and to domineer over the black after the fashion of a master. Now the black man will stand much from a white man, but he is not readily reconciled to the dominion of cocoa-colored people who are themselves a conquered race, and who yet in Natal acquire full citizenship with the white man, and use this citizenship to exploit the na-

tive black. Some fine day the papers will inform us that these gentle Zulus have massacred a few thousand Hindoos overnight, and I for one shall not be surprised. The premonition of this species of lynch-law has already occurred since my visit, when the white people of Durban sought forcibly to obstruct the landing of more coolie immigrants. To be sure, in this case the feelings outraged were those of white people, but it needed only this to teach the blacks that in a demonstration against the browns they would have the whites neutral, if not sympathetic with them.

The coolie of Natal stands in relation to the white population much as the Chinaman does towards the whites of our Pacific coast. We respect his thrift and cognate virtues, but we



AT THE BERRY MARKET.

do not become attached to him, or he to us. We find fault freely with the negro, but with all his shortcomings of intellect and morality we love him as we do a faithful dog or horse. He becomes a member of our family, and we trust him with our honor, though we tremble for our watermelons and hen-roosts.

The year 1896, so critical in many ways for South Africa, has, I think, done much to persuade the black man of Natal to be content with workman's wages rather than the rewards of plunder. It has to the same extent weakened the importance of the Bombay coolie as a laborer, and, above all, it has aroused amongst the whites a wholesome dread lest the franchise so generously bestowed upon all property-owners, without distinction of color, should eventually result in the coolie of India governing the Englishman of Natal. We Americans have had a taste of black legislation in South Carolina, and may have studied its consequences in Haiti and San Domingo. They do not form pleasant reading.

Natal collects customs exclusively for revenue, and from our stand-point may be regarded as a free-trade country, where the nations of the world can find a market strictly upon their merits. Germany, Sweden, Belgium, France, England, and the United States all compete on equal terms for the right to sell their goods in Natal. It is to be regretted that all South Africa is not a federation, at least for custom-house purposes, because their interests are so intertwined that commercially they are to the rest of the world as the different States of our Union. The trade of Durban is to a large extent made up of imports to the Transvaal,



"A JOHN JACOB ASTOR IN POSSE."

and it is impossible to separate these interests, though the Boer republic has custom-house doctrines suggestive rather of Spain in the Middle Ages than of the commercial Dutch. I was much interested in learning what I could of American trade with South Africa, and I believe Americans themselves will be amazed when they learn the relative importance of our commerce to that of England and Germany. Our present protective legislation does much to hamper this commerce by artificially enhancing the costs of American manufactures, and our people are still further handicapped by our "navigation laws."

American trade with Natal fairly illustrates our relations with all South Africa. England, of course, takes easily first place in nearly everything, and notably in the

carrying trade. It is natural that English colonists should draw their supplies from people whose ways they know and to whose goods they are accustomed. But the African climate and conditions of life give a distinct advantage to many articles of American manufacture.

For instance, in wooden ware of all kinds, such as houses and frames and oars, etc., the United States leads all other countries, although it is second to Sweden in timber. We lead in manufactured tobacco, but Germany, Holland, and England beat us in the unmanufactured article, which does seem rather strange. We are the chief exporters of turpentine, petroleum, lard, oil, salt beef, and pork. On the official record England beats us at clocks and watches, but I suspect that a large amount of those imported as from England are really manufactured in America. We ship to Natal agricultural implements worth £12,000, against England's £5000 and Germany's £1000. We are ahead in exports

of carriages and carts, although England runs us close. Out of a total import under this head aggregating 333, England and the United States together furnish 319, Germany only 3, and the whole rest of the world 11. I am quoting from the official Natal Blue Book, just placed in my hands (March, 1897) by the government. The information only reaches to the middle of 1895, but for comparative purposes does well enough. In the matter of hardware and cutlery, out of total imports valued at £109,000, England and America together furnish £105,000, leaving only £4000 to be provided by Germany and the rest of the world. In this department it is strange that we should figure better than Germany, though we are only a very poor second to England's lead. Germany beats us in the matter of perfumery, living plants, plate and jewelry, musical instruments, manufactured leather, though in all of these England easily takes the lead, and our country forms one of the principal trio. In the matter of wire fencing we have the competition of Belgium, Germany, and Holland; yet out of a total of 3366 tons England and America contribute nearly 3000. We are only second to England in general ironmongery, Germany coming third. This is true also of preserved vegetables and fruits. We beat the world in our lard exports—23,000 against England's 12,000. In raw leather we are second only to England, and this applies also to such commodities as linens, sail canvas, general machinery, artificial manures, "oilman's stores," varnish, preserved meat and fish, cordage, sweetened rum, tallow and grease, tin-ware.

Wherever I went in any part of South Africa I found American handicraft represented in ploughs, carriages, mining machinery, labor-saving implements for domestic purposes, furniture. These things were there not because they were imitations of English things or because they were cheaper, but entirely because they happened to be lighter, stronger, and better adapted to the conditions of African life. The few examples I have given are applicable as well to one part of South Africa as another, and should encourage us to do away with protectionism and manfully reach out with England for the trade



TOWN CLOTHES AT DURBAN.

of the world. We hear much about German competition as undermining England, but this competition will prove less and less severe in proportion as England carries out her present policy of giving her working classes a workman's education, instead of, as heretofore, training the children of day-laborers for nothing excepting to become governesses, shop-girls, and clerks. The Germans are far ahead of England and America in primary as well as advanced education, and we must follow their example in the matter of trade-schools before we can hope to be their equals in the labor market. But commerce, like literature and art, requires freedom if it is to grow strong, and in this respect Germany is greatly handicapped by its own government, and so is the United States.

The more wonderful, therefore, that America makes so good a second to England in this neutral market. In fact, could we to-day unite the English-speaking people in a commercial brotherhood, as so many sovereign states of a great customs union, the Anglo-American trade would so overshadow that of the rest of the world that the single states of Europe would be barely noticed.

In my travels about the world I have been struck, in common with others, at the absence of efficient American consuls. More than once in Africa English importers spoke of the difficulty which met their efforts towards commercial relations with American houses. When they went to the German or French consul they were gratefully assisted, because these officials are not only well-trained public servants, but regard it as their chief duty to encourage the trade of their respective countries.



AN EAST-INDIAN MILKMAN.

Mr. Harry Escombe has become Prime Minister of Natal since my visit, and his selection proves that there is to be no check to the commercial development of this colony. He is an energetic, practical man of affairs, and understands the needs of South Africa. The only relaxation he allowed himself when I was in his country was to visit his darling breakwater at five or six in the morning, regardless of weather. He knows the potentiality of every current that moves about his port, and dwelt with loving interest upon every stone that was helping to make Durban one of the chief ports of the world. He proved to me beyond peradventure that within measurable distance of time thirty feet of water would be the normal depth on the Durban bar, and within its shelter would be space for the transatlantic commerce of the world. I soon caught



A ZULU POLICE ORDERLY.

his enthusiasm, and before leaving Durban felt that I should die a very rich man if I could but invest a few hundreds in land fronting upon this marvellous port. South Africa is full of able and self-sacrificing statesmen built upon the pattern of Mr. Escombe, and it is to such men, and not to the missionaries of Exeter Hall or the philanthropists in the British House of Commons, that we owe our debt of gratitude for such progress as has been made in the white man's Africa.

Colonel Dartnell is another institution of which Natal is proud, for he commands the Mounted Police of that country, and is so excellent an administrator that he keeps order over the whole of his territory by means of a mounted force of only about three hundred white men, under whom are about six hundred black auxiliaries; but the blacks have no discretion, and act under orders of the whites. No prouder person walks the earth than the black policeman of Maritzburg or Durban

with a European helmet on his head, bare feet and legs, and carrying as his badge of authority a war-club of his tribe. He emulates the easy phlegmatic swing of the London policeman, and is altogether a magnificent creature. There are black policemen in Barbadoes, and we know them also in the United States, but the Zulu of Natal beats them at their own game. It speaks volumes for the excellent administration of this colony that there should be less than one white policeman to every thousand of the black population. Measured on this standard the nations of Europe would appear to be exceedingly lawless. It is very impressive for the black man fresh from the interior, where the highest law is the capricious order of a savage, to step at once

into a crowded and busy community of mixed whites, blacks, and browns, and there for the first time feel that law and justice can reach the highest and the lowest alike; and that a simple Zulu clothed with a badge of authority stands for the whole majesty of the British Empire. This is the great missionary lesson that is spreading from the white man's centres throughout the Dark Continent, and is producing healthy results wherever the source of authority is not tainted.

Having made an inspection at Johannesburg and Pretoria of the two most famous jails in South Africa, it was of course natural that I should wish to see how prisoners fared in Natal. I was fortunate in having enjoyed acquaintance with the gentleman who is governor of the Durban jail, a retired officer of the English army; and by a happy coincidence I was accompanied on this visit by Mr. Lionel Phillips, who had been for several months an inmate of the Pretoria jail, charged



AT THE DURBAN CLUB.

with the horrible crime of having sought to better the government of Johannesburg. Mr. Phillips considered himself an expert in prison fare and treatment, so that I am quite satisfied here to reflect his opinions, more particularly as they coincided with my own. There was nothing in Durban to conceal or to be ashamed of, and consequently we were shown everything as freely as if we had been inspecting the cadet barracks at West Point. Both at Pretoria and Johannesburg I was made

to feel that my inquiries were embarrassing, and that even the Boers themselves took little pride in the provision made for their unfortunate prisoners. This was the more striking in Pretoria, where the overwhelming majority were strictly political prisoners, both black and white. Scarcely a face did I see of a white jailer amongst the Boers that would not have justified an impartial jury in putting its owner into the stocks as a brutal man. The few decent jailers at Pretoria were so

disgusted with their own administration that they were but too glad to leave and accept positions under the Johannesburg reformers, whom they had learned to like during their enforced companionship. All honor to Captain Smith of Durban, who governs the jail as a trust for humanity. I tasted of the food, I pulled the beds to pieces, I went into the out-houses and lavatories, and found everywhere a condition that would have done credit to the barracks of a good regiment. The Boers flog their prisoners with knotted ropes. The English use no knots—they find no justification for laceration. A jail is at best a poor place for a picnic, and I should have thought this Durban one a very sad resort had I not come fresh from Pretoria. But were I a monk and offered my choice of cells, I should not complain at exchanging from any monastery of Europe into the common jail of Durban. The food here is abundant of its kind. The Boers give their white prisoners meat only after all the juice has been boiled out of it; the Durban prisoner gets real meat every day if he is a first-class misdemeanant, four times a week if he is rated second-class, and twice a week if he is third-class. This is generous fare, from my point of view, when I reflect that besides meat, the prisoners of all classes have as much corn meal and vegetables as is good for them.

Mr. Lionel Phillips grew so enthusiastic over the capacity for innocent enjoyment offered by this penal institution that Captain Smith offered him free quarters during his stay at the port. But on the whole the ex-reformer concluded to put up with the Durban Club.

South Africa is studded with clubs, of which it can be said that they are much as in other countries—better than hotels, and never so good as a private house. If there is an exception to this rule, it is the Durban Club, where the servants are all Orientals, with huge turbans upon their heads, broad red sashes about their waists, and a white uniform radiating cool cleanliness. It is like stepping into Calcutta to enter the club of Durban, for the halls are spacious, luxurious tropical vegetation shades the courtyard, broad verandas abound, and the architecture is one favorable to space and fresh air. The rooms are comfortable, the attendance as good as anything in Mayfair, and the members are characteristically wide-awake, well informed, and disposed to courtesy. Colonials in general are interesting to the travelling stranger. The London man would die the death of a martyr rather than ask his neighbor at table to pass him bread or salt. He retires to his club as to a savage solitude, where he can be as unman-



PIETERMARITZBURG, THE CAPITAL OF NATAL.

nerly as he chooses, provided he does not fall foul of the committee. This has its good side, for it prevents one-half of a community acting as bores to the other half. But it is discouraging to the traveller, who is burning to ask questions and obtain personal information from every class and condition of man. The German and Frenchman are accessible and courteous to the travelling stranger, and so is the American, particularly west of the Alleghanies. Unsociability is not peculiar to Englishmen in general so much as to the inhabitant of England. The moment an Englishman leaves Pall-Mall and crosses the sea he becomes at once communicative, and when he reaches Natal he is positively delightful.

It seems conventional and therefore proper, before closing an article of this kind, to burden the reader with a few statistical items extracted from blue books, gazetteers, almanacs, geographies, year-books, and other publications, useful, if not exhilarating. The greatest length and breadth of Natal is about 150 miles—that is to say, about the distance between New York and Albany. Its whole area is less than the half of New York State—only about 20,000 square miles. Cape Colony has more than ten times this area, and the Transvaal is five times as great. Even the Orange Free State has twice the area of this colony. Natal is the Rhode Island in the United States of South Africa, and, like Rhode Island, is not only the smallest, but one of the most enterprising and prosperous. It has today over four hundred miles of excellently built and managed railways, connecting its port and principal towns both with the Orange Free State and the South African Republic. The extension of this



IN FULL CRY.

railway is towards Zululand, and will, no doubt, pursue its course northward through Transvaal or Portuguese territory until it joins the great lakes of equatorial Africa. The railway is, after all, the greatest civilizer of this country, for it demonstrates more completely than any other agency the capacity of the superior race for organization, and, if necessary, rapid military concentration. Missionaries have done good in so far as they have taught the blacks to respect their marriage vows and occupy themselves with productive trades. But all that they have accomplished from the days of Livingstone down to this year of Jubilee is small indeed compared with the evangelizing effect of one locomotive. We all know the marvellous political effect this agency has wrought in Mexico, and it is for this reason only that France

is squandering millions on the construction of railways into the deserts of northern Africa. It is a sad reflection that France should reap so little profit from the large expenditure she makes upon her colonies, and she must feel still worse in noting that throughout South Africa every railway so far constructed has yielded handsome dividends.

In general it was striking that most of the work appeared to be done by the women—reminding me somewhat of Germany and Ireland. The Zulu inherits the tradition that a gentleman does his duty to society by waving an assegai when his chief calls him out for war, but that in

ordinary times his women or wives should do the work not only of the house, but of the farm as well. The militarism of the Zulu varies only in degree from that of Prussia, and will only be rectified by such economic shocks as rinderpests, locust plagues, and courts of justice. Next to these and to the locomotive, the missionary that appeals most strongly to my sympathies is one after the fashion of Mrs. Dartnell, whose husband commands the local military forces of the colony. Colonel Dartnell was stationed at one time in a part of the colony where his official residence was approached by a path leading up a rather steep hill. He was much



LANDING PASSENGERS AT DURBAN—THREE IN EACH BASKET.



A ZULU SERVANT OF THE GOVERNOR OF NATAL.

respected by the natives, and there were frequent occasions for these to visit him. Mrs. Dartnell discovered that the native custom was to let the wives carry the burdens up this hill, while the gentlemen of the party contented themselves with a stick or spear. With fine feminine tact Mrs. Dartnell commenced her missionary career by inviting the heavily burdened women to rest themselves and have refreshments; but the men she ostentatiously ignored, on the ground that, as they had done no work, they could not require any rest or refreshments. Little by little the news of this social revolution permeated the mind of the black neighborhood, and it was a revolution by no means uncongenial to the advocates of black woman's rights. Soon it was learned that one black man had actually carried

part of his wife's burden up the hill; and as this was not followed by a convulsion of nature, other Zulus followed the example, until little by little it became the rule, in that neighborhood at least, for a man to assist his wives in the bearing of burdens. I have occasionally, in Germany, seen a woman bearing a trunk to the railway station on her back, while its owner followed behind smoking a cigar; and in my canoe-cruising I was once struck by the sight of a heavy boat being towed against the stream by a docile Saxon wife, whose husband was comfortably manipulating the helm, likewise enjoying a smoke. But then Germany requires a large army. Therefore let us pray for a blessing on the missionary work of such as Mrs. Dartnell, and may she live long, a blessing to Natal!



"A PROPHET WAS AMONG THEM."

THE KENTUCKIANS.

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

PART FIRST.

THE people of the little Kentucky capital do not often honor the gray walls of their state house. The legislators play small part in the social life of the town. A member must have blood, as well as gifts unusual, who can draw from the fine old homes a people with a full century of oratory and social distinction behind them, and, further back, the proud traditions of Virginia. For years young Marshall was the first to quite fill the measure, and he was to speak that afternoon. The ladies' gallery was full, and the Governor's daughter, Anne, sat midway. About her was a sudden flutter and a leaning forward when Marshall strode a little consciously down the aisle and took his seat. When he rose to speak, the quick silence of the House was a tribute to thrill him.

It was oratory that one hears rarely now, even in the South. There was an old-fashioned pitch to the vibrant voice, the fire of strong feeling in the fearless eye, an old-fashioned grace and dignity of manner, and a dash that his high color showed to be not wholly natural. The speech was old-fashioned, emotional, the sentences full, swinging, poetic, rich with imagery and classical allusion. And always—in voice, eye, bearing, and gesture—was there gallant consciousness of the gallery behind. More than once his eyes swept the curve of it; and when he came to pay his unfailing tribute to the women of his land, he turned quite around, until his back was upon the Speaker and his uplifted face straight towards the Governor's daughter, who moved her idle fan and colored as many an eye was turned from him to her.

The Speaker's gavel lay untouched before him when the last period rang through the chamber. It would have been useless against the outbreak of applause that followed. Marshall had flamed anew from an already brilliant past. Anne was leaning back with luminous eyes and a proud heart. The gallant old Governor himself was hurrying from under the gallery to bend over his protégé and grasp his hand. The pit of the House buzzed

like a hive of bees. Down there a Greek passion for oratory was still alive; in the older men the young fellow stirred memories that were sacred; and the hum rose so high that the sharp rap of the gavel went through it twice unnoticed, then twice again, more sharply still. The Speaker's face was turned to one dark corner of the room, where, under the big clock, stood the rough figure of a mountaineer, with hands behind him and swaying awkwardly from side to side, as though his tongue were refusing him utterance. Once he cleared his throat huskily, and a smile started on many a face, and quickly stopped, for it was plain that the man's trouble was not embarrassment, but some storm of feeling that threatened to engulf his brain and surge out in a torrent of invective. The mountaineer himself seemed fearful of some such thing; for, with turbulent calmness, he began slowly, and went on with great care. No reason was apparent, but at the sound of his voice the House turned towards him with the silence of premonition. One by one wrinkles came into the Speaker's strong, placid face. Marshall, quick to feel merit and generous to grant it, had straightened in his chair. The old Governor, going out, was halted by the voice at the door. And one, who himself loved the Governor's daughter, remembered long afterwards that she leaned suddenly towards the man, with her eyes wide and her face quite tense with absorption. The secret was in more than his simple bigness, more than his massive head and heavy hair, in more even than the extraordinary voice that came from him. It was an electric recognition of force—the force with which Nature does her heavy work under the earth and in the clouds; and here and there an old member knew that a prophet was among them.

It was the old fight—patrician against plebeian, crude force against culture—but the House knew that young Randolph Marshall, who already challenged the brilliant traditions of a great forefather, who was a promise to redeem a degener-



"THE TWO STEPPED FROM THE GREEK PORTICO INTO THE SUNLIGHT."

ate present and bring back a great past, had found an easy peer in the awkward bulk just risen before them, unknown.

There was little applause when the mountaineer was done. The surprise was too great, the people were too much moved. Adjournment came at once, and everybody asked who the man was, and nobody could tell. One member, who still stood gripping his own wrist hard, recalled on a sudden the recent death of a mountain representative; and on a sudden the old Governor at the door remembered that he had signed credentials for somebody to take a dead member's place. This was the man. Outside, Anne Bruce came slowly down the oval stone stairway, and at the bottom Marshall was waiting for her. She smiled a little absently when he raised his hat, and the two stepped from the Greek portico into the sunlight, and passing slowly under the elms and out the sagging iron gate, turned towards the old Mansion. On the curb-stone just outside stood one of the figures familiar to the streets of the capital, a man in stripes—a "trusty" on parole—whose square sullen jaw caught Anne's attention sharply, as did the sign of force in a face always. A moment later the big mountaineer stopped there and talked kindly with the convict awhile. Then, still in a tremor, he moved on alone across the town and through the old wooden bridge over the river, then out to Devil's Hollow and the hills.

II.

The sun must climb mountains first—the Cumberland range, that grim and once effectual protest against the march of the race westward. Over this frowning wall the first light flashes down through primitive woods and into fastnesses that hold the sources of great rivers and riches unimagined under and on the earth; beyond, it slants the crests of lesser hills and bushy knolls that sink by-and-by to the gentle undulations of blue-grass pasture and woodland; south and west then, catching the spire of convent and monastery, over fields of pennyroyal, and finally through the Purchase—last clutch of the Spaniard—to light up the yellow river that holds a strange mixture of soils and people in the hollow of its arm.

Something more than a century ago the range gave way a little, as earth and water must when the Anglo-Saxon starts,

but only to say, "You may pass over and on, but what drops behind is mine; and I hold my own." To-day its woods are primeval, its riches are unrifed, and its people are the people of another age—for the range has held its own.

These men of the mountains and the people of the blue-grass are the extremes of civilization in the State. Through the brush country they can almost touch hands, and yet they know as little and have as little care of one another as though a sea were between them. A few years ago there was but one point where they ever came in contact, one point where their interests could clash. That was the capital, the lazy little capital, on both sides of the river between the big sleepy hills, with its old gray wooden bridge, its sturdy old homes, its State buildings of gray stone and classic porticos, and its dead asleep, up in the last sunlight, around the first great Kentuckian—the hunter Boone. There the river links highland with lowland like an all but useless artery, barren hill-side with rich pasture-land, blue-grass with rhododendron, deterioration with slow progress, darkness with light that sometimes is a little dim, the present century with the last. The big hills about the town are little mountains that have followed the river down from the great highlands, and have brought with them mute messengers—mountain trees, mountain birds, and mountain flowers—to ask that the dark region within be not wholly forgot, and to show that the wish of nature at least is for brotherhood. Down this river come wild raftsmen, who stalk along the middle of the street, single file and curiously subdued; who climb through the car windows, and are swept through the blue-grass, to trudge the old Wilderness Road back home. Here are two points of close contact for the mountaineer and the lowlander—the legislature and the penitentiary. Thirty miles away is an old university—the first college built west of the Alleghanies—where a mountaineer drifted in occasionally to learn to teach or to preach. Nowhere else and in no way else had the extremes ever touched, until now, for the first time in history, they were in conflict.

A feud—one of those relics of mediæval days that had been held like a fossil in the hills—had broken out afresh. It was called the Keaton-Stallard "war" in the

mountains, and it had been giving trouble a long while. Recently the county judge had been driven from the court-house, and the Attorney-General of the State had gone with soldiers to hold court at the county-seat. The only verdict rendered during the term was against the General himself for carrying a weapon concealed; and a heavy fine was imposed for the same, which the Governor had to remit. Meanwhile the feudsmen were out in the brush, waiting. When the soldiers went back to the blue-grass, they came out from their hiding-places and began over again. Now it was worse than ever. The Keatons had got the Stallards besieged not long since, and the Keaton leader tried to get a cannon. In good faith, and with a humor that was mighty because unconscious, he had tried to purchase one from the State authorities—from the Governor himself. Judge, jailer, sheriff, and constable were involved now, and the county was nearing anarchy.

The reputation of the State was at issue, and civilization in the blue-grass was rebuking barbarism in the mountains. Abolish the county, was the cry at the capital, and that afternoon Marshall had voiced it. He had been taken off guard. He had gone down the current of tradition, catching up straws that are anybody's for the catching—stock allusions to wolf-scalps and pauperism; scathing mountain lawlessness as a red blot on the 'scutcheon of the State, which, to quote the spirit of his talk, had stained the highland border of the commonwealth with blood, and abroad was engulfing the reputation of the lowland blue-grass; contrasting, finally, the garden spot of the earth, his own land of milk and honey, with the black ribs of rock and forest that still harbor the evil spirit of the Middle Ages. It had never been better done, for under the humor and easy good-nature of the speech were a quivering pride of State and a bitter arraignment of the people who were bringing it into disrepute. The mountaineer was a straggler, a deserter from the ranks. He was vicious, untrustworthy, ignorant, lawless, and content with his degradation. He was idle, shiftless, hopeless; a burden to the State, a drawback to civilization. That was the plain truth under Marshall's courteous words, and, well told as it was, it would have been better told had he known the presence of the rough champion who, an-

swering just that truth, tore apart his loose net-work with the ease of summer lightning lifting the horizon at dusk. His was a voice from the wilderness; it bespoke a new and throbbing power in the destiny of the State; it proclaimed a commercial epoch. He admitted much, he denied somewhat, he made little defence, and he apologized not at all. His appeal was for fairness—that was all; and it was fierce, passionate, and tender. He was a mountaineer. He lived in the county under discussion, in the town where the feud was going on. More, an uncle of his had once been a leader of the Stallard faction. His people were idle, shiftless, ignorant, lawless. No wonder. They had started as backwoodsmen a century ago; they had lived apart from the world and without books, schools, or churches since the Revolution; they had had a century of such a life in which to deteriorate. Their law was lax. They lived apart from one another as well, and, of necessity, public sentiment was weak and unity of action difficult—except for mischief. It was easy for ten bad men to give character to a community—to embroil ninety good ones. And that was what had been done. The good ninety were there for every ten that were bad. Nobody deplored the feud more than he, but he saw there were times when people must take the law into their own hands. The mountain people must in the end govern themselves, and they could not begin too soon. To disrupt the county would be to take away the only remedy possible in the end. Then the heavy brows lifted, and a surprising challenge came. By what right and from what high place did the people of the blue-grass rebuke the people of the mountains? Were they less quick to fight? In one section, the fighting was by individuals; in the other, families and friends for a good reason took up the quarrel. Was not that the great difference? And for whom was there the less excuse? For the people who knew, or for the ignorant; for them who could enforce the law, or for them who, because of their environment, were almost helpless? Who knew how powerful that environment had been? Who knew that it did not make the mighty distinctions between the mountaineers and the people of the blue-grass; that the slipping of a linchpin in a wagon on the Wilderness Road had not made

the difference between his own family and the proudest in the State; that the gentleman himself was not scoring his own kin? Why not? And with stirring queries like these he closed like a trumpet over the future of his much-mocked hills when their riches were unlocked to their own people and to the outer world. It was the man that made the sensation. What he said, at another time and from another source, would have got scant attention and no credence. But two facts spoke for him now: already a tide of speculation was turning into those little known hills, and there before the House was at least one human product of them who plainly could force the question to be handled with serious care.

It was the power of the speech that stung Marshall. The matter of it was of little moment to him. Once in a while he had chased a red fox from the blue-grass to the foot-hills. As a boy, he had gone with his father on annual trips to the Cumberland to fish and to hunt deer. The Marshalls even owned mountain lands somewhere which, with their sole crop of taxes, had been a jest in the family for generations. That was the little he knew of his own mountains. He had cared even less; but, while he listened, his sense of fairness made him quickly sorry that he had spoken with such confidence when there was room for any doubt; and before the mountaineer was done, he was silently and uneasily measuring strength with him, point by point.

To Anne, the man and the speech were a revelation: she barely knew her State had mountains. She hardly spoke on her way home, and she seemed not to notice Marshall's unusual silence.

"He has the fascination of something new and perhaps terrible," she said once.

"And it's startling, what he said. I wonder if it can be true?" And again, a moment later, slowly: "It is very strange; it all seems to have happened before."

Marshall's answer was a little grim:

"Once is enough for me, I think."

"You and your speech," she went on, barely heeding his interruption. "It seemed as though I had already heard you make just that speech under just those circumstances. It's one of those queer experiences that seem to have occurred before, down to minute details."

"That was the trouble," said Marshall, quietly. "I have made that speech, prac-

tically, on my graduating-day. I hadn't studied the question since."

Anne's face cleared. "Oh, that's the explanation! A thing seems to have happened before, I suppose, because it has so nearly happened that it seems to be exactly the same thing."

"Yes," assented Marshall, but he was watching Anne steadily. He was already smarting with humiliation, and it hurt him that she could be so absorbed as to carelessly press the thorn in his flesh still further in, and apparently not guess or not care how it rankled.

"Once even that man's face seemed familiar," she added. "I'd like to know all about him." They had reached the steps of the Mansion, and Marshall was taking off his hat.

"Make him tell you."

Anne looked up quickly. "I will."

"Good-by."

Anne smiled. She was accustomed to that tone; she had forgiven it many times; she had been distraught, and she would forgive it again. "Good-by," she said, gently.

III.

It was Saturday, and Marshall always spent Sunday at home. It was the run of an hour to Lexington on the fast train, and at sunset he was in a buggy, behind a little blooded mare, and on one of the white turnpikes that make a spider's web of the blue-grass, speeding home. A red arc of the sun was still visible just behind the statue of the great Commoner, and across the long low sky one cloud in the east was still rosy with light. Already the dew was rising, and when he swept down over a little bridge in a hollow, the air was deliciously cool and heavy with the wet fragrance of mint and pennyroyal. On either side the vespers of a song-sparrow would radiate now and then from the top of a low weed, and a meadow-lark would rise and wheel singing towards the west. Marshall's chin was almost on his breast. The reins were loose, and the noble little mare was plying her swift legs so easily under her that her high head and shining back gave hardly a sign of effort. She let the dark have barely time to settle over the rolling fields before she stopped of her own accord at her master's home gate. Marshall got out with some difficulty, and, without a word of command, she walked

through the gate and waited for him to climb in. The buggy made no noise on the thick turf, and no one was in sight when he reached the stiles.

"Tom!"

"Yessuh!"

The voice came from a whitewashed cabin behind a clump of lilac, and an old negro shuffled hastily after it. The young fellow's voice was impatient. A woman's figure appeared in the doorway under the sunrise window-light as Marshall climbed the stiles.

"Rannie."

"Yes, mother," he answered, and he held his breath while she kissed him. It was a big hall that he entered, with a graceful, semi-Oriental arch midway, and two doors opening on either side. The parlor was lighted, and through its door old furniture and old portraits were visible; and ancient wall-paper, brought from England a century since, blue in color, with clouds painted under the high ceiling, and an English stag-chase running entirely around the four walls. The ring of girlish laughter came down the stairway as Marshall passed into the dining-room. His mother had gathered in a little house-party of girls from the neighborhood, as she often did, to brighten his home-coming; supper was over, and they were awaiting the arrival of young men from town. Marshall ate little and had little to say, and very slowly a shadow passed over his mother's brow and eyes.

"What's wrong, my son?" she asked, quietly.

"Nothing, mother, nothing. Don't bother." He laughed slightly. "Maybe it's because I've got a rival."

His mother smiled.

"Oh no, not with her"—he laughed again—"at least, not yet. A man beat me speaking this afternoon. He took me by surprise, but I'll be ready for him next time. Still, I'm not very well, and I can't go into the parlor to-night. Besides, I've got some writing to do. Tell them how sorry I am, won't you?" He rose from his seat, for he could hear the coming guests in the hall. "Good-night," he said, and he kissed her forehead as he passed behind her chair, but the shadow that was there staid.

A little darky girl in a checked cotton dress lighted his way outside along a path of round-stone flagging. For the house was built after the earliest colonial fashion,

with an ell left and right—one of which, disconnected from the house, and called the "office" in slavery days, had been Marshall's room since the day he started to town to school. It signified paternal trust; it meant independence. His room was ready. The student-lamp was lighted. On the table was a vase of flowers from his mother's garden, and he sat down close to their fragrance, and, with a conscious purpose of fulfilling his word, he did try for a while to write. But his hand shook, and he arose and opened a pantry door to one side of the fireplace, and called from the window for old Tom to bring him drinking-water. The glisten of glass-ware came through the crack of the pantry door, and the old negro gave it one sullen glance and went out without speaking. Marshall was walking up and down the room. Once he stopped at the mantel to look at the picture of a very young girl in white muslin and with a big Leghorn hat held lightly by one slender hand in her lap. Under it was a scrawling line, "To Rannie from Anne." He turned sharply away, and sat down at his table again with his forehead on his crossed arms. There had been no trouble, no doubt, between the two in those young days. Now there seemed to be nothing else; and it was in one of these wretched intervals of causeless misunderstanding that a hulking countryman had taught him his first bitter lesson in defeat while Anne looked on. They were having a good time in the parlor. Somebody was playing a waltz. There was a ripple of light laughter through the hall door, and some deep-voiced young fellow was talking low on the porch not far from his window. The sounds smote him with a sharp pain of remoteness from it all, and straightway a memory began to bridge the gap between him and those other days; so that he rose presently, and took down the picture and put it on the table before him, looking at it steadily. In a little while he unlocked a drawer at his right hand, and took out a note-book and began with the beginning, slowly turning the leaves. It was filled with his own manuscript. Here and there was a verse, "To Anne." On every page, from every paragraph, the name sprang from the white paper—Anne! Anne! Anne! He had meant to burn that book; the impulse came now, as always; but now, as always, he went on turning the leaves. It ran

back years—to the childhood of the girl. "Her father's brain, her mother's heart," ran one line, "but her beauty is her own." Some of the verse was almost good. It was Anne's brow here, her eyes there, her mouth, her hand, her arm; "that arm," he read, smiling faintly—"the little hollow midway from which the gracious lovely lines start up and down. It would hold the rain a snowdrop might catch; dew enough for the bath—the ivory bath—of a humming-bird; enough nectar to make Cupid delirious, were he to use it for a drinking-cup. Looking for Psyche, the little god rests there, no doubt, while she sleeps. If he doesn't, he is blind indeed."

Those were the days when he thought he might be a poet or a novelist, if either were a manlier trade; if there were not always the more serious business of law and politics to which he was committed by inheritance. Still, it was very foolish, the book, and with the impulse again to burn, he placed it back in the drawer and turned the key. Then he put the picture in its place, and sat down again, as though he would go on with his work, but, instead, reached suddenly across the table. The sound of old Tom's banjo was coming up through his back window from the lilacs below, and as his fingers closed around the glass, the strum started up before him the old array of ever-weakening visions—the negro's reproachful look, the deepening shadows in his mother's face, the pain in Anne's clear eyes—and now a new one, the figure of the mountaineer, burly, vivid, and so menacing that he felt nerve, muscle, and brain get suddenly tense as though to meet some shock. And there was his hand trembling like an old man's under the green shade of the lamp. The sight smote him through with a fear of himself so sharp that he brushed his hands rapidly across his eyes, and with tightened lips once more took up his pen.

The moon looked in at his window radiantly when he pushed the curtains aside to close a shutter, so that he changed his mind about going to bed, and blew out his lamp and sat at the window, looking out. The young men were going home. He heard the laughing good-byes in the hall, and the low, laughing talk of the young fellows where they were unhitching their horses behind the shrubbery; then the soft beats of hoofs and

wheels on the turf, the loud slam of the pike gate, and the wild rush of the young bucks racing each other home. There was a rustle in the hall, the closing of a door below, a shutter above, and the house was still.

Not a breath of air moved outside. The white aspens were quiet as the sombre aged pines that had been brought over from old Hanover, in Virginia, and stood with proud solemnity befitting the honor. Across the meadow came the low bellow of a restless bull; nearer, the tinkle of a sheep-bell; and closer, the drowsy twitter of birds in the lilac-bushes at the garden gate. Beyond the lawn and the mock-orange hedge was the woodland, with its sinuous line of soft shadow against the sky, and the broken moonlight under its low branches. Primitive soil, that woodland; no plough had run a furrow through it; no white man had called it his own before the boy's great forefather, asleep under the wrinkled pines. How full of peace it was—how still!

Over in the other ell, his mother had gone to sleep with the last prayer on her lips, the last thought in her heart, for him. She had taken him with her into dreamland, no doubt. She was affected, his mother, so a teasing old aunt had told him—and her; but never in his life could he remember her perfect poise of body and soul to waver, her sweet dignity to unbend. Proud but very gentle her face was—he knew but one other like it. "To be your father's wife and your mother, my son," he had heard her, in simple faith, once say. That was her mission on earth. And what a mission he was making for that gracious life!

In the dark parlor, just through the wall of his room, were Jouett portraits of his kinspeople—of the great Marshall, whose great day people said he was to bring back. Next him was that Marshall's youngest son, a proud-looking young fellow with a noble face and a quiet smile, who had died early, and who, the old aunt said, was the more brilliant of the two. Rannie was like that great-uncle, she used often to say. And he, Marshall knew, had quietly and with beautiful dignity drunk himself to death for a woman. Men could do that in his day. Men had—the young fellow rose, shivering from another reason than the cooling night air;—it still was possible.

Over the quiet fields of blue-grass and

young wheat and blossoming clover, in the capital, Boone Stallard was looking from his window on the prison, white in the moonlight as a sepulchre, and on the bleak cliff rising behind it; and his last thoughts too were on his home and his people: the old two-roomed log cabin with its long porch and long slanting roof, Black Mountain rising in a sheer wall of green behind it, and a little creek tinkling under laurel and rhododendron into the Cumberland; his mother, gaunt, aged, in brown homespun, with her pipe, in a corner of the fireplace; opposite, his sister—whose husband had been killed in the feud—with a worn pallid face and dull eyes; his half-brother, cleaning his Winchester, no doubt; the children in bed; the talk of the feud, always the feud. They were all Stallards on that creek, just as in the next bend of the river all were Keatons—their hereditary enemies. They were "a high-heeled and overbearin' race," the Stallards were; and they were hated and fought, and they hated and fought back, with the end not yet come. All his life, Boone Stallard had known only hardship, work, self-denial. There was no love of sloth, no vice of blood to stunt his growth; as yet, no love of woman to confuse his purpose, nor inspire it.

Not once did the two currents cross but on the thinkers themselves; on nothing else—not even on Anne.

IV.

A week later, the Mansion was thrown open, for the third time during the session, to the law-makers and their wives. Stallard, Colton said, must go; and Colton's word now was to the good-natured mountaineer little short of law.

He had found an unknown ally when he opened the great Kentucky daily on the morning after his first fight. There was a long account of the debate, a strong tribute to "The Cumberland Cyclone," as Colton, the correspondent, called him, and an editorial on the question that bore the distinctive ear-marks of the great man in charge. That same morning, when the question of disruption came up, a member who had considerable aspiration, some foresight, and no principles to make or mar his future, and who knew he would help himself in another section and not harm himself in his own, rose and took sides with Stallard, empha-

sizing the editor's emphasis of Stallard's idea that the mountain people must some day govern themselves, and therefore would be better let alone now. To the surprise of all, Marshall rose and stated frankly the lack of positive knowledge on which he had spoken the day before. While he must hold to certain opinions expressed, he recognized the possibility of having done the mountain people wrong in certain statements made; that time would soon prove.

Meanwhile he would withdraw his motion, with the consent of the House, and counsel further forbearance on the part of the State. It was graceful, magnanimous, gallant; but Colton, watching the mountaineer's face, saw not a muscle of it move. Marshall's bill was put aside for the time. The mountain members, headed by Jack Mockaby, drew close to Stallard, and before noon of his second day at the capital Stallard found himself a man of mark, and with a following that in all legislative questions could exact consideration. And for the hour of that noon his head swam and got steady again; for his brain was as sane as his purpose was firm. Of his gift of oratory he took as little thought as a bird takes of its gift of song. He neither drank nor gambled, and as he kept aloof from all social affairs, he wasted neither his energy nor his time. Few committees of importance were appointed upon which he did not have a place, and his capacity for work was prodigious. In Colton he came at once to know his best friend, and every few days he saw his name prominent in the reports of legislative doings. These would slowly make their way home to the mountains, and Stallard knew his seat was secure for another term unless the feud intervened. Once even, in the first flush of his success, the dome of the big Capitol floated a little while along the horizon of his heated vision, and sank. For Stallard's second thought and his last were ever for his people; and he watched their welfare with an eye that let no measure escape that might be of possible help to them. Thus far he had given no thought to anything but work, and now Colton said that out of respect to the Governor, who had been kind to him, Stallard must go to the Mansion. So he had dressed himself in his best—which was quite bad—had walked twice past the brilliantly lighted old house, and in hopeless inde-

cision had started, for the second time, home. Inside, Anne sat in a corner of the big square drawing-room, watching the late-coming guests. Colton was on the sofa beside her, and Marshall stood just to one side. The two men did not like each other, and for that reason Colton rattled on in his talk recklessly. The receiving-line of young women in white was broken, and the rather chill formality of the occasion dissolved. Occasionally some little woman tripping past would ask, naively, "Oh, you haven't met my husband?" And off she would go for the embryonic statesman. Dress and manners made Anne shudder now and then, but no sign rose above the fine courtesy that made social democracy in her own home absolute; and, unfailingly, she presented Marshall, who bowed with perfect gravity to the absurd little ducks and curtsies made him. Colton, who knew everybody, was giving pen and ink sketches right and left.

They were all there—from the Peavine to the Purchase, through blue-grass, bear-grass, and pennyroyal; from Mammoth Cave and Gethsemane, the Knobs and the Benson Hills; from aristocratic Fayette and Bourbon, "sweet Owen" fortress of democracy, to border Harlan, hotbed of the feud; from the Mississippi to Hell-fer-Sartain Creek in bloody Breathitt. Those were the contrasting soils, social sections, and divisions of vegetation on which the devil was said to have slyly put a thumb of reservation when he offered the earth to his great Conqueror ("and sometimes," said Colton, "I think the reservation was granted"). All this the magic name of old Kentucky meant to her loyal sons, who are to this country what the Irishman is to the world; and who, no matter where cast, remain what they were born—Kentuckians—to the end. The Virginia cavalier was there, he went on, with a side-glance at Marshall; the Scotch-Irishman, who had taken on the cavalier's polish and lost nothing of his own strength; the "pore white trash"—now risen in the world; the kinless nondescript—himself, for instance; the political grandee of the cross-roads—he of the Clay manner and the Websterian brow across the room. He always made afternoon calls in his dress suit. There was Jack Mockaby from Breathitt, who was expecting arrest each day last year, for a little feud of his own,

while he was in the House making laws for the rest of the State. The gaunt individual at the door was another mountaineer. He had brought his wife with him to the "settlemints." Once she had been asked if she were going to the theatre. She "lowed she was, but she didn't aim to take part." And she did go, and she took down her hair before the curtain went up, gave it a little brush or two, and slowly rolled it up in a knot at the back of her head. On a fishing trip Colton had taken dinner with one of this member's constituents. They had corn bread and potatoes.

"Take out, stranger," said the mountaineer. "Hev a tater; take two of 'em; take damn nigh all of 'em."

Oh, they were a strange people, these mountaineers—proud, hospitable, good-hearted, and murderous! Religious too: they talked chiefly of homicide and the Bible. He knew of an awful fight that came up over a discussion on original sin. Yes, they were queer; but there was one—Boone Stallard was his name—Miss Anne had heard him speak? Colton thought he could make something of him.

"They call him the 'Cumberland Cyclone' now: that's mine, that phrase. Pretty good, isn't it? They will run him against Marshall for Speaker next year," he added, with innocent malice; "mark my words. He's a coming man—but he doesn't seem to be coming here very fast. He said he would. If he doesn't show up in five minutes, I'm going after him. It'll be his début, and I'm his chaperon. Ah—"

The information was not worth while. Though smilingly interested in Colton's light nonsense, she was glancing now and then at the door, where her father was receiving the last stragglers; and, looking at her, Marshall knew when she saw the mountaineer, and he smiled: her interest amused him. Stallard's big form was in the doorway. His eyes were roving helplessly up and down the room, and his face, despite its gravity, wore so pained a look that the girl herself half rose. But the Governor had stepped forward, and, holding the new-comer's arm, was leading him across the room towards her.

"Anne, I want to present Mr. Stallard to you—Mr. Boone Stallard. Mr. Marshall, Mr. Stallard—you two should know each other; and Mr. Colton you know, of course."

The girl put out her hand. Marshall, with punctilious courtesy, was putting out his, when he met Stallard's eye. The mountaineer knew no polite law that bade him, feeling one way, to act another; and what he felt he made plain. Marshall straightened like steel. It was a declaration of war, open, mutual; and Colton, with a quick breath, half rose from his seat. The Governor, turning away, saw nothing, and Anne's eyes were lowered suddenly to the white point of one of her slippers.

"Pardon," said Marshall, with quick tact; "your father is calling me." And he bowed himself away and towards the Governor, who was passing through the door.

Colton turned to Anne's friend, Katherine Craig, who sat at his right, and whose eyes had lost nothing. Stallard crossed his big hands awkwardly in front of him, and stood with one foot advanced and the knee bent. He wore a great Prince Albert coat, which was longer in front than behind, and high boots which showed to their tops under his trousers. They were carefully blackened, and the feet were large—so was the man. Anne saw all these details before she raised her eyes to his, and then for a while she quite forgot them. They were calm, open eyes that she saw, quite dark but luminous, and they quietly held hers in a way that made her wonder then whether it might not be hard for some woman, against his will, to turn her own aside. Yet they were timid too, and kindly, while the strong mouth was for the moment hard; it still held the antagonism that elsewhere in the rugged face was gone.

"I heard your speech," she said, friendly. "I want to congratulate you. You gave us all a surprise—especially Mr. Marshall."

"Well, I'm very glad you liked it," he said, slowly and with great care, almost as if he were speaking another tongue. "I don't recollect that I saw you there. I reckon I didn't look around at the gallery."

"No," she said, with a smile; "you were not very gallant."

She was sorry when the words left her mouth, the big man looked so helpless. But no woman minds if the strong are shy, and she went on a little blindly: "Now Mr. Marshall paid us a pretty compliment." If she were uncertain as

to the little start he gave when she mentioned Marshall's name just before, she was not now. The repression at his lips spread to his eyes, his brow, and his nostrils, and he did not look pleasant. She did not know why she should press the point further, but the impulse was irresistible.

"Mr. Marshall is a great friend of mine," she added, her self-control fluttering, and she raised her eyes to see what should come into his, and she was frightened. She knew little of the strict ethics that governed his life in the matter of friendship; if Marshall was her friend, then she was the mountaineer's enemy; but with a flash she caught the thought in his mind, and with it, too, his suspicion that she had meant to make the fact of her friendship for Marshall plain.

"I hope you two will like each other," she added, quickly, and with a vague purpose of somehow putting herself to rights; but the mountaineer stared merely.

"I don't think we will," he said, bluntly. Again Anne's eyes went for refuge back to the point of her slipper, and luckily for both just then the Governor came to take Stallard away. Colton and Katherine turned.

"How did you get along?" asked Colton. Anne laughed. Her cheeks were a bright red, and Colton began to wonder.

"Not very well. It was dreadful. He's half a savage. He made me afraid."

Marshall was coming up behind her, and could not help but hear what pleases no lover—fear in a woman of another man. His manner was light and spirited, and he laughed in a way that made her look sharply up.

"Good-night." His face was flushed, and Anne's hardened a little while she looked after him. Stallard did not come to bid her good-night, and she guessed the truth—that he did not know it was necessary. Still he should have wanted to come, she thought, imperiously; and she did not guess the truth of that—that, much puzzled, he had wanted to come; that he had passed the rear door to look at her, and had stood a long while staring at her strangely; that he had hesitated, through sheer fear, to speak to her again, and, vaguely distressed, had slipped away without a word to anybody.

For a long while after the guests were gone she sat thinking under the pink drop-light in her father's study. It had

been the same thing over and over for so long with Marshall—peace, a foolish quarrel, the wine-room and the card table; some wild deed, contrition, pardon, and peace again. It was the beginning of the second stage now, and she looked a little bitter, and then she sighed helplessly, as though she would as well make ready now to forgive him again. When she thought of Stallard, she found herself going back again to Marshall's graduating-day. That was odd, but the fact slipped unnoticed through her consciousness, for she was wishing that Marshall had the strength that she believed was the mountaineer's. What might he not do then? Then, perhaps, everything might be otherwise. And thinking of the mountaineer again, there came again out of the past the hot air of the old university hall; and now, as then, she was walking out on the big portico to escape it. That day she had dropped her parasol down the great flight of stone steps. A rough-looking country boy was leaning against one of the big pillars, staring at her. She waited for him to pick it up, but he never took his eyes from her face, and she got it herself. She had thought him stupid and impolite, and she never knew what fixed the incident in her mind, unless it was the boy's intent stare and his shock of black hair. Even now her memory of the incident had no significance, for she was busy thinking how absurd the contrast was between the mountaineer's face and his dress, and wondering why it was that once some look in the man's eyes should have given her such a pang of pity for him. He must have miserably misunderstood her that night, and no wonder; she must make that right, and quickly.

"Papa," she said, "is there any reason

why I shouldn't ask that Mr.—Boone—Stallard"—she pronounced the name slowly—"to dinner?"

"Why, no, Anne; why not?"

"Oh, nothing. I didn't know. He's so queer. He's so diffident—it's absurd in such a big man—and then he isn't. I wonder that he came to-night."

"It was Colton's doing, I imagine," said the Governor, rising to fill his pipe; "and then I suppose he thought he owed especial courtesy to me. I let out a pretty bad convict on parole not long ago, at his request—a mountaineer."

"Who is he?" she asked, so absent-mindedly that the Governor turned.

"Who is who?" he answered, smiling; and then, "Why, you remember, surely. Marshall introduced a bill to abolish his county the other day. He belongs to one of the factions that are making trouble in the mountains. I suppose one-fourth of the people in his county have the name of Stallard. And they are worse about stretching kinship than we are."

The girl rose to go to her room, and the Governor called to her again, and she stopped under the light of the stairway, with her dreaming face uplifted, the hem of her gown raised from one arched foot, and one white hand on the banister—and nobody there to see!

"By-the-way, can't you make use of a trusty for a day or two in the garden? I'll send you a feudsman, if you are getting interested in the mountaineers. I made still another trusty not long ago, at the warden's request. The mountaineers can't stand confinement, he says, having lived all their lives in the open air. Can you give one something to do?"

Anne's lips parted and her eyes closed sleepily. "Yes," she said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BENEATH THE VEIL.

BY ALICE ARCHER SEWALL.

THERE is a veil o'er everything.
And so we muffled walk till death,
Unless some heart shall sob or sing
And lift it with a sudden breath.

Then do we see in vision plain
The radiance desired and clear,
And when the veil has dropped again
We walk but absent-minded here.

THE CENTURY'S PROGRESS IN PHYSICS.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

PART I.—THE “IMPONDERABLES.”

I.

THERE were giants abroad in the world of science in the early days of our century. Herschel, Lagrange, and Laplace; Cuvier, Brongniart, and Lamarck; Humboldt, Goethe, Priestley—what need to extend the list?—the names crowd upon us. But among them all there was no taller intellectual figure than that of a young Quaker who came to settle in London and practise the profession of medicine in the year 1801. The name of this young aspirant to medical honors and emoluments was Thomas Young. He came fresh from professional studies at Edinburgh and on the Continent, and he had the theory of medicine at his tongue's end; yet his medical knowledge, compared with the mental treasures of his capacious intellect as a whole, was but as a drop of water in the ocean.

Incidentally the young physician was prevailed upon to occupy the interims of early practice by fulfilling the duties of the chair of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution, which Count Rumford had founded, and of which Davy was then Professor of Chemistry—the institution whose glories have been perpetuated by such names as Faraday and Tyndall, and which the Briton of to-day speaks of as the “Pantheon of Science.”

As early as 1793, when he was only twenty, Young had begun to communicate papers to the Royal Society of London, which were adjudged worthy to be printed in full in the *Philosophical Transactions*; so it is not strange that he should have been asked to deliver the Bakerian lecture before that learned body the very first year after he came to London. The lecture was delivered November 12, 1801. Its subject was “The Theory of Light and Colors,” and its reading marks an epoch in physical science; for here for the first time was brought forward convincing proof of that undulatory theory of light with which every student of modern physics is familiar—the theory which holds that light is not a corporeal entity, but a mere pulsation in the substance of an all-

pervading ether, just as sound is a pulsation in the air, or in liquids or solids.

Young had, indeed, advocated this theory at an earlier date, but it was not until 1801 that he hit upon the idea which enabled him to bring it to anything approaching a demonstration. It was while pondering over the familiar but puzzling phenomena of colored rings into which white light is broken when reflected from thin films—Newton's rings, so called—that an explanation occurred to him which at once put the entire undulatory theory on a new footing. With that sagacity of insight which we call genius, he saw of a sudden that the phenomena could be explained by supposing that when rays of light fall on a thin glass, part of the rays being reflected from the upper surface, other rays, reflected from the lower surface, might be so retarded in their course through the glass that the two sets would interfere with one another, the forward pulsation of one ray corresponding to the backward pulsation of another, thus quite neutralizing the effect. Some of the component pulsations of the light being thus effaced by mutual interference, the remaining rays would no longer give the optical effect of white light; hence the puzzling colors.

By following up this clew with mathematical precision, measuring the exact thickness of the plate and the space between the different rings of color, Young was able to show mathematically what must be the length of pulsation for each of the different colors of the spectrum. He estimated that the undulations of red light, at the extreme lower end of the visible spectrum, must number about 37,640 to the inch, and pass any given spot at a rate of 463 millions of millions of undulations in a second, while the extreme violet numbers 59,750 undulations to the inch, or 735 millions of millions to the second.

Young similarly examined the colors that are produced by scratches on a smooth surface, in particular testing the light from “Mr. Coventry's exquisite mi-

chrometers," which consist of lines scratched on glass at measured intervals. These microscopic tests brought the same results as the other experiments. The colors were produced at certain definite and measurable angles, and the theory of interference of undulations explained them perfectly, while, as Young affirmed with confidence, no other theory hitherto advanced could explain them at all. Taking all the evidence together, Young declared that he considered the argument he had set forth in favor of the undulatory theory of light to be "sufficient and decisive."

This doctrine of interference of undulations was the absolutely novel part of Young's theory. The all-compassing genius of Robert Hooke had, indeed, very nearly apprehended it more than a century before, as Young himself points out, but no one else had so much as vaguely conceived it; and even with the sagacious Hooke it was only a happy guess, never distinctly outlined in his own mind, and utterly ignored by all others. Young did not know of Hooke's guess until he himself had fully formulated the theory, but he hastened then to give his predecessor all the credit that could possibly be adjudged his due by the most disinterested observer. To Hooke's contemporary, Huyghens, who was the originator of the general doctrine of undulation as the explanation of light, Young renders full justice also. For himself he claims only the merit of having demonstrated the theory which these and a few others of his predecessors had advocated without full proof.

The following year Dr. Young detailed before the Royal Society other experiments, which threw additional light on the doctrine of interference; and in 1803 he cited still others, which, he affirmed, brought the doctrine to complete demonstration. In applying this demonstration to the general theory of light, he made the striking suggestion that "the luminiferous ether pervades the substance of all material bodies with little or no resistance, as freely, perhaps, as the wind passes through a grove of trees." He asserted his belief also that the chemical rays which Ritter had discovered beyond the violet end of the visible spectrum are but still more rapid undulations of the same character as those which produce light. In his earlier lecture he had

affirmed a like affinity between the light rays and the rays of radiant heat which Herschel detected below the red end of the spectrum, suggesting that "light differs from heat only in the frequency of its undulations or vibrations—those undulations which are within certain limits with respect to frequency affecting the optic nerve and constituting light, and those which are slower and probably stronger constituting heat only." From the very outset he had recognized the affinity between sound and light; indeed, it had been this affinity that led him on to an appreciation of the undulatory theory of light.

But while all these affinities seemed so clear to the great co-ordinating brain of Young, they made no such impression on the minds of his contemporaries. The immateriality of light had been substantially demonstrated, but practically no one save its author accepted the demonstration. Newton's doctrine of the emission of corpuscles was too firmly rooted to be readily dislodged, and Dr. Young had too many other interests to continue the assault unceasingly. He occasionally wrote something touching on his theory, mostly papers contributed to the *Quarterly Review* and similar periodicals, anonymously or under a pseudonym, for he had conceived the notion that too great conspicuousness in fields outside of medicine would injure his practice as a physician. His views regarding light (including the original papers from the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society) were again given publicity in full in his celebrated volume on natural philosophy, consisting in part of his lectures before the Royal Institution, published in 1807; but even then they failed to bring conviction to the philosophic world. Indeed, they did not even arouse a controversial spirit, as his first papers had done.

So it chanced that when, in 1815, a young French military engineer, named Augustin Jean Fresnel, returning from the Napoleonic wars, became interested in the phenomena of light, and made some experiments concerning diffraction, which seemed to him to controvert the accepted notions of the materiality of light, he was quite unaware that his experiments had been anticipated by a philosopher across the Channel. He communicated his experiments and results to

the French Institute, supposing them to be absolutely novel. That body referred them to a committee, of which, as good fortune would have it, the dominating member was Dominique François Arago, a man as versatile as Young himself, and hardly less profound, if perhaps not quite so original. Arago at once recognized the merit of Fresnel's work, and soon became a convert to the theory. He told Fresnel that Young had anticipated him as regards the general theory, but that much remained to be done, and he offered to associate himself with Fresnel in prosecuting the investigation. Fresnel was not a little dashed to learn that his original ideas had been worked out by another while he was a lad, but he bowed gracefully to the situation, and went ahead with unabated zeal.

The championship of Arago insured the undulatory theory a hearing before the French Institute, but by no means sufficed to bring about its general acceptance. On the contrary, a bitter feud ensued, in which Arago was opposed by the "Jupiter Olympius of the Academy," Laplace, by the only less famous Poisson, and by the younger but hardly less able Biot. So bitterly raged the feud that a life-long friendship between Arago and Biot was ruptured forever. The opposition managed to delay the publication of Fresnel's papers, but Arago continued to fight with his customary enthusiasm and pertinacity, and at last, in 1823, the Academy yielded, and voted Fresnel into its ranks, thus implicitly admitting the value of his work.

After Fresnel's admission to the Institute in 1823 the opposition weakened, and gradually the philosophers came to realize the merits of a theory which Young had vainly called to their attention a full quarter-century before.

II.

The full importance of Young's studies of light might perhaps have gained earlier recognition had it not chanced that, at the time when they were made, the attention of the philosophic world was turned upon another field, which for a time brooked no rival. How could the old familiar phenomenon, light, interest any one when the new agent, galvanism, was in view?

The question of the hour was whether in galvanism the world had to do with

a new force, or whether it is identical with electricity, masking under a new form. Very early in the century the profound, if rather captious, Dr. Wollaston made experiments which seemed to show that the two are identical; and by 1807 Dr. Young could write in his published lectures, "The identity of the general causes of electrical and of galvanic effects is now doubted by few." To be entirely accurate he should have added, "by few of the leaders of scientific thought," for the lesser lights were by no means so fully agreed as the sentence cited might seem to imply.

But meantime an even more striking affinity had been found for the new agent galvanism. From the first it had been the chemists rather than the natural philosophers—the word physicist was not then in vogue—who had chiefly experimented with Volta's battery; and the acute mind of Humphry Davy at once recognized the close relationship between chemical decomposition and the appearance of the new "imponderable." The great Swedish chemist Berzelius also had an inkling of the same thing. But it was Davy who first gave the thought full expression, in a Bakerian lecture before the Royal Society in 1806—the lecture which gained him not only the plaudits of his own countrymen, but the Napoleonic prize of the French Academy at a time when the political bodies of the two countries were in the midst of a sanguinary war.

Here it was that Davy explicitly stated his belief that "chemical and electrical attraction are produced by the same cause, acting in one case on particles, in the other on masses," and that "the same property under different modifications is the cause of all the phenomena exhibited by different voltaic combinations." The phenomena of galvanism were thus linked with chemical action on the one hand, and with frictional electricity on the other, in the first decade of the century. But there the matter rested for another decade. Davy, whose penetrative genius must have carried him further had it not been diverted, became more and more absorbed in the chemical side of the problem. For a time no master-generalizer came to take the place of these men in their study of the "imponderables" as such, and the phenomena of electricity occupied an isolated corner in the realm of sci-

ence, linked, as has been said, rather to chemistry than to the field we now term physics.

But in the year 1819 there flashed before the philosophic world, like lightning from a clear sky, the report that Hans Christian Oersted, the Danish philosopher, had discovered that the magnetic needle may be deflected by the passage near it of a current of electricity. The experiment was repeated everywhere. Its validity was beyond question, its importance beyond estimate. Many men had vaguely dreamed that there might be some connection between electricity and magnetism—chiefly because each shows phenomena of seeming attraction and repulsion—but here was the first experimental evidence that any such connection actually exists. The wandering eye of science was recalled to electricity as suddenly and as irresistibly as it had been in 1800 by the discovery of the voltaic pile. But now it was the physical rather than the chemical side of the subject that chiefly demanded attention.

At once André Marie Ampère, whom the French love to call the Newton of electricity, appreciated the far-reaching importance of the newly disclosed relationship, and combining mathematical and experimental studies, showed how close is the link between electricity and magnetism, and suggested the possibility of signalling at a distance by means of electric wires associated with magnetic needles. Gauss, the great mathematician, and Weber, the physicist, put this idea to a practical test by communicating with one another at a distance of several roods, in Göttingen, long before "practical" telegraphy grew out of Oersted's discovery.

A new impetus thus being given to the investigators, an epoch of electrical discovery naturally followed. For a time interest centred on the French investigators, in particular upon the experiments of the ever-receptive Arago, who discovered in 1825 that magnets may be produced at will by electrical induction. But about 1830 the scene shifted to London; for then the protégé of Davy, and his successor in the Royal Institution, Michael Faraday, the "man who added to the powers of his intellect all the graces of the human heart," began that series of electrical experiments at the Royal Institution which were destined to attract the

dazed attention of the philosophic world, and stamp their originator as "the greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever seen." Nor does the rank of prince of experimenters do Faraday full justice, for he was far more than a mere experimenter.

In 1831 Faraday opened up the field of magneto-electricity. Reversing the experiments of his predecessors, who had found that electric currents may generate magnetism, he showed that magnets have power under certain circumstances to generate electricity; he proved, indeed, the interconvertibility of electricity and magnetism. Then he showed that all bodies are more or less subject to the influence of magnetism, and that even light may be affected by magnetism as to its phenomena of polarization. He satisfied himself completely of the true identity of all the various forms of electricity, and of the convertibility of electricity and chemical action. Thus he linked together light, chemical affinity, magnetism, and electricity. And, moreover, he knew full well that no one of these can be produced in indefinite supply from another. Nowhere, he says, "is there a pure creation or production of power without a corresponding exhaustion of something to supply it."

When Faraday wrote those words in 1840 he was treading on the very heels of a greater generalization than any he actually formulated. He saw a great truth without fully realizing its import; it was left for others, approaching the same truth along another path, to point out its full significance.

III.

The great generalization which Faraday so narrowly missed is the truth which since then has become familiar as the doctrine of the conservation of energy—the law that in transforming energy from one condition to another we can never secure more than an equivalent quantity; that, in short, "to create or annihilate energy is as impossible as to create or annihilate matter; that all the phenomena of the material universe consist in transformations of energy alone."

A vast generalization such as this is never a mushroom growth, nor does it usually spring full grown from the mind of any single man. Always a number of minds are very near a truth before a

one mind fully grasps it. Pre-eminently true is this of the doctrine of conservation of energy. Not Faraday alone, but half a dozen different men had an inkling of it before it gained full expression; indeed, every man who advocated the undulatory theory of light and heat was verging toward the goal. The doctrine of Young and Fresnel was as a highway leading surely on to the wide plain of conservation. The phenomena of electromagnetism furnished another such highway. But there was yet another road which led just as surely, and even more readily, to the same goal. This was the road furnished by the phenomena of heat, and the men who travelled it were destined to outstrip their fellow-workers. Just at the close of the last century Count Rumford and Humphry Davy independently showed that labor may be transformed into heat, and correctly interpreted this fact as meaning the transformation of molar into molecular motion. We can hardly doubt that each of these men of genius realized, vaguely, at any rate, that there must be a close correspondence between the amount of the molar and the molecular motions; hence that each of them was in sight of the law of the mechanical equivalent of heat. In 1824, a French philosopher, Sadi Carnot, caught step with the great Englishmen, and took a long leap ahead by explicitly stating his belief that a definite quantity of work could be transformed into a definite quantity of heat, no more, no less. His conclusions made no impression whatever upon his contemporaries. Carnot's work in this line was an isolated phenomenon of historical interest; it did not enter into the scheme of the completed narrative in any such way as did the work of Rumford and Davy.

The man who really took up the broken thread where Rumford and Davy had dropped it, and wove it into a completed texture, was James Prescott Joule, who came upon the scene in 1840. His home was in Manchester, England, his occupation that of a manufacturer. Joule's work it was, done in the fifth decade of our century, which demonstrated beyond all cavil that there is a precise and absolute equivalence between mechanical work and heat; that whatever the form of manifestation of molar motion, it can generate a definite and measurable amount of heat, and no more. Joule found, for

example, that at the sea-level in Manchester a pound weight falling through 772 feet could generate enough heat to raise the temperature of a pound of water one degree Fahrenheit. There was nothing hazardous, nothing accidental, about this; it bore the stamp of unalterable law. And Joule himself saw, what others in time were made to see, that this truth is merely a particular case within a more general law. If heat cannot be in any sense created, but only made manifest as a transformation of another kind of motion, then must not the same thing be true of all those other forms of "force"—light, electricity, magnetism—which had been shown to be so closely associated, so mutually convertible, with heat? The law of the mechanical equivalent of heat then became the main corner-stone of the greater law of the conservation of energy. Colding, a philosopher of Copenhagen, had hit upon the same idea, and carried it far toward a demonstration. In Germany three other men were independently on the track of the same truth, and two of them, it must be admitted, reached it earlier than either Joule or Colding. The names of these three Germans are Mohr, Mayer, and Helmholtz.

As to Karl Friedrich Mohr, it may be said that his statement of the doctrine preceded that of any of his fellows, yet that otherwise it was perhaps least important. In 1837 this thoughtful German had grasped the main truth, and given it expression in an article published in the *Zeitschrift für Physik*, etc. Five years later, in 1842, Dr. Julius Robert Mayer, practising physician in the little German town of Heilbronn, published a paper in Liebig's *Annalen* on "The Forces of Inorganic Nature," in which not merely the mechanical theory of heat but the entire doctrine of the conservation of energy was explicitly if briefly stated. Two years earlier Dr. Mayer, while surgeon to a Dutch India vessel cruising in the tropics, had observed that the venous blood of a patient seemed redder than venous blood usually is observed to be in temperate climates. He pondered over this seemingly insignificant fact, and at last reached the conclusion that the cause must be the lesser amount of oxidation required to keep up the body temperature in the tropics. Led by this reflection to consider the body as a machine dependent on outside forces for its capacity to act, he

passed on into a novel realm of thought, which brought him at last to independent discovery of the mechanical theory of heat, and to the first full and comprehensive appreciation of the great law of conservation. The great principle he had discovered became the dominating thought of his life, and filled all his leisure hours. He applied it to all the phenomena of the inorganic and organic worlds. It taught him that both vegetables and animals are machines, bound by the same laws that hold sway over inorganic matter, transforming energy, but creating nothing. Then his mind reached out into space and met a universe made up of questions. Each star that blinked down at him as he rode in answer to a night call seemed an interrogation point asking, How do I exist? Why have I not long since burned out, if your theory of conservation be true? No one hitherto had even tried to answer that question; few had so much as realized that it demanded an answer. But the Heilbronn physician understood the question and found an answer. His meteoric hypothesis, published in 1848, gave for the first time a tenable explanation of the persistent light and heat of our sun and the myriad other suns.

Yet for a long time his work attracted no attention whatever. In 1847, when another German physician, Hermann von Helmholtz, one of the most massive and towering intellects of any age, had been independently led to comprehension of the doctrine of conservation of energy, and published his treatise on the subject, he had hardly heard of his countryman Mayer. When he did hear of him, however, he hastened to renounce all claim to the doctrine of conservation, though the world at large gives him credit of independent even though subsequent discovery.

Meantime in England Joule was going on from one experimental demonstration to another, oblivious of his German competitor, and almost as little noticed by his own countrymen. He read his first paper before the chemical section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1843, and no one heeded it in the least. Two years later he wished to read another paper, but the chairman hinted that time was limited, and asked him to confine himself to a brief verbal synopsis of the results of his experiments.

Had the chairman but known it, he was curtailing a paper vastly more important than all the other papers of the meeting put together. However, the synopsis was given, and one man was there to hear it who had the genius to appreciate its importance. This was William Thomson, the present Lord Kelvin, now known to all the world as among the greatest of natural philosophers, but then only a novitiate in science. He came to Joule's aid, started rolling the ball of controversy, and subsequently associated himself with the Manchester experimenter in pursuing his investigations.

But meantime the acknowledged leaders of British science viewed the new doctrine askance. Faraday, Brewster, Herschel—those were the great names in physics at that day, and no one of them could quite accept the new views regarding energy. For several years no older physicist, speaking with recognized authority, came forward in support of the doctrine of conservation. This culminating thought of our first half-century came silently into the world, unheralded and unopposed. The fifth decade of the century had seen it elaborated and substantially demonstrated in at least three different countries, yet even the leaders of thought did not so much as know of its existence. In 1853 Whewell, the historian of the inductive sciences, published a second edition of his history, and, as Huxley has pointed out, he did not so much as refer to the revolutionizing thought which even then was a full decade old.

IV.

The gradual permeation of the field by the great doctrine of conservation simply repeated the history of the introduction of every novel and revolutionary thought. Necessarily the elder generation, to whom all forms of energy were imponderable fluids, must pass away before the new conception could claim the field. Even the word energy, though Young had introduced it in 1807, did not come into general use till some time after the middle of the century. To the generality of philosophers (the word physicist was even less in favor at this time) the various forms of energy were still subtle fluids, and never was idea relinquished with greater unwillingness than this. The experiments of Young and Fresnel had convinced a large number of philosophers

that light is a vibration and not a substance; but so great an authority as Biot clung to the old emission idea to the end of his life, in 1862, and held a following.

Meantime, however, the company of brilliant young men who had just served their apprenticeship when the doctrine of conservation came upon the scene had grown into authoritative positions, and were battling actively for the new ideas. Confirmatory evidence that energy is a molecular motion and not an "imponderable" form of matter accumulated day by day. The experiments of two Frenchmen, Hippolyte L. Fizeau and Léon Foucault, served finally to convince the last lingering sceptics that light is an undulation; and by implication brought heat into the same category, since James David Forbes, the Scotch physicist, had shown in 1837 that radiant heat conforms to the same laws of polarization and double refraction that govern light. But, for that matter, the experiments that had established the mechanical equivalent of heat hardly left room for doubt as to the immateriality of this "imponderable." Doubters had, indeed, expressed scepticism as to the validity of Joule's experiments, but the further researches, experimental and mathematical, of such workers as William Thomson (Lord Kelvin), Rankine, and John Tyndall in Great Britain, of Helmholtz and Clausius in Germany, and of Regnault in France, dealing with various manifestations of heat, placed the evidence beyond the reach of criticism.

Out of these studies, just at the middle of the century, to which the experiments of Mayer and Joule had led, grew the new science of thermo-dynamics. Out of them also grew, in the mind of one of the investigators, a new generalization, only second in importance to the doctrine of conservation itself. Professor William Thomson (Lord Kelvin) in his studies in thermo-dynamics was early impressed with the fact that whereas all the molar motion developed through labor or gravity could be converted into heat, the process is not fully reversible. Heat can, indeed, be converted into molar motion or work, but in the process a certain amount of the heat is radiated into space and lost. The same thing happens whenever any other form of energy is converted into molar motion. Indeed, every transmutation of energy, of whatever char-

acter, seems complicated by a tendency to develop heat, part of which is lost. This observation led Professor Thomson to his doctrine of the dissipation of energy, which he formulated before the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1852, and published also in the *Philosophical Magazine* the same year, the title borne being, "On a Universal Tendency in Nature to the Dissipation of Mechanical Energy."

From the principle here expressed Professor Thomson drew the startling conclusion that, "since any restoration of this mechanical energy without more than an equivalent dissipation is impossible," the universe, as known to us, must be in the condition of a machine gradually running down; and in particular that the world we live on has been within a finite time unfit for human habitation, and must again become so within a finite future. This thought seems such a commonplace to-day that it is difficult to realize how startling it appeared half a century ago. A generation trained, as ours has been, in the doctrines of conservation and dissipation of energy as the very alphabet of physical science can but ill appreciate the mental attitude of a generation which for the most part had not even thought it problematical whether the sun could continue to give out heat and light forever. But those advanced thinkers who had grasped the import of the doctrine of conservation could at once appreciate the force of Thomson's doctrine of dissipation, and realize the complementary character of the two conceptions.

Here and there a thinker like Rankine did, indeed, attempt to fancy conditions under which the energy lost through dissipation might be restored to availability, but no such effort has met with success, and in time Professor Thomson's generalization, and his conclusions as to the consequences of the law involved, came to be universally accepted.

The introduction of the new views regarding the nature of energy followed, as I have said, the course of every other growth of new ideas. Young and imaginative men could accept the new point of view; older philosophers, their minds channelled by preconceptions, could not get into the new groove. So strikingly true is this in the particular case now before us that it is worth while to note the ages at the time of the revolutionary experiments of the men whose work has been



THOMAS YOUNG.

From *Pescock's Life of Young*, by permission of John Murray, publisher, London.

mentioned as entering into the scheme of evolution of the idea that energy is merely a manifestation of matter in motion. Such a list will tell the story better than a volume of commentary.

Observe, then, that Davy made his epochal experiment of melting ice by friction when he was a youth of twenty. Young was no older when he made his

first communication to the Royal Society, and was in his twenty-seventh year when he first actively espoused the undulatory theory. Fresnel was twenty-six when he made his first important discoveries in the same field; and Arago, who at once became his champion, was then but two years his senior, though for a decade he had been so famous that one involuntari

ly thinks of him as belonging to an elder generation.

Forbes was under thirty when he discovered the polarization of heat, which pointed the way to Mohr, then thirty-one, to the mechanical equivalent. Joule was twenty-two in 1840, when his great work was begun; and Mayer, whose discoveries date from the same year, was then twenty-six, which was also the age of Helmholtz when he published his independent discovery of the same law. William Thomson was a youth just past his majority when he came to the aid of Joule before the British Society, and but seven years older when he formulated his own doctrine of dissipation of energy. And Clausius and Rankine, who are usually mentioned with Thomson as the great developers of thermo-dynamics, were both far advanced with their novel studies before they were thirty. We may well agree with the father of inductive science that "the man who is young in years may be old in hours."

Yet we must not forget that the shield has a reverse side. For was not the greatest of observing astronomers, Herschel, past thirty-five before he ever saw a telescope, and past fifty before he discovered the heat rays of the spectrum? And had not Faraday reached middle life before he turned his attention especially to electricity? Clearly, then, to make his phrase complete, Bacon must have added that "the man who is old in years may be young in imagination." Here, however, even more appropriate than in the other case—more's the pity—would have been the application of his qualifying clause: "but that happeneth rarely."

V.

There are only a few great generalizations as yet thought out in any single field of science. Naturally, then, after a great generalization has found definitive expression, there is a period of lull before another forward move. In the case of the doctrines of energy, the lull has lasted half a century. Throughout this period, it is true, a multitude of workers have been delving in the field, and to the casual observer it might seem as if their activity had been boundless, while the practical applications of their ideas—as exemplified, for example, in the telephone, phonograph, electric light, and so on—have been little less than revolutionary.

Yet the most competent of living authorities, Lord Kelvin, could assert two years ago that in fifty years he had learned nothing new regarding the nature of energy.

This, however, must not be interpreted as meaning that the world has stood still during these two generations. It means rather that the rank and file have been moving forward along the road the leaders had already travelled. Only a few men in the world had the range of thought regarding the new doctrine of energy that Lord Kelvin had at the middle of the century. The few leaders then saw clearly enough that if one form of energy is in reality merely an undulation or vibration among the particles of "ponderable" matter or of ether, all other manifestations of energy must be of the same nature. But the rank and file were not even within sight of this truth for a long time after they had partly grasped the meaning of the doctrine of conservation. When, late in the fifties, that marvellous young Scotchman, James Clerk Maxwell, formulating in other words an idea of Faraday's, expressed his belief that electricity and magnetism are but manifestations of various conditions of stress and motion in the ethereal medium (electricity a displacement of strain, magnetism a whirl in the ether), the idea met with no immediate popularity. And even less cordial was the reception given the same thinker's theory, put forward in 1863, that the ethereal undulations producing the phenomenon we call light differ in no respect except in their wave-length from the pulsations of electro-magnetism.

At about the same time Helmholtz formulated a somewhat similar electro-magnetic theory of light; but even the weight of this combined authority could not give the doctrine vogue until very recently, when the experiments of Heinrich Hertz, the pupil of Helmholtz, have shown that a condition of electrical strain may be developed into a wave system by recurrent interruptions of the electric state in the generator, and that such waves travel through the ether with the rapidity of light. Since then the electro-magnetic theory of light has been enthusiastically referred to as the greatest generalization of the century; but the sober thinker must see that it is really only what Hertz himself called it—one pier beneath the great arch of conservation. It is an in-



MICHAEL FARADAY.

teresting detail of the architecture, but the part cannot equal the size of the whole.

More than that, this particular pier is as yet by no means a very firm one. It has, indeed, been demonstrated that waves of electro-magnetism pass through space with the speed of light, but as yet no one has developed electric waves even remotely approximating the shortness of the visual rays. The most that can positively be asserted, therefore, is that all the known forms of radiant energy—heat, light, elec-

tro-magnetism—travel through space at the same rate of speed, and consist of transverse vibrations—"lateral quivers," as Fresnel said of light—known to differ in length, and not positively known to differ otherwise. It has, indeed, been suggested that the newest form of radiant energy, the famous X ray of Professor Röntgen's discovery, is a longitudinal vibration, but this is a mere surmise. Be that as it may, there is no one now to question that all forms of radiant energy, whatever their exact affinities, consist es-



HANS CHRISTIAN OERSTED.



DOMINIQUE FRANÇOIS ARAGO.



AUGUSTIN JEAN FRESNEL.



JULIUS ROBERT MAYER.



JAMES PRESCOTT JOULE



WILLIAM THOMSON (LORD KELVIN)



JOHN TYNDALL.



JAMES CLERK MAXWELL.



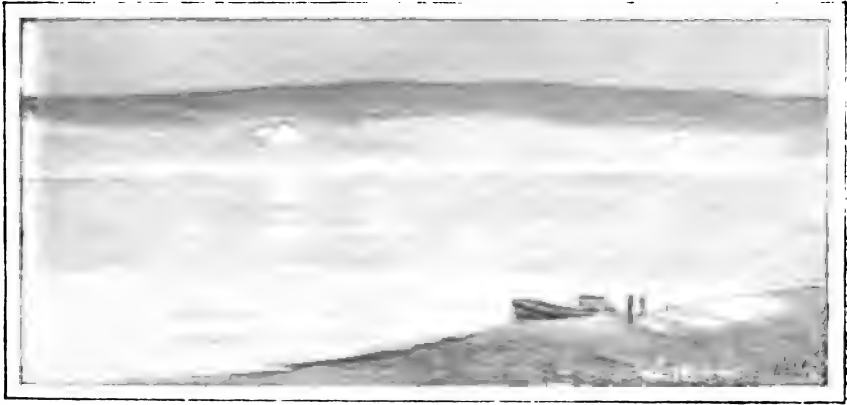
HERMANN LUDWIG FERDINAND HELMHOLTZ.

From a photograph by Loescher and Petach, Berlin.

entially of undulatory motions of one uniform medium.

A full century of experiment, calculation, and controversy has thus sufficed to correlate the "imponderable fluids" of our forebears, and reduce them all to manifestations of motion among particles of matter. At first glimpse that seems an enormous change of view. And yet, when closely considered, that change in thought is not so radical as the change in phrase might seem to imply. For the nineteenth-century physicist, in displacing the "imponderable fluids" of many kinds—one each for light, heat, electricity, magnetism—has been obliged to substitute for them one all-pervading fluid, whose various quivers, waves, ripples, whirls, or

strains produce the manifestations which in popular parlance are termed forms of force. This all-pervading fluid the physicist terms the ether, and he thinks of it as having no weight. In effect, then, the physicist has dispossessed the many imponderables in favor of a single imponderable—though the word imponderable has been banished from his vocabulary. In this view the ether—which, considered as a recognized scientific verity, is essentially a nineteenth-century discovery—is about the most interesting thing in the universe. Something more as to its properties, real or assumed, we shall have occasion to examine as we turn to the obverse side of physics, which demands our attention in the next paper.



MISS EURITA FLEASON'S RELAXATION.

BY E. A. ALEXANDER.

MISS CATHERINGHORN burst upon the startled community at Ker-Maria one fine July day, all her belongings conveniently packed in a tin bath-tub, to which a lid and padlock had been attached. She was attired in a scanty tweed skirt, a pair of stout English walking-boots, and further unseasonably encased in a curious woven garment that she triumphantly announced to be a "Shetland spencer."

Although she had come with the avowed purpose of immortalizing the Breton landscape in water-colors, she was by nature and predilection a reformer, and soon discovering that the inhabitants of Ker-Maria were sadly in need of reformation, set gladly about her task.

Ker-Maria's summer boarders watched the new-comer's arrival with misgiving. There was firm determination in Miss Catheringhorn's manner of descending from the two-wheeled cart that had jolted her slowly over from the railway station at Dermalac; and ten minutes afterward she had reduced Pélagie, the maid-of-all-work, to a state of tearful imbecility. Leaving her standing helplessly in the centre of the room, frantically grasping an unemptied basin, the contents of which her new tyrant peremptorily declined to have poured from the open window, according to a time-honored custom of the place, she descended upon Madame Angélique's kitchen. Here, emboldened by the success of her initial effort, she criticised everything, from the ingredients that

portly madame was mixing for the soup, to the criminality of housekeeping arrangements that permitted the drinking-water to stand just where two thirsty puppies could help themselves.

But just here Miss Catheringhorn met her first check. Madame Angélique patiently listened to her boarder's remonstrances, with an indulgent and lymphatic smile, but she placidly continued to concoct the meal she was preparing according to the unique culinary traditions that had been handed down in her family for generations, and went on with the dishing up of her luncheon as if blandly oblivious to the intruder's presence.

Before the end of the first fortnight of Miss Catheringhorn's stay few of the boarders were on speaking terms, and she had alienated every one at the table, with the exception of her two immediate neighbors. These were Herr von Hauptmann, a blond and visionary German, who painted imaginary subjects in pastel on tinted paper, and Miss Eurita Fleason, a restless, skinny little American spinster, who had taken to painting with advancing years, and whose volatile and inconsequential nature was completely overpowered by Miss Catheringhorn's personality.

To the enlivening of poor Herr von Hauptmann Miss Catheringhorn devoted a large part of her time. She related for his benefit long and heavy English anecdotes, laboriously translated into German, which became in her rather free rendering wholly incomprehensible. These

tales would sometimes continue for hours at a time and without interruption. During such periods her bewildered listener, whose innate politeness forced him to join in the laugh with which she invariably ended her stories, was never able to grasp even the faintest inkling of their meaning. With the end of the meal there usually came release from the torture, and ever since Miss Catheringhorn's arrival von Hauptmann had fallen into the habit of taking an afternoon siesta to recuperate.

Of all the boarders at Ker-Maria, Miss Fleason was the only one who submitted to being reformed with any degree of docility. She was so nervous that she could not keep still for a moment; was constantly fluttering her napkin, rattling her knife and fork, or clinking her glasses, to her neighbor's evident annoyance.

"You have acquired a most vexing habit of fidgeting, my dear Miss Fleason," she said, reprovingly: Miss Eurita had just managed to splash a large drop of melted butter on the Shetland spencer. "Unless you take great precautions and correct it at once, I am sure it will grow upon you and seriously undermine your constitution."

Miss Eurita was very much fluttered by her awkwardness and by Miss Catheringhorn's unusual attention, so she apologized meekly, and after carefully wiping off the grease from the injured spencer, ventured to remark, "You are quite right, dear Miss Catheringhorn; I do feel very nervous, and it is troubling me very much indeed, for I am so afraid it may affect my work."

"It is more than likely that it will, if it has not done so already," said the inflexible Miss Catheringhorn. She was decidedly antagonistic to Miss Fleason's artistic methods. "In any case, you are plainly wasting an immense amount

of energy that might serve some useful purpose. I shall take the liberty of bringing you down a small book on the subject to-morrow at luncheon-time, and I am sure you will profit by its practical hints for gaining control of refractory nerves and generally building up the system."

Miss Eurita thanked her new friend with tears in her eyes. She was quite



MISS CATHERINGHORN.

aware of her own shortcomings, and ready to accept any comments with humility.

The promised volume was handed to her the next day, and Miss Fleason retired to her whitewashed room in the Ker-Maria annex to spend her afternoon in its perusal. She had half intended to go over to the beach, where she was attempting to paint the surf, but the sand dunes across the river looked hot and uninviting, and she determined to stay at home and enjoy the little manual, from whose worn cover the gilded title shone out bravely—*The Art of Relaxation; a Guide to Perfect Restfulness*.

Luncheon on this particular day had been a trying meal to Herr von Hauptmann, for Miss Catheringhorn had concentrated all her accumulated energies upon his entertainment. He finally left the table, a mental and physical wreck. On reaching his room he removed his shoes and coat and flung himself down on his bed, thoroughly exhausted. Even his drawings of smiling mermaids, which he had fastened all over his wall by means of glistening thumb-tacks, failed to rouse him from his despondency. He gave himself up to smoking and to the luxurious perusal of his beloved Schopenhauer, hoping in this way to regain strength for the evening repast and a further instalment of anecdotes.

His room was in the annex, situated just beneath that of Miss Fleason, and he had been reading about ten minutes when a dull thud overhead made him start up from his pillow and listen attentively. This first thud was followed by a series of feebler thuds. Von Hauptmann's blue eyes, which were naturally round and projecting, grew rounder and more prominent as he listened, for the noises kept gaining in regularity and decision. Presently they were accompanied by a curious cadenced groaning, as if some one was suffering from great but partly suppressed mental agony. As the flooring of Miss Eurita's room above was very thin, and there was no plastering on the ceiling, each thud dislodged a little shower of dust, that filtered down upon von Hauptmann, as he lay back on his pillow, blanched with terror, and scarcely daring to breathe. The thuds and wailing continued so long that at last he recovered sufficiently to pull on his boots and rush madly down stairs, and over to the inn where Madame Angélique presided over

a dark and dingy kitchen, and, enthroned upon a carved coffer of huge dimensions like herself, peeled potatoes, and directed the movements of her very corpulent daughter and a very small scullery-maid.

Von Hauptmann had some difficulty in explaining just what had alarmed him, and still greater difficulty in convincing them that some investigation of the matter should be undertaken at once. Madame was not in the least astonished or alarmed when he told her that he thought Miss Eurita must be suffering from a fit. Madame had lived through too many decades of painter boarders to allow such a trifle to disturb her. They were all mad, she stated frankly, and what could a fit more or less matter? It was out of the question for a person of her size to climb the two flights of stairs leading to Miss Eurita's room; but since monsieur was so urgent, she would see what could be done.

"Pélagie!" cried madame, loudly.

Pélagie appeared from the dining-room, where she had been busily engaged in shooing out chickens. The chickens were the only enterprising things in Ker-Maria, and never lost an opportunity to invade the dining-room and make away with the butter, sugar, or such other viands as were habitually left on the table.

It took Pélagie some time to comprehend Madame Angélique's order, and when she reluctantly started over, von Hauptmann followed in her wake, to lend assistance in case of any startling emergency. The girl kicked off her sabots in the annex hallway, and proceeded on her errand in a half-dazed condition, evidently greatly puzzled about what she might be expected to do.

As they mounted the stairway the thuds became distinctly audible, and the groans resolved themselves into distinct syllables.

"A-a-a-a-a!" wailed the sufferer from within. "E-e-e-e-e!" she continued: "i-i-i-i-i!" in staccato accents; "o-o-o-o-o!" with a very long inflection, rising shrilly, and culminating in "u-u-u-u-u!"

Pélagie, who had only partly understood her mission, and was very much frightened by these unaccountable noises, paused on the landing in front of the door. Surely something very dreadful must be going on beyond that closed portal. She looked helplessly down at von Hauptmann, who had paused discreetly on the stairs, and was motioning her frantically to go in.

Instinctively Pélagie gave a gentle



"A DULL THUD OVERHEAD MADE HIM START."

knock, and then waited. Then she tapped again, and receiving no answer, turned once more to von Hauptmann for encouragement.

"Entre!" he said, coming up a step or two, where he could overlook the landing.

Pélagie timidly turned the knob, and then, having dropped it in her agitation, the draught from the lower hall blew the door wide open with a bang, revealing to the astonished spectators on the landing Miss Eurita, prone upon the floor, lifting first one arm and then the other, and raising her feet mechanically at regular intervals, while from her lips issued in appalling accents the vowel sounds that had caused von Hauptmann and Pélagie so much apprehension.

Miss Fleason had been spending an absorbing afternoon. Immediately after luncheon she had settled herself, armed with Miss Catheringhorn's book, in her window, where a pleasant breeze and the gently rustling leaves of a poplar-tree just outside made an agreeable accompaniment to her quiet reading.

"I wish," Miss Eurita had said, half

aloud—"that is to say, I don't exactly wish, but if I had thought about it much I might have wished"—she was fond of picking herself up and correcting herself in this fashion—"that I had decided to go out sketching with Miss Catheringhorn this afternoon. I might have consulted her about the best means of applying what I have read in this interesting article, that gives such valuable hints for the relaxing of exhausted muscles. I don't quite understand the diagrams, and Miss Catheringhorn is always so obliging about explaining everything. Surely," she went on to herself, "this is one of the most useful things I have ever chanced upon," and she began to read aloud the passage that had fixed her flighty attention:

"To possess perfectly relaxed muscles, and therefore absolute repose, all conscious effort must first be eliminated. We recommend, as a sure and effectual means of attaining this result, the daily practice of the following simple exercises. Lie flat upon a large kitchen table, as in Fig. A. (In case a table of this description happens to be unprocureable, the floor



"POURQUOI VENEZ-VOUS ME DISTURBER?"

may be substituted with much the same result.) Allow the arms to repose naturally at a slight angle from the body, as illustrated in Figs. B, C, with the tips of the fingers extended perpendicularly. Extend the feet, with the tips of the toes at right angles to the legs, as shown in Diagrams E, F. Gently lift first the right arm, A, and then the left arm, B, allowing them to fall easily into their original positions—movement indicated by the dotted lines on Plate 1—which will permit them to rest comfortably without further volition on the part of the executant. After this movement has been thoroughly mastered, raise first one foot, E, then the other, F, allowing them also to drop into their easiest and most natural positions. They will then be found to accord perfectly with Plate 2. This must be repeated a great number of times, always remembering to pause for several seconds between each repetition, and carefully comparing the attitude assumed with the plates, for it is necessary to faithfully carry out the instructions in order to attain perfect results. It is of course impossible to attain absolute relaxation unless every muscle and nerve in the human system is perfectly under control, so we suggest, as an excellent and almost necessary adjunct to the exercises already described (this is in order to develop and relax the vocal chords and breathing apparatus), the distinct enunciation of the vowels, a, e, i, o, u, pronounced in half-tones with a gradually rising inflection. Strict attention must be paid to the regularity and depth of each breath taken between the repetition of these letters, as it is necessary to expand the chest and project the voice well against the front teeth in order to completely fill and expand the lungs. The executant must not allow the simplicity of these rules for relaxation to influence his judgment of the results that will follow their faithful execution. The performance of these few exercises will, after one or two trials, be found to assure perfect relaxation at an instant's notice. This exercise is especially adapted to persons suffering from insomnia or brain exhaustion."

"How easy!" sighed Miss Eurita, and she almost unconsciously slid from her chair to the floor, quite forgetting in her excitement that the annex at Ker-Maria was a new building, and, unlike its neighbor, the old inn, had not been erected for solidity and the defiance of ages, but for the shelter of transient boarders, so that even the faintest sounds were perfectly audible to those who occupied the floors below. She was so intent upon her task, and so happy, that, until the intruders were hard upon her, she was entirely unconscious of their approach.

Roused from her absorbing exercise by the banging door, and the draught that raced through the room and fluttered the leaves of the book that lay by her side, for a moment she was dazed. Her whole attention had been riveted upon carrying out the instructions in the book, and she was on the point—so she thought—of attaining perfect relaxation, when von Hauptmann and Pélagie burst upon her. She rose from the floor trembling, a hot, dishevelled, and indignant little figure, with unbound, faded blond hair.

Pélagie, struck dumb on the threshold, fingered her apron and looked foolish. Von Hauptmann's wide-eyed face peered above the first step of the landing.

Miss Eurita hesitated from suppressed rage; then she cried out to Pélagie—and her French suffered from the excitement under which she was laboring—"Pourquoi venez-vous me disturber?"

Von Hauptmann's head disappeared swiftly and silently, and Pélagie melted into unrestrained tears.

Then Miss Eurita slammed the door in Pélagie's face, and turned to pick up the *Art of Relaxation, a Guide to Perfect Restfulness*, from the floor.





THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS.*

BY

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER V. UNDER WATER.

WHEN the *Dipsey*, the little submarine vessel which had started to make its way to the north pole under the ice of the arctic regions, had sunk out of sight under the waters, it carried a very quiet and earnestly observant party. Every one seemed anxious to know what would happen next, and all those whose duties would allow them to do so gathered under the great skylight in the upper deck and gazed upward at the little glass bulb on the surface of the water, which they were towing by means of an electric wire; and every time a light was flashed into this bulb it seemed to them as if they were for an instant reunited to that vast open world outside of the ocean. When at last the glass globe was exploded,

as a signal that the *Dipsey* had cut loose from all ties which connected her with the outer world, they saw through the water above them the flash and the sparks, and then all was darkness.

The interior of the submarine vessel was brightly lighted by electric lamps, and the souls of the people inside of her soon began to brighten under the influence of their work and the interest they took in their novel undertaking; there was, however, one exception—the soul of Mrs. Block did not brighten.

Mrs. Sarah Block was a peculiar person: she was her husband's second wife, and was about forty years of age. Her family were country people, farmers, and her life as a child was passed among folk as old-fashioned as if they had lived in the past century, and had brought their old-fashioned ideas with them into this.

* Begun in June number, 1897.

But Sarah did not wish to be old-fashioned. She sympathized with the social movements of the day; she believed in inventions and progress; she went to school and studied a great deal which her parents never heard of, and which she very promptly forgot. When she grew up she wore the widest hoop-skirts; she was one of the first to use an electric spinning-wheel; and when she took charge of her father's house, she it was who banished to the garret the old-fashioned sewing-machine, and the bicycles on which some of the older members of the family had used to ride. She tried to persuade her father to use a hot-air plough, and to give up the practice of keeping cows in an age when milk and butter were considered not only unnecessary, but injurious to human health. When she married Samuel Block, then a man of forty-five, she really thought she did so because he was a person of progressive ideas, but the truth was she married him because he loved her, and because he did it in an honest old-fashioned way.

In her inner soul Sarah was just as old-fashioned as anybody—she had been born so, and she had never changed. Endeavor as she might to make herself believe that she was a woman of modern thought and feeling, her soul was truly in sympathy with the social fashions and customs in which she had been brought up; and those to which she was trying to educate herself were on the outside of her, never a part of her, but always the objects of her aspirations. These aspirations she believed to be principles. She tried to set her mind upon the unfolding revelations of the era, as young women in her grandfather's day used to try to set their minds upon Browning. When Sarah told Mr. Clewe that she was going on the *Dipsey* because she would not let her husband go by himself, she did so because she was ashamed to say that she was in such sympathy with the great scientific movements of the day that she thought it was her duty to associate herself with one of them; but while she thought she was lying in the line of high principle, she was in fact expressing the truthful affection of her old-fashioned nature—a nature she was always endeavoring to keep out of sight, but which from its dark corner ruled her life.

She had an old-fashioned temper, which delighted in censoriousness. The more

interest she took in anything, the more alive was she to its defects. She tried to be a good member of her church, but she said sharp things of the congregation.

No electrical illumination could brighten the soul of Mrs. Block. She moved about the little vessel with a clouded countenance. She was impressed with the feeling that something was wrong, even now at the beginning, although of course she could not be expected to know what it was.

At the bows, and in various places at the sides of the vessel, and even in the bottom, were large plates of heavy glass, through which the inmates could look out into the water, and there streamed forward into the quiet depths of the ocean a great path of light, proceeding from a powerful search-light in the bow. By this light any object in the water could be seen some time before reaching it; but to guard more thoroughly against the most dreaded obstacle they feared to meet—down-reaching masses of ice—a hydraulic thermometer, mounted on a little submarine vessel connected with the *Dipsey* by wires, preceded her a long distance ahead. Impelled and guided by the batteries of the larger vessel, this little thermometer-boat would send back instant tidings of any changes in temperature in the water occasioned by the proximity of ice. To prevent sinking too deep, a heavy lead, on which were several electric buttons, hung far below the *Dipsey*, ready at all times, day or night, to give notice if she came too near the reefs and sands of the bottom of the Arctic Ocean.

The steward had just announced that the first meal on board the *Dipsey* was ready for the officers' mess, when Mrs. Block suddenly rushed into the cabin.

"Look here, Sammy," she exclaimed; "I want you, or somebody who knows more than you do, to tell me how the people on this vessel are goin' to get air to breathe with. It has just struck me that when we have breathed up all the air that's inside, we will simply suffocate, just as if we were drowned outside a boat instead of inside; and for my part I can't see any difference, except in one case we keep dry and in the other we are wet."

"More than that, madam," said Mr. Gibbs, the Master Electrician, who, in fact, occupied the rank of first officer of the vessel; "if we are drowned outside in the open water we shall be food for fishes,



A GREAT PATH OF LIGHT FROM THE SEARCH-LIGHT IN THE BOW.

whereas if we suffocate inside the vessel we shall only be food for reflection, if anybody ever finds us."

"You did not come out expectin' that, I hope?" said Mrs. Block. "I thought something would happen when we started, but I never supposed we would run short of air."

"Don't bother yourself about that, Sarah," said Sammy. "We'll have all the air we want; of course we would not start without thinkin' of that."

"I don't know," said Sarah. "It's very seldom that men start off anywhere without forgettin' somethin'."

"Let us take our seats, Mrs. Block," said Mr. Gibbs, "and I will set your mind at rest on the air point. There are a great many machines and mechanical arrangements on board here which of course you don't understand, but which I shall take great pleasure in explaining to you whenever you want to learn something about them. Among them are two great metal contrivances, outside the *Dipsey* and near her bows, which open into the water, and also communicate with the inside of her hull. These are called electric gills, and they separate air from the water around us in a manner somewhat resembling the way in which a fish's gills act. They continually send in air enough to supply us not only with all we need for breathing, but with enough to raise us to the surface of the water whenever

we choose to produce it in sufficient quantities."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Block, "and I hope the machines will never get out of order. But I should think that sort of air, made fresh from the water, would be very damp. It's very different from the air we are used to, which is warmed by the sun and properly aired."

"Aired air seems funny to me," remarked Sammy.

There was fascination, not at all surprising, about the great glass lights in the *Dipsey*, and whenever a man was off duty he was pretty sure to be at one of these windows if he could get there. At first Mrs. Block was afraid to look out of any of them. It made her blood creep, she said, to stare out into all that solemn water. For the first two days, when she could get no one to talk to her, she passed most of her time sitting in the cabin, holding in one of her hands a dust-brush, and in the other a farmer's almanac. She did not use the brush, nor did she read the almanac, but they reminded her of home and the world which was real.

But when she did make up her mind to look out of the windows, she became greatly interested, especially at the bow, where she could gaze out into the water illuminated by the long lane of light thrown out by the search-light. Here she continually imagined she saw things, and sometimes greatly startled the men

on lookout by her exclamations. Once she thought she saw a floating corpse, but fortunately it was Sammy who was by her when she proclaimed her discovery, and he did not believe in any such nonsense, suggesting that it might have been some sort of a fish. After that the idea of fish filled the mind of Mrs. Block, and she set herself to work to search in an encyclopædia which was on board for descriptions of fishes which inhabited the depths of the arctic seas. To meet a whale, she thought, would be very bad, but then a whale is clumsy and soft; a sword-fish was what she most dreaded. A sword-fish running his sword through one of the glass windows, and perhaps coming in himself along with the water, sent a chill down her back every time she thought about it and talked about it.

"You needn't be afraid of sword-fishes," said Captain Jim Hubbell. "They don't fancy the cold water we are sailin' in; and as to whales, don't you know, madam, there ain't no more of 'em?"

"No more whales!" exclaimed Sarah. "I have heard about 'em all my life!"

"Oh, you can read and hear about 'em easy enough," replied Captain Jim, "but you nor nobody else will ever see none of 'em agin—at least in this part of the world. Sperm-whales began gittin' scarce when I was a boy, and pretty soon there was nothin' left but bow-head or right whales, that tried to keep out of the way of human bein's by livin' far up North; but when they came to shootin' 'em with cannons which would carry three or four miles, the whale's day was up, and he got scarcer and scarcer, until he faded out altogether. There was a British vessel, the *Barkright*, that killed two bow-head whales in 1935, north of Melville Island, but since that time there hasn't been a whale seen in all the arctic waters. I have heard that said by sailors, and I have read about it. They have all been killed, and nothin' left of 'em but the skeletons that's in the museums."

Mrs. Block shuddered. "It would be terrible to meet a livin' one, and yet it is an awful thought to think that they are all dead and gone," said she.

mysteries of the region of everlasting ice, and were sunk out of sight, so that their vessel had become one of these mysteries, it was still perfectly possible for them to communicate, by means of the telegraphic wire which was continually unrolling astern, with people all over the world. But this communication was a matter which required great judgment and caution, and it had been a subject of very careful consideration by Roland Clewe.

When he had returned to Cape Tariff, after parting with the *Dipsey*, he had received several messages from Sammy, which assured him that the submarine voyage was proceeding satisfactorily. But when he went on board the *Go Lightly* and started homeward, he would be able to hear nothing more from the submarine voyagers until he reached St. John's, Newfoundland—the first place at which his vessel would touch. Of course constant communication with Sardis would be kept up, but this communication might be the source of great danger to the plans of Roland Clewe. Whatever messages of importance came from the depths of the arctic regions he wished to come only to him or to Mrs. Raleigh. He had contrived a telegraphic cipher, known only to Mrs. Raleigh, Sammy, and



THE DUST-BRUSH AND ALMANAC REMINDED HER OF HOME.

CHAPTER VI.

VOICES FROM THE POLAR SEAS.

ALTHOUGH Sammy Block and his companions were not only far up among the

two officers of the *Dipsey*, and, to insure secrecy, Sammy had been strictly enjoined to send no information in any other way than in this cipher.

For years there had been men, both in America and in Europe, who had been watching with jealous scrutiny the inventions and researches of Roland Clewe, and he well understood that if they should discover his processes and plans before they were brought to successful completion he must expect to be robbed of many of the results of his labors. The first news that came to him on his recent return to America had been the tale told by Sammy Block, of the man in the air who had been endeavoring to peer down into his lens-house, and he had heard of other attempts of this kind. Therefore it was that the telegraphic instrument on the *Dipsey* had been given into the sole charge of Samuel Block, who had become a very capable operator, and who could be relied upon to send no news over his wire which could give serviceable information to the operators along the line from Cape Tariff to Sardis, New Jersey.

But Clewe did not in the least desire that Margaret Raleigh should be kept waiting until he came back from the arctic regions for news from the expedition, which she as well as himself had sent out into the unknown North. Consequently Samuel Block had been told that he might communicate with Mrs. Raleigh as soon and as often as he pleased, remembering always to be careful never to send any word which might reveal anything to the detriment of his employers. When a message should be received on board the *Dipsey* that Mr. Clewe was ready to communicate with her, frequent reports were expected from the Master Electrician, but it would be Sammy who would unlock the cover which had been placed over the instrument.

Before he retired to his bunk on the first night on board the *Dipsey*, Sammy thought it proper to send a message to Mrs. Raleigh. He had not telegraphed before because he knew that Mr. Clewe would communicate fully before he left Cape Tariff.

Margaret Raleigh had gone to bed late, and had been lying for an hour or two unable to sleep, so busy was her mind with the wonderful things which were happening in the far-away polar regions—strange and awful things, in which she

had such a direct and lively interest. She had heard, from Roland Clewe, of the successful beginning of the *Dipsey's* voyage, and before she had gone to her chamber she had received a last message from him on leaving Cape Tariff; and now, as she lay there in her bed, her whole soul was occupied with thoughts of that little party of people—some of them so well known to her—all of them sent out upon this perilous and frightful expedition by her consent and assistance, and now left alone to work their way through the dread and silent waters that underlie the awful ice regions of the pole. She felt that so long as she had a mind she could not help thinking of them, and so long as she thought of them she could not sleep.

Suddenly there was a ring at the door, which made her start and spring from her bed, and shortly a telegraphic message was brought to her by a maid. It was from the depths of the Arctic Ocean, and read as follows:

"Getting on very well. No motion. Not cold. Slight rheumatism in Sarah's shoulder. Wants to know which side of plasters you gave her goes next skin.

SAMUEL BLOCK."

An hour afterwards there flashed farther northward than ever current from a battery had gone before an earnest, cordial, almost affectionate message from Margaret Raleigh to Sarah Block, and it concluded with the information that it was the rough side of the plasters which should go next to the skin. After that Mrs. Raleigh went to bed with a peaceful mind and slept soundly.

Frequent communications, always of a friendly or domestic nature, passed between the polar sea and Sardis during the next few days. Mrs. Raleigh would have telegraphed a good deal more than she did had it not been for the great expense from Sardis to Cape Tariff, and Sarah Block was held in restraint, not by pecuniary considerations, but by Sammy's sense of the fitness of things. He nearly always edited her messages, even when he consented to send them. One communication he positively refused to transmit. She came to him in a great flurry.

"Sammy," said she, "I have just found out something, and I can't rest until I have told Mrs. Raleigh. I won't mention it here, because it might frighten some

people into fits and spasms. Sammy, do you know there are thirteen people on board this boat?"

"Sarah Block!" ejaculated her husband, "what in the name of common-sense are you talkin' about? What earthly difference can it make whether there are thirteen people on this vessel or twelve? and if it did make any difference, what are you goin' to do about it? Do you expect anybody to get out?"

"Of course I don't," replied Sarah; "although there are some of them that would not have come in if I had had my say about it; but as Mrs. Raleigh is one of the owners, and such a good friend to you and me, Sammy, it is our duty to let her know what dreadful bad luck we are carryin' with us."

"Don't you suppose she knows how many people are aboard?" said Sammy.

"Of course she knows; but she don't consider what it means, or we wouldn't all have been here. It is her right to know, Sammy. Perhaps she might order us to go back to Cape Tariff and put somebody ashore."

In his heart Samuel Block believed that if this course were adopted he was pretty sure who would be put on shore; if a vote were taken by officers and crew; but he was too wise to say anything upon this point, and contented himself with positively refusing to send southward any news of the evil omen.

The next day Mrs. Block felt that she must speak upon the subject or perish, and she asked Mr. Gibbs what he thought of there being thirteen people on board.

"Madam," said he, "these signs lose all their powers above the seventieth parallel of latitude. In fact, none of them have ever been known to come true above sixty-eight degrees and forty minutes, and we are a good deal higher than that, you know."

Sarah made no answer, but she told her



"THERE ARE THIRTEEN PEOPLE ON BOARD THIS BOAT."

husband afterwards that she thought that Mr. Gibbs had his mind so full of electricity that it had no room for old-fashioned common-sense. It did not do to sneer at signs and portents. Among the earliest things she remembered was a story which had been told her of her grandmother's brother, who was the thirteenth passenger in an omnibus when he was a young man, and who died that very night, having slipped off the back step, where he was obliged to stand, and fractured his skull.

At last there came a day when a message in cipher from Roland Clewe delivered itself on board the *Dipsey*, and from that moment a hitherto unknown sense of security seemed to pervade the minds of officers and crew. To be sure, there was no good reason for this, for if disaster should overtake them, or even threaten them, there was no submarine boat ready to send to their rescue; and if there had been, it would be long, long before such aid could reach them; but still, they were comforted, encouraged, and cheered. Now, if anything happened, they could send news of it to the man in whom they all trusted, and through him to their homes, and whatever their far-away friends had to say to them could be said without reserve.

There was nothing yet of definite scientific importance to report, but the messages of the Master Electrician were frequent and long, regardless of expense, and, so far as her husband would permit her, Sarah Block informed Mrs. Raleigh of the discouragements and dangers which awaited this expedition. It must be said, however, that Mrs. Block never proposed to send back one word which should indicate that she was in favor of the abandonment of the expedition, or of her retirement from it should opportunity allow. She had set out for the north pole because Sammy was going there, and the longer she went "polin'" with him, the stronger became her curiosity to see the pole and to know what it looked like.

The *Dipsey* was not expected to be, under any circumstances, a swift vessel, and now, retarded by her outside attachments, she moved but slowly under the waters. The telegraphic wire which she laid as she proceeded was the thinnest and lightest submarine cable ever manufactured, but the mass of it was of great weight, and as it found its way to the bottom it much retarded the progress of the vessel, which moved more slowly than was absolutely necessary, for fear of breaking this connection with the living world.

Onward but a few knots an hour, the *Dipsey* moved like a fish in the midst of the sea. The projectors of the enterprise had a firm belief that there was a channel from Baffin's Bay into an open polar sea, which would be navigable if its entrance were not blocked up by ice, and on this belief were based all their hopes of success. So the explorers pressed steadily onward, always with an anxious lookout above them for fear of striking the overhanging ice, always with an anxious lookout below for fear of dangers which might loom up from the bottom, always with an anxious lookout starboard for fear of running against the foundations of Greenland, always with an anxious lookout to port for fear of striking the ground-work of the unknown land to the west, and always keeping a lookout in every direction for whatever revelation these unknown waters might choose to make to them.

Captain Jim Hubbell had no sympathy with the methods of navigation practised on board the *Dipsey*. So long as he could not go out on deck and take his noon ob-

servations, he did not believe it would be possible for him to know exactly where his vessel was; but he accepted the situation, and objected to none of the methods of the scientific navigators.

"It's a mighty simple way of sailin'," he said to Sammy. "As long as there's water to sail in, you have just got to git on a line of longitude—it doesn't matter what line, so long as there's water ahead of you—and keep there; and so long as you steer due north, always takin' care not to switch off to the magnetic pole, of course you will keep there; and as all lines of longitude come to the same point at last, and as that's the point you are sailin' for, of course, if you can keep on that line of longitude as long as it lasts, it follows that you are bound to git there. If you come to any place on this line of longitude where there's not enough water to sail her, you have got to stop her; and then, if you can't see any way of goin' ahead on another line of longitude, you can put her about and go out of this on the same line of longitude that you came up into it on, and so you may expect to find a way clear. It's mighty simple sailin'—reg'lar spellin'-book navigation—but it isn't the right thing."

"It seems that way, Cap'n Jim," said Sammy, "and I expect there's a long stretch of under-water business ahead of us yet, but still we can't tell. How do we know that we will not get up some mornin' soon and look out of the upper skylight and see nothin' but water over us and daylight beyond that?"

"When we do that, Sammy," said Captain Jim, "then I'll truly believe I'm on a v'yage!"

CHAPTER VII.

GOOD NEWS GOES FROM SARDIS.

WHEN Roland Clewe, after a voyage from Cape Tariff which would have been tedious to him no matter how short it had been, arrived at Sardis, his mind was mainly occupied with the people he had left behind him engulfed in the arctic seas, but this important subject did not prevent him from also giving attention to the other great object upon which his soul was bent. At St. John's, and at various points on his journey from there, he had received messages from the *Dipsey*, so that he knew that so far all was well, and when he met Mrs. Raleigh she had much to tell him of what might have

been called the domestic affairs of the little vessel.

But while keeping himself in touch, as it were, with the polar regions, Roland Clewe longed to use the means he believed he possessed of peering into the subterranean mysteries of the earth beneath him. Work on the great machine by which he would generate his Artesian ray had been going on very satisfactorily, and there was every reason to believe that he would soon be able to put it into operation.

He had found Margaret Raleigh a different woman from what she had been when he left her. The absence had been short, but the change in her was very perceptible. She was quieter; she was more intent. She had always taken a great interest in his undertakings, but now that interest not only seemed to be deepened, but it was clouded by a certain anxiety. She had been an ardent, cheerful, and hopeful co-worker with him, so far as she was able to be so; but now, although she was quite as ardent, the cheerfulness had disappeared, and she did not allude to the hopefulness.

But this did not surprise Clewe; he thought it the most natural thing in the world; for that polar expedition was enough to cloud the spirits of any woman who had an active part and share in it, and who was bound to feel that much of the responsibility of it rested upon her. At times this responsibility rested very heavily upon himself. But if thoughts of that little submerged party at the desolate end of the world came to him as he sat in his comfortable chair, and a cold dread shot through him, as it was apt to do at such times, he would hurriedly step to his telegraphic instrument, and when he had heard from Sammy Block that all was well with them, his spirits would rise again, and he would go on with his work with a soul cheered and encouraged.

But good news from the North did not appear to cheer and encourage the soul of Mrs. Raleigh. She seemed anxious and troubled even after she had heard it.

"Mr. Clewe," said she, when he had called upon her the next morning after his return, "suppose you were to hear bad news from the *Dipseys*, or were to hear nothing at all—were to get no answer to your messages—what would you do?" His face grew troubled.

"That is a terrible question," he said. "It is one I have often asked myself; but there is no satisfactory answer to it. Of course, as I have told myself and have told you, there seems no reason to expect a disaster. There are no storms in the quiet depths in which the *Dipseys* is sailing. Ice does not sink down from the surface, and even if a floating iceberg should turn over, as they sometimes do in the more open sea, the *Dipseys* will keep low enough to avoid such danger. In fact, I feel almost sure that if she should meet with any obstacle which would prevent her from keeping on her course to the pole, all she would have to do would be to turn around and come back. As to the possibility of receiving no messages, I should conclude in that case that the wire had broken, and should wait a few days before allowing myself to be seriously alarmed. We have provided against such an accident. The *Dipseys* is equipped as a cable-laying vessel, and if her broken wire is not at too great a depth, she could recover it; but I have given orders that should such an accident occur, and they cannot re-establish communication, they must return."

"Where to?" asked Mrs. Raleigh.

"To Cape Tariff, of course. The *Dipseys* cannot navigate the surface of the ocean for any considerable distance."

"And then?" she asked.

"I would go as quickly as possible to St. John's, where I have arranged that a vessel shall be ready for me, and I would meet the party at Cape Tariff, and there plan for a resumption of the enterprise, or bring them home. If they should not be able to get back to Cape Tariff, then all is blank before me. We must not think of it."

"But you will go up there all the same?" she said.

"Oh yes, I will go there."

Mrs. Raleigh made no answer, but sat looking upon the floor.

"But why should we trouble ourselves with these fears?" continued Clewe. "We have considered all probable dangers and have provided against them, and at this moment everything is going on admirably, and there is every reason why we should feel hopeful and encouraged. I am sorry to see you look so anxious and downcast."

"Mr. Clewe," said she, "I have many anxieties; that is natural, and I cannot

help it, but there is only one fear which seriously affects me."

"And that makes you pale," said Clewe. "Are you afraid that if I begin work with the Artesian ray I shall become so interested in it that I shall forget our friends up there in the North? There is no danger. No matter what I might be doing with the ray, I can disconnect the batteries in an instant, lock up the lens-house, and in the next half-hour start for St. John's. Then I will go North if there is anything needed to be done there which human beings can do."

She looked at him steadfastly.

"That is what I am afraid of," she said.

Roland Clewe did not immediately speak. To him Margaret Raleigh was two persons. She was a woman of business, earnest, thoughtful, helpful, generous, and wise; a woman with whom he worked, consulted, planned, who made it possible for him to carry on the researches and enterprises to which he had devoted his life. But, more than this, she was another being; she was a woman he loved with a warm, passionate love which grew day by day, and which a year ago had threatened to break down every barrier of prudence, and throw him upon his knees before her as a humiliated creature who had been pretending to love knowledge, philosophy, and science, but in reality had been loving beauty and riches. It was the fear of this catastrophe which had had a strong influence in taking him to Europe.

But now, by some magical influence—an influence which he was not sure he understood—that first woman, the woman of business, his partner, his co-worker, had disappeared, and there sat before him the woman he loved. He felt in his soul that if he tried to banish her it would be impossible; by no word or act could he at this moment bring back the other.

"Margaret Raleigh," he said, suddenly, "you have thrown me from my balance. You may not believe it, you may not be able to imagine the possibility of it, but a spirit, a fiery spirit which I have long kept bound up within me, has burst its bonds and has taken possession of me. It may be a devil or it may be an angel, but it holds me and rules me, and it was set loose by the words you have just spoken. It is my love for you, Margaret Raleigh!" He went on, speaking rapidly.

"Now tell me," said he. "I have often come to you for advice and help—give it to me now. In laboratory, workshop, office, with you and away from you, abroad and at home, by day and by night, always and everywhere I have loved you, longed for a sight of you, for a word from you, even if it had been a word about a stick or a pin. And always and everywhere I have determined to be true to myself, true to you, true to every principle of honor and common-sense, and to say nothing to you of love until by some success I have achieved the right to do so. By words which made me fancy that you showed a personal interest in me, you have banished all those resolutions; you have—But I am getting madder and madder. Shall I leave this room? Shall I swear never to speak—"

She looked up at him. The ashiness had gone out of her face. Her eyes were bright, and as she lifted them towards him, a golden softness and mistiness came into the centre of each of them, as though he might look down through them into her soul.

"If I were you," said she, "I would stay here and tell me the rest you have to say."

He told her the rest, but it was with his arms around her and his eyes close to hers.

"Do you know," she said, a little afterwards, "for years, while you have been longing to get to the pole, to see down into the earth, and to accomplish all the other wonderful things that you are working at in your shops, I too have been longing to do something—longing hundreds and hundreds of times when we were talking about batteries and lenses and of the enterprises we have had on hand."

"And what was that?" he asked.

"It was to push back this lock of hair from your forehead. There, now; you don't know how much better you look!"

Before Clewe left the house it was decided that if in any case it should become necessary for him to start for the polar regions these two were to be married with all possible promptness, and they were to go to the North together.

That afternoon the happy couple met again and composed a message to the arctic seas. It was not deemed necessary yet to announce to society what had happened, but they both felt that their friends



"YOU HAVE THROWN ME FROM MY BALANCE."

who were so far away, so completely shut out from all relations with the world, and yet so intimately connected with them, should know that Margaret Raleigh and Roland Clewe were engaged to be married.

Roland sent the message that evening from his office. He waited an unusually long time for a reply, but at last it came, from Sammy. The cipher, when translated, ran as follows:

"Everybody as glad as they can be. Specially Sarah. Will send regular congratulations. Private message soon from me. We have got the devil on board."

Clewe was astonished. Samuel Block was such a quiet, steady person, so unused to extravagance or excitement, that this sensational message was entirely beyond his comprehension. He could fix no possible meaning to it, and he was glad that it did not come when he was in

company with Margaret. It was too late to disturb her now, and he most earnestly hoped that an explanation would come before he saw her again.

That night he dreamed that there was a great opening near the pole, which was the approach to the lower regions, and that the *Dipsey* had been boarded by a diabolical passenger, who had come to examine her papers and inquire into the health of her passengers and crew.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEVIL ON THE "DIPSEY."

AFTER a troubled night, Roland Clewe rose early. He had made up his mind that what Sammy had to communicate was something of a secret, otherwise it would have been telegraphed at once. For this reason he had not sent him a

message asking for immediate and full particulars, but had waited. Now, however, he felt he could wait no longer; he must know something definite before he saw Margaret. Not to excite suspicion by telegraphing at untimely hours, he had waited until morning, and as the *Dipseys* was in about the same longitude as Sardis, and as they kept regular hours on board, without regard to the day and night of the arctic regions, he knew that he would not now be likely to rouse anybody from his slumbers by "calling up" the pole.

Although the telephone had been brought to such wonderful perfection in these days, Roland Clewe had never thought of using it for purposes of communication with the *Dipseys*. The necessary wire would have been too heavy, and his messages could not have been kept secret. In fact, this telegraphic communication between Sardis and the submarine vessel was almost as primitive as that in use in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

But Clewe had scarcely entered the office when he was surprised by the sound of the instrument, and he soon found that Sammy was calling to him from the polar seas. He sat down instantly and received this message:

"Could not send more last night. Gibbs came in. Did not want him to know until I had heard from you. That Pole, Rovinski, is on board. Never knew it until yesterday. Had shaved off his beard and had his head cropped. He let it grow, and I spotted him. There is no mistake. I know him, but he has not found it out. He is on board to get ahead of you some way or other—perhaps get up a mutiny and go to the pole himself. He is the wickedest-looking man I ever saw, and he scared me when I first recognized him. Will send news as long as I am on hand. Let me know what you think. I want to chuck him into the scuttle-box. SAMUEL BLOCK."

"If that could be done," said Clewe to himself, "it would be an end to a great many troubles."

The scuttle-box on the submarine vessel was a contrivance for throwing things overboard. It consisted of a steel box about six feet long and two feet square at the ends, and with a tightly fitting door

at each extremity. When this scuttle-box was used it was run down through a square opening in the bottom of the *Dipseys*, the upper door was opened, matter to be disposed of was thrown into it, the upper door was shut and the lower one opened, whereupon everything inside of it descended into the sea, and water filled the box. When this box was drawn up by means of its machinery, the water was forced out, so that when it was entirely inside the vessel it was empty, and then the lower door was closed. For some moments the idea suggested by Sammy was very attractive to Clewe, and he could not help thinking that the occasion might arise when it would be perfectly proper to carry it into execution.

Now that he knew the import of Sammy's extraordinary communication, he felt that it would not be right to withhold his knowledge from Margaret. Of course it might frighten her very much, but this was an enterprise in which people should expect to be frightened. Full confidence and hearty assistance were what these two now expected from each other.

"What is it exactly that you fear?" she asked, when she had heard the news.

"That is hard to say," replied Roland.

"This man Rovinski is a scientific jackal; he has ambitions of the very highest kind, and he seeks to gratify them by fraud and villany. It is now nearly two years since I have found out that he has been shadowing me, endeavoring to discover what I am doing and how I am doing it; and the moment he does get a practical and working knowledge of anything, he will go on with the business on my lines as far as he can. Perhaps he may succeed, and, in any case, he will be almost certain to ruin my chances of success—that is, if I were not willing to buy him off. He would be pretty sure to try blackmail if he found he could not make good use of the knowledge he had stolen."

"The wretch!" cried Margaret. "Do you suppose he hopes to snatch from you the discovery of the pole?"

"That seems obvious," replied Roland, "and it's what Sammy thinks. It is the greatest pity in the world he was not discovered before he got on the *Dipseys*."

"But what can you do?" cried Margaret.

"I cannot imagine," he replied, "unless I recall the *Dipseys* to Cape Tariff, and go up there and have him apprehended."

"Couldn't he be apprehended where he is?" she asked. "There are enough men on board to capture him and shut him up somewhere where he could do no harm."

"I have thought of that," answered Roland, "but it would be a very difficult and delicate thing to do. The men we have on board the *Dipsey* are trusty fellows—at least I thought so when they were engaged, but there is no knowing what mutinous poison this Pole may have infused into their minds. If one of their numbers should be handcuffed and shut up without good reason being given, they might naturally rebel, and it would be very hard to give satisfactory reasons for arresting Rovinski. Even Gibbs might object to such harshness upon grounds which might seem to him vague and insufficient. Sammy knows Rovinski, I know him, but the others do not, and it might be difficult to convince them that he is the black scoundrel we think him; so we must be very careful what we do."

"As to calling the *Dipsey* back," said Margaret, "I would not do it; I would take the risks."

"I think you are right," said Clewe. "I have a feeling that if they come back to Cape Tariff they will not go out again. Some of the men may be discouraged already, and it would produce a bad impression upon all of them to turn back for some reason which they did not understand, or for a reason such as we could give them. I would not like to have to bring them back now that they are getting on so well."

In the course of the morning there came from the officers, men, and passenger of the *Dipsey* a very cordial and pleasant message to Mr. Clewe and Mrs. Raleigh, congratulating them upon the happy event of which they had been informed. Sarah Block insisted on sending a supple-

mentary message for herself, in which she was privately congratulatory to as great an extent as her husband would allow her to go, and which ended with a hope that if they lived to be married they would content themselves with doing

their explorations on solid ground. She did not want to come back until she had seen the pole, but some of her ideas about that kind of travelling were getting to be a good deal more fixed than they had been.

The advice which Roland Clewe gave to Samuel Block was simple enough and perhaps unnecessary, but there was nothing else for him to say. He urged that the strictest watch be kept on Rovinski; that he should never be allowed to go

near the telegraphic instrument; and if, by insubordination or any bad conduct, a pretext for his punishment should offer itself, he should be immediately shut up where he could not communicate with the men. It was very important to keep him as much as possible in ignorance of what was going on and of what should be accomplished; that, after all, was the main point. If the pole should be discovered, Rovinski must have nothing to do with it. Sammy replied that everything should be reported as soon as it turned up, and any orders received from Mr. Clewe should be carried out so long as he was alive to help carry them.

"Now," said Roland to Margaret, "there's nothing more that we can do in regard to that affair. As soon as there are any new developments we shall have to consider it again, but until then let us give up our whole souls to each other and the Artesian ray."

"It seems to me," said she, "that if we could have discovered a good while ago some sort of ray by which we could see into each other's souls, we should have gained a great many hours which are now lost."



ROVINSKI.

"Not at all," said Clewe; "they are not lost. In our philosophy nothing is lost. All the joys we have missed in days that are past shall be crowded into the days that are to come."

CHAPTER IX.

THE ARTESIAN RAY.

IN less than a week after the engagement of Roland Clewe and Margaret Raleigh work on the great machine which was to generate the Artesian ray had so far progressed that it was possible to make some preliminary experiments with it. Although Clewe was sorry to think of the very undesirable companion which Samuel Block had carried with him into the polar regions, he could not but feel a certain satisfaction when he reflected that there was now no danger of Rovinski gaining any knowledge of the momentous operations which he had in hand in Sardis. He had had frequent telegrams from Sammy, but no trouble of any kind had yet arisen. It was true that the time for trouble—if there was to be any—had probably not yet arrived, but Clewe could not afford to disturb his mind with anticipations of disagreeable things which might happen.

The masses of lenses, batteries, tubes, and coils which constituted the new instrument had been set up in the lens-house, and it was with this invention that Clewe had succeeded in producing that new form of light which would not only penetrate any material substance, but illuminate and render transparent everything through which it passed, and which would, it was hoped, extend itself into the earth to a depth only limited by the electric power used to generate it.

Margaret was very anxious to be present at the first experiment, but Clewe was not willing that this should be.

"It is almost certain," he said, "that there will be failures at first, not caused perhaps by any radical defects in the apparatus, but by some minor fault in some part of it. This almost always happens in a new machine, and then there is uninteresting work and depressing waiting. As soon as I see that my invention will act as I want it to act, I shall have you in the lens-house with me. We may not be able to do very much at first, but when I really begin to do anything I want both of us to see it done."

There was no flooring in that part of the lens-house where the machine was set up, for Clewe wished his new light to operate directly upon the earth. At about eight feet above the ground was the opening through which the Artesian ray would pass perpendicularly downward whenever the lever should be moved which would connect the main electric current.

When all was ready, Clewe sent every one, even Bryce, the master-workman, from the room. If his invention should totally fail, he wanted no one but himself to witness that failure; but if it should succeed, or even give promise of doing so, he would be glad to have the eyes of his trusted associates witness that success. When the doors were shut and locked, Clewe moved a lever, and a disc of light three feet in diameter immediately appeared upon the ground. It was a colorless light, but it seemed to give a more vivid hue to everything it shone upon—such as the little stones, a piece of wood half embedded in the earth, grains of sand, and pieces of mortar. In a few seconds, however, these things all disappeared, and there revealed itself to the eyes of Clewe a perfectly smooth surface of brown earth. This continued for some little time, now and then a rounded or a flattened stone appearing in it, and then gradually fading away.

As Clewe stared intently down upon the illuminated space, the brown earth seemed to melt and disappear, and he gazed upon a surface of fine sand, dark or yellowish, thickly interspersed with gravel-stones. This appearance changed, and a large rounded stone was seen almost in the centre of the glowing disc. The worn and smooth surface of the stone faded away, and he beheld what looked like a split section of a cobble-stone. Then it disappeared altogether, and there was another flat surface of gravel and sand.

Between himself and the illuminated space on which he gazed—his breath quick and his eyes widely distended—there seemed to be nothing at all. To all appearances, he was looking into a cylindrical hole a few feet deep. Everything between the bottom of this hole and himself was invisible; the light had made intervening substances transparent, and had deprived them of color and outlines. It was as though he looked through air.

Then his eyes fell upon the sides of this cylindrical opening, and these, illumi-

nated, but not otherwise acted upon by the volume of Artesian rays, showed, in all their true colors and forms, everything which went to make up the sides of the bright cavity into which he looked. He saw the various strata of clay, sand, gravel, exactly as he would have seen them in a circular hole, cut accurately and smoothly into the earth. No stone or lump protruded from the side of this apparent excavation, the inner surface of which was as smooth as if it had been cut down with a sharp instrument.

Clewe was frightened. Was it possible that this could be an imaginary cavity into which he was looking? He drew back; he was about to put out one foot to feel if it were really solid ground upon which this light was pouring, but he refrained. He got a long stick, and with it touched the centre of the light. What he felt was hard and solid; the end of the stick seemed to melt, and this startled him. He pulled back the stick—he could go on no farther by himself. He must have somebody in here with him; he must have the testimony of some other eyes; he needed the company of a man with a cool and steady brain.

He ran to the door and called Bryce. When the master-workman had entered and the door had been locked behind him, he exclaimed:

"How pale you are! Does it work?"

"I think so," said Clewe; "but perhaps I am crazy and only imagine it. You see that circular patch of light upon the ground there? I want you to go close to it and look down upon it, and tell me what you see."

Bryce stepped quickly to the illuminated space. He looked down at it; then he approached nearer; then he carefully placed his feet by its edge and leaned



"THE END OF THE STICK SEEMED TO MELT."

over further, gazing intently downward, and he exclaimed:

"Good Heavens! How did you make the hole?"

At that moment he heard a groan, and looking across the illuminated space, he saw Clewe tottering. In the next moment he was stretched upon the ground in a dead faint.

When Bryce had hurried to the side of his employer and had thrown a pitcher of water over him, it was not long before Clewe revived. In answer to Bryce's inquiries he simply replied that he supposed he had been too much excited by the success of his work.

"You see," said he, "that was not a hole at all that you were looking into; it was the solid earth made transparent by the Artesian ray. The thing works perfectly. Please step to that lever and

turn it off. I can stand no more at present."

Bryce moved the lever, and the light upon the ground disappeared. He approached the place where it had been; it was nothing but common earth. He put his foot upon it; he stamped; it was as solid as any other part of the State.

"And yet I have looked down into it," he ejaculated, "at least half a dozen feet!"

When Bryce turned and went back to Clewe, he too was pale.

"I do not wonder you fainted," said he. "I do not believe it was what you saw that upset you; it was what you expected to see—wasn't that it?"

Clewe nodded in an indefinite way. "We won't talk about it now," said he. "I don't want any more experiments to-day. We will cover up the instrument and go."

When Roland Clewe reached his room, he sat down in the arm-chair to think. He had made a grand and wonderful success, but it was not upon that that his mind was now fixed. It was upon the casual and accidental effect of the work of his invention, of which he had never dreamed. Bryce had made a great mistake in thinking that it was not what Roland Clewe had seen, but what he had expected to see, which had caused him to drop insensible. It was what he had seen.

When the master-workman had approached the lighted space upon the ground, Clewe stood opposite to him, a little distance from the apparatus. As Bryce looked down, he leaned forward more and more, until the greater part of his body was directly over the lighted space. Looking at him, Clewe was startled, amazed, and horrified to find all that portion of his person which projected itself into the limits of the light had entirely disappeared, and that he was gazing upon a section of a man's trunk, brightly illuminated, and displayed in all its internal colors and outlines. Such a sight was enough to take away the senses of any man, and he did not wonder that he had fainted.

"Now," said he to himself, "all the time that I was looking into that apparent hole, never thinking that in order to see down into it I was obliged to project a portion of myself into the line of the Artesian ray, that portion of me was transparent, invisible. If Bryce had come

in! and then"—as the thought came into his mind his heart stopped beating—"if Margaret had been there!"

For an hour he sat in his chair, racking his brain.

"She must see the working of the ray," he said. "I must tell her of my success. She must see it as soon as possible. It is cruel to keep her waiting. But how shall I manage it? How shall I shield her from the slightest possibility of what happened to me? Heavens!" he exclaimed, "if she had been there!"

After a time he determined that before any further experiments should take place he would build a circular screen, a little room, which should entirely surround the space on which the Artesian ray was operated. Only one person at a time should be allowed to enter this screened apartment, which should then be closed. It would make no difference if one should become invisible, provided there was no one else to know it.

It was on the evening of the next day that Margaret beheld the action of the Artesian ray. She greatly objected at first to going inside of the screened space by herself, and urged Roland to accompany her; but this he stoutly refused to do, assuring her that it was essential for but one person at a time to view the action of the ray. She demurred a good deal, but at last consented to allow herself to be shut up within the screen.

What Margaret saw was different from the gradual excavation which had revealed itself before the eyes of Roland. She looked immediately into a hole nearly ten feet deep. The action of the apparatus was such that the power of penetration gained by the ray during its operation at any time was retained, so that when the current was shut off the photic boring ceased, and recommenced when the batteries were again put into action at the point where it had left off. The moment Margaret looked down she gave a little cry, and started back against the screen. She was afraid she would fall in.

"Roland," she exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that this is not really an opening into the earth?"

He was near her on the other side of the screen, and he explained to her the action of the light. Over and over she asked him to come inside and tell her what it was she saw, but he always refused.

"The bottom is beautifully smooth and gray," she exclaimed; "what is that?"

"Sand," said Roland.

"And now it is white, like a piece of pottery," she exclaimed.

"That is white clay," said he.

"Don't you want to take my place," said she, "if you will not come with me?"

"No," said Roland. "Look down as long as you wish; I know pretty well what you will see for some time to come. Has there been any change?"

"The bottom is still white," she replied, "but it is glittering."

"That is white sand," said he. "The Artesian well which supplies the works revealed to me long ago the character of the soil at this spot, so that for a hundred feet or more I know what we may expect to see."

She came out hurriedly. "When you begin to speak of wells," she said, "I am frightened. If I should see water, I should lose my head." She sat down and put her hand before her eyes. "My brain is dazzled," she said. "I don't feel strong enough to believe what I have seen."

Roland shut off the current and opened the screen. "Come here, Margaret," he said; "this is the spot upon which the light was shining. I think it will do you good to look at it. Tread upon it; it will help to reassure you that the things about us are real."

Margaret was silent for a few moments,

and then approaching Roland, she took him by both hands. "You have succeeded," said she; "you are the greatest discoverer of this age!"

"My dear Margaret," he interrupted, quickly, "do not let us talk in that way; we have only just begun to work. Above all things, do not let us get excited. If everything works properly, it will not be long before I can send the Artesian ray down into depths with which I am not acquainted—how far I do not know, but we must wait and see what is the utmost we can do. When we have reached that point, it will be in order to hoist our flags and blow our trumpets. I hope it will not be long before the light descends so deep that we shall be obliged to use a telescope."

"And will it not be possible, Roland," Margaret said, earnestly, "that we shall ever look down into the earth together? When the light gets beyond the depth to which people have dug and bored, I shall never want to stand there alone behind the screen and see what next shall show itself."

"That screen is an awkward affair," said Roland. "Perhaps I may think of a method by which it can be done away with, and by which we can stand side by side and look down as far into the depths of the earth as our Artesian ray can be induced to bore."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PORTRAIT BY CABANEL.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

CAMPBELL sat there with the morning paper in his hand. Half an hour ago he had settled himself with the intention of realizing to the full the satisfying quality of his surroundings. It would be the last morning; to-morrow he would give it all up and go out into the world a confessed failure. It was difficult to appreciate the situation: his coat was a good one; the cigar between his fingers was from the usual box; his breakfast had been as well served as ever. There was something humorous in it. His notes fell due to-morrow, and he should leave his rooms well gloved and hatted, a pauper. It was truly ludicrous.

He wondered how many well-dressed, well-housed men were in the city this

morning without a cent in their pockets? He had emptied *his* last night after he heard that everything was over with him, and given all the change he possessed to the woman who stood on the corner every night pretending to have consumption. He knew she was a sham, and last night he admired her for her ability to keep it up so long.

For was he not a sham himself? When he heard that "Tonawanda" had slumped, after he had bolstered and bolstered it to the extent of all he had in the world, in stubborn determination to make it go as he had made so many other shaky stocks go, he had merely nodded to his broker and changed the subject. Afterward, though, when the man asked him

as a sort of panacea to have a deviled bone with him, he excused himself on the score of a recent overtaxing of his digestion, and so got away.

Then he came across the coughing woman at the corner, and told her that with what he put in her hand she might give up phthisis and start life over again.

Start life over again! That was an idea. Might he not start his own life over again? Was it worth while, though? He owned to himself that he was tired. Now he came to think of it, he believed he had been tired for years. He had denied the fact, and had plunged into any and all speculations as a protection against himself. But this morning when he acknowledged that the house of cards had toppled, he knew that he had been a weary man for years.

"Ten years!"

Ten years! He smiled, wondering how many men were in the city to-day who had been tired ten years and yet invented excitement in order to disguise the truth from themselves. He was not sufficiently fool to think that he had a little niche all to himself in the hall of experience; he did not blame the world, nor did he revile fate, but he wondered if there was another man in the city this morning weak enough to cherish for ten years an affection for a woman who had ruthlessly thrown him aside;—he wondered if speculation, the dissipation of chance, was not mere vamping of such a man. In another age, some far-off grandfather's time, such a man would have gone to the wars with the satisfying reflection that his deeds of prowess would strike with remorse his inconstant mistress. A little nearer the present era there might have been a Werther-like quietus, and the Charlotte in the case go on "cutting bread and butter." In these days there were no wars, and suicide as a specific for unhappy affections had gone out save in elemental minds. Instead, there were active life, philosophy, another lady.

Another lady! There could be no other after the one whose face was pictured in his memory.

This took him to his paper, this idea of the pictured face. He brought the pleasantly ink-smelling sheet on a line with his eyes, and read once more the paragraph telling of the probate of the will of the Senator's wife, who had been "a lady of much charm, whose portrait, painted

by Cabanel, was greatly admired in the Salon of some few years back."

Of course he had read of her death a month ago, the woman he had known from a child, the woman he had once loved, the woman whose heartless act had turned his life from its old grooves. No, there were no wars any longer where the disappointed knight might go, and by doing doughty deeds and dying wreak a posthumous revenge on the recalcitrant lady.

But had he done more? Had he not been as primary as that old knight, as childish? When the blow fell, ten years ago, what had he done?

She had thrown him over and taken a husband for whom the world bespoke honors, a man whose eloquence threatened to split a party and lead him to the front as a possible Something. It had been her ambition, her conviction, that the man she married would carry the nation to an ultimate of dignity beyond the scope of intrigue and faction.

He had determined to equal this man in power. And what greater power was there in these days than money? He took his modest patrimony and invested it in a stock freshly put upon the market. He got back his money ten times over. The success of this venture was followed by years of good fortune, till he saw himself reaching the crest of the highest wave. He started out to gain that crest in order to avenge himself on a woman who had treated him unfairly, to force her in time to see that he was not less powerful than the man she had chosen in his stead. But after a while the excitement itself carried him, and he lost sight of the early idea, and, he would have said, of the woman as well.

Then a month ago he read the announcement of the death of the wife of the Senator. Alas! the man had risen to be a Senator of no prominence, and was not even the dark horse of his party. It had come as a sort of unpleasant reminder, that announcement of her death, and he plunged into "Tonawanda," then waiting for a boom, and—strange that on the day when he confessed that it was all over with him, the paper in his hand should tell him of Mabel's will by which she left all that she possessed to her husband. It was as though she insisted to the last that the man she had married should be foremost even in the very field

"WHEN THE WIND FELL, THE LEAF APO, WHAT HAD SHE DONE?"



which her old lover had chosen for his own, that of wealth. A grim smile played round Campbell's mouth. She had worsted him again; even in her death she had shown him that he could not compete with her husband. And this last item concerning her was in the nature of the posthumous satisfaction of the old knight reversed.

"So she was painted by Cabanel!"

That must have been during her honeymoon, for she had gone abroad at the time. What rot journalism had grown to be when so insignificant a fact as a portrait executed by a celebrated artist was all that could be related of a loving wife after her death! Not all; the paper also mentioned her will.

"Everything to her husband!"

Campbell sat up straight. Hard lines ground themselves into his face; the lids narrowed over his eyes. Everything to her husband! Everything! His mind took a backward leap, and he saw himself a young man, the favorite of an uncle who had taken him, a motherless boy, after his father's failure and consequent death. He also saw a girl, the niece and adopted daughter of that uncle's wife, Mabel. He saw the kindly manoeuvres of the uncle to bring the two together. As though that were necessary! Why, the boy loved the girl from the first, as she expressed a preference for him. Then came the betrothal. Then the confab with the uncle, who would have left his fortune to the nephew after he had all along let the girl think that she was to be his heir. Campbell could yet recall that evening in the old house where Mabel had always lived. He had told his uncle no, to leave the money to Mabel, it would give her such pleasure to know that she came to him a woman who could help him with her means; while as for himself, he wanted to go out into the world feeling that he was poor, and must show his wife his strength put forth for love of her; for he knew how much she cared for achievement in the affairs of the world. So the will was made in her favor.

Then appeared the able man with political aspirations. And then came the throwing over of the accepted lover. The anger of the uncle was fresh with Campbell even to-day—his rage, his senile frenzy. Of course another will was made at once, and in the nephew's favor. This will Campbell was to produce at the

proper time, and so twist the plans of the other man, who the old man believed had married his wife's niece for no other reason than that she would one day be wealthy. The night of the day on which this second will was made the old man received his last stroke of mortal illness. He lingered for a month, nursed by his nephew. After the funeral there was a search for his will. His lawyer came forward with a copy of that in favor of Mabel which they all knew had been made. The copy had been duly signed and attested, and was in all respects a will proper. But the original, which had been in the old man's care, was gone.

Now was the time for Campbell to bring out that other and later will by which he was made sole legatee. It was the chance the old man had anticipated, and for which, while he destroyed the original paper in favor of Mabel, he had let the copy in the lawyer's hands remain unasked-for.

Campbell looked at Mabel, happy, young, a bride with the love-light in her eyes. He turned from the room and left them there. When he was out of sight of the house he pulled a paper from his pocket and tore it into shreds and scattered them to the winds. It was the will in his favor. Then he went to work, to planning, to that great effort after forgetfulness of his first defeat.

"And now my last defeat has come!"

But it was after Mabel was gone. Had he carried his foolish romance down to to-day he should have felt gratified that his failure, which would be duly chronicled in the papers two days hence, would not be read by her.

"What nonsense the whole thing has been!"

And yet that man to inherit wealth that was by right his—wealth he had given up in silliness and sentiment, and—

He gasped. Among that wealth were jewels he had never had the right to give away—jewels that had been his mother's, that had rested on her bosom, on her arms, on her fingers. When his father failed, these jewels had passed to his uncle in lieu of indebtedness. It had always been within the meaning of his uncle to leave him the fortune, and these jewels were a part of it; it had been within the meaning of the uncle when he made the will in favor of Mabel—she

would be his nephew's wife, and thus the owner of the jewels. And these jewels to be a stranger's—his mother's jewels the property of the man who had usurped him in the affections of the only woman he had ever loved!

More than that, these diamonds could be the means of saving him from financial disaster; if they were in his hands to-morrow they might be used as collateral, and he should still stand upright, his ruin averted. What better use could be made of his dead mother's ornaments than to save him from ruin such as had been his father's?

Mabel's husband to learn of his failure! Mabel's husband, who inherited through her will money which had never been hers! Should Mabel's husband have the jewels as well? Ruin! There should be no ruin! That man should not hear of the downfall of the unsuccessful lover of the woman who had afterward been his wife—the lover he must always have regarded as a weak-spirited creature who had not been able to retain the woman of his choice. That man to hear of to-morrow's failure! That man, in the plenitude of the world's honors and wealth, to hear of the downfall of the one who had helped him all these years through the money he had voluntarily abandoned! A dull red spread over his face. His reputation for success appealed to him—his only possession in all these years; the only praise he had received was for his success in his ventures; no one associated him with domestic ties; no one thought of his heart; but all were loud in appreciation of the boldness of his mind and the keenness of his scheming brain. And all this must go. All that he had striven for for ten years to sink in a day! And his mother's jewels might prevent it! Could he go to the man and explain? Would the story about the destroyed will be credited? And even if credited, in what light would it place the man who had destroyed it? Would there be sentiment for sentiment and the jewels be given to him? That would be worst of all.

He rose and paced the floor. Give up this comfort and go out into the world and hide away in some mean quarter! He was not so young as he had been, and he had grown used to comforts; luxuries were no more than necessities now. Luxuries! What were sticks of furniture

and rags of draperies as an offset against all the loneliness of ten long years? Against aborted hopes and murdered beliefs of young manhood?

No, he would not give up, he would not confess mistake to the world; he had a right to a modicum of the respect of men, he had given up enough to gain it, and to-morrow's failure would brand him. And that man to have and he have not? He would have his own; he would save his credit and the only reputation the world gave him. And had not Mabel's death been the indirect cause of the results of his booming "Tonawanda"? Memory of her faithlessness had exerted its power over him despite the fact that he had long ago stultified his heart in the excitement of business ventures, and when he heard of her death, unknown to himself the cause of his extra recklessness, he had wildly taken up a stock which at another time he would never have touched. What more reasons could he adduce to prove his moral right to the jewels? They were his! There was little time for dilly-dallying; he must have money or its equivalent a day hence, or else carry with him forever the thought of the face of that man when he read of to-morrow's failure.

"I will do it!"

To-night! It could be done to-night! He knew the old house, the place Mabel loved so well and where she had died. He knew the library, where his uncle had built the strong-box in the wall; you went past two windows and found a button between the second and the third; you pressed this button and a part of the wainscoting revolved on hinges and disclosed the door of the safe. It was a good way up the library—the library! He laughed. The library was the room where he and Mabel had so often had their tender youthful confidences.

"Suppose the combination has been changed!"

No, he would suppose nothing. The thing had got to be done and it should be done. He staid in his rooms till afternoon. Then he went to the station and boarded a train. He had never felt merrier in his life; it was with difficulty that he restrained himself from laughing outright in the car. He noticed no one; he thought of but two things—that man, and the ruin that was inevitable to-morrow except for the diamonds. That man



"THEY STOOD REGARDING EACH OTHER."

should never hear of the ruin, and the diamonds were his; they had been his mother's, and should save him. He wondered how many people would believe that a paltry sum of a few thousand dollars stood between him and disgrace—he who was supposed to be worth close on to six figures. He wondered how many supposedly wealthy men in the city to-day were virtually in the same boat with him. He was several hours on the train; it was long past nightfall when he left it. He alighted at the old station. He had not

been there in ten years, and yet he knew everything as though he had visited the place yesterday. The village was quiet; no one was stirring; lights twinkled in the houses. He went through the single street with eager feet, his head hot, his eyes burning, his brain clear. It was like being in the midst of one of the stock panics when the thought planned while the body was a mere wreck. There was no peradventure; he had come to do a deed, and it should be done.

He felt in his pocket for a thing of lead, which should be his friend if he were disturbed. Also in his pocket were drills of fine steel, and that which, after muffling the safe, should help in opening the door, if the old combination was no longer in effect.

He got out of the straggling village and reached the country road. The moon silvered ev-

erything, and old familiar objects came one after the other before him. There was the blacksmith shop where he used to get his uncle's mare shod: the mare was usually shod on Saturday, because on Sunday she jogged him and Mabel to church. Down the road a mile was the church, and on a clear fall night like this you ought to be able to hear the striking of the clock in the steeple: it used often to alarm Mabel and him when they sat overlate in the library at night and the old man pounded on the floor of

his room above. There was the little brook with the narrow bridge where Mabel and he used to stand on just such an evening as this and listen to the soft gurgle of the water and talk of the great things he was to do in the world. There was the hedge of sumac where he and Mabel— Stop! It was all Mabel, Mabel! He would have no more maundering; let falsity be forgotten as it deserved. Then the preposterousness of his errand smote him, and he laughed as he had wanted to laugh on the train. How many other men in the city to-night— Bosh! He had kept up that comparing himself to other men all day.

He came to a corner of the old place. There was a clump of trees he remembered well. From there you could see the library windows.

He got over the stone coping and reached the trees. The library had a low light in it. All the rest of the house lay in darkness. A cloud passed over the face of the moon, and the light in the library looked brighter. Faint and far the church clock struck.

"How familiar it sounds!"

Eleven! Had he been there so long? And would that light in the library never go out? There! It seemed almost as though his wish showed the propitiousness that would be his, for the light was suddenly quenched, and the windows were black. A minute or so later a dim twinkle shone in an upper room. It had been his uncle's room, and it was evidently the Senator's now, for those were a man's movements on the blind, a tall man, as the Senator was. How lonely he must be in this great barn of a house, no child to cheer him—alone with his sorrow! The light in that upper casement faded away as the occupant of the room closed the shutters. Campbell kept perfectly still. Not a soul had passed along the road, and he had met no one in the village. All at once he plunged his hand into his pocket. The leaden friend was there. He took it out and threw it as far as his strength would let him. It was followed by the other implements which had been intended as aids to a nefarious mode of doing the thing. He was no thief; he merely meant to reclaim his own. He stepped boldly out into the moonlight and went on to the porch. Another minute and he was at one of the long French windows of the library. Propitious?

Why, the window was open. He entered the room and his feet struck the bare floor. That was odd, the floor to be bare. He groped his way along the wall. Once he encountered a huge box; he felt of it, and found that it was clamped with iron. He reached the wall between the second and third windows. He felt for the button. The blood was surging wildly through him. He heard the soft opening of the wainscot on the hinges. He took a match from his pocket and struck it. Then he saw the reason for the bare floor. There was, so far as the feeble rays of the match told him, no furniture in the room, only rough deal boxes that evidently encased it. The Senator was about to remove from the place. His coming had been admirably timed; it was more than propitious; something surely stood his friend and had guided him since he read of the will in the paper. He held the match close to the knob of the fire-proof, whose door stood revealed to him. The match went out. He turned the knob of the safe. He remembered the combination; twice twenty-two to the right, three times forty-seven to the left, then to the right to thirty-five till you hear the click. Suppose the diamonds had been removed! It was scarcely likely that such valuables would be left in a house where the furniture was packed for removal. The thought was madness. He went swiftly round the library and closed the shutters of the long windows. Then, his eyes directed to the fire-proof, he took a second match from his pocket, reached up and turned the key of the chandelier in the centre of the room, and the library was flooded with light. He sprang to the safe. Was the old combination still in use? "Twice twenty-two to the right, three times forty-seven to the left, then to the right to thirty-five till you hear the click." The door yielded. Was that the sound of footsteps? His eyes on the door of the library, he felt for and opened one of the compartments in the safe. Back of this compartment was a small iron door. He knew the trick of opening that: had not his uncle often got him to take out something that was there and carry it to his bedside that he might see it? He found the spring, and the iron door opened. He plunged in his hand and took out a long slim case. He threw back the lid and saw a flash—there were necklaces, bracelets, finger-rings shim-

mering in his sight—his mother's jewels. He had what was rightfully his; he was saved; his name would not be a by-word; he should go on as ever. He hugged the case to his heart. He was delirious with joy. He had conquered. Mabel could not oppose her husband to him now. He closed the safe, made everything as he had found it, and raised his hand to put out the gas. His arm remained upright in the air. He was face to face with a woman, young, beautiful, in all the pretty frippery of dress and adornment. Her lips were slightly parted, as though waiting for a word to express a thought; one hand was extended as though to touch him. And in her eyes looking into his what wealth of love!

And they stood thus regarding each other in the library—that room where he and she so often had their tender youthful confidences.

"Mabel!"

She looked into his eyes. He trembled in every limb. He sank to his knees, his arms held out to her.

"Mabel!"

But she answered nothing; only stood there looking at him, her lips slightly parted, her hand extended as though to touch him, her eyes filled with love.

"Mabel!"

Then he saw the truth. It was the portrait by Cabanel mentioned in the paper that spoke of the will. The tall canvas rested on the floor up against the wall preparatory to being packed for removal. He rose and stood before it. He drank in every lineament of that face that was just as it had been when he knew her, just as she had been when she was so much to him.

"My darling!"

The tears rained down his cheeks. And those eyes had seen what he had done in this room where he and she had so often had their tender youthful confidences; those lips were parted to rebuke him, to ask "Was it worth?" now that she knew the only worth that life can ever hold; that hand—ah! that hand was extended to check him in what he had come to do, and it had been so powerless to restrain him!

"No, no," he said, and again "no, no."

He thought of to-morrow's ruin, of the last blight to his career; but he ran to the safe and got it open; he tore at the little iron door inside the compartment,

and then he replaced the long slim case that had meant his saving in the eyes of the world. He closed the door of the safe and turned again to the picture.

"I gave them to you," he said. "You loved your husband; they are his." He leaned and kissed the little outstretched hand, and got to his feet and staggered blindly to the open window.

"I am glad—"

What voice was that? Did she speak to him from that pictured face past all the vastness of eternity? He caught at the window-frame for support. He turned his eyes into the room. The library door was open, and the Senator stood there with a lighted candle in his hand.

"I am glad that you came," he said. "It is a coincidence that you should have come, for I wrote to you to-night. I suppose you heard that the old house is to be torn down, that I close it to-morrow, and that you come to see it while I am still here. I presume you found the window open. I neglected to close it. You did well to light the gas. I suppose you rang, but I did not hear you, and I am alone in the house, the servants having left to-day. In fact, I was upstairs writing to you—you see there are no means of writing here. I seem to have dropped off asleep, and woke with a start, remembering this open window." He pulled an envelope from his pocket. "This is the note. It is to tell you of a codicil to my wife's will. It appears that she wished you to have the diamonds that were once your mother's. I never considered your uncle's will fair to you—it was most unfair." He coughed dryly. "She also wished you to have—ah!—her portrait, painted by Cabanel. She made trifling gifts to her friends of her personal property, but you, as a sort of cousin, probably, she wished to have the portrait. I never specially admired it, considering it by no means a faithful likeness, but idealized to a point of silliness, and— But you will read in my note that I ask you where you will have it sent. That is all. I am very glad you came to see me. I shall hereafter live in Washington. I never cared to live here; it was one of my causes of disagreement with my wife." He frowned. "Campbell, a man sometimes makes a mistake in marrying. Look at yourself, how you have succeeded: there was no one to go against your plans. In the case of Mabel, after we

were married her ideas underwent a change, and her sole aim was to live simply here in the utmost retirement. During the ten years of our married life I never could get her to think seriously of the demands society had on her for my good. She once bitterly told me that she wished she had her life to live over again. But I did not mean to say so much. But then you were—a sort of relation, and you were acquainted with, ah!—Mabel's peculiarly changeable nature. I understand that you are a signally successful man; I fancy you will be, eventually, the power of the stock-market. Why, is it so late as that?"

For the church clock far off was striking. The soft even sounds of the bell came to Campbell's ears familiarly, gently. It was midnight, the hour of mystery.

"Are you not well?" the Senator asked. For Campbell stood clutching the window-frame. "Coming to this house where you lived so long," the Senator went on, indulgently, "has its influence with you," and went up the room while he was speaking.

But Campbell did not hear him. It was midnight, the hour of mystery; he was in the room where he and Mabel had so often had their tender youthful confidences. She had given him his mother's jewels, all that she felt that she had a right to will away from her husband; she had given him the portrait of herself as he remembered her; she had said that she wished she had her life to live over again!

He looked up the room; the Senator was at the far end opening the safe to take out the diamonds.

He turned slowly to the picture. The lips were parted as though she were happy because of him, the hand was reached out as though it would fain rest in his, while the eyes—the eyes full of love were fixed on his.

"I am glad—"

Was it he who breathed the words?—was it she? Or was it the mere recollection of the words with which the Senator had entered the library?

To the great calm that was taking him within its beatific influence Campbell answered that question.

THE MILITARY ACADEMY

AS AN ELEMENT IN THE SYSTEM OF NATIONAL DEFENCE.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES PARKER, U.S.A.

THE Military Academy was founded not so much for the purpose of furnishing officers to fill the vacancies in the regular army as to create a kind of reserve of officers, which the government would be able to draw upon in case of war. While many of the most eminent of our statesmen, among whom was Washington, favored the maintenance of a standing army of sufficient size to offer a formidable resistance to any foreign invader, they were conscious that the prejudices of our people against such a permanent force were so great as to make its establishment and continuance problematical. Boynton, in his history of West Point, says: "Legislative enactments clearly indicate it to have been the settled policy of that day not to rely upon the rank and file of the army, . . . but to educate officers, so that instructors could always be found ready and competent to teach raw levies whenever changes in the po-

litical condition of the country might require them to be raised." It is my purpose to show that this policy has not been adhered to, and to indicate a possible remedy for the defect.

I.

The needs of the country, in considering the question of defence, have greatly increased with the growth of the republic, and with the increase of power of those nations with which it is liable to come into contact. When in 1812 the maximum of cadets was fixed at 260, it was probably expected that from forty to fifty officers would be turned out each year. The population at that time was about seven millions and a half, and the number of cadets was fixed at about one for every 30,000 population. It was a good beginning, and those who made it without doubt expected that as the population of the country increased, the provi-

sions for military defence, of which the Academy was an important part, would be increased accordingly. The population of the country is now about seventy-five millions, or ten times the population of 1812. The maximum number of cadets allowed by law, instead of being 2500, is now but 370, an increase of about 110. The output of the institution in instructed officers has averaged, since 1812, but 43 per year. The number of graduates now living is only 1750. Taken all together, these would not be sufficient to officer the army; and a considerable number of them are unfit for service through old age or disability. In time of war it is doubtful if we could count on the service of 1500 West Point graduates. Only about 1300 are now on the active list. That the expectation of the founders of the Military Academy has been disappointed is perfectly apparent.

Congress has not carried out the intention of the founders for a variety of reasons. Economy was one; but as the Military Academy costs little more per annum than a full regiment of cavalry, this reason is not sufficient. Another reason is the jealousy of West-Pointers as a favored class, who in time of war are selected for high command over the heads of men lacking military education or experience. But these reasons are supplemented by another and a stronger one, and that is that West-Pointers as a class have not favored such an increase in the number of cadets graduated as would make it difficult to provide all graduates with commissions as officers. In this respect they may be said to have lost sight of the paramount needs of the country in their anxiety for the interests of their associates. The cadet at West Point has a great prize in view—a commission. It is a stimulus to a tremendous effort. The instructors at West Point have been fearful that this stimulus once removed the standard of education there would be lowered. The officers of the army have not combated this view. While they prize above all things the training received at West Point, while as professional soldiers they see more clearly than any other class the danger the country runs in having so few educated officers, they so strongly sympathize with the desire of the undergraduate to obtain a commission that they have not seen their way to recommending a policy that would possi-

bly exclude some graduates from the army. And thus it happens that the Military Academy, failing as it does to furnish a body of officers of respectable size for the emergency of war, or even an output sufficient for the army, seems to be conducted not for the glory of the republic, but of West Point.

II.

The history of the military enterprises of the United States has shown that our greatest need in time of war is a sufficiency of good officers. The American soldier, thank God, is a splendid fighter, second to none in the world. No troops in the world will stand such terrific punishment before they run. There has been published a book, which no American should read without tears in his eyes and rage in his heart,* showing how, in the bloody shambles of the war of 1861-5, the American volunteer was not appalled by losses unheard of either before or since—losses that in a majority of instances could have been evaded had our soldiers been well led. The capacity and readiness of our men for instruction, and discipline too, are unexampled. With good officers it is not impossible in one month to convert a thousand raw American recruits into a regiment more efficient for continued active service than any National Guard regiment now in this country. To show the value of good officers let us compare the Mexican war of 1846 with the civil war of 1861.

In 1846 General Scott, with a little army of 12,000 men, landed on the shores of Mexico, boldly cut loose from all communications, and after a series of bloody conflicts, in which his army was resolutely opposed by forces double and triple in numbers, and in which it was uniformly victorious, reached the seat of government, where he dictated a glorious peace. This army was led by trained officers, most of them from West Point. As Dodge says,† "every branch of the service was filled with men of talent and military information; volunteer corps raised during the war sought and obtained as their commanders graduates of the Military Academy." That war was such a quick and brilliant success that people who have not studied it imagine that our army was not strongly opposed.

* *Regimental Losses in the Civil War.*

† *Military Dictionary.*

But as a matter of fact the fighting done was of the most desperate character, and the losses, considering the size of the army, enormous, especially in officers. This war showed what could be accomplished by an American army led by trained officers. General Scott, himself not a graduate, but one of our most accomplished soldiers, said, "I give it as my fixed opinion that, but for our graduated cadets, the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted some four or five years, whereas in two campaigns we conquered a great country without the loss of a single battle or skirmish."

It is my belief that if we were able to point back to the Mexican war as the last war in which we had taken part our military reputation would rest on a higher plane than it does to-day. During the war of the rebellion, when men came forward in answer to the call of the President in hundreds of thousands, the number of West Point graduates or of trained officers was to the mass of the uninstructed like a drop in a bucket. Whole regiments presented themselves, men, officers, and all equally without military knowledge. It was the blind leading the blind. The same causes operated in the South, but the South made a better use of her instructed officers. In the first year or two of that war sometimes the South won, sometimes the North. Torrents of blood flowed. But instead of armies working like a machine, as our army of invasion of Mexico, there were mistakes, blunders, accidents, disasters, massacres. Combined attacks appeared to be impossible; battles were often fought piecemeal, haphazard, a regiment or a brigade being sent in at a time. This was usually because orders were not promptly obeyed. Flank attacks seemed out of the question. If the North won, it was because the South blundered more than the North. It took two or three years to teach our officers their duties, and that being accomplished, the numerical superiority of the Northern armies was of some avail as against an army acting on the defence, and with great defensive advantages. And here note that we conquered at last with a large contingent of recruits and raw levies in our ranks, but fighting under officers who had, in the school of war, gained experience. I repeat, it was not our lack of good soldiers which was responsible

for our disasters; it was our lack of trained officers.

Thirty years have passed since the war of the rebellion; during that time little or nothing has been done to prevent the recurrence of the mistakes of that war. Few of the men who fought then are available for service. And yet the United States to-day, while not a military nation, judged by modern standards, is a most aggressive one. While not prepared for war, we would never for a moment allow that fact to prevent us from insisting, up to the last extremity, upon having what we consider our just rights. We have an abiding faith in the pacific tendencies of foreign rulers and governments, forgetting that rulers are often governed by whims and governments by popular passions. We preach arbitration. But when the exercise of a nation's cherished rights is met by the demand "arbitrate or we fight," arbitration, instead of being a preserver of peace, is made a breeder of wars. We rely on our isolation from the armed nations of Europe, when our wide-branching commercial interests are daily producing more points of contact and of conflict, and when the ocean, formerly a barrier, has become a means of easy approach—a road for armies with which land routes are not to be compared.

We depend upon our vast population, resources, and wealth to overawe our enemies, when history teaches us that great wealth only facilitates the task of the invader, since the contributions he can levy will indemnify him for the cost of war, and that without previous preparation no population, no matter how great, can in a few weeks produce an army, but only an armed mob. We talk about the vastness of our territory, and the impossibility of an army penetrating far from the seaboard, and lose sight of the fact that under present conditions, were a well-trained army of 300,000 men landed on our shores, our greatest cities, being on our coast, would be at its mercy, and that after levying enormous contributions, indemnifying it for all the expenses of the war, it might be possible for the enemy to withdraw, leaving to us the shame of defeat, and the postponement of our revenge until our armed strength had been increased and our blood cooled.

But were these things not true, it would still be our duty as trustees of the fame

of this great nation, our duty to our forefathers who founded it, and to our sons who will inherit it, to see that no ordinary precautions are neglected to insure that humiliation shall not be visited upon it. As a prudent man insures his house against a contingency of fire distant in the extreme, so should we insure against defeat in war, not forgetting that in doing so we also insure against the chance of war, for it is the weakest nations that are most liable to be attacked.

It may be inconceivable that such a thing should happen, but let us suppose that war broke out to-morrow, next week, or next month, with some first-class or second-class power. Troops would be wanted for an expeditionary army, to man our coast defences, and to repel possible landings on the seaboard. As in 1861, the States would be called on for quotas of volunteers. The war fever in the air, no considerations of economy would be heeded; money would be spent like water. Patriotism and the military spirit of our country would provide in a few days hosts of men, brave, ardent, intelligent, and only needing to be taught. The regular army, called a "skeleton" army, because we have a dim notion that its companies are to be filled up in time of war, would be almost forgotten; no legal provision having been made in advance for this contingency, and the bounties paid to volunteers vastly exceeding those paid to regular recruits, as in 1861, the regular regiments would dwindle away, and the advantage we should have in possessing forty regiments of veterans be dissipated. For the volunteer regiments, men, arms, equipments, clothing, and supplies would be produced like magic. What we shall lack will be *time* to bring order out of chaos, and competent officers and instructors who have the ability to make soldiers out of recruits in the limited period before hostilities. Time will be of enormous value. Leaving out of consideration the danger of being attacked before we are ready, our wasteful methods make our military establishment cost us, even in peace, \$1000 annually for every enlisted man in our army. So that an army of 300,000 or 400,000 men, every day that it remains under arms, every day that its entrance into active service in the field is postponed by lack of proper instruction, entails an additional cost to us and to our descendants of a million

dollars. Thus it is an overwhelming necessity at such a time that we should have a corps of competent disciplinarians and drill-instructors of trained officers, not for service as generals, but as colonels, majors, captains, and lieutenants. It is evident, too, that to be available for appointment in volunteer regiments these officers should be at hand; they should be known to the communities in which the troops are raised; to the State officials; and this can be best secured by having a corps of reserve officers in civil life. These officers should know their business thoroughly, not by halves. They should have become accustomed to the severest discipline; for before our raw levies can win battles they must have discipline of the strictest kind, and must get it as soon as possible. It was Washington who said, "An undisciplined force is nothing more than a destructive, expensive, and disorderly mob." Discipline, in fact, is the soul of the army. It is needed to enforce the ceaseless monotony of drills in preparation for combat; to hurry the men by long marches, with insufficient and badly cooked food, to the field of battle; to hold them there under fire, not murmuring, while rumors of blunders and disasters fill the air; to keep them closed up and their line straight in the attack; to reap the fruits of victory by immediate pursuit when the exhaustion of the battle makes rest seem imperative; to prevent defeat from degenerating into rout; to repair the faults of incompetent generals. Our volunteers in the service of the United States are, in fact, regular troops; give them discipline, severe discipline, such as was enforced during the last year of the civil war, when we found we were in earnest, give them such discipline, and they will win victories. No militia methods will be of avail, no compromise with obedience, no tolerance of disorder. Time will be priceless; we want officers who can whip men into shape in the shortest possible space of time, without regard to popularity. We want martinets for our regiments. We also want officers who have the art of drilling, who have a knowledge of the extreme capacity of the recruit for military knowledge, who know from practical experience how much can be accomplished in the way of instruction in the space of a few weeks, who from personal experience *as* recruits can teach

recruits to overcome the difficulties and surmount the obstacles they encounter.

III.

Such officers we produce at our Military Academy. It is unquestionable that for the great work of organizing the volunteers of the United States for immediate war its graduates are pre-eminently fitted. Our military history and the testimony of hosts of unprejudiced writers afford ample proof of this. West-Pointers may not be always good generals, but they are always, or nearly always, good military instructors and disciplinarians. And it may not be altogether superfluous to explain here why this is so.

The most striking feature about the Military Academy, when compared to other educational institutions even of the same kind, is the severe discipline which is maintained there. I might even go so far as to say with truth that there is no body of troops in the world where the soldier is subjected to more constant and unremitting discipline than is the new cadet. It is imposed upon him from the moment of his entrance, and during the first three months is indescribably unrelenting, pitiless, ceaseless. This is due to the fact that its severity is not so much the work of the authorities, who, in their deference to anxious parents, would prefer to mitigate it; it is the work of the whole body of older cadets, who, animated by military zeal, and governed principally by this motive, unite in imposing upon the new cadet this ordeal. They believe, and justly so, that without this early and thorough breaking in the cadet will never amount to much as a soldier. Watched incessantly, there is scarcely a moment of his existence during those first few months spent in camp when the new cadet is not undergoing *strict, military* instruction. In ranks or out of ranks, in his tent or in the street, on guard, on parade, on drill, or on fatigue, at his meals or during recreation hours, his demeanor, his manner, his bearing, are the constant subject of military criticism and correction. Coming to the school a green lubberly boy, prodigies in the way of soldierly improvement are called for from him, and, strange to say, obtained. The quickness of this result is marvellous.

The same remark applies to his drills. Including the time spent in marching to and from meals, the new cadet is drilled

nearly four hours daily. The members of the class which has just finished its first year at the Academy are detailed as drill-masters; and here I would say that this experience as drill-instructors is one of the most valuable received by the cadet during his course, and no cadet should be deprived of it. It is a lesson how to impart the greatest amount of military instruction possible in the shortest space of time. It is a competition between rival drill-masters. The third-class man strains every nerve to advance his recruit, and the new cadet responds nobly. The new cadet ardently desires to end his novitiate, and he makes truly herculean efforts. But there is no relaxation. The more he improves, the more is required of him. At the end of four weeks he has so improved that the new recruit has disappeared; in his erectness of bearing, in his thoroughness of training, in marching and the manual of arms, he is a soldier.

The disciplinary training thus begun at the outset of the cadet's career is continued in a somewhat modified form during the four years spent at the Academy. At recitations his deportment must be as soldierly, his speech as precise, as when in ranks. In his room he is subject to constant inspections. At all times his conduct is regulated by written orders, dealing with every eventuality. In case of violation he is reported and punished. It is characteristic of the system that the large majority of delinquencies are reported by cadets. Escape from the consequences of a breach of regulations by a subterfuge or anything approaching an untruth is condemned by an unwritten "code of honor" which has been sedulously cultivated by the cadets, and which visits such acts by social exclusion.

Thus we see that this system of discipline, severe as it is acknowledged to be, is kept up mainly by the cadets themselves. In fact, while they groan under it, they are proud of it, and after four years spent at West Point the graduate is inflexible in his belief in it. And the discipline which so distinguishes the soldiers of the regular army from any other troops in this country, and which in times of great political and social excitement and during strikes and labor complications makes them uniformly reliable, is, I claim, a direct offshoot of the discipline that is exacted from the corps of cadets. The discipline that during the war of the

rebellion made our small regular regiments the last precious resource of many a battle, that too was transmitted from West Point. The West Point graduate demands obedience, implicit, unquestioning. He will have it; he will abdicate or die rather than be without it. The shameful panderings to the opinion of the men, common to troops in which the captains and lieutenants are elective officers, depending upon their votes, are unknown to him. He believes, and rightly, that a school of war of that kind will never educate soldiers. It was this uncompromising attitude which caused him to be called, in the early part of the war, a West Point martinet. And it was only the virtual adoption of his ideas that put an end to the blunders and disasters of that war.

Judged by their ultimate value to the country, I think that it may be said with truth that the most important things learned at West Point are the conviction of the necessity of strict discipline and the ability to drill. But the officer, to be efficient, must also be able to lead. His practical and theoretical instruction should extend beyond mere drill. And it is here that a criticism may be made on the course of instruction at West Point. There has been a tendency there, on the part of the permanent staff, to restrict the purely military training and education, relegating the more advanced military studies to the "schools of application for officers," and to employ the time thus gained in studies whose connection with the art of war is, to say the least, indirect. Were the course of instruction at West Point uniformly supplemented by a course at a school of application, this omission might be defensible. But this is not the case. While most of the graduates of the Military Academy join the infantry and cavalry, the school of application for those arms can educate but one officer from each regiment in every two years, and so only about one graduate in every ten ever reaches that institution. It was truly said by Napier that "young men on joining their regiments have all the temptations in the world to pleasure, none to study; and they some day find themselves compromised on service from want of knowledge, not of talent." During the war of the rebellion we saw some of our most respected generals thus compromised, bringing disaster on our arms by an apparent want of knowledge of the

most elementary precautions. Some of them were West-Pointers, and it would seem that this would not have so often occurred had they been as well grounded in the art of war as they were in—let us say in astronomy, or the conservation of energy.

IV.

It is a difficult question to decide how many officers we should need for the emergency of war, or how large a proportion should be furnished by the Military Academy. In this country, as in England, we are prodigal of officers. The returns of the present organized militia of the States show nearly one officer to every ten men. In the army, too, this ratio is kept up, but it must be remembered that in the army we have a war strength of line-officers, and particularly of staff-officers, and a peace or skeleton strength of men. However, excluding non-combatant officers, such as chaplains and surgeons, it is safe to say that we should need one officer to twenty-five men.

Considering the size of the available armed forces of other first-class nations, which run anywhere from 600,000 in the case of Great Britain to 5,000,000 in the case of Russia, the United States should not be without facilities for organizing and arming, say, 400,000 men in addition to the present regular and militia force, making in all a little over half a million men, besides officers. This gives us one man called into service out of every twenty-six of those available for military duty. To officer these 400,000 men, at the ratio of one in twenty-five, we need 16,000 officers.

The rebellion ended thirty-one years ago. Ten years ago our military strength was far greater than it is to-day, for we had plenty of men and officers who had received their training in the best of all schools—war. The man who was twenty-four in 1865, and forty-five in 1886, is fifty-six to-day, and has passed beyond the military age. Few of these men are available. Few of the veterans of the Revolution were available in the war of 1812, thirty years after. Few of the veterans of 1815 were available in 1846. In 1846 we depended for our officers not on the veterans of 1812, but upon Military Academy graduates. Judging from the success of that war, might we not well do the same again?

Of the 16,000 officers needed to organ-

ize, discipline, drill, and command the 400,000 volunteers we assume are to be raised for war, I think the interests of the country demand that at least half, or 8000, should be Military Academy graduates, the remaining half to be supplied from other sources.

The cry of favoritism to West Point graduates during the war of the rebellion arose not on account of their large numbers, but because of their scarcity, and on account of the natural desire to give high commands to educated soldiers.

Since at present, in lieu of having 8000, we have in the neighborhood of 1400 graduates only who are available for active service, or one-sixth of the number we should have, it follows that to produce this number of available graduates six times the present number of cadets should be under instruction.

This would necessitate that, say, 2200 cadets should be authorized by law. In proportion to our population this is a smaller number than was authorized in 1812, when we had 260 cadets and but 7,500,000 population.

The actual number of cadets under instruction is always less than that authorized, owing to failure and resignations, in the proportion of five to six.

We should therefore have under instruction, say, a total of 1800 cadets. It is believed that the cost of educating this increased number of cadets would be under \$1,500,000 a year, or less than one per cent. of our annual pension account.

It is, however, evident that we should be obliged to recur to President Madison's plan of having two or more military academies. For, besides the consideration that the facilities at West Point could not easily be enlarged to accommodate this number of cadets, policy would seem to urge that the local interest and pride of the West and of the South should be enlisted in favor of this scheme of enlargement. This would give us three military academies.

Congress has but to give the word, furnish the necessary number of new cadets, and assign for the purpose one of the costly military posts which are constantly being abandoned. Station there a company of engineers, a light battery, two troops of cavalry, and a company of army service men. Transfer from West Point to the new academy a number of upper-class men to act as drill-masters,

and to break in the youngsters and impart West Point ideas to them. Detail from the army sufficient young officers to act as instructors, and in four years the new academy should possess the thoroughness of drill and discipline, and even the *esprit de corps* of the present institution.

It is believed also that the problem of increasing the accommodations at West Point would not be too difficult of solution. The cadet barracks will lodge 384 cadets. To accommodate 600, a third of the total so proposed, a new wing, and possibly another story, might be a way out of the difficulty. The mess-hall has capabilities of enlargement, and the Academic Building would seem to be already sufficiently large.

As to the system of appointment of cadets, I would suggest that the principles of civil service reform be applied. At present cadetships are filled or not, at the pleasure of the member of Congress. Sometimes the cadetship is used by the member of Congress as a species of patronage, and is bestowed on the son of some influential citizen in return for favors received. Sometimes the Congressman escapes the responsibility of deciding between rival applicants by making the appointment the object of a public competitive examination. In the case of the ten cadetships dispensed by the President the struggle between rival claimants is intense, and there is much personal solicitation and use of influence. The difficulties in the way of making a proper selection will be greatly increased if the number of cadetships is multiplied by six. A system akin to that by which civil appointments are filled will remove these difficulties, prevent scandals and injustice, and be more in harmony with our present methods and democratic institutions. The fighting spirit is confined to no class. In spite of charges that West Point is an aristocratic institution, it is the only college in the country where the poor man is not to be distinguished from the rich. We want a system of appointment by which the best man of whatever class may win.

It would be well, however, if in the matter of age qualification special provision were made for enlisted men of the regular army applying for cadetships. It seems to me that sufficient justice would be done meritorious men during peacetime if such men were rewarded, not by

a commission, but by a cadetship. But as enlisted men do not enter the army (except in special cases) before the age of twenty-one, provision should be made in their favor that up to the age of twenty-four they are available for entrance. Such a provision was made at the close of the rebellion in the case of young men who had served in the war.

The question now arises, How shall we dispose of so many graduates? The average number of graduates during the ten years between 1887 and 1896 was fifty-seven. With six times as many cadets, it is likely that we should have six times as many graduates, or say about 340 graduates per year. For the last ten years the army has absorbed all the graduates from West Point, and in addition, as I have said before, about ten men per year have been given commissions from the ranks, besides a few civil appointees. This makes about seventy vacancies per year we can count upon. It has been charged at times that there were not vacancies enough for even the graduates of West Point. But this was only an appearance of things, due to the fact that some years ago the authorities drew on the vacancies to come, so to speak, by appointing so many persons from civil life that sufficient vacancies were not left for the next graduating class, since which time many men in each class have had to wait for vacancies. This has made it necessary each year to assign a number of each class as additional second lieutenants. As each company is entitled to one additional second lieutenant, and the Engineer Corps to five, 435 additional second lieutenants may be appointed under existing laws.

Were the ranks of the additional second lieutenants kept full, it is likely that many officers of this grade would resign rather than wait five or six years for promotion, especially if the inducement of a year's pay were offered them, as is now the case in the navy. It is probable, however, that such voluntary resignations would not in all cases be sufficient in number to clear the way for the next succeeding graduating class. Recourse would be necessary then to discharge, say, one-half or more of each class as soon as they had completed a term of service, say six months, with their regiments. This would leave 170 graduates to be absorbed. As I have said, the maintenance of a large list of additional second lieutenants

would largely increase the number of resignations, so that it is possible that half or nearly half of each graduating class might in time secure commissions as full second lieutenants. This would seem to be confirmed by experience. In the fifteen years between 1831 and 1845, with an average total of 726 commissioned officers in the army (including additional second lieutenants), we absorbed an average of forty-three graduates per year, or one graduate to every seventeen officers—a proportion that with the present maximum number of officers should enable us to absorb 152 graduates per year.

In this connection it has been suggested that a considerable increase in the number of officers in our army might be made, without increased cost to the government, by gradually replacing a number of the civil engineers employed in the engineer department of the army by second lieutenants of engineers.

By a system of granting long leaves without pay to young officers desirous of testing the conditions of civil life, the flow of promotion might be aided.

But however much we might deplore the necessity of discharging from active service large numbers of Military Academy graduates, young men with a vocation for a military career, it cannot be denied that this policy, which may seem in particular cases a hardship, will be of enormous advantage to the United States in time of war, since in civil life the graduate will be at hand in great emergencies to assist in organizing the volunteers.

It may be suggested, however, that before he leaves the military service for civil life the graduate should serve at least six months as an officer. Part of this service should be during the season of practical military manoeuvres, that is, immediately after graduation. This experience in field service should be supplemented by two or three months' service at the post, where the young graduate should be put through a thorough course in military administration, and required to familiarize himself with the details of the quartermaster and subsistence departments. As assistant to the company commander, and as adjutant of the post, as commissary and quartermaster, he should be required to draw up and thus obtain a knowledge of the principal reports and returns of those departments, as well as learn their practical workings.

V.

While upon the subject of the utilization of the military talent developed by our Military Academy, it may not be out of place to speak of a certain class of young men who obtain much valuable military training there, the value of which has been totally ignored and neglected by the government. I mean the young men who do not graduate. Of 6114 cadets admitted into the United States Military Academy, from its origin until 1882, 3173 graduated, while 2941 failed to graduate. Of this number it is safe to say that considerably more than two-thirds failed not because they were dismissed for misconduct, not because they did not make an honest effort to do their best, but because they fell victims to the pruning policy which obtains at the Military Academy of lopping off from time to time the cadets who form the bottom of the class—a policy which has contributed greatly to the present high standard of West Point. Most of these young men received a valuable military training during the six months or year in which they remained at the Academy; they learned its methods of drill and the value of its discipline; in common with other members of their class they acquired the art of rapid military instruction; they imbibed the military spirit, and many of them evinced a decided military talent. This knowledge and these talents are now mainly lost to the government, and made unavailable in case of war. They are, it seems to me, thrown away needlessly by the manner in which these men are discharged. The War Department recognizes the right of any other enlisted man to a written discharge, honorable or dishonorable, as the case may be, and he is always provided with one. As an enlisted man—for he is such—the cadet is in like manner, when discharged, entitled to a certificate setting forth his character and abilities. It has not been the custom to furnish this certificate; the discharged cadet goes away in disgrace; for any proficiency he has shown in any part of his course, for any military aptitude, he has nothing to show. And though he may have evinced real military talent, though he may have profited immensely by his military training, he is often prevented from making use of that knowledge and talent, let us say in the militia or volunteers, because he wishes to

avoid the difficult and awkward task of explaining where it was developed and obtained, and for what reasons he was discharged from the Academy. This, it seems to me, is wrong, and should be changed. It is not necessary to the efficiency of the Academy that disgrace should be added to the penalty of discharge. Cadets are often discharged simply on account of a low grade in some one particular study—a mediocrity often due to immaturity, and which it is not impossible might be eventually redeemed by acquirements in other directions. Just as some of the most distinguished leaders in our military service graduated at West Point near the foot of their respective classes, so many boys have been rejected at West Point, let us say, on account of a lack of facility in mastering mathematics, who became men of practical ability, and had equally the germs of military merit. Such men never fail, if they live, to make their mark, and it is to their influence that much latent hostility to the Academy is due. Much of this could be avoided. Every cadet who leaves the Military Academy honorably should be provided with a discharge, setting forth that fact, and, in addition, giving him credit for any proficiency or aptitude shown in any department.

VI.

While it has been an unwritten law that the services of every graduate of the Military Academy in good standing should at all times be at the command of the government, the principle would be more effective were such officers, when not in active service, organized into a Reserve.

Such a Reserve should include:

1. The graduates of the Military Academy in civil life.
2. Former officers of the regular army in civil life.
3. Non-commissioned officers of the regular army, of five years' service, who, having passed an examination for a commission, are discharged with grade of second lieutenant.
4. Officers of the National Guard, of five years' service, who have passed an examination for the commission of second lieutenant, United States army.

Let a system of promotion in the reserve be established, officers to remain in each grade, say, five years, and to be promoted only after passing a practical and

theoretical examination identical with that required for promotion to the corresponding grade in the army.

Let a Lyceum course be established for officers of this corps, and active participation be required, as a means of keeping awake their interest in military service, and of producing a healthy comradeship and mutual appreciation of good qualities. Such an organization, bound together by a common patriotism and military ardor, would be of great value to the country in time of emergency, and would partially indemnify our non-active officers for their temporary exclusion from their chosen career. It would cost the government practically nothing.

VII.

In making this plea for the enlargement of the educational facilities presented by the Military Academy, I would refer briefly to the benefits other than military derived from this system of instruction. The maintenance of the Military and Naval Academies may be called the part taken by the general government in the system of public education of the country, with this difference, that while the States keep up public schools, the United States keeps up public colleges. These colleges receive alike the sons of the rich and poor. Their courses of instruction are of as much value to the citizen as to the soldier, judging by the prominence and

achievements of their graduates in civil life. The graduates of the Military and Naval Academies have set a high standard of integrity, zeal, and efficiency; and in all walks of life have acquitted themselves with honor, and commanded their full share of respect from their fellow-men. In science, in letters, in law, they have taken as high a position as those of any other institution in the country.

VIII.

In conclusion it may be said that the system of education at the Military Academy has repaid its cost to the country a hundredfold. The thoroughness with which its course of studies and practical training is taught is unsurpassed in any school of its kind. It is an institution of which any American may be proud. In only one way has it disappointed the expectations of its founders. Designed to give military training to one person for every 30,000 of population, it now educates but one in every quarter of a million. No valid objection can be alleged against the proposed expansion of the system. Considerations of prudence, economy, patriotism, self-interest, alike demand it. In this country, where a large standing army is out of the question, it would almost seem that it is the only practicable adequate method by which we may, in the words of Washington, "in peace prepare for war."

THE LOVE OF AN IDEAL.

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR.

I.

MCD— is a little station of the "Western Maryland," some twenty-five or more miles out of Baltimore. The railway station itself is a neat, conventional little place like many another one sees, the name of it planted in red and green coleus in a very temperate little grass-plot, which is fenced in with a low white rail fencing.

Just back of the station is a wide country road, bordered for some distance on either side with Lombardy poplars. It is the proverbial country road—soggy in spring, dusty in summer, muddy in autumn, frozen and very rutty in winter.

A quarter of a mile from the station, branching from the main road down to the right, through a bit of close wood

into the open, through a field, past a little pond about which the mint, sheep-sorrel, and tuft-moss dispute the meadow with the grass, there runs a little, hard, well-trodden path. It remains always well beaten and even, and unchanged by the seasons, save at its either edge, where the pink primroses are replaced in June by the brier-roses, and where the golden-rod and asters die down at the close of autumn to let the wintergreen-berries be seen.

This path, followed for half a mile, runs abruptly into a driveway, and loses itself in a honeysuckle hedge as high as your head and over. This hedge, viewed from the road, seems to enclose possibilities more than anything else, for the thick-set trees beyond it shut out any view of the house whose outer lawn it

surrounds. Once beyond the hedge, the St. John-Carrol house comes into view brokenly between the broad trunks of old trees, and the slim stripling stems of saplings grown up here and there under the parental arms of the older trees.

The St. John-Carrol homestead might be called Colonial, though most of it was rebuilt by one Caleb Carrol after the time known as the strictly Colonial, after he had fought and bled in the attempt to free the colonies from England's rule and English restrictions, after the house itself had suffered partial destruction at the hands of the English.

James St. John-Carrol, the present owner, had inherited the estate from his father, Hugh Carrol, and Hugh had inherited it from William, and William from Caleb, and Caleb from Matthew, and so on, until the older part of the house had at last accumulated the boast of wellnigh two hundred years under the same name. There was now—and this was an unfailling source of grief to James St. John-Carrol—no son to whom it would descend. There were only three daughters. These three daughters, with their father, constituted the St. John-Carrol household of the time of which we write. There were six other names on the birth-page of the family Bible, with corresponding names on the death-page, and among these one James Buckingham St. John-Carrol. That was Mr. St. John-Carrol's pet theme—his dead son, by whose dead value the present worth of his three daughters was somewhat lessened.

The relations of the three St. John-Carrol sisters were very strange ones. When Jane, the eldest of the St. John-Carrol children, was a sobered woman of twenty-eight, Mary was a light-hearted shy girl of eighteen, and Letitia a slip of a thing just entering her ninth year. They were like childhood, girlhood, and womanhood—three phases of one subject. They resembled each other peculiarly too, as the childhood, girlhood, and womanhood of one person might resemble each other. It was like witnessing at one time three different stages of development of one character. They were all "St. John-Carrols"—which was to say that they all belonged to a very distinctive and not unpleasing type which had copied itself for many generations. This latter fact was attested by another fact, namely, that an old oil-portrait of a remote grand-

mother of James St. John-Carrol, which hung in the hallway of the St. John-Carrol homestead—the portrait of a young and beautiful woman, with large fine eyes, delicate slightly tilted nose, and firm sweet mouth—bore such a marked resemblance to the three St. John-Carrol girls that it might have been a composite portrait of the three of them, or an individual portrait of almost any one of them. One day, in alluding to this strong likeness, James St. John-Carrol said to his eldest daughter, as she stood below the portrait:

"Very like! very like! The type is a good one, or it would not have been copied and recopied as it has been; it would not have stood the test of generations. That is the strongest test any type can stand; but strong blood, blue blood, does not die out quickly, Jane. You notice, child, the best families of our country have each a distinct type, so that you would know them anywhere. It is a kind of coat of arms in the flesh. Quarter it? Of course. But the azure remains azure still, eh? You are not a St. John-Carrol at all, though, child, compared with what *he* would have been."

This was the usual mode of ending of most of St. John-Carrol's remarks to his daughters. He was never able to appreciate them to the full because just as he began to, the thought of his lost son weakened his praise of the living with turning it into a compliment of the dead.

Since Mrs. St. John-Carrol's death, which occurred during the first year of Letitia's babyhood, the three daughters had lived a somewhat secluded and unnoticed life. Every one had come to speak of them as "the St. John-Carrol girls," as though they were a composite humanity. People very rarely singled out one and spoke of her separately, unless perhaps occasionally of Mary.

Jane's hair was just growing prematurely white around the temples at twenty-eight, when, during the summer of '84, a young English fellow—Harkness by name—met Mary at an informal little tennis party, and fell in love with her.

That evening, after he had returned to his apartments in Baltimore, and as he sat smoking, he fancied he saw through the drowsy blueness of the smoke Mary's radiant face, framed about with loose wind-blown curls, underneath her white tennis tam. He went over the game rapidly

his mind; he caught again each changing curve of the girlish figure, as, now here, now there, on the court, she received all his balls with such ease. At last, quite carried away, he served her a difficult though imaginary ball, with his pipe for a racquet. When, still through the smoke, he saw her run forward lightly, almost unhurriedly, to the net, and return the ball with perfect ease, he shouted out, "Bravo!"

Then he fell to brushing the ashes from his clothes, swearing at himself roundly, as a man of that imaginative temperament is apt to do.

He wrote to his mother that night—a boyish heartfelt letter, such as she rarely inspired him to write. It was full, quite up to the signature, with Mary. He continued daily in the deliciously floating atmosphere of his day-dreams, until complications arose, when, two weeks later, he received a letter from his father, who had previously planned for his son an English and conventional marriage. This letter of Harkness's father was dictated by the strongest sentiments occasioned by the memory that one of Harkness's ancestors had linked his fate with that of a fascinating American actress. Harkness's father, who held the idea that most fascinating American women are actresses, wrote, with much dignity and subdued passion, that since Harkness had so far disgraced himself as to fall in love with an American girl, would it not be a wise plan for him to return to the protection and care of the paternal roof, away from further such dangers and temptations? Harkness's mother added a postscript to this, containing only one very long and very complicated sentence, about family honor, about prayers she had said over him when he was a baby—prayers that he might never marry beneath his own station.

Harkness wrote again—not to his father, but again to his mother. Shortly after this, Harkness's father wrote his son a second letter, in which he mentioned that if Harkness persisted in linking his fate with that of an American girl, he need count upon no money from his parents, either now or in future years.

There was no postscript to this letter.

Now the strangest part of it all was that Harkness had never asked Mary to marry him. He had thought of it from that first night when he had seen the

memory of her through the floating blue smoke of his pipe. He had dreamed of it every night since then; but he had not got so far yet as the actual thing. It seemed to him strange, then, and not a little unjust, that he should be disinherited on account of a love which he had kept secret from even its object, but which he had foolishly enough confided to two old people, who had forgotten the love of secrets as much as they had forgotten the secret of love.

Harkness had not a remarkably strong nature. What strength he had, however, rose to greet the occasion. He paced up and down his apartment a little tragically. He tore his father's letter in very small bits.

"The devil!" he said, very roundly. "What is money in the balance with her?"

He sat down and put his head in his hands, and remained so a long time. When he got up again his face was white around the edges. He had reached a determination, and with it the best climax of his life.

He went out from Baltimore that night to see her. The little meadow path was bordered now with wild roses. The breath of them, and of the cool wraithy mint which had settled over the meadow and pond, crept into his nostrils, and seemed to find its way somehow into his soul, until it seemed he could feel his soul rise up quivering within him. As a subtle odor quivers along the nostrils until the mind catches it up and knows that it is good, so this new quivering, indrawing of the soul reached his whole being with the consciousness of beauty, of goodness, and, above all, of pleasure. He had never felt that same pleasure before, and he stood still an instant to draw in one fuller, longer breath of it, and of the exquisite evening odor—the wraithy damp moonlight, and that subtle other something which he had not yet named.

A moment later and he was hurrying on again. He had never, in the short while he had known Mary, and the many times he had been to see her, walked the little path with the same quick, determined tread, nor with the same beating at his throat. There was decision and strength in the very way the little iron gate between the honeysuckle hedges stretched out muscularly its taut chain and ball, swung back of him and clanked in its sockets, as a strong man stretches his arm

out and brings it back firmly to try the muscle.

While Miss Jane sat in the veranda, surrounded with the heavily scented shadows of the climbing jessamine, Mary and Harkness strolled out beyond the mass of tree trunks and lawn shadows, beyond the honeysuckle hedge, into the uninterrupted full moonlight; and he told her—

He had a sketchy pastel way of talking. He did not ask her to marry him. How could he, with not a prospect in the world? But he did tell her he was going away to make some prospects—going away to Cuba.

"May I," he said, looking down at her possessively—"may I not have your photograph to take with me? Not that I need it. Have I not an image of you here, which can never fade—which will always remain unchanged?" He carried her hand, which he had taken, with a swift, big movement to his heart.

The moonlight struck full on her face as she looked up to answer him. He noticed, with that rare faculty for detail which often comes to us in the most intense and absorbing moments, that she wore a white rose in her hair, that its keen odor brushed its way above the surrounding odor of the honeysuckles. He drew the scent in slowly, and it seemed as though his whole soul rose up again, as it had done when he stood still in the meadow. There was a strange something in her eyes, which mingled with his consciousness of the white rose, and thrilled him strangely.

This consciousness of the moment died away, and another, larger one swept over him. He felt as though he were the hero of a play, as though he were acting out the play of his own life—and successfully, too. There had always been a subconscious dramatic taste in his nature. The sudden humanity of this situation struck him as particularly strong. The dramatic force of this singularly new feeling which had taken such a complete and mastering hold upon him appealed to his nature more than any other force had ever done. He felt all his strength yielding helplessly to it, as rocks and stones and tree trunks roll away like little things when the force of waters above them at last rushes through.

The spell of it swept over her equally. With a swift movement she swayed back

a little, as though to escape the overwhelming tide, but he stooped and folded her in his arms, and kissed her full and long on the lips. It was the first, the only kiss of her life, and she awakened to it with a sudden tremor. Have you ever seen a butterfly quite new from the chrysalis fluttering its crumpled wet wings out tremulously under a warm compelling sun?

It is probable that everything would not have remained in this begun yet unfinished state, had not Jane, with a little pang of loneliness in her heart, called to Mary from the jessamine shadows that the grass was damp.

They walked to the house without a word. They were both too engrossed with the wholly new, the wholly absorbing, feeling to notice that they were walking hand in hand. It came to them both suddenly on the first step of the veranda. With a quick movement Mary ran up the steps ahead of Harkness, and slipped into the house like a frightened fawn.

Alone in the dim light of the old-fashioned square hall—save for the akin and sympathetic old portrait—she snatched a swift glad glance at herself in the mirror of the hat-rack. She brushed her hair back lightly from her forehead. Her head was tilted back slightly; her eyes half closed, dreamily; there was a faint, exquisite smile about her lips. Her face was radiant, even beautiful. She hurried up stairs, with one hand on her heart, and in the dark of her room felt about in the top bureau drawer for the photograph.

When she went down again, Jane left them alone in the moonlight of the veranda. Harkness had confided very briefly to her while Mary was upstairs, and she had been swiftly sympathetic. She also paused now an instant, but slowly, before the mirror of the hat-rack. She looked at herself earnestly, and then smoothed back very softly the little crop of wavy white hairs at either temple. She went into the library, where her father sat in his great arm-chair. He was reading from an old Greek Testament. He looked up, readjusting his spectacles, as she entered.

"Is there anything you would like, father?" she said, with an almost unwonted tenderness.

"No," he answered, nervously jerking himself and readjusting himself in his chair. "No—no—nothing. I am just reading my usual chapter out of the Testament I gave James when he was ten years

old. I would have taught him Greek; he would have known it well by this time. He would have reached this chapter of Saint James. I keep account each day of where he would have been."

Then he fell to reading again, and took no further notice of her.

She felt strangely unwanted, both here and there. She stood isolate and irresolute in the middle of the room. A moment or two later she returned to the veranda, moving a chair in the hall first, and touching into line a badly hung picture.

"Mr. Harkness tells me he is going away to-morrow, Mary," she said, finding them standing silent in the moonlight.

"Yes," said Mary, with an embarrassed sense of ownership.

A few moments later they both shook hands cordially with Harkness. Jane's was the more cordial greeting of the two, although Mary's fingers were cold down to the tips.

II.

Harkness sent very fat letters at first. The somewhat dramatic facts of his being disinherited, of his starting out to build his own fortunes, lent a distinct halo to his love-affair. Above all, the little photograph, face inwards, in his breast pocket, furthered that tender *maladie de l'idéal* in which he took now so real a pleasure.

He worked as steadily as his rather undisciplined nature would allow, and five years of work slipped by almost before he knew they were gone.

He fell in with a successful man in Cuba. The life there had its charms, of course. There was, past dispute, a kind of pleasure in going about all day in knickerbockers, with a pipe in his pocket and a friend by his side—a friend to whom he could talk, too; for that friend had a photograph also.

Although occasionally the pittance he was able to lay aside bothered him, it was not hard to hope for better luck next year. It was that, most of all—coupled with the thought that it was for her that he toiled—which made the years slip by.

In the mean time the St. John-Carrolls had lost most of their money. Jane took some music pupils, and Mary took literature classes in a boarding and day school in Baltimore, and taught Letitia in the afternoons.

Mary never mentioned these facts to Harkness in any of the long letters she

wrote him. This impressed her occasionally as being very strange. It seemed to her to be almost a kind of deception, and yet— She rather gloried in the thought that she was suffering alone; that he did not know of her little trials; that she had never laid upon his heart any of the often heaviness of her own. Why should she? Those few bright summer days, those few perfect June nights, when they had been together, had been so happy, so full of peace. She connected the actual thought of him so closely with only sunny happiness that she dreaded lest the shadows of her own life drift across his—across the brightness of their past happiness. She kept the thought of him as something apart, something above the little daily trivialities with which her life had become so filled, something beyond and untouched by all the little bitter-nesses. When she thought of him she dropped all lesser and troublous thought, as one drops all petty annoyances when one kneels down in the stained light before the high altar.

Perhaps if he had written more intimately of his life it would have brought about a different correspondence on her part, and an entirely different state of affairs. But his letters were full of his impressions, not of his experiences, and drifted into a metaphysical tone, which hers followed easily and answered faithfully. It was among ideals, among the peace and happiness of those few summer days, that they both lived, and their correspondence was an ideal rather than a real one. Yet, after all, it was rather natural. When a girl receives letters full of idealities—full of long sentences about her being the goddess at whose shrine a man worships daily—"nay, hourly"—it is hardly natural for her to care to go into the detail of the daily drudgery of the goddess. Such things it would perhaps belittle a great love to deal with; for in the great facts of a strong passion how little a part do these things play! in the great realities of life how the little realities are blended and forgotten, as in a sudden burst of sunlight all the little half-lights are blended, and the shadows are forgotten, though they lay perhaps as deep—nay, deeper than ever!

There was something of still more importance which Mary never told Harkness, which was that a wealthy man, the son of a friend of her father's, had one

day come out from Baltimore, had followed the same little rose-bordered path, had stood by her in the moonlight, and asked her to give over the little daily toils and annoyances of her life to be his wife and the mistress of his luxurious home. She might have told Harkness of this. She might have told him of the swift flood of memory which had come to her as she stood there in the moonlight, the swift throb of pain and joy for that summer night when they two had stood there together. She might have told him how all temptation of ease and luxury, all temptation to be free from petty annoyances, faded suddenly before that memory, and left her with a smile and a "No" on her lips. Yes, she might have told Harkness all this, but she did not. That was a pleasure she would give him incidentally some day when they stood once more in the moonlight together.

The days wore on slowly and the years lingeringly, yet, after all, rapidly, until nine years were spent.

Harkness still kept the little photograph sacredly. He still adored at the old sweet shrine. Perhaps he had chances too to forget or to remember. There were several charming blondes among the English settling in Cuba, of whom even Harkness's father would have approved, who named Harkness in their list of eligible acquaintances. Harkness needed a home. These were, several of them, sweet, charming girls, nor had the spirit of the age visited them to rob them of domestic tastes.

But Harkness kept looking at the girl's face of his photograph, and remained true to his ideal and to his first love.

Harkness planned to return to the States in that tenth year with what he had. It was not fabulous, to be sure, but he wanted to return to Mary. The years had gone very swiftly. Yes. But, after all, he was in need of her.

A man without a home for a certain number of years grows tenderer for the lack and longing of it. After that time, if it is still withheld from him, the desire wears away, and he becomes more or less indifferent about it. Harkness felt that in six months more he might fall into this indifference.

He sat idly one day on the veranda of his boarding-house. He was planning to get back to the States on the anniversary of his departure, which was toward the end of June. He sat with his chair tilt-

ed back idly. He drew short, contented little breaths from his pipe, and puffed them out slowly. The afternoon light shimmered softly through the bluish smoke, and gave it a milky, opalescent quality. He smiled dreamily, remembering the first time he had ever dreamed of her that way; the first time her face had ever appeared to him hazily that way through the smoke. Then he recalled so vividly, too, how once before, when his mind was made up, his impatience carried him so quickly to her. He closed his eyes almost. Yes, he could see it all: the little narrow well-trodden path, the roses catching at him now and then as he passed, as though to stay him and ask him why he went so fast, why his heart beat so; and then—and then the honeysuckle hedge; and then— Would she wear a sheer white frock, as she did then? No; she would probably be in black for her father's recent death. Yet white, and in summer, is mourning. Yes, she would most probably wear white. He wondered if she would think to wear a white rose in her hair. A white rose had always been to him typical of her love. He felt a delicious fullness at his heart as he remembered the keen sweet odor of that white rose, as he held her that night a moment in his arms.

He opened his eyes again, and looked ahead of him intently. It struck him suddenly as being strange that in all these years he had never asked her to be his wife. To be sure, he had written her constantly of when he should return, and—that was all.

He felt a swift, momentary fear lest he had done wrong in not asking her, in not clinching it, in not making it quite sure. How did he know but that there were plenty of other men—

There was a half-frightened, half-fierce look in his eyes. He laid his pipe down absently on the chair beside him, and for the third time that day he took the little photograph from his breast pocket and looked at it. When he had put it away again he got up and knocked the ashes from his pipe and went into the house.

Three days later, when he shook hands with his friend, bidding him good-by, there was a hurriedness, almost an uneasiness, about his manner.

"Good-by, old fellow," the other man said. "I hope you will find her love still true to you. But don't put too much

faith in it. Girls are not to be counted on in these advanced days of metaphysical femininity. They study, you know, and go into all sorts of esoteric nonsense, and outgrow the loving of plain, old-fashioned fellows like ourselves. No. Girls are not to be counted upon." (The other man had been disappointed, and had burned his photograph long ago.) "Poor devil!" he said, as Harkness left him.

III.

It was a trying ordeal. Harkness's nerves were keyed up to a higher pitch than he had deemed possible. The train slowed up at the little station. Everything looked so familiar. The name in the coleus was still blooming in the limited little grass-plot.

He was a little disappointed that Mary did not meet him. The other man's parting sentence flashed darkly across his happiness. It was more like her, though, to wait and meet him at the hedge.

He hurried on between the Lombardy poplars, and struck off into the little path leading from the road down across the meadows. The damp odor of the pond, carrying the odor of mint and tuft-moss, stole in upon his senses, thrilling them. A brier-rose caught at him as he passed, and a bird spluttered out some familiar gossip little tones to him as he went by.

At last he reached the honeysuckle hedge, which was now fully in bloom. But she did not meet him there, nor in the parlor. Perhaps she had not received his letter; and yet, yes, she must have. He fumbled about in his pocket for his card. It was the last thing in the world he had supposed he would need.

When the maid had gone, he sat down nervously. There was a kind of thud at his heart. There seemed something horribly oppressive about the room. The bowed shutters dimmed the room, the sunlight only falling through three or four little chinks of the shutter on to the green rose-patterned carpet. As he stared at these patches of light, the walls of the room seemed coming out of the shadow to meet him, almost as though they would fall upon him.

To reassure himself, he fell to thinking of that night when he had left her; he fell to thinking of her in her white gown and the rose in her hair. He remembered how cold her hands were when she said good-by. His own were icy now.

He thought, too, of Miss Jane, a trim little figure in her black gown, and with the tenderness and sympathy in her eyes. He remembered her so gratefully. He looked up suddenly and saw her standing there—the same trim figure in what might almost have been the same black gown, and with the tenderness and sympathy still in her eyes. But why was it she, and not Mary, who met him?

He rose with a sick feeling at his throat, and went forward to meet the little black-gowned woman. She had changed very little. There was the old patient placidity, so different from the sunniness of Mary's face, and the same soft grayness of the wavy hair about the temples.

"Well, by Jove!" he said, holding out both his hands, in which she laid hers with a quick impulse. "You've not changed a bit."

"Have I not?" she said, with a little laugh. "I am afraid you have learned flattery." She looked up with a swift shyness which reminded him of Mary.

The other man's unpleasant sentence flashed again to his brain. He wondered what this little woman's message to him would be. Would she tell him that Mary was— Would she tell him that some one else— He loosened her hands suddenly.

"Upon my soul, you are quite the same."

They sat down, she opposite him, in a little low old-fashioned chair.

"We have looked forward so long to this."

"Have you?" he answered, awkwardly.

"Come, now!" she said. "You who know it so well."

He laughed a trifle nervously at the seriousness of her manner, yet feeling too in some way reassured.

"I was so grieved to hear—"

"Of father's death?" she broke in, hurriedly. "Yes, that, and, oh, so much else! So much has come to us since you left! Perhaps you would like to know—" Her eyes filled suddenly.

"Yes," he said.

Then he rose, put his hands in his pockets, and walked away from her a few steps. He gave a little laugh of embarrassment. Then his face sobered suddenly. He wheeled about on one of the spots of sunshine, and with his two hands clinched the back of a chair which stood near him. He leaned forward a little and looked about the dull room, then he looked at her. He spoke in low quick tones:

"Can't you hear my heart thumping like a churn-dasher? Yes, of course I want to hear it all, but—but not now—not now. I think I hear her coming down the stairs, don't I? I don't want to hear anything just now. I want just to see Mary. Why does she not come? Does she know I am here?"

He was looking intently and expectantly toward the door. When he turned back again to the little black-gowned figure she had risen, stiff, her face perfectly white. Her hands were clasped low before her, her head thrown back a little, her eyes closed, and her lips livid.

He sprang forward. With one hand he grasped her two clasped ones, until it seemed almost the bones crunched.

"My God!" he said, as she swayed back slightly from him, "what is the matter?"

There was the flash of a white gown in the hallway. A slight girlish figure came into the room. He turned quickly to her, and she put out her two hands into his. He noticed in the intensity of the moment that she wore a white rose in her hair.

She laughed a merry little laugh. "Here, I hardly thought you were going to know me. It has been so long!"

But he had taken her in his arms and kissed her passionately.

She shook herself away from him, with another little laugh. "I guess you have forgotten that I am grown now, and not little Letitia any longer. I was such a little girl when you left." She tossed her hair back lightly, and the rose fell from it.

Harkness turned again to the little black-gowned woman, with an anguished question in his eyes. But she was gone.

"Where has Mary gone?" Letitia said.

Harkness was beside himself with misery and emotion. "Good God, child!" he said, taking her hands tightly, "that is not she! You are she! Tell me you are she, just as I left her!"

As she was shaking her head slightly in wonderment, he folded her closely in his arms for one passionate moment. She submitted to his kisses with a dumb wonder, for there were tears with them.

When he finally put her from him to look again at her, her face was flushed, and her body was thrilled through and through with a keen joy. She had never before had the slightest idea of what love might be. It had come to her suddenly, overwhelmingly, with these first kisses that she had ever known.

IV.

It was not long before the little black-gowned, white-faced figure regained its usual placidity. Only now and then there would come a swift anguish into the large gray eyes when the radiance which shone from Letitia's face reminded her too forcibly of her own face as she had seen it in the mirror of the hat-rack that moonlight night.

One evening, several months later, while Letitia had taken Harkness to show him a curious dahlia beyond the honeysuckle hedge, Mary stepped from the veranda down into the near white moonlight and tree shadows of the lawn, and walked back and forth in them, with her hands clasped low before her, until, later, Miss Jane, coming out of the house, called to her from the jessamine shadows that the grass was damp. She went slowly back to the veranda, with a throb at her heart, and holding her right hand out a little from her, as though it held lightly the hand of some imaginary person who walked beside her.

Miss Jane did not speak, but put her arm about her when she reached the veranda, and they two stood in the jessamine shadows, looking out at the moonlight.

The next day, as Mary stood at the end of the veranda, in the afternoon shadow of the jessamine leaves, Harkness came up close behind her and stood looking down at her. He had a white rose in his hand, which he was twirling nervously.

A wave of feeling, beside which the long love of the past years was nothing, swept over her. That he should not see her eyes, she did not turn toward him, but looked out straight ahead of her into the dull copper of the sunset.

"Mary—" he began at last. Then he hesitated. The blood in her finger-tips throbbed heavily. She did not turn, but waited for him to continue. He did not, however. He tried, but the words would not arrange themselves. He twirled the little rose more nervously. At last he threw it down, with a gesture of impatience.

It struck the floor of the veranda with a little thud, tilted lightly an instant, and settled at her feet.

The blood seemed to die down from each pulse in her body to a sudden stillness.

She turned to him, with a calm light in her eyes. "Letitia has already told me," she said, gently.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

IT would hardly be decent to move the window of the Study back from Mexico to New York without mention of Cuernavaca, even at the risk of increasing the envy of that great majority whose ignorance of its beauties now keeps them quiet. There are a few places in the world that are not imitations of some other place, and are pre-eminently worth seeing—like the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River in Arizona, and Taormina in Sicily. Cuernavaca is one of them—mainly, however, on account of the setting which nature has given it. The little city in itself is in no way superior to a dozen others in Mexico in architectural quaintness and architectural originality or in romantic associations, but nature has given it a climate of exceptional evenness all the year, and of geniality, and set it as lord over a “prospect,” in its extent and its contrasts, in its loveliness and its majesty, which distinguishes it. There is, indeed, not much to be said for its architecture, except for the Palace of Cortes—injured by restoration in bad taste—and the beautiful church built in his time.

Somebody of authority, by-the-way, ought to explain why Mexico has so many church edifices that go to the heart of the lover of beauty, and why the United States has so few that are interesting. Aside from the great Gothic monuments in Spain, Mexico surpasses Spain in interesting ecclesiastical architecture. It has more variety, more quaint beauty, more originality in towers and in façades. The interiors are generally monotonous, and repetitions of each other. The Spaniards, in an age of faith, built churches, convents, monasteries, all over the country, in remote and unimportant Indian villages, and as far north as their patient ministers of religion wandered, even to the bay of San Francisco. In these edifices the Spanish ingenuity and enthusiasm prevailed, but they were largely executed by Indian builders and artists; and if there is Saracenic feeling shown, there are also, especially in ornamentation, traces of that aboriginal artistic spirit which, long before the Spanish conquest, executed both in stone and in pottery sin-

gularly attractive work. Even within a hundred years of our own time Indian genius has been distinguished. Those who think that this genius is only exhibited in bizarre forms, and in such small details of design and color as the potter can attain, should see at Querétaro the work of Tresguerres, architect, sculptor, and painter. Any modern architect, who is led away by straining after effect in a grotesque combination of distinct Greek styles with mediæval and early English, having no note of originality anywhere, could study with profit the simple elegance—as simple as the Old Louvre—of the Bishop's Palace in Querétaro, or the wood-carving in the church of the sequestered Convent of Santa Rosa. In my remembrance there is not, on such a great scale, any wood-carving in the world equal to it in freshness and largeness of execution and in beauty of design. It could not have been all done by the hand of Tresguerres, but it was all from his designs and under his superintendence. Of course, as to civic and ecclesiastic architecture, climate and lack of popular taste for the beautiful put limits upon our architectural work, but it is worth the while of the American architect to consider whether he cannot learn more from our sister republic below the Tropic of Cancer than he is likely to get from the well-studied structures of Europe. In many petty and poverty-stricken Indian villages are charming towers and curious façades which would be a most valuable education in the principles of taste to any American community.

Cuernavaca is distinguished as the actual meeting-place of the pine and the palm. It lies only a little more than fifty miles south of the city of Mexico; but in order to reach it there is a mountain to be crossed which is at an elevation of over ten thousand feet. A railway climbs up this mountain, over the summit, to a wind-swept plain, in the midst of pine forests, called Tres Marias—marked by the slightly peaks of the Three Marys. By long loops and zigzags it is crawling down the mountain on the other side to Cuernavaca. Mexico city has an elevation of seven thousand five hundred feet, Tres Marias of about

ten thousand, and Cuernavaca of five thousand. The descent by the wagon road is in length only twelve miles, but the drop in that distance is five thousand feet, so that the traveller passes very quickly from temperate to tropical conditions. The pines continue on the slopes and terraces to the city limits, and there the palms flourish—the royal, the coconut, and the date—with the bananas, the sapotas, the mangoes, and the whole orchard of mild-flavored tropical fruits.

I do not say that this wagon road from Tres Marias to Cuernavaca was last March the worst in the world, but no doubt it was the worst that was called passable. Originally well engineered, considering the descent, it is very broad, and well stoned and gravelled, on a bed of natural rock much of the way. But by neglect the boulders and stones had come to the surface, and it resembles a broad wild mountain torrent in which dust takes the place of water—dust which rose in suffocating clouds upon the least stir in the air, or from any passing foot or wheel. It was much thronged by Indian men and women, toting heavy basket burdens on their backs (held on by a strap across the forehead), by long trains of pack mules and donkeys, and by great carts and wagons loaded with merchandise, and with coffee, cotton, and sugar from the low country. Indeed, all over Mexico where railroads do not exist the traveller is impressed by the extent of inland commerce, of which the peon and the donkey are the patient bearers.

The means of conveyance for the tourist is an old-fashioned diligence, of the sort that scarcely exists outside of Spain and Mexico. It has a great deal of room inside, and still more room outside, is more ungainly than Noah's ark, and creaks and groans and tumbles about as if it might any moment go to pieces. This disreputable vehicle is drawn by ten mules which need the attention of the satirist and the humanitarian. All that has been written about the mule has not changed his character. He is still the most ill-used and the most recalcitrant of hybrids. Assembling the team into the traces in front of the diligence is always an experiment requiring judgment and caution. The rigging for him seems barbarous—leather straps, chains, and long poles—a "togglement" not easily understood, and as crude as the nature of the mule, who resents

every attempt to tackle him into his task. He is obstinate about falling into line; he humps his back and bucks; he pulls; he lets fly his heels without the least provocation. I noticed with pleasure one thing in more than one team in Mexico, and that was that the most vicious mule in the lot received the most consideration from the drivers, got the least kicks and the least hard language. I knew a little mouse-colored mule who was the devil incarnate, but who was never touched by the whip, and whose heels and temper commanded the entire respect of the drivers and stable-boys. Their attitude towards her showed either a great knowledge of the mule nature, or it showed that under some conditions it pays to be "ugly." I have known some politicians succeed by having this knowledge. When the team is hitched up, with all its rattling toggery, the mules are wide apart, and move in what would be called open order. It requires two drivers, one who holds the bunch of reins, and an assistant, who sits beside him on the box. The driver, who is less talkative and less affectionate in his conversation with the mules than a driver in Spain (who always addresses each mule tenderly by his first name), has at hand nearly as many different sorts of whips as a golf-player has sticks for his game. These whips are handed to him by his assistant when he needs a long or a short lash to give a reminding flick to any member of the team. The assistant has his own short whip, which he uses when he jumps down at difficult spots in the road to whack some inattentive mule. But his main business is to stone the team. He has piled up on his seat and on the dash-board a heap of small rocks, which is renewed from time to time, and these he flings with unerring aim at any mule which needs awakening. Thus encouraged, the team keeps in motion, but it is kicking and plunging more or less, and the legs are continually getting over the traces. When this happens, the vehicle stops, and the assistant has the delicate task of righting matters without having his brains knocked out. Down or up the Cuernavaca road this team, in open order, strays about, picking its way over the boulders and around the pits, while the ark, not having in its character any covenant of safety, rolls after it in the cloud of dust like a schooner in a heavy sea. And the passengers hang on,

wish that they were made of India-rubber, and try to admire the scenery.

From the heights Cuernavaca seems to lie in a plain, but it is really on a promontory between two barrancas, and the whole country beyond is broken, till the terraces fall off into more tropical places, where the view is bordered by purple mountains. Indeed, the little city in the midst of this tumultuous plain is surrounded by lofty mountains. The country around, and especially below to the south, is irrigated, and presents a dozen contrasts of color, in the evergreen foliage, the ripening yellow crops of sugarcane and grain, the clusters of big trees here and there about a village or a hacienda, and the frequent church towers. All this is loveliness, a mixture of temperate and tropical grace, but there is grandeur besides. Looking to the east, say from the Palace of Cortes, over the fields of purple and green and yellow and brown, where the graceful palms place themselves just as an artist would have them in the foreground of his picture, the view is certainly one of the finest in the world. There is on the left the long mountain range with the peaks of Tres Marias, and along the foot of it haciendas and towers, cones of extinct volcanoes, and noble rocky promontories. To form the middle distance mountains come into the picture, sloping together to lead the eye along from one "value" to another, violet, purple, dark, or shining as the sun strikes them, while on the left is a noble range of naked precipices of red rock, always startling in color. It is some two thousand feet up the side of one of these red cliffs that there are the remains of an ancient city of Cliff-dwellers—almost inaccessible now, but once the home of a race that understood architecture and knew how to carve. The lines of this natural picture, the fields, the intervening ledges, the lofty mountains, all converge to the spot the artist would choose for the eye to rest, and there, up in the heavens, are the snow-clad peaks of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, about seventeen thousand five hundred feet above the sea, volcanic creators of the region, and now undisputed lords of the landscape. In the evening these peaks are rosy in the sun; in the morning their white immobility is defined against the rosy sunshine.

I have been almost betrayed into a description. I will only add that this no-

ble prospect is offered to the tourist with an inspiring daily atmosphere and a climate whose only drawback is the dust of the rainless winter season, six months long. But for the explorer the whole region is most inviting. Here, within a few hours, are the unstudied and puzzling remains of more than one antique race, temples and mounds and the ruins of cities. Only recently a city of antiquity, which puzzles all guess so far, has been discovered, only four hours from Cuernavaca, which is said to equal in extent the city of New York. I suppose it is now what the Greater New York will be some day in our forgotten annals.

II.

In the spring M. Brunetière, the French critic, and the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, spoke about literature at Johns Hopkins University, Harvard, Columbia, and Yale. He spoke in his own tongue concerning the histories, the poetry, the fiction, and the criticism of his own country. Everywhere he was met by large audiences, many individuals of which were familiar with his critical work. Presumably also his hearers belong to that portion of our population, which is happily increasing, who take literature seriously. The message of the French critic—which had, however, no air of being a message, but merely the conference of a student with other sympathetic students—has a much greater chance of bearing fruit now than it would have had here twenty years ago, for the reason that the number of persons is increasing here who take a cosmopolitan view of our own literature, and recognize the existence of standards by which all literary work must be judged—that there is no literature without "style."

The value of the lectures of M. Brunetière was less in his discriminating analysis of French writers, delightful as that was to hear and useful to remember, than in his incidental disclosure of the method upon which his judgments were formed, the method upon which all final criticism must rest. In brief, this is referable to a belief that there is a standard of criticism, in a large measure independent of personal whim or personal liking or disliking, something that one can learn by careful study of the literatures of the past. This is often disputed, and it has been not much adhered to in the critical

writing in this country. Yet it is the application of this standard that gives to French literature—even to scientific writing—its tremendous power of expressing accurately thought and life. This cannot be dismissed as a mere matter of form, for in art form is of the essence of the thing dealt with. If I understand M. Brunetière, literature criticism rests upon a standard of universally conceded excellence and quality which has been gradually evolved by experience, and that the wider one's experience is of many literatures of many ages, the more clearly he can discern this standard. If it exists, it modifies what we call provincialism and puts individual preference on its guard. For individual preference, either about painting or sculpture or any work of literature, may very likely be due to ignorance. Limited knowledge often makes a brilliant piece of writing, but very rarely produces sound criticism. We know that in conversation about our acquaintances it is easier to be "smart" than to be just.

It is confessedly difficult to fix the lines of this standard, applied to poetry, history, or fiction. But it is not reasonable that the human race has not evolved some fixed basic principles as to literature, as it has in ethics—in the conduct of life. We have gradually come to have some fundamental notions in morals. From time to time we lay the emphasis differently, now on chastity, now on courage, now on public virtue; but we always pretty clearly draw the line between right and wrong. The world has come to have—and is steadily improving in this respect—an educated conscience. We can also admit that it is slowly getting an educated taste in art. It is coming to refer to established principles that have gained the sanction of time, and that do not depend upon any individual liking or disliking. When a person, speaking of a work of art, says, "I know what I like," or, "This suits me," we are obliged to inquire who he is, and whether he makes his judgment from his own narrow sympathies and his limited opportunities. He has a right to his opinion and the indulgence of his tastes perhaps, but if he has no perception of a universal standard above personality, he is not fit to sit in the critic's chair. A man may not care for this or for that piece of writing which he is compelled to recognize as literature. I can imagine a critic like M. Brunetière sitting in judg-

ment on a history or a novel and giving it a high place in literature, while he confessed that personally it did not interest or that it even repelled him.

It has been more than once said, in these pages and elsewhere, that what American literature (to use a provincial expression) needs just now is the application to it by enlightened critics of the principles of universal criticism; that is, that its excellences and defects are to be judged not by comparison with itself, but with world-wide literature. When we appeal to that standard, using such cosmopolitan spectacles as our French lecturer wears, we shall begin to understand where we are, and how much we have to do to make the term "American" literature something more than a geographical distinction.

III.

The ceremony of the dedication of the monument and tomb of Grant in April was the most notable event of the kind since the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, or perhaps since the "return" of Napoleon to his resting-place under the dome of the Invalides. It took on national proportions. As a popular display, and judged by the number of spectators, it was unexampled in New York, although nature took a whim and fought against it with bitter cold and a storm of wind and dust. It was the culmination of a long-continued popular effort, brought to a conclusion by unselfish good-citizenship and patriotic private generosity. It was the people's work, unaided by the Federal or the State government, and all those active in it receive the honor and praise they deserve. But it did not lack the highest recognition that the authorities could give it. The sea power and the land forces, Federal and of the States, joined in the magnificent parade. The President and the Vice-President, the cabinet, the foreign diplomatic representatives, the Senate and the House, the Supreme Court, the Governors of States, the Mayor of New York, and many civil and military and naval officers of distinction, gave impressiveness and dignity to the occasion. The ceremony of actual dedication left little to be desired, and justified the glowing words of the President, who rose to the full dignity of the hour, regarding this with justifiable pride as the achievement of seventy millions of people. The spectacle on Washington Heights

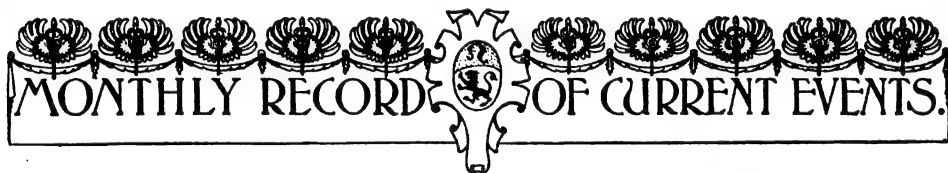
at 12 o'clock on the 27th of April, when the President arose to speak, looking down upon that noble "view" of civilization, and over a vast concourse of perhaps a million spectators, surrounded by the official majesty of the government, was something to kindle our patriotism.

This official sanction was eminently proper, and the occasion would have been flat without it. It was proper that the parade should be so largely military. A parade is nothing without discipline, order, and color. It was proper that the statesmen as well as the politicians who are active in public life should be present, and that business and commercial life should be solidly represented. But it was not a political demonstration. In his excellent oration, General Porter, the president of the Monument Association, said that the monument arose by the subscriptions of over ninety thousand persons, who contributed sums from one cent up to five thousand dollars. It was an attempt on the part of the people to express their love for a great national hero. It is a monument made by the people to a great soldier and a patriotic President. In the oration glowing reference was made to the work of art which is this monument. It was said also, and without a particle too much emphasis, that this soldier was the author of a book which courts comparison with the great autobiographies of the world, and, indeed, in the distinction of simplicity of style,

lucidity of narrative, and the beauty of sincerity, it has no rival in our literature save the work of Benjamin Franklin.

Now this was an affair of the citizens of the United States, but so far as I could see, or as I am informed, scarcely any recognition was extended in the invitations to participate in it except to the official or political, and moderately to the business class. The great universities, the learned societies, the learned professions, were unrecognized. Here was a work of art to be dedicated. I could not learn that distinguished architects or artists were invited. Here was the tomb of a maker of history and a maker of national glory. I could not learn that any one was invited because he was a historian, or a poet, or a man of letters. To be a great educator, or a publicist, or a man of genius, or a famous physician, or an economist, or a philosopher, or a scholar, or an eminent lawyer, did not gain a man an invitation. Aside from the field of politics and official life and military rank, the list was philistine. The intellectual side of the republic, unexpressed in official life or politics, was ignored.

Could this have happened in any other civilized country on a like occasion? Certainly not in Paris; probably not in Berlin, where even officialdom respects the universities; and maybe not in London, where men of letters and men of science have a recognition not given them in the early part of this century.



POLITICAL.

OUR Record closes May 12, 1897.—In consequence of the invasion of Macedonia by Greek irregulars, the Turkish Council of Ministers declared, on April 17, that a state of war existed, and ordered Edhem Pasha to take the offensive. The Greek fleet destroyed Turkish stores in the Gulf of Salonica, and the Greek army resisted stubbornly in the passes of the Thessalian frontier. Osman Pasha and Said Eddin Pasha were sent to command the Turkish armies. After a pitched battle at Mati, near Milouna Pass, the Greeks incontinently left Thyrnavo and Larissa, retiring to Pharsalos. The blame for the reverses was attributed to the generals, the ministry, and the royal family. Premier Delyannis was succeeded by Demetrius Ralli; and the royal family was threatened with a popular outbreak. After a pitched battle at Pharsalos, at

which the Greek leaders seem to have acted gallantly, though without generalship, the Turks drove the Greeks back to Domoko. The Greek government promised to withdraw her forces from Crete, and on May 9 sent a written request for mediation to the powers, which was granted.

The Anglo-American arbitration treaty, which had been so amended that it had lost its main features, was rejected in the Senate on May 5.

In a fire which broke out in a charity bazar in Paris on May 5 over a hundred people were burned to death, including many in the highest society.

OBITUARY.

May 4.—At Washington, Rear-Admiral Richard W. Meade, aged sixty years.

May 7.—At Zucco, Sicily, Henri d'Orléans, Duc d'Aumale, aged seventy-five years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

THE JUDGE'S BURGLAR.

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.

JUDGE CRABTREE, having that day succeeded in collecting a bill against a man which he had never expected to get, felt on particularly good terms with himself and the world in general, and, furthermore, was perfectly willing that the whole world should know it.

"I'm strongly inclined to think," he remarked, as he critically observed the gathering ash on his second cigar, "that my worst fault has from the first been that of underrating myself. I have always been a much abler man than I have given myself credit for being. 'I'll settle that matter next week,' he said to me. 'Come,' I answered, 'shell out, or I'll secure a writ of *enjoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary* and settle you.' And, as I expected, the roll of those words just completely flabbergasted him, and he shelled out then and there. If I hadn't been so modest I think I should have got on better."

"Yes," observed Major Dodge, "modesty is your besetting sin. There is not the least doubt in the world that if you could always deal exclusively with men like this one, who don't know the difference between a pug puppy and an ocean greyhound, that you would get along gloriously. Men of that stamp do occasionally knuckle under to men of yours."

"Did I ever tell you," went on the Judge, not deigning to notice the other's remark, "how I outwitted the burglar when I lived at Syracuse?"

The question was put to a vote, and it was decided that as far as they were aware, and they generally remembered the Judge's stories, he never had told how he outwitted the Syracuse burglar; so he went on:

"I suppose the burglars at Syracuse are among the brightest in the profession. I don't pretend to account for this; I simply state it as a fact. They are a clear-headed, energetic, intelligent body of men, quick to take up with new ideas and fertile in inventions, and withal they are liberal and broad-minded. For instance, a few years ago, instead of crying out against time-locks as cruel and unjust, in the way that many of the profession did elsewhere, the Syracuse burglars welcomed the time-lock as an inevitable step in the scientific progress of the age, and set about devising a way to circumvent it. The result was that in a few months even a stem-winding, split-second time-lock had no terrors for them, which, to my mind, is conclusive evidence that they put real genius into their work. But, as you will observe from my sim-

ple narrative, one of the most able of them fell before me.

"I had been down at Cortland on a case which kept me late. On the way up the train collided with a cow and delayed me further, so that I did not arrive in Syracuse till past one o'clock, and it must have been almost or quite two before I turned into the street where I lived. It was a fashionable part of the town, where the houses were generally large and stood some distance back from the roadway, with well-kept lawns covered with shrubbery, trees, fountains, and cast-iron animals from the leading foundries. I was proceeding up the gravel walk when I noticed something in the moonlight at my dining-room window. I stepped into the shadow of a cherry-tree (emblem of George Washington), and saw that it was a man with a short ladder. I instantly knew that it must be either a burglar or a book-agent. The chances seemed to be in favor of the burglar, and it was very clear that he was about to go through my house. My first thought was to call for the police; then I remembered that there were never any of these worthy beings in that part of town at such a late hour. I was on the point of setting up an outcry anyhow, and if I had done so I should have made the startled atmosphere vibrate; but it then further occurred to me that it was customary in our neighborhood, when we heard a citizen yelling 'Burglars!' or making any similar heated nocturnal remarks, for everybody to turn over, and cover up his head with the bed-clothing, and relapse into further soothing slumber; so I refrained from any vocal effort whatever. That my shouts would probably frighten the burglar away seemed possible, but that would not be capturing him—something I had felt a strong desire to do from the first. The idea of running and fetching the police also came into my mind, but I feared the man would finish his work and be off before I could get back. Another notion which popped into my head was to rush up and seize him by the legs as he went up the ladder, and then to handle him in a boisterous and unfeeling manner; but for some reason—I've forgotten what it was now—I decided against this plan also. As a historical fact, I may mention that he was a large man, weighing not less than two hundred and twenty-eight pounds, and had a heavy iron jimmy in one hand.

"But when I looked again I saw that the fellow was actually starting up the ladder, and the thought of my family silver-ware and jew-

elry, not to mention the manuscript of my work, 'Crabtree on Contracts,' nerved me to effort. A plan of action instantly flashed into my mind. It often happens that way with me in times of great emergency. I butted my head against the cherry-tree, smashing my silk hat, threw off my overcoat, rolled up my trousers, cast away my collar and cravat, and rushed up just as the man was half-way in the window, and said, in a gruff voice,

"Wot yer doin', old boss?"

"He instantly came down the ladder, feeling for his weapons in a superfluous, disagreeable way that made me wish for the moment that my plan of action had not flashed so instantly across my mind.

"Goin' to work old Crabtree, be yer?" I continued. "Now see year, lemmy in wid yer on this; I was on the ground 'bout as soon as you was."

"That's just the way I talked to him, and it had the desired effect; he put up his pistol, grasped my hand, and we struck a bargain to rob the house together and divide the swag equally. We couldn't have come to an agreement with more neatness and despatch if we had been practical politicians at the opening of a campaign. It's just as I told you about those Syracuse burglars—they're a very superior class.

"We accordingly both went up the ladder, and were soon hard at work on the lower floor. I explained my familiarity with the surroundings by saying that I had done a little job there two years before. It made my blood boil to see him doubt the genuineness of some of my best solid silver-ware; and when the scoundrel dragged out a bottle of acid and actually showed me that it was plated, I was disgusted with him; but we got together a good deal of plunder, notwithstanding. 'Just you lay low now while I go up stairs and git the old man's leather and ticker,' I said to him. 'You'll wake up the old duffer, won't you?' he said, anxiously. 'Not much,' I answered. 'You don't know what a sleeper he is. He defended me once, and was asleep in court from start to finish, which is why I got two years.' I went up, and in a few minutes came back with my watch and pocket-book, and told him that I was snoring like a fog-horn. He recognized my ability as a burglar, and grasping my hand warmly, proposed that we always work together in the future.

"We had now made a pretty clean sweep of the house, and he suggested that it was time for us to bundle up our booty in the table-cloth and be going, as some of the police were early risers and we might get pinched. This seemed a prudent view of the situation, and I consented. But if you think I had any intention of letting that fellow get away, you are not acquainted with my character. He stood no more show than did the man I collected the bill from to-day. There was a small closet at one end of the dining-room which had escaped his attention. We had got the

bundle half tied up, and he was vigorously growling about the quality of the silver-ware, when I pointed out the closet and suggested its swag-containing possibilities. He instantly went over and stepped inside. I as promptly closed and locked the door. Then I went into the library, got a sheet of paper, and wrote this on it for the benefit of the servant-girl in the morning:

NOTICE.—Enclosed find one (1) burglar. Don't disturb.
CRABTREE.

"I then closed the window, turned out the gas, brought in my overcoat from the lawn, and went up stairs to bed. I was tired, and in five minutes was sleeping soundly.

"Having been up so late the night before, I, of course, did not awaken very early in the morning, and the entire family was stirring some time before I was. When Mrs. Crabtree got down she found the breakfast served, but the closet was undisturbed, our dining-room girl being a young person of extreme good sense. On the girl's calling her attention to it, Mrs. Crabtree read the note on the door, simply remarking, 'Very well, do not disturb it.' Mrs. Crabtree, gentlemen, is a lady who seldom gets excited. The children, of course, with the natural curiosity of youth, asked some questions, but their mother merely said to them: 'Your father has got a burglar locked up in there. It doesn't interest us.' As I remarked, Mrs. Crabtree is a woman of rare self-possession and extraordinary common-sense. She said afterwards that it was amusing to hear our little girl, aged four, shout through the key-hole: 'Hello, Mr. Burglar!' and, 'Did papa lock you up because you were naughty?'

"About nine o'clock I arose and went down to breakfast. When the burglar heard my voice in the dining-room he made some uncomplimentary observations from the other side of the door, but I paid no attention to him. I related the occurrences of the night before to Mrs. Crabtree, and after breakfast went into the library and spent a half-hour over the morning paper, reading with especial interest Alderman Moggerty's speech before the Council the night before in favor of cutting down the police force in the interests of economy. Then I went to my office. Here the first thing I did was to send a note to the chief of police, short, and to the point, about as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—I have one large, thick-set burglar stored in my china-closet. Please remove the same at the expense of the city immediately.

Yours truly,
J. A. CRABTREE.

"When I went home at noon he was gone. What do you think about the latest phase of the Cuban question, Colonel?"

"Hold on, Judge," broke out Major Dodge; "finish your story before you tackle the little matter of international difficulties. Don't amputate the climax."

"Haven't I finished it? Didn't I say that when I got home the man was gone? Do you think I followed up his subsequent career? Got an idea that I sent him flowers in jail and put him on my calling list? Harboring the notion that I ran down to Auburn prison every visitors' day, and had a fatherly cry on that scoundrel's neck for old association's sake?"

"You miss the point, Judge," persisted Major Dodge. "Dick Bailey, of Utica, told me the whole story, and if you don't—"

"I question the good taste of this, Major," interrupted the Judge, with feeling. "Only

a life-long friendship saves you. I said that when I got home the man was gone. He was—very much so. But the fact is the miserable wretch broke out after my departure, intimidated the women and children, locked them all in another closet, and then calmly looted the house, not missing my wife's jewel-case, put his plunder in my best alligator-skin bag, and walked out the front door, borrowing a light for one of my cigars from the coming chief of police at the corner, and made his escape. I got an anonymous note from him the next day saying that if he ever went into the junk business he would call for the silverware. And that evening Moggerty got his pet scheme through, reducing the police force one-half."



Ethel Tisdale Brown.

THE DRAWBACK.

ANGELINA. "Yes, I have faith that one day I shall become a great symbolic painter, and one cannot have works without faith."

KATE. "But one cannot have faith without works, especially the faith of other people."

HER BLESSED CONSOLATION.

IN one of Kentucky's pleasantest blue-grass towns once lived a young preacher of the gospel. He was of the mild and harmless sort, yet sensitive withal, and not unware of the fact that he was not the greatest pulpit orator of his time. Yet there would come moments to his gentle spirit when he was sure that he was not accepted by his congregation at even the very modest estimate which he placed on himself, and the thought made him unhappy. As indeed it would have made a much stronger man unhappy.

His wife, however, was never among those who faltered in high esteem for her unassuming little husband. He was to her the dearest object in the world, and she was proud of him because she loved him, and she loved him because—because she loved him, which was reason infinite for her.

And he loved her no less than she loved him.

One evening he sat dejected before the fire in his little study, while she was busy lighting the lamp and making his den cozy for him.

"I don't care," he ponted like a child; "I do the very best I know how, and am faithful in season and out of season, and if they do not appreciate me, I'm sure it is not my fault."

She looked at him softly, and slipping over to him gently, she dropped her arms about his neck and laid his little head over on her shoulder.

"Well," she crooned, with motherly tenderness and the sincerest confidence, "oo's tweet, even if oo tau't preach"; and there was that in her touch and her voice which brought to his troubled spirit the peace which passeth understanding.

W. J. LAMPTON.

A TRUE STORY.

THREE men sat together recently at a well-known café discussing a fourth known to them all. The name of the fourth man happened to be "Chamberlin," and he was distinctly not a popular person.

"He's too cold for me," said one. "I frankly confess I don't like him."

"He's too confoundedly superior for me," said the second. "I always feel like a worm in his presence—so I avoid him. I don't like to feel like a worm. And the worst part of it is Chamberlin doesn't give the worm a chance to turn."

"Well," said the third, "he snubs me right and left—but I love him. I simply love him. Don't like to love him, because I know it's unusual, but I can't help myself."

"But why?" cried the first. "It isn't good form to make yourself conspicuous this way."

"Well," observed the third, hesitatingly, "I once had occasion to write to Chamberlin, and in a moment of inadvertence I crossed the l in his name, and it looked so confoundedly like Chamberlin that I conceived an inordinate liking for him."

THEATRICAL REMINISCENCE.

THE old property-man seated himself on a moss-covered "practical" stump while waiting for the play to begin, and in response to my question, said:

"Mistakes will occur, and things will get mixed up in the theatrical business as well as in any other. I remember one season when I was with *The Country Farm*. Everything real, you know—real cows, horses, chickens, and all that sort of stuff. One act was in the city, and there were real fire-engines, cable-cars, ferry-boats, policemen, and such like. Good play, and took in money by the barrelful, but hard work for me. Had to buy fresh vegetables for the cows to eat in full view of the audience, and look after a whole raft of such things.

"One night out at Zanesville, Ohio, just as the curtain went up, the bay mule, who appeared in the first tableau, kicked the brass cannon used in the Fourth-of-July scene. He was a powerful kicker, having been practising on me for about three months, and the heat generated by the striking of his shoe against the cannon set off the charge, and it blazed away right among the real cows and other animals. The whole caboodle of 'em stampeded straight onto the stage. The real chickens also flew on, and the fire-engine horses likewise naturally charged in, the racket being right in their line. The stage hands and most of the actors rushed on to try to straighten out the tangle. About this time a water-pipe burst, and something set off the thunder-machine, and it began to thunder worse than I had ever heard it before in a long and eventful life. This jarred the snow department, and the paper flakes began to flutter down pretty lively, while a box of red fire in the wings caught from the smoldering cannon wadding, and cast a lurid and fitful glare o'er the general cataclysm, as I may call it. The real Durham bull tossed the heavy villain on his horns, and the real old South-down ram butted the comic man across the foot-lights and back into the neighborhood of the fifth row, landing him in the lap of his honor the Mayor. It was a scene long to be remembered, with the chickens flying up into the proscenium boxes and cackling like mad, and the orchestra trying to play the whole thing down with a red-hot selection from Wagner. But we got it all straightened out at last."

"But what about the audience?" inquired an innocent listener. "Wasn't there a panic?"

"Not a bit of it. That's the funny part of the whole thing. They were a very intelligent audience, right up to date on the realistic drama, and they thought it was the first act. Never heard such applause in my life. The manager wanted to repeat the thing every night in place of the opening scene; but the author wouldn't listen to it. He said it wasn't Art."



THE WORST OF IT.

GIRL WITHOUT SEWING. "It must be dreadful to be poor."

FIRST GIRL WITH SEWING. "Yes; just think, to be cold and hungry."

SECOND GIRL WITH SEWING. "And not to have enough clothes to wear."

GIRL WITHOUT SEWING. "And it must be dreadful to have the cold make you so warped that these things would fit you."

A BRUSH WITH GREATNESS.

JACK BAILEY is a good deal of a dandy; he just misses being one by the saving grace of good taste. In Jack's estimation cleanliness is the primary virtue, and neatness the next; the state of being unshaven is, according to his code, worse than that of illiteracy, and can plead no mitigating circumstances.

"Letters," he says, "are taught us by men; cleanliness by God."

Holding such views, the barber shop was of course his first objective point on awaking the morning after his arrival in Busby, a town in the blackest part of the "Black Belt" of Mississippi.

"Tonsorial parlors," it seems, are frequent enough in Busby, but not of the kind according with Jack's taste; the class of patrons hanging about the doors of these places was hardly of such a kind as to tempt him to enter. However, at last he chanced upon a shop seemingly of a higher grade than the others, and entering, he seated himself in the operating-chair.

"Now, John," he said to the barber, "I want to get shaved, but I don't much like the idea of your using the general cup and brush on me. Don't you think you might use one of those private cups I see up there on the shelf? No one would ever find it out, you know."

"Well, I don't know 'bout dat, boss," said

the artist, doubtfully. "De geunman wouldn't like it if he found it out, yo' see. But wait; I'll tell yo', boss, if yo' won't say anything 'bout it, I'll just shave yo' with the Mayor's cup an' brush, an' den yo'll be all right. But yo' won't say anything 'bout it, will yo', boss?"

Jack gave the required promise with alacrity, congratulating himself on his luck, and the shaving duly proceeded. So appreciative was he of the barber's attention that on leaving he presented him with a quarter, and retired amid bows and protestations of gratitude.

The next morning, Jack's business being at an end, he proceeded to the railway station to take the train north. The porter at the station was a particularly fine specimen of the genus "nigger," in all his unadulterated Africanism. Jack said it made him recall vividly the good old times "befo' de wa'," when niggers were niggers.

The porter carried Jack's satchel out to the platform, for which he was generously rewarded.

"Now, Joe," he said, "be good to yourself while I'm gone, and be sure and keep the boys in order."

"Oh, yes, I will, boss," replied the fellow, showing his white teeth from ear to ear. "I will, boss, nebber fear; I's Mayor ob dis town, I is."

WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK.

THE BATTLE OF NEW BLOOMFIELD.

"THE Battle of New Bloomfield, Missouri," said the veteran, reading the list of engagements fastened to the old battle-flag of the Fourth Infantry. "I was there, and while it wasn't a big battle, it was quite a peculiar one.

"In May, 1863, there were three companies of the Fourth in New Bloomfield, under Major William Skiddings. It was a town full of Confederate sympathizers, and the rumor having arisen that they were going to arm, we were sent there to watch them. We learned from some niggers that two hundred sabres formerly belonging to the Miltimore Military Academy had been saved when the Federals burned it down, and that the New-Bloomfielders had them and were organizing a cavalry squadron of two hundred, called 'the Beauregard Hussars.' That didn't worry us. They had no horses, for one thing. There were forty or fifty mules and a dozen or so broken-down old horses in the town. Everything else in the way of horseflesh had been carried off by the troops. For fire-arms, they had some old fowling-pieces which we hadn't bothered to take when we searched their houses. They had a few old rifles and revolvers hid around, of course, but not enough to do any hurt, and so long as they didn't have horses they were not going to be troublesome. There was trouble enough, anyhow.

"On the twenty-first of May, Du Moulin and Vavasour's Anglo-French Circus Company came to New Bloomfield for a week's stand. Du Moulin and Vavasour were veterans of the Crimean war, members of the Royal Limerick Fusileers, and French only in name, which was assumed. They got us to go to the show, and we took turn about, two companies going each day and the others staying at the camp. It was a fine show, mostly trained animals—trained dogs, hogs, donkeys, birds—Professor Alphonse Lamoreau's one hundred and fifty horses being the star attraction. There were also a brass band of fourteen and a few jugglers. Being sergeant-major, I managed to go every day. On Saturday afternoon, the last performance, a number of prizes were to be given away. The biggest horse of Professor Lamoreau's one hundred and fifty was to draw slips from a barrel, and if the slips had numbers on them corresponding to the numbers you had been given when you bought your tickets, you received a prize.

"The drawing was the last thing on the programme. The band left. The performers got out and began to pack up. The sides of the big tent were being taken down. Professor Lamoreau cracked his whip, the horse stuck his head in the barrel, and just then a bunch of fellows sitting together in one place sprang up as one man, ran into the arena, jumped on the one hundred and fifty performing-horses, and galloped off like mad. It was the Beauregard Hussars. All the soldiers tore

back to camp. The long roll sounded, and the men came running out to fall in line.

"Where's my cartridge-box?' asked Corporal Hewson. 'Did any of you fellows take it?'

"Where's mine?' 'Where's mine?' yelled a lot more men.

"Just then I saw one of the young niggers that had cleaned around the camp and taken care of our tents since we had been there hurrying off in a somewhat suspicious manner, and I caught him and found two cartridge-boxes under his coat. Then I saw that he wasn't a nigger, but a white boy blacked up, and I made him confess that the niggers had been bribed to let the white boys take their place in order to steal our cartridge-boxes.

"Get some cartridges at the ammunition shed,' said the Major; but there the ammunition shed was, all ablaze, and nobody dared go near it, and pretty soon it blew up. When what cartridges there were in the boxes that hadn't been stolen were divided, we had five rounds apiece. The Major ordered us to prepare intrenchments at once. We would have to face the Beauregards with bayonets, for our ammunition wouldn't go far, and being raw and untried troops, we would be pretty likely to be thoroughly demoralized by a cavalry charge. While we were shovelling away, the Anglo-French Circus Company came up. They wished to get their property back, and were considerably worried when they found how poorly off we were in regard to ammunition, but still they were anxious to help.

"If I can hold the boys together, we can stand 'em off with a bayonet charge,' said the Major. 'They haven't got much of anything except sabres, and we haven't got much of anything except bayonets. We'll fire twice, and hold the other three charges for close quarters. If I can hold the boys, we're safe. Napoleon used to have his bands play on the battle-field, and I think it would hearten us up a lot if you would have your band play. It surely would help.'

"Whoop!" shouted Professor Alphonse Lamoreau, leaping up and cracking his heels together. 'The band shall play and excite your men. It shall do more. It shall cause the charge to fail. Have every confidence in me. I—I and the band will win the day.'

"He was interrupted by a distant bugle call, and the Beauregard Hussars swept out of the woods opposite us, rushing upon us in a solid mass, the lightning flashes of their sabres followed by the thunder of falling hoofs.

"Bang! bang! twice rang out the almost simultaneous explosion of our muskets, and the line wavered a moment and then swept on. Two hundred were charging one hundred and fifty. Were we to lie there in the trench to be overwhelmed by the trampling of horses? Nearer came the storm of furious horses and shouting men and glistening steel. Everywhere our men were rising, and the voices

of the file-closers were shouting to them to lie down again. The whirlwind was almost upon us, and, despite orders, shots were fired all up and down the line. The Major shouted the command to form a square. Some heard him and some did not, and there were men lying in the trench and men hurrying to the rallying-point, and all was confusion and impending ruin, when suddenly the band bursts forth with the 'Blue Danube Waltz,' and the advancing line of death stopped as by the command of a magician. Fifty mules, uncontrollable with the frenzy of the charge, broke from the rear of the horses, darted around the flanks, and came at us, their riders wildly tugging at the bits, only to stop them in time to make it possible for us to capture them. The one hundred and fifty horses rose on their hind legs and slowly began to waltz away from our line.

"The 'Marseillaise,'" yelled Professor Alphonse Lamoreau.

"The band changed its strain. The horses whirled around and began slowly backing toward us. The hussars beat them about the

head with their sabres, but all to no purpose. Steadily, though slowly, they were approaching our ranks, and capture was certain. It was impossible for the few hussars who had fire-arms to turn in the saddle and accomplish anything by firing at us. There was only one thing to do, and they did it. They threw themselves to the ground and took to their heels. Crash! came a burst from the band, and instantly every horse stood fast.

"Mount and after them!" roared Professor Alphonse Lamoreau. 'Pursue the villains! Mount! mount!'

"Out darted the battalion and leaped into the saddle, the band struck up 'Camptown Races,' and away we galloped full tilt after the fleeing and scattered hussars, and running them down singly, captured almost every one."

W. A. CURTIS.

A LITERARY PLAN.

I HAVE one plot in all my tales
To which I'm always equal:
Ne'er finish with a scene that fails
To leave room for a sequel.



FREQUENT ENOUGH.

RICH AUNT. "You only visit me when you want money."
SCAPEGRACE. "Well, I couldn't come more frequently, could I?"



LABOR'S REWARD.

HAIRY seems to Corydon his lot
When summer streets are torrid,
To sit all day in office hot,
And toll, and mop his forehead.

But, oh! when home again from town,
How swift the strain's abating.
When Daphne in her dinner gown
Stands at the door-step waiting!



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A SERGEANT OF THE ORPHAN TROOP.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

WHILE it is undisputed that Captain Dodd's troop of the Third Cavalry is not an orphan, and is, moreover, quite as far from it as any troop of cavalry in the world, all this occurred many years ago, when it was, at any rate, so called. There was nothing so very unfortunate about it, from what I can gather, since it seems to have fought well on its own hook, quite up to all expectations, if not beyond. No officer at that time seemed to care to connect his name with such a rioting, nose-breaking band of desperado cavalymen, unless it was temporarily, and that was always in the field, and never in garrison. However, in this case it did not have even an officer in the field. But let me go on to my sergeant.

This one was a Southern gentleman, or rather a boy, when he refugeeed out of Fredericksburg with his family, before the Federal advance, in a wagon belonging to a Mississippi rifle regiment; but nevertheless, some years later he got to be a gentleman, and passed through the Virginia Military Institute with honor. The desire to be a soldier consumed him, but the vicissitudes of the times compelled him, if he wanted to be a soldier, to be a private one, which he became by duly enlisting in the Third Cavalry. He struck the Orphan Troop.

Physically, Nature had slobbered all over Carter Johnson; she had lavished on him her very last charm. His skin was pink, albeit the years of Arizona sun had heightened it to a dangerous red; his mustache was yellow and ideally military; while his pure Virginia accent, fired in terse and jerky form at friend and enemy alike, relieved his natural force of character by a shade of humor. He was thumped and bucked and pounded into what was in the seventies considered a proper frontier soldier, for in those days

the nursery idea had not been lugged into the army. If a sergeant bade a soldier "go" or "do," he instantly "went" or "did"—otherwise the sergeant belted him over the head with his six-shooter, and had him taken off in a cart. On pay-days, too, when men who did not care to get drunk went to bed in barracks, they slept under their bunks and not in them, which was conducive to longevity and a good night's rest. When buffalo were scarce they ate the army rations in those wild days; they had a fight often enough to earn thirteen dollars, and at times a good deal more. This was the way with all men at that time, but it was rough on recruits.

So my friend Carter Johnson wore through some years, rose to be a corporal, finally a sergeant, and did many daring deeds. An atavism from "the old border riders" of Scotland shone through the boy, and he took on quickly. He could act the others off the stage and sing them out of the theatre in his chosen profession.

There was fighting all day long around Fort Robinson, Nebraska—a bushwhacking with Dull-Knife's band of the Northern Cheyennes, the Spartans of the plains. It was January; the snow lay deep on the ground, and the cold was knifelike as it thrust at the fingers and toes of the Orphan Troop. Sergeant Johnson with a squad of twenty men, after having been in the saddle all night, was in at the post drawing rations for the troop. As they were packing them up for transport, a detachment of F Troop came galloping by, led by the sergeant's friend, Corporal Thornton. They pulled up.

"Come on, Carter—go with us. I have just heard that some troops have got a bunch of Injuns corralled out in the hills.

They can't get 'em down. Let's go help 'em. It's a chance for the fight of your life. Come on."

Carter hesitated for a moment. He had drawn the rations for his troop, which was in sore need of them. It might mean a court martial and the loss of his chevrons—but a fight! Carter struck his spurred heels, saying, "Come on, boys; get your horses; we will go."

The line of cavalry was half lost in the flying snow as it cantered away over the white flats. The dry powder crunched under the thudding hoofs, the carbines banged about, the overcoat capes blew and twisted in the rushing air, the horses grunted and threw up their heads as the spurs went into their bellies, while the men's faces were serious with the interest in store. Mile after mile rushed the little column, until it came to some bluffs, where it drew rein and stood gazing across the valley to the other hills.

Down in the bottoms they espied an officer and two men sitting quietly on their horses, and on riding up found a lieutenant gazing at the opposite bluffs through a glass. Far away behind the bluffs a sharp ear could detect the reports of guns.

"We have been fighting the Indians all day here," said the officer, putting down his glass and turning to the two "non-coms." "The command has gone around the bluffs. I have just seen Indians up there on the rim-rocks. I have sent for troops, in the hope that we might get up there. Sergeant, deploy as skirmishers, and we will try."

At a gallop the men fanned out, then forward at a sharp trot across the flats, over the little hills, and into the scrub pine. The valley gradually narrowed until it forced the skirmishers into a solid body, when the lieutenant took the lead, with the command tailing out in single file. The signs of the Indians grew thicker and thicker—a skirmisher's nest here behind a scrub-pine bush, and there by the side of a rock. Kettles and robes lay about in the snow, with three "bucks" and some women and children sprawling about, frozen as they had died; but all was silent except the crunch of the snow and the low whispers of the men as they pointed to the telltales of the morning's battle.

As the column approached the precipitous rim-rock the officer halted, had the horses assembled in a side cañon, putting

Corporal Thornton in charge. He ordered Sergeant Johnson to again advance his skirmish-line, in which formation the men moved forward, taking cover behind the pine scrub and rocks, until they came to an open space of about sixty paces, while above it towered the cliff for twenty feet in the sheer. There the Indians had been last seen. The soldiers lay tight in the snow, and no man's valor impelled him on. To the casual glance the rim-rock was impassable. The men were discouraged and the officer nonplussed. A hundred rifles might be covering the rock fort for all they knew. On closer examination a cutting was found in the face of the rock which was a rude attempt at steps, doubtless made long ago by the Indians. Caught on a bush above, hanging down the steps, was a lariat, which, at the bottom, was twisted around the shoulders of a dead warrior. They had evidently tried to take him up while wounded, but he had died and had been abandoned.

After cogitating, the officer concluded not to order his men forward, but he himself stepped boldly out into the open and climbed up. Sergeant Johnson immediately followed, while an old Swedish soldier by the name of Otto Bordeson fell in behind them. They walked briskly up the hill, and placing their backs against the wall of rock, stood gazing at the Indian.

With a grin the officer directed the men to advance. The sergeant, seeing that he realized their serious predicament, said,

"I think, lieutenant, you had better leave them where they are; we are holding this rock up pretty hard."

They stood there and looked at each other. "We's in a fix," said Otto.

"I want volunteers to climb this rock," finally demanded the officer.

The sergeant looked up the steps, pulled at the lariat, and commented: "Only one man can go at a time; if there are Indians up there, an old squaw can kill this command with a hatchet; and if there are no Indians, we can all go up."

The impatient officer started up, but the sergeant grabbed him by the belt. He turned, saying, "If I haven't got men to go, I will climb myself."

"Stop, lieutenant. It wouldn't look right for the officer to go. I have noticed a pine-tree the branches of which spread over the top of the rock," and the sergeant pointed to it. "If you will make

"MILE AFTER MILE ROUNDED THE LITTLE COLUMN."



the men cover the top of the rim-rock with their rifles, Bordesou and I will go up;" and turning to the Swede, "Will you go, Otto?"

"I will go anywhere the sergeant does," came his gallant reply.

"Take your choice, then, of the steps or the pine-tree," continued the Virginian; and after a rather short but sharp calculation the Swede declared for the tree, although both were death if the Indians were on the rim-rock. He immediately began sidling along the rock to the tree, and slowly commenced the ascent. The Sergeant took a few steps up the cutting, holding on

wise, and he too saw nothing. Rifle-shots came clearly to their ears from far in front—many at one time, and scattering at others. Now the soldiers came briskly forward, dragging up the cliff in single file. The dull noises of the fight came through the wilderness. The skirmish-line drew quickly forward and passed into the pine woods, but the Indian trails scattered. Dividing into sets of four, they followed on the tracks of small par-



"THE HORSES ASSEMBLED IN A SIDE CAÑON."

ties, wandering on until night threatened. At length the main trail of the fugitive band ran across their front, bringing the command together. It was too late for the officer to get his horses before dark, nor could he follow with his exhausted men, so he turned to the sergeant and

by the rope. The officer stood out and smiled quizzically. Jeers came from behind the soldiers' bushes—"Go it, Otto! Go it, Johnson! Your feet are loaded! If a snow-bird flies, you will drop dead! Do you need any help? You'd make a hell of a sailor!" and other gibes.

The gray clouds stretched away monotonously over the waste of snow, and it was cold. The two men climbed slowly, anon stopping to look at each other and smile. They were monkeying with death.

At last the sergeant drew himself up, slowly raised his head, and saw snow and broken rock. Otto lifted himself like-

asked him to pick some men and follow on the trail. The sergeant picked Otto Bordesou, who still affirmed that he would go anywhere that Johnson went, and they started. They were old hunting companions, having confidence in each other's sense and shooting. They ploughed through the snow, deeper and deeper into the pines, then on down a cañon where the light was failing. The sergeant was sweating freely; he raised his hand to press his fur cap backward from his forehead. He drew it quickly away; he stopped and started, caught Otto by the sleeve, and drew a long breath. Still



"THE TWO MEN CLIMBED SLOWLY."

holding his companion, he put his glove again to his nose, sniffed at it again, and with a mighty tug brought the startled Swede to his knees, whispering, "I smell Indians; I can sure smell 'em, Otto—can you?"

Otto sniffed, and whispered back, "Yes, plain!"

"We are ambushed! Drop!" and the two soldiers sunk in the snow. A few

feet in front of them lay a dark thing; crawling to it, they found a large calico rag, covered with blood.

"Let's do something, Carter; we's in a fix."

"If we go down, Otto, we are gone; if we go back, we are gone; let's go forward," hissed the sergeant.

Slowly they crawled from tree to tree.

"Don't you see the Injuns?" said the

Swede, as he pointed to the rocks in front, where lay their dark forms. The still air gave no sound. The cathedral of nature, with its dark pine trunks starting from gray snow to support gray sky, was dead. Only human hearts raged, for the forms which held them lay like black boulders.

"Egah — lelah washatah," yelled the sergeant.

Two rifle-shots rang and reverberated down the cañon; two more replied instantly from the soldiers. One Indian sunk, and his carbine went clanging down the rocks, burying itself in the snow. Another warrior rose slightly, took aim, but Johnson's six-shooter cracked again, and the Indian settled slowly down without firing. A squaw moved slowly in the half-light to where the buck lay. Bordeson drew a bead with his carbine.

"Don't shoot the woman, Otto. Keep that hole covered; the place is alive with Indians;" and both lay still.

A buck rose quickly, looked at the sergeant, and dropped back. The latter could see that he had him located, for he slowly poked his rifle up without showing his head. Johnson rolled swiftly to one side, aiming with his deadly revolver. Up popped the Indian's head, crack went the six-shooter; the head turned slowly, leaving the top exposed. Crack again went the alert gun of the soldier, the ball striking the head just below the scalp-lock and instantly jerking the body into a kneeling position.

Then all was quiet in the gloomy woods.

After a time the sergeant addressed his voice to the lonely place in Sioux, telling the women to come out and surrender—to leave the bucks, etc.

An old squaw rose sharply to her feet, slapped her breast, shouted "Lela washatah," and gathering up a little girl and a bundle, she strode forward to the soldiers. Three other women followed, two of them in the same blanket.

"Are there any more bucks?" roared the sergeant, in Sioux.

"No more alive," said the old squaw, in the same tongue.

"Keep your rifle on the hole between the rocks; watch these people; I will go up," directed the sergeant as he slowly mounted to the ledge, and with levelled six-shooter peered slowly over. He stepped in and stood looking down on the dead warriors.

A yelling in broken English smote the startled sergeant. "Tro up your hands, you d—— Injun! I'll blow the top off you!" came through the quiet. The sergeant sprang down to see the Swede standing with carbine levelled at a young buck confronting him with a drawn knife in his hands, while his blanket lay back on the snow.

"He's a buck—he ain't no squaw; he tried to creep on me with a knife. I'm going to kill him," shouted the excited Bordeson.

"No, no, don't kill him. Otto, don't you kill him," expostulated Johnson, as the Swede's finger clutched nervously at the trigger, and turning, he roared, "Throw away that knife, you d—— Indian!"

The detachment now came charging in through the snow, and gathered around excitedly. A late arrival came up, breathing heavily, dropped his gun, and springing up and down, yelled, "Be jabbers, I have got among om at last!" A general laugh went up, and the circle of men broke into a straggling line for the return. The sergeant took the little girl up in his arms. She grabbed him fiercely by the throat like a wild-cat, screaming. While nearly choking, he yet tried to mollify her, while her mother, seeing no harm was intended, pacified her in the soft gutturals of the race. She relaxed her grip, and the brave Virginian packed her down the mountain, wrapped in his soldier cloak. The horses were reached in time, and the prisoners put on double behind the soldiers, who fed them crackers as they marched. At 2 o'clock in the morning the little command rode into Fort Robinson and dismounted at the guard-house. The little girl, who was asleep and half frozen in Johnson's overcoat, would not go to her mother: poor little cat, she had found a nest. The sergeant took her into the guard-house, where it was warm. She soon fell asleep, and slowly he undid her, delivering her to her mother.

On the following morning he came early to the guard-house, loaded with trifles for his little Indian girl. He had expended all his credit at the post-trader's, but he could carry sentiment no further, for "To horse!" was sounding, and he joined the Orphan Troop to again ride on the Dull-Knife trail. The brave Cheyennes were running through the frosty



"THE BRAVE CHEYENNES WERE RUNNING THROUGH THE FROSTY HILLS."

hills, and the cavalry horses pressed hotly after. For ten days the troops surrounded the Indians by day, and stood guard in the snow by night, but coming day found the ghostly warriors gone and their rifle-pits empty. They were cut off and slaughtered daily, but the gallant warriors were fighting to their last nerve. Toward the end they were cooped in a gully on War-Bonnatt Creek, where they fortified; but two six-pounders had been hauled out, and were turned on their works. The four troops of cavalry stood to horse on the plains all day, waiting for the poor wretches to come out, while the guns roared, ploughing the frozen dirt

and snow over their little stronghold; but they did not come out. It was known that all the provisions they had was the dead horse of a corporal of E Troop, which had been shot within twenty paces of their rifle-pits.

So, too, the soldiers were starving, and the poor Orphans had only crackers to eat. They were freezing also, and murmuring to be led to "the charge," that they might end it there, but they were an orphan troop, and must wait for others to say. The sergeant even asked an officer to let them go, but was peremptorily told to get back in the ranks.

The guns ceased at night, while the



"THROUGH THE SMOKE SPRANG THE DARING SOLDIER."

troops drew off to build fires, warm their rigid fingers, thaw out their buffalo moccasins, and munch crackers, leaving a strong guard around the Cheyennes. In the night there was a shooting—the Indians had charged through and had gone.

The day following they were again surrounded on some bluffs, and the battle waged until night. Next day there was a weak fire from the Indian position on the impregnable bluffs, and presently it ceased entirely. The place was approached with care and trepidation, but was empty. Two Indian boys, with their feet frozen, had been left as decoys, and after standing off four troops of cavalry for hours, they too had in some mysterious way departed.

But the pursuit was relentless; on, on over the rolling hills swept the famishing troopers, and again the Spartan band turned at bay, firmly intrenched on a bluff as before. This was the last stand—nature was exhausted. The soldiers surrounded them, and Major Wessells turned the handle of the human vise. The command gathered closer about the doomed pits—they crawled on their bellies from one stack of sage-brush to the next. They were freezing. The order to charge came to the Orphan Troop, and yelling his command, Sergeant Johnson ran forward. Up from the sage-brush floundered the stiffened troopers, following on. They ran over three Indians, who lay sheltered in a little cut, and these killed three soldiers together with an old frontier sergeant who wore long hair, but they were destroyed in turn. While the Orphans swarmed under the hill, a rattling discharge poured from the rifle-pits; but the troop had gotten under the fire, and it all passed over their heads. On they pressed, their blood now quickened by excitement, crawling up the steep, while volley on volley poured over them. Within nine feet of the pits was a rim-rock ledge over which the Indian bullets swept, and here the charge was stopped. It now became a duel. Every time a head showed on either side, it drew fire like a flue-hole. Suddenly our Virginian sprang on the ledge, and like a trill on a piano poured a six-shooter into the intrenchment, and dropped back.

Major Wessells, who was commanding the whole force, crawled to the position of the Orphan Troop, saying, "Doing fine work, boys. Sergeant, I would advise you to take off that red scarf"—when a bullet

cut the major across the breast, whirling him around and throwing him. A soldier, one Lannon, sprang to him and pulled him down the bluff, the major protesting that he was not wounded, which proved to be true, the bullet having passed through his heavy clothes.

The troops had drawn up on the other sides, and a perfect storm of bullets whirled over the intrenchments. The powder blackened the faces of the men, and they took off their caps or had them shot off. To raise the head for more than a fraction of a second meant death.

Johnson had exchanged five shots with a fine-looking Cheyenne, and every time he raised his eye to a level with the rock, White Antelope's gun winked at him.

"You will get killed directly," yelled Lannon to Johnson; "they have you spotted."

The smoke blew and eddied over them; again Johnson rose, and again White Antelope's pistol cracked an accompaniment to his own; but with movement like lightning the sergeant sprang through the smoke, and fairly shoving his carbine to White Antelope's breast, he pulled the trigger. A 50-calibre gun boomed in Johnson's face, and a volley roared from the pits, but he fell backward into cover. His comrades set him up to see if any red stains came through the grime, but he was unhurt.

The firing grew; a blue haze hung over the hill. Johnson again looked across the glacia, but again his eye met the savage glare of White Antelope.

"I haven't got him yet, Lannon, but I will;" and Sergeant Johnson again slowly reloaded his pistol and carbine.

"Now, men, give them a volley!" ordered the enraged man, and as volley answered volley, through the smoke sprang the daring soldier, and standing over White Antelope as the smoke swirled and almost hid him, he poured his six balls into his enemy, and thus died one brave man at the hands of another in fair battle. The sergeant leaped back and lay down among the men, stunned by the concussions. He said he would do no more. His mercurial temperament had undergone a change, or, to put it better, he conceived it to be outrageous to fight these poor people, five against one. He characterized it as "a d— infantry fight," and rising, talked in Sioux to the enemy—asked them to surrender, or they

must otherwise die. A young girl answered him, and said they would like to. An old woman sprang on her and cut her throat with a dull knife, yelling meanwhile to the soldiers that "they would never surrender alive," and saying what she had done.

Many soldiers were being killed, and the fire from the pits grew weaker. The men were beside themselves with rage. "Charge!" rang through the now still air from some strong voice, and, with a volley, over the works poured the troops, with six-shooters going, and clubbed carbines. Yells, explosions, and amid a whirlwind of smoke the soldiers and Indians swayed about, now more slowly and quieter, until the smoke eddied away. Men stood still, peering about with wild open eyes through blackened faces. They

held desperately to their weapons. An old bunch of buckskin rags rose slowly and fired a carbine aimlessly. Twenty bullets rolled and tumbled it along the ground, and again the smoke drifted off the mount. This time the air grew clear. Buffalo-robcs lay all about, blood spotted everywhere. The dead bodies of thirty-two Cheyennes lay, writhed and twisted, on the packed snow, and among them many women and children, cut and furrowed with lead. In a corner was a pile of wounded squaws, half covered with dirt swept over them by the storm of bullets. One broken creature half raised herself from the bunch. A maddened trumpeter threw up his gun to shoot, but Sergeant Johnson leaped and kicked his gun out of his hands high into the air, saying, "This fight is over."

THE HEROINE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HER raiment changes with the fleeting fashions
Of years that pass, but she abides in sooth
Unchanged, the star and shrine of human passions,
Or wise and old, or sweet in flowerlike youth.

Naomi she, the veiled and bent with sorrows,
Or clear-eyed Ruth, or Dido famed and fair,
Helen the beautiful, of dim to-morrows,
Or sad Elaine, slain by her love's despair.

She trails her soundless garments down the ages,
A vision and a dream, or rustling steals
Past trembling arras in those haunted pages
Where man forever fights and woman kneels.

Our modern books and pictures often show her
Serene and college-bred and trimly gowned,
But able yet to make for all who know her
This queer old world one vast enchanted ground.

To bind and loose, this still remains her mission,
To loose and bind;—whatever be her name,
Her date, from Homer down, or her condition,
The heroine herself abides the same.

THE INAUGURATION.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

WHEN the Vice-President of the United States is sworn into office he takes the oath in the same Senate-Chamber where later he is to preside over a limited, and in one sense a select body of men. But as the President of the United States presides over the entire nation, he takes his oath of office in the presence of as many of the American people as can see him, and he is not shut in by the close walls of a room, but stands in the open air, under the open sky, with the marble heights of the House of Representatives and of the Senate for his background, and with the great dome of the Capitol for his sounding-board.

The two ceremonies differ greatly. One suggests the director of a railroad addressing the stockholders at their annual meeting, while the other is as impressive in its simplicity as Moses talking to the chosen people from the mountain-side.

The Chamber of the Senate is a great oblong room, with a heavy gallery running back from an unbroken front to each of the four walls, and rising almost to the ceiling. There is a carpet on the floor, and rows of school-desks placed in curved lines, facing a platform and three short rows of chairs. The first row, where the official stenographers sit, is on the floor of the Senate-Chamber; the second, for the clerks, is raised above it; and higher still, behind the clerks, is the massive desk of the Vice-President, or the President of the Senate, as he is called when he presides over that body. Opposite to the desk of the Vice-President, and at each side of it, are wide entrances with swinging leather doors. The Chamber is lighted from above, and is decorated in quiet colors; there are several fine oil-paintings on the wall behind the President's desk, and a large American flag above his chair.

On the morning of the 4th of March last the galleries were massed with people, and the Senators, instead of sitting each at his own desk, crowded together to see the Vice-President inaugurated, while several hundreds of yellow chairs were squeezed in among the school-desks for the use of the members of the House. In front of the clerk's desk were two leather chairs, for the new President and the old

President, and the seats for the foreign ambassadors.

It had been an all-night session, and the Senators had remained in the Chamber until near sunrise, and looked rumpled and weary in consequence. Among them were several men whose term of office would expire when the clock over the door told mid-day; they had been six years or less in that room, and in three-quarters of an hour they would leave it perhaps for the last time. The men who had taken their seats from them, and who were to be sworn in by the new Vice-President, sat squeezed in beside them, looking conscious and uncomfortable, like new boys on their first day at school. Caricaturists and the artists of the daily papers had made the faces of many of them familiar, and while the people waited for the chief actors to appear, they pointed out the more conspicuous Senators to each other, looking down upon them with the same interest that visitors to the Zoo bestow on the bears.

In the front of the gallery reserved for the diplomatic corps sat the wife of the Chinese minister. She was the only bit of color in the room that was not American or imported from Paris. She was a little person in blue satin, with a great head-dress of red, and her face was painted like the face of a picture, according to the custom of her country. She looked down at the Senators in their funereal frock-coats, and at the bonnets of the American women near her, as though the moment held at least that much interest for her, and was prettily unconscious that she was the most interesting figure present.

Back of her, accompanied by her secretary, was the exiled Queen of Hawaii, a handsome dark-skinned negress, quietly but richly dressed, and carrying herself with great dignity. In front of her was a young English peer, a secretary of the British Embassy, who took photographs of the scene below him with a hand-camera, knowing perfectly well that had he been guilty of such a piece of impertinence in his own Lower House, he would have been taken out of the gallery by the collar and thrown into the lobby.

The expectant quiet of the hour was

first broken by a young man with his hair banged over his forehead, and a fluffy satin tie that drooped upon his breast. He gazed meekly about him out of round spectacles, and announced, in a high, shrill voice,

"The ambassadors from foreign countries."

In the courts of Europe, where they take state ceremonies more seriously than we do, there is a functionary who is known as the "Announcer of Ambassadors," or the "Introducer of Ambassadors,"—his title explains his duties. The American introducer of ambassadors was a subordinate official; and although we are a free people and love simplicity and hate show, it did seem as though, for that occasion only, some one with a little more manner, or a little less ease of manner, might have been chosen to announce the various dignitaries as they entered the Chamber. A thin young man in a short sack-coat running excitedly up and down the aisle leading to the President's desk did not exactly seem to rise to the requirements of the occasion; especially was this the case when he put his hand on the breast of the first of the ambassadors and shoved him back until he was ready to announce him.

The foreign ambassadors were four in number, and very beautiful in their diplomatic uniforms and sashes of the royal orders. They seated themselves, with obvious content, in places on a line with those reserved for the President and President-elect.

The young man skipped gayly back up the aisle and announced, "The members of the Supreme Court of the United States," and the Chief Justice and his fellow-judges came rustling forward in black silk robes and seated themselves facing the ambassadors, and then all of them with one accord crossed their legs.

The "ministers from foreign lands" came next in a glittering line, and crowded into the second row of school-desks, shunting and shifting themselves about several times, like cars in a freight-yard when a train is being made up, until each was in his right place and no one's dignity was jeopardized. Then came the Speaker of the House of Representatives, who ascended the steps leading to the desk, and took his place next to the chairs reserved for the incoming Vice-President and the outgoing Vice-President, and

looked down at the empty red chair below him, on which, had the pleasure of many people been consulted, he would have sat that day.

The other members of the House poured into the room without order or precedence, and spread themselves over the floor, picking up the yellow chairs and carrying them nearer to the front, or shoving them out of their way and piling them up one on top of the other in the corners. There were very young men among them, and many old and well-known men, and they had smuggled in with them Governors of States, with a few of their aides in uniform, and a number of lobbyists, and politicians out of office, but with much more power than those to whom they had given it. Then quietly from a side door behind the President's desk came Major-General Nelson A. Miles, commander of the United States army, and the naval officer who ranked with him, and their adjutants; and opposite to them, from the other door, appeared the next ambassador to France, who, as the marshal of the great parade which was to follow, and on account of his promised new dignity, was one of the heroes of the hour. The three aides of General Porter were the sons of former Presidents. The youngest of them was young Garfield, a modest, manly, good-looking boy in the uniform of a cavalry officer.

In the gallery to the left of the President's desk were three empty rows of benches, which, as every one knew by this time, were reserved for the family of the incoming President, and the first real interest of the morning arrived when the doors above this gallery were held open, and the ladies who were to occupy these places, and later, so large a place in the interest of the country, appeared at the top of the steps. Portraits and photographs rendered it easy to recognize them, and though the spectators gave no sign of welcome to these unofficial members of the President's household, they held every eye in the place. The mother of the incoming President came down the steps briskly, as eager and smiling and young as her son in spite of her white hair and gold spectacles; the people smiled back at her in sympathy with her pleasure at his triumph, and the scene at once took on a human interest it had not held before. For while it is possible at any time to look at ambassadors in diamond stars and



IN THE DIPLOMATS' GALLERY.

brave soldiers in gold lace, it is not possible every day to see a mother as she watches her son at the moment when he takes the oath that makes him the executive head of seventy millions of people.

The wife of the new President followed his mother slowly. She had been ill, and as she came down the steps she was partly supported on each side by one of her husband's friends. Her face was very pale, but quite beautiful and young-looking, like that of a girl, and the blue velvet that she wore softened and enriched the noble lines which pain and great suffering had cut on her face.

The young man with the butterfly tie and the short coat dashed up and down the middle aisle now with hysterical vigor, and announced over his shoulder during one of his flights that the "Vice-President and the Vice-President-elect" were approaching. Mr. Stevenson came in, with Mr. Hobart following him, and the two men ascended the steps of the platform and bowed to Speaker Reed, who rose to greet them.

There were now only the two chief actors to come, and the crowded room waited with its interest at the highest pitch. The members of Congress who had crowded in around the doorways were pushed back on each other, and those who had slipped down the aisles slid in between the desks, as the young man announced "The President and President-elect."

As Mr. Cleveland and Major McKinley entered, walking close together, the people rose, and every one leaned forward for a better sight of the President to be, and to observe "how the outgoing President took it." The outgoing President took it exceedingly well. He could afford to do so. He had taken that short walk down that same aisle often before, and he looked as though he took it now for the last time with satisfaction and content. He smiled slightly as he passed between his enemies of the Senate. He could afford to do that also, for he had kept a country at peace when they had tried to drag it into war, and he had framed the great Treaty of Arbitration which they had emasculated in order to hurt him, only succeeding in hurting themselves.

As the two men walked down the aisle together, Major McKinley with all his

troubles before him, in his fresh new clothes and with an excited, nervous smile on his clear-cut face, looked like a bridegroom; and Mr. Cleveland, smiling tolerantly, and with that something about him of dignity which comes to a man who has held great power, looked like his best man, who had been through the ordeal himself and had cynical doubts as to the future. As the two men seated themselves, Mr. Cleveland on the right and Major McKinley on the left, the latter looked up at the gallery where his wife and mother sat and gave them a quick bow of recognition, as though he wished them to feel that they too were included in this, his moment of triumph.

The ceremony which followed was brief and full of business. Mr. Stevenson read a farewell address to the Senators, in which he said flattering things to them and thanked them for their courtesies; and a clergyman read a long prayer, almost as long as the address of the Vice-President, while the Senators gazed at their friends in the galleries, and three people in the gallery stood up, while the greater number sat staring about them. Then Mr. Stevenson delivered the oath to Mr. Hobart, and Mr. Hobart took the oath by bowing his head gravely, and the country was on the instant in the strange position of having a Democratic President and a Republican Vice-President. Mr. Hobart read his address calmly and in the same manner in which the president of a bank might read a report to the board of directors. It of necessity could not contain anything of a startling nature, as the Vice-President's duties are entirely those of a presiding officer. Mr. Hobart's first duty as Vice-President was to swear in the new Senators, who came up to his desk in groups of four, the incoming Senators being escorted by the outgoing Senators.

When the new Senators had taken the oath, the procession formed again with the purpose of marching out to the stand erected in front of the Senate wing of the Capitol, where the chief ceremony of the day, the swearing in of the new President by the Chief Justice, was to take place.

But the Senate committee who had charge of the arrangements, or it may have been the young man with the butterfly tie, bungled the procession sadly, and the feelings of the diplomatic corps were hurt. The members of a diplomatic corps



THE VICE-PRESIDENT TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE.

usually take themselves seriously, and especially those in Washington, which is a post where they have very little to do except to look after their dignity. And the women in Washington spoil them, and the rude and untutored American politicians, some of whom are opposed on principle to the demoralizing practice of wearing evening dress, do not appreciate the niceties of the positions which the foreign diplomatists hold to one another. The ministers were hurt, in the first place, because the ambassadors had been allowed to go into the Senate-Chamber without them; they did not like the places assigned them after they had arrived there; and when the procession started they found themselves left to follow Congressmen and others before whom they should have taken precedence. So, instead of going out on to the platform to witness the inauguration of the President, they held an indignation meeting in the draughty corridors, and decided to go home, which they did. These gentlemen were the guests of the nation, and the members of Congress and of the judiciary are our own people, and acted as their hosts. Common courtesy and the convention which exists in other countries enjoin it upon a government to give the diplomatic corps precedence of the local administrators, just as a host gives the better place at dinner to the visiting stranger, and not to members of his own family. If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing correctly, and either there should be no precedence at all, or it should mean something, and should show what it means. Neither the members of the Senate nor of the House gained any credit or additional glory by shoving themselves into places which should by right and courtesy have been given to the foreign ministers. The diplomatic corps, on the other hand, were there as representatives of friendly powers to show respect to the new President; and if, through no fault of his, they were treated with insufficient consideration, it would surely have been better for them to witness the ceremonies and afterwards to lodge their complaint. But to go away pouting like a parcel of children with their toys under their arms was distinctly disrespectful to the President, and was hardly the act of gentlemen, not even of diplomats.

The platform to which the procession made its way was built out upon the steps

of the Capitol between the Senate wing and the main entrance. It was constructed of unplanned boards, with a raised dais in front, upon which were three arm-chairs and a table; around this dais were many more chairs for the chief dignitaries, and behind this chosen circle were unplanned benches slanting back like hurdles to the wall of the Capitol. There were more than enough of these benches, and the spectators from the Senate-Chamber did not suffice to fill more than half of them. Hence at the back of the crowd on the stand was an ugly blank stretch of yellow-pine boards, which, besides being undecorative in itself, gave the erroneous impression that there was not as full a house as had been expected, and that the attraction had failed to attract. Except for this blot of pine boards the picture as the crowd saw it, looking up from the grounds of the Capitol, was a noble and impressive one, full of dignity and meaning. Any scene with the Capitol building for a background must of necessity be impressive. Its situation is more imposing than that of the legislative buildings of any other country; the Houses of Parliament on the Thames and at Buda-Pesth on the Danube appear heavy and sombre in comparison; the Chamber of Deputies on the Seine is not to be compared with it in any way. No American can look upon it and see its great swelling dome, balanced on the broad shoulders of the two marble wings, and the myriads of steps leading to it, without feeling a thrill of pride and pleasure that so magnificent a monument should belong to his country and to him.

Rising directly above the heads of the crowd was the front of the platform, wrapped with American flags and colored bunting; above that was the black mass of the spectators, with just here and there a bit of color in a woman's gown or in the uniforms of the ambassadors and of the few officers of the army and militia. Beyond these the crowd saw the empty boards glaring in the sunshine; and then the grand façade of the Capitol, black with spectators on the steps, on the great statues, along the roof, and around the dome. The crowd gathered there were so far distant that what went on below was but a pantomime to them, played by tiny, foreshortened dwarfs.

To the foreigners in the crowd the absence of any guard or escort of soldiers near the President, or of soldiers of any



THE PRESIDENT TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE

sort, was probably the most peculiar feature of the scene. In no other country would the head of the nation, whether he rule by inheritance or is elected to power, stand on such an occasion so close to the people without a military escort. The President of France does not even go to the races at Longchamps without an escort of soldiers. But the President of the United States is always unattended, and soldiers could not add to the dignity of his office. When he rode in state, later in the day, from the Capitol to the White House, he was surrounded by cavalry, who were, however, part of and in keeping with the procession. But when the President takes the oath of office before the people and delivers his inaugural address, there is not a single man in uniform to stand between him and his fellow-countrymen, crowded together so close to him that by bending forward he could touch them with his hand.

The spectacle as it was presented to the people on the stand was more brilliant than that seen by those on the ground. The stand overlooked a crowd of men, among whom were many women. It was a well-dressed crowd and well-behaved, but by no means a great crowd: at a football-match on Thanksgiving day in New York three times as many people are gathered together. But it spread away from the stand in an unbroken mass for about a hundred yards, and stretched even farther to the right and left. On the outskirts people came and stood for a moment and walked away again, moving in and out among the trees of the Capitol grounds freely, and without police supervision or interference: bicyclers dismounted and looked across the heads of the mass for a few minutes, and then mounted and rode away. There were no tickets of admission to this open space. The man with the broadest shoulders or the woman who came first stood as near to the President as any one on the platform, and heard him as easily as though they were conversing together in the same room. Had it not been for the procession which was to follow, the crowd would perhaps have been greater; but the people in Washington that day preferred, apparently, to make sure of a place along the line of the parade where they could see the President quite as well as at the Capitol, knowing that later in the afternoon they

could read his inaugural address in the newspapers. From the centre of the crowd, rising like the judges' stands at a race-meeting, were three roughly made shanties, from which cameras photographed the actors on the platform at the rate of several thousands of exposures a minute, which photographs were a few days later to reproduce the scene from the stage of a dozen different theatres all over the United States.

Three or four troops of the United States cavalry and two troops of the smart cavalry from Cleveland were drawn up at the edge of the crowd, and the shining coats of the horses and the tossing plumes in the helmets and the yellow-topped busbies made a brilliant bit of color under the green trees. Back of all was the front of the new Congressional Library, trying not to look like the façade of the Paris Opera-House, with its gilded dome flashing in the warm sunshine.

The family and friends of the President, who were so numerous that it seemed as though the entire town of Canton had moved down upon Washington, took their places around the dais, and the crowd cheered Major McKinley's wife and Major McKinley's mother. And the ladies smiled and bowed, and appeared supremely happy and content, as they looked down upon the faces in the crowd, which had turned a queer ghastly white in the bright sunlight, and appeared, as they were all raised simultaneously, like a carpet of human heads.

The procession, as it came from the Senate-Chamber, was not as effective as it might have been, for it came by jerks and starts, with long spaces in between, and then in groups, the members of which crowded on each other's heels. Senators and Representatives who had lagged behind, in their anxiety to catch up with the procession, walked across the benches, stepping from one to another as boys race each other to the place in the front row of the top gallery. The crowd below cheered mightily when it saw the President and President-elect, and Major McKinley walked out on the dais, and bowed bare-headed many times, while Mr. Cleveland, who throughout the day had left the centre of the stage entirely to his friend, gazed about him at the green trees and the swaying crowd, and perhaps remembered two other inaugural addresses,

which he had delivered to much the same crowd from the same platform.

The people were not kept waiting long, for the ceremony that makes a President lasts less than six minutes, while six hours are required to fasten the crown upon the Czar of Russia and to place the sceptre in his hand. One stone in that sceptre is worth one million of dollars, the crown three millions, and all the rulers of Europe, or their representatives, and great generals and statesmen, surround the Emperor while he takes the oath of office in the chapel of the gilded walls and jewelled pillars. And outside seventy thousand soldiers guard his safety. The President of the United States last March took his oath of office on a Bible which had been given him by the colored congregation of a Methodist church, with the sunshine on his head in place of a crown, with his mother and wife sitting near him on yellow kitchen chairs, and his only sceptre was the type-written address bulging from the pocket of his frock-coat.

The little Chief Justice in his vast silk-robe took the Bible which the clerk of the Senate handed to him, and held it open before the President-elect, and the President, who was in a moment to be the ex-President, stood up beside them, with his hat in his hand and his head bared to the spring breeze, and turned and looked down kindly at the people massed below.

The people saw three men dressed plainly in black, one of them grave and judicial, another pale and earnest, and the third looking out across the mob unmoved and content. The noise and movement among the people were stilled for a moment as the voice of the Chief Justice recited the oath of office. As he spoke, it was as though he had pronounced an incantation, for although the three figures remained as they were so far as the people could see, a great transformation which the people could not see passed over the whole of the land, and its influence penetrated to the furthestmost corners of the earth. There came a new face at the door and a new step on the floor, and men who had thoughts above office, men who held office, and men who hoped to hold office recognized the change that had come. It came to the postmaster of the fourth class buried in the snows near British Columbia, to the ambassador to the court of St. James, to the inspector

of customs where the Rio Grande cuts Mexico from the alkali plains and chaparral of Texas, to the gauger on the coral reef of Key West, to the revenue-officer among the moonshiners on Smoky Mountain, to American consuls in Europe, in South America, in Asia, in the South Pacific isles. Little men who had been made cabinet ministers became little men again, and dwindled and sank into oblivion; other little men grew suddenly into big men, until the name and fame of them filled the land; mills that had been closed down sprang into usefulness; in other mills wheels ceased to turn, and furnace fires grew cold; the lakes of Nicaragua moved as though a hand had stirred the waters, and began to flow from ocean to ocean and to cut a continent in two; stocks rose and fell; ministers of foreign affairs in all parts of the world planned new treaties and new tariffs; a newspaper correspondent in a calaboose in Cuba saw the jail doors swing open and the Spanish *comandante* beckon him out; and the boy orator of the Platte, who had been given the votes of nearly seven million citizens, heard the door of the White House close in his face and shut him out forever.

A government had changed hands with the quietness and dignity of the voice of the Chief Justice itself, and as Major McKinley bent to kiss the open Bible he became the executive head of the government of the United States, and Grover Cleveland one of the many millions of American citizens he had sworn to protect.

A few foolish people attended the inauguration exercises and went away disappointed. This was not because the exercises were not of interest, but for the reason that the visitors saw them from the wrong point of view. They apparently expected to find in the inauguration of the President of a republic the same glitter and display that they had witnessed in state ceremonies in Europe. And by looking for pomp and rigid etiquette and officialism they missed the whole significance of the inauguration, which is not intended to glorify any one man, but is a national celebration in which every citizen has a share—a sort of family gathering where all the members of the clan, from the residents of the thirteen original States to those of that State which has put the latest star in the flag, are brought together

to rejoice over a victory and to make the best of a defeat. There is no such celebration in any other country, and it is surely much better to enjoy it as something unique in its way and distinctly our own, than to compare some of its features with like features of coronations and royal weddings abroad, in which certain ruling families glorify themselves and the people pay the bill. Why should we go out of our way to compare cricket in America with cricket as it is played on its native turf in England, when we have a national game of our own which we play better than any one else?

There was an effort made before the inauguration, by certain anarchistic newspapers in New York, to make it appear that the managers of ceremonies at Washington were aping the extravagant and ostentatious festivities of a monarchy, and it was pointed out, with indignation, that the inauguration would probably cost a half-million of dollars, of which the government would pay the larger part, and committees and private subscribers would make up the rest. This estimate looks rather small when it is remembered that at the coronation of the Czar the sum spent on ten sets of harness used in the procession alone amounted to eighty thousand dollars, which is more than the actual cost of the entire inaugural exercises. So it can be seen that the laurels of our foreign friends, in this respect at least, are as yet quite safe from us. It is impossible to compare the inauguration with state celebrations abroad, because the whole spirit of the thing is different. In Europe the people have little part in a state function except as spectators. They pay taxes to support a royal family and a standing army, and when a part of the royal family or a part of the army goes out on parade, the people line the sidewalks and look on.

In the inaugural procession the people themselves are the performers; the rulers for the time being are of their own choosing; and the people not only march in the parade, but they accomplish the somewhat difficult feat of standing on the sidewalks and watching themselves as they do it. There is all the difference between the two that there is between an amateur performance in which every one in the audience knows every one on the stage, and has helped to make the thing

a success, and a professional performance where the spectators pay a high price to have some one else amuse them.

Every man who had voted the straight Republican ticket, and every Democrat who had voted for Major McKinley because he represented sound money, felt that his vote gave him a share in the inauguration, and that he had as good a right to celebrate the event as Mr. Mark Hanna himself; so the inaugural procession and the inaugural ball which followed the swearing in of the new President were distinctly representative of the whole people, and not especially of any party, and certainly not of any class. In the inaugural parade there were many magnificent displays by the military, and some superb uniforms and excellent music, and distinguished men from all over the Union, but the feature of the parade was its democracy. It represented the people, and every condition of the people; the people got it up, and the people carried it through to success, and their brothers and cousins stood by and applauded them. Parts of it were homely and parts of it were absurd, and some of it dragged and was tiresome; but the part that bored one spectator was probably the very feature of the parade which the man standing next to him enjoyed the most.

It was a great family outing, and it was interesting to hear the people of Washington, many of whom do not know that there is any cultivated land lying beyond the shadow of the Washington monument, cheering their fellow-countrymen from the far West and North, and to hear the bands playing "Dixie" and "My Maryland," which, had they been whistled in the streets of Washington some years before, would have brought out a riot instead of cheers. It was interesting also to see the white folks applauding the colored troops, and the old G. A. R. veteran who would not have had his lost arm back again on that day for several pensions, and to see the coming ambassador to France, to whom the great success of this really great parade was due, marching in the same column with the men against whom he had fought at Grant's side.

It was a great pity that more Americans could not have seen the bluejackets from the ships of war rolling and swaggering down Pennsylvania Avenue, which is the finest boulevard for such a proces-



RETURNING FROM THE CAPITOL.

sion that this country affords, and the engineers with their red capes, the cavalry with their yellow plumes and two thousand sabres flashing in the sunlight, and the bicycle corps creeping and balancing at a snail's pace.

Even the new regulation cap of the enlisted men, which is the ugliest and least military-looking cap worn by any soldier in any part of this wide world, failed to make the people love the soldier boys any the less. For the people see them so seldom that they can only be grateful and cheer them when they do, even though they are forced to wear a head-gear in which no man with any self-respect could face his adversary.

Next to the bluejackets, who are always first in the hearts of their countrymen, the light blue uniforms and red capes of the engineers probably pleased the people best. They were all good and splendid in their own way, whether it was the rows on rows of infantry with their white facings, or the gauntlets and plumes of the cavalry, or the shining guns of the artillery crawling disjointedly like great iron spiders over the smooth asphalt.

There was a foreign touch and a suggestion of Europe in the jackets of Troop A of Cleveland on their magnificent black horses, in the brass-spiked helmets of the Essex troop, and in the new light blue uniforms of the squad from Troop A of New York, who looked even handsomer than when they wore the service uniform. These are all militiamen, but they are rough riders and trick riders, and can clear a street during a riot or sit their horses and dodge coupling-pins with the *sang-froid* and coolness of real veterans.

There was one cavalry troop that was missed at the inauguration which should have been there, and, because of its traditions, should always be the escort of the incoming President. The First City Troop of Philadelphia took part in the war of the Revolution, and in every war in which this country has been engaged. It is a small body, but it sent eighty officers in command of cavalry regiments into the civil war. This troop acted as the escort of General Washington when he was President, and as the body-guard of almost every other new President. General Harrison, however, broke the precedent, and preferred to have some of the members of his old regiment act as his body-guard. Major McKinley followed

his example. The next President may like to have his bicycle club escort him. The action of General Harrison was no doubt pleasant for the Grand Army veterans and his personal friends of the old regiment, but it is a question whether the people would not have preferred the record and the magnificence of the City Troop, who may be considered to have inherited their right to act as the escort of the President.

When the government, as represented by the soldiers and the bluejackets, had inspired the spectators with pride and patriotism, the people themselves, as represented by the militia and the Governors of the different States and political organizations, fell into line behind them, and showed how well they could march, and claimed their share of the public triumph and the public applause. Some of the militia regiments marched as well as the regulars, or better, and the naval cadets from New Jersey, Maryland, and Rhode Island would have passed inspection as "apprentices" for a real ship of war. There were many different kinds of uniform, and the men who wore them came from such great distances that their presence in Washington brought home the fact of how far-reaching is the sway of the republic and how broad its territory. There were the Hemming Guards, Texas volunteers from Gainesville, Texas, who won their uniforms only last July by scoring 977 at the State encampment, and who appeared in them at the inauguration. And near these new soldiers from the largest State was what is perhaps the oldest organization, from the smallest State, the Newport Artillery, which antedates the Union, and exists under a charter from King George II. in 1739, when England declared war on Spain—a charter which was ratified in 1782 by the Rhode Island General Assembly. There was also the Fifth Regiment of Maryland, which has a reputation almost as great as that of the New York Seventh, and there was the Seventy-first of that city, a body which has its nucleus in the American Rifles; there was the order of the Old Guard from the modern city of Chicago, but which is composed of descendants of men who fought in the Indian wars and French wars, and in the wars of the Revolution and of 1812; and a few members of the Medal of Honor Legion, to each of whom



REVIEWING THE PROCESSION FROM THE STAND IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

Congress had voted a medal for bravery on the field of battle. There were, too, the Shenandoah Valley Patriotic League, from Virginia, formed of ex-Confederate soldiers and their sons, with the motto, "There should be no North, no South, no East, no West, but a common country," and a delegation from the Harmony Pre-Legion of Philadelphia, a relic of the old Harmony fire company, in helmets and red shirts; and there was the Republican Glee Club of Columbus, which has sung patriotic songs in every national campaign since that of Grant and Greeley.

These are but a few of the organizations that passed up Pennsylvania Avenue in the brilliant afternoon sunshine between curtains of flags, with brass bands, every one of them playing "El Capitan" or the "Washington Post March." These are but a few, but they illustrate the varied nature of the procession. They represented, as it were, the whole people.

There was one feature of the parade which would have puzzled the foreigner had he understood its significance, and which was a commentary on our political system. It was the number of clubs and organizations which bore the name and existed for the personal and selfish aggrandizement of some one man, and that man seldom a great man or a wise man or a man of whom many people outside of his own city had ever heard. Every one must recognize the importance of political organizations; and when they are called the Junior Political Club of the Fourth Ward, or the Unconditional Republican Club of Albany, or the First Voters' Republican League of Detroit, their object for existing is obvious, and may be approved by every one, be he a Democrat, a mugwump, or a Populist. But when three hundred men march under a banner bearing the name and features of "Matt" Quay or "Tom" Platt or "Dave" Martin, the spectator is reminded not of a republic where every citizen is supposed to vote freely and as his conscience dictates, but of the feudal days, and of the baron and his serfs and retainers. It is easy to understand why the political boss exists, from the point of view of the boss, or why a slaveholder should be willing to hold slaves, but it is difficult to understand why the slaves themselves should rejoice in their degradation and wish to publish it abroad.

Any one might be proud to march in the ranks of an organization that bore the name of an American who had accomplished something for his country, who had lived and died for a great truth, or who had represented a noble idea. But why should men wear the collar of a boss where every one can see it; and why should they, for fear that every one should not see it, hire a brass band to draw attention to the fact that they have it on? These gentlemen who marched on Inauguration day were, so the papers said, prominent business men, lawyers, and bankers. Many of them certainly looked as if they belonged to that class; but if they were men of intelligence, why could they not see how undemocratic and how un-American they were in giving their consciences into the hands of one man? One organization of nearly a thousand had for its motto, "We follow where Quigg leads." Now Mr. Quigg may be, probably is, a well-meaning young man, but why should a thousand men travel all the way to Washington when representatives from every part of the Union are gathered together there, and proclaim to them that they are no longer free-born American citizens with a sacred right to vote as they please, but merely tools and heelers for "Quigg"?

These are the very same Americans who boast of their independence in the smoking-room of ocean steamers and in the railway carriages of Continental railroads, forgetting that there are few people in Europe who are ruled by such a boss as this or that one designated on these banners. If they are so ruled they are ashamed of the fact, and do not paint his face on a silk banner as though he were a saint, and bow down to it, or carry a gilded spear with a pennant bearing his name at its point.

"Who," the poor king-ridden visitor might have asked at Washington, as the clubs went marching by with these pennants—"Who is Kurtz, or Quigg, or Quay?"

Who indeed!

But how much more important it would be to know who the men are who glorify them, and who have sunk their independence so far that, for the chance of getting a window in a post-office, or a policeman's uniform, they will march through the dirty streets under their banners.



THE INAUGURATION BALL.

However, these men formed but a small part of this extremely democratic procession, and their presence in it was soon forgotten. It was the soldiers and the bluejackets, the militia and the naval reserve, that the spectators remembered, the men who carry a United States flag and not a banner bearing a man's portrait, and who serve unselfishly their State and country, and are willing to follow their leaders to more dangerous places than the club-room and the polling-booth.

When the vanguard of the procession reached the White House, Mr. Cleveland, who had accompanied the President on his return journey from the Capitol, but seated now on his left instead of on his right, entered the White House perhaps for the last time, and left it again immediately.

No incident of the inauguration exercises is so significant or dramatic as this abrupt departure into private life of the ex-President. There is no farewell speech for him to make, no *post-mortem* address such as the one the Vice-President delivers. The ex-President's works must speak for him, and he departs in silence and unattended.

On this last occasion, while the new President walked out to the reviewing-stand in front of the White House grounds, and the spectators on the grand stand opposite rose to cheer him, Mr. Cleveland stepped into his carriage at a side door, and leaving the house he had occupied for eight of the best years of his life, drove away with no more important business before him than a few days' fishing. The blare of the bands and the cheers for his successor in office followed him, but the faces of the people were turned away; they were greeting the new and rising sun; and freed from the terrible responsibilities of office, from abuse and criticism, and from the glare that falls even more impudently upon the President of a republic than upon a throne, Mr. Cleveland was driven, a free man once again, to the Seventh Street wharf, where a tender with steam up was awaiting his coming. Two of his friends hurried him on board, the ropes were cast off, the captain jingled his bell into the depths of the engine-room, and the ex-President glided peacefully down the Potomac, sorting out his rods and lines on the deck, and intent only upon the holiday before him.

Our local historians and political writ-

ers, John Bach McMaster, Woodrow Wilson, and Albert Shaw, have already placed Mr. Cleveland high among the Presidents, and as time wears on and the grievances and disappointments which explain so much of the criticism that he has received shall have passed away, he will be remembered if only for the things he dared to leave undone. He will take his place in history as a man more hated and more respected than any of his immediate predecessors, and as one of the three great Presidents of America.

Before the two men had parted at the White House steps, Mrs. Cleveland received Mrs. McKinley on her return from the Capitol, and put a bunch of flowers in her hand, and led her to the luncheon she had prepared for her and her guests, and then slipped away as quietly as her husband, to make ready the new home they have chosen in the pretty old town of Princeton. And while the new first lady of the land was receiving the greetings from the populace in front of the White House, its late mistress was speeding away through the late afternoon twilight, her car swamped with the flowers that had come to her from every part of the United States, and carrying with her into her new life in her new home the best wishes of an entire nation.

The inaugural ball was held in the Pension Building; it was as democratic in its way as was the parade, and it was as successful. Any one who paid five dollars was welcome, and no one after he had arrived made himself unwelcome. That is much more than can be said of many other public balls given for charity or for the benefit of some organization, and to which access is more difficult. The most successful feature of the ball was perhaps the decoration of the building, the original character of which—if anything connected with our pension system can be said to have a character—was completely hidden by the most charming and graceful arrangement of white and yellow draperies and flowering yellow plants and great green palms and palmettoes. This scheme of color, of white and yellow with dark green, was continued over the entire ballroom.

The Pension Building is arranged around a great court, which is overhung with galleries and has a high roof 120 feet from the tiled floor. This court is divided into smaller courts by rows of

immense pillars. On the night of the ball the roof over each of the three sections was hidden by streamers of white challis as wide as the sails of a ship, which were caught up together in the centre by bunches of white electric lights, and fell from them in billowy folds to meet and wind about the pillars. To one who looked up at the ceiling it appeared as though he were standing in a great white tent rather than in a house of stone and iron, and the effect of the electric lights against the soft white folds of the challis was that of yellow diamonds shining through spun silver. The huge pillars were treated to resemble onyx, and were built high about the base with flowering plants, all of yellow—yellow jonquils, yellow tulips, and acacias. Along the galleries and across the white ceiling crept long delicate vines of ivy, and hidden among the sturdier palms and palmettoes on the floor were hundreds of tiny electric globes glowing like red and green fire-flies. The place was much too crowded for dancing, and the people contented themselves with moving slowly about to the most excellent music of Victor Herbert's band and an orchestra of string instruments. There were many uniforms in the crush, and more gold lace than this country has probably ever seen gathered into one place before; and there were some fine gowns, and some gowns which were peculiar. A number of the women wore black silk frocks or their street dress, but they made up for the simplicity of these by the brilliancy of the silk badges with which they had covered themselves from shoulder to shoulder. The shoulders of a few other women were their most conspicuous feature, and they were, in consequence, objects of the most earnest interest to many grave-eyed strangers from the far interior, in frock-coats and white satin ties, who had read about such things in the papers, but who disbelieved in them as they disbelieved in the existence of bunco-steerers. One stranger had brought his little child with him, who went to sleep on his shoulder, and he carried her there all the evening while he pushed his way through the crowd, serious and solemn-eyed, and unconscious that he was in any way conspicuous.

Women of great social position, as it is meted out to them in the columns of the Sunday papers, passed in the crowd

unrecognized and unobserved, while other women, through a somewhat novel arrangement of fur capes on a silk shirt-waist, or a gown covered with silk flowers, received the respectful attention which they deserved. It was the people's ball, and the manners of the people as contrasted with those of that same "society" which is chronicled in the papers were much the finer of the two. They were not afraid to enjoy themselves, and they were genial and unaffected and genuinely polite, introducing all their friends to all of their other friends whenever they met, while the men seldom gave an arm to less than three of the ladies in their care.

There were ambassadors and their wives; Governors of States surrounded by aides to the number of a dozen or more, glittering with gold braids and flashing scabbards; there were beautiful women from the South and West, and women from the sister republics of South America, with strange little dark-skinned husbands; and there were countless numbers of well-dressed women whose clothes came from Europe, and who were anxious to go back to Europe again as the wives of newly appointed ministers or secretaries of legation, and who followed the passing of Mark Hanna with anxious and agitated eyes.

Just before the President and Mrs. McKinley entered the ballroom the committeemen pushed their way through the crowd and asked the men standing nearest to them to join hands with the men next them, and in this way they formed two long lines of young men who never had met before, who would probably never meet again, and who had no interest in common except their anxiety that the ball should pass off well. Through these lines of volunteers the President and his wife passed, followed by the members of his cabinet, and the people bowed and smiled and beamed upon them much as the crowd in a church does when the bride and the groom come back from the altar up the aisle. In a foreign country there would have been soldiers or policemen to push the crowd back and to clear the way for the ruler of the nation. How much pleasanter it was to have the men in the crowd act as their own police and look after their own President themselves!

The casual picking up of these young men and pressing them into this particular service was typical of all of the in-



AN AMERICAN BODY-GUARD.

auguration ceremonies. It shows where our celebration differed from that other great ceremonial which took place last year at Moscow.

The coronation ceremony, parade, and ball were state ceremonials, to pay for which the people were taxed forty millions of dollars, and at which their part

was to stand behind two rows of soldiers and look at fireworks in the sky.

The inauguration exercises, the parade, and the ball were all a part of a celebration of the victory of honesty and of principle for the American people, and at these ceremonies the people themselves were the chief actors.

A FABLE FOR MAIDENS.

BY ALICE DUER.

ONCE, long ago, a Nymph lived in a garden with no other companion than an Owl. The garden was full of roses and flowering shrubs and fruit trees; and along its western side a narrow river flowed slowly, while beyond this a meadow stretched, where other nymphs came and danced at twilight.

The Nymph of the garden often watched them as they moved between her and the sunset, but she never joined them; she did not care to divert herself in a flock.

Many people wondered that she did not choose a more amusing associate than the Owl, but to these she responded that probably no one would ever amuse her as much as she amused herself, and the Owl was peerless at critical moments, for he had the wisdom of all nations and ages, and never spoke until he was spoken to.

She might have added that some day she expected to have another companion, when she should have found the man who would satisfy all sides of her nature. Many men loved the Nymph, and being both just and hopeful, she never decided hastily against any one. When she did, her decision was irrevocable.

Sometimes her suitors went away, and she never saw them again. This made her sad. But more often after a few days she would see them dancing with the other nymphs in the meadow. This made her contemptuous as well as sad.

One evening she was feeling very unhappy. She almost wished the Owl would talk to her. She thought of joining the dancers in the meadow, but she fancied she would not be welcome; she imagined they often discussed her among themselves, and wondered whom she would ever find great enough to please her.

So she went and sat sadly by the river, where she could watch the young moon in the sunset, and she envied the other nymphs, who could be happy with her

disapproved suitors, and she wished that she had a nature that could be satisfied with other than the highest. Then she sighed, and looking up, it seemed as if her highest were come; for a man was standing beside her, tall and very beautiful, and he looked at her and she at him until her voice shook as she said,

"How came you into my garden?"

"How can I tell," he answered, "since I never lived till I entered it?" And he smiled so that she could not tell but that he was mocking her; yet she smiled back.

"I have forbidden it to all intruders," she said; but there was no resolution in her tone, and she looked at the river, not at him.

"I have seen the defeat of those who obeyed you," he returned, and he glanced toward the meadow.

"Who are you?" asked the Nymph.

"Your master and lover," he answered, and kissed her.

"Go," said the Nymph; but a dog would not have turned at her tone.

"I shall never leave you," he returned.

"Then you will never know how I could welcome your coming."

At this he turned and began to walk resolutely away, but she ran after him.

"You will come back to-morrow?" she said.

"To-morrow!" he exclaimed. "I shall be back when the moon sets," and the Nymph noticed, with emotion, that the curved crescent was near the horizon.

"And you will not go and dance with the nymphs in the meadow?" she said.

"There are no others," he answered; "there is only one Nymph, and she lives in a garden."

After he had gone she remained long where he had left her, until the recognition of a critical moment becoming overwhelming she rose and went in search of the Owl. The Owl usually sat on the

branch of a tree in a remote end of the garden, but when she arrived there she found that he had gone on one of his rare nocturnal jaunts. Instead she saw an elderly Sibyl approaching her. This lady was somewhat sought after by the nymphs who danced in the meadow, and had more than once shown a spiteful disposition to the Nymph of the garden.

"I have never approved," she began at once, "of your living in this garden with no one to advise you but the Owl."

"One of the chief advantages of the Owl is that he never *does* advise me," answered the young Nymph.

"Would he see you ruin yourself and be silent?"

"I believe his self-respect would go even as far as that," returned the Nymph, and she picked a rose and stuck it in her hair, though it was much too dark for any one to be able to enjoy the effect.

Her visitor shook with fury. "I was sorry and surprised to see a man kiss you beside the river just now."

"I was neither the one nor the other," said the Nymph, and she smiled in an illuminating fashion.

"Do you know who he is?"

"He is my—"

"He is the *Devil*!" cried the Sibyl, and without waiting to watch the effect of her words, she disappeared.

It grew dark. The stars came out and the moon set, but the Nymph lay with her face buried in the grass and wept bitterly. She knew that never since the world began had there been a tragedy like her tragedy, and the thought naturally supported her a little. She thought she ought to have known that no ordinary man could have understood her as he had, and she loved him. Midnight had long passed; it could not have been far from dawn when she suddenly stopped weeping and sat up with resolution. Since she loved him she would not desert him. It was wicked, terribly wicked, but it was *great*; it was worthy of her. Those nymphs who danced in the meadow, whom he despised as well as she, would know now what she had been waiting for. The unlimited power of being loved by the Devil!

It began to grow light; a slow, cool summer dawn, and the Nymph, looking up, saw that the Owl had returned and was perched over her head.

"O Owl," she said, "so much has happened since you went away!"

The Owl rarely replied to anything but a direct question, and not always to that, so she continued:

"I love, not prudently, but madly, recklessly, so that I have determined to throw away everything I used to value. Owl, I love the Devil!"

Perhaps she had hoped to startle the Owl into some expression of surprise; if so, she was disappointed. He betrayed no astonishment, but he spoke. "I did not know that he was in the neighborhood," he said.

"Nor I," she answered. "I loved him before I knew who he was. I never suspected until the old Sibyl came and told me." Then looking up, she saw with an emotion that almost suffocated her that he was coming toward her through the uncertain light. He had not seen her yet, and he was looking for her to the right and left.

"Owl," she whispered, tremblingly, "there he is."

Then a strange thing happened. For the first time in all the years she had known him, the Owl smiled. "Don't you know better than to believe the Sibyl?" he said. "That is not the Devil."

"Who is he?" asked the Nymph, pantingly.

"One of the most estimable young men I know," answered the Owl.

At this instant he saw her, and ran toward her, but she did not move. All her excitement had died away, and she thought of the nymphs in the meadow.

"At last!" he cried. "I have sought you everywhere. Did you want me to think that you did not love me?"

"Had I an aptitude for loving estimable young men, I should have chosen before this," she said, coldly, and turned from him. When she looked round again he had gone.

After this the Nymph spent a very uncomfortable and unhappy day. She wandered restlessly about the garden, and looked often but furtively toward the river. At sunset she came again to the Owl.

"O Owl," she said, "I am very unhappy. He was the only man for me."

"Even though he wasn't the Devil?" said the Owl.

"I think I shall go and find him and tell him that, after all, I love him."

"Just as you like, of course," said the Owl, "but he is dancing with the other nymphs in the meadow."

IN MIDSUMMER.

BY CHARLES H. CRANDALL.

WATCHING the reaper in the harvest-field—
The mingled pathos of the falling grain,
And Summer's glory, now so soon to wane—
A new life-picture seems to me revealed:—
How gently Nature's leading is concealed!
How deftly she deceives the eye and brain,
While airs and scents, intoxicating, feign
A youth-time in the Year so soon to yield!

As we implore no Season to delay,
But follow eagerly the brave advance
Of bird and bud, of kernel, fruit and frost;
So, kindly, Fate beguiles our haunted way
With dear Delusions, that before us dance
And pipe the music of "The world well lost."

THE KENTUCKIANS.*

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

PART SECOND.

V.

A FORTNIGHT later, Anne sat in the shade of her grape-arbor, directing the leisurely labor of the "trusty" who had come over from the gloomy prison whose high gray walls and peaked roof, with its ceaseless column of black smoke, were visible over the houses that sat between.

Her dinner had taken place a few nights before. Stallard was not only not there—he had not even answered her note of invitation. Colton laughed when she told him. He could not explain it, but he knew why the mountaineer had probably not come. He had been hard at work; he was not merely an orator; he shirked no work, and he read law steadily. He had not answered, perhaps, because he did not know the social need of an answer. He might have turned up at the dinner without having sent his acceptance; that was as likely as what he had done. It was all doubtless true, and the girl wanted to believe that it was. Still it was the harder to believe for the reason that it was altogether of a piece with the usual way of a man who seemed to swerve aside for nothing, and who bore himself towards her as she had all her life borne herself towards all men. And young as she was, Anne's reign had been

a long one. Even as a schoolgirl she had her little local court of sweethearts, which widened rapidly, as she grew older, through the county, through several counties, through even the confines of the State. It was a social condition already passing away; the pretty young queen and the manly young fellows doing her honor with such loyalty—openly, frankly her slaves—to themselves, to one another, and to the world; declaring love one after another in turn, leaving her with a passionate resolution to throw off the yoke, and bending meekly to it again. For usually she kept the lover the friend even after as lover he was hopeless, if the lover ever is. Occasionally, however, some young fellow a little fiercer than usual would stalk away through the hall, bang the door a little more loudly, and really come back no more. Then Anne would go to her room and cry half the night through, to learn soon that he had gone elsewhere for solace, and that her place was filled. Soon she could smile when some young heart went broken from her to mend no more; and thereafter she cried sometimes only because she was losing a friend. By-and-by some of her courtiers married, some went other ways, but of the original court a few were still left, and of them Marshall was one.

* Begun in July number, 1897.

He was the oldest, the most faithful and untiring. His strength, aside from birth, was in oratory and politics, for which the girl, coming from a race of lawyers and statesmen, had an innate predilection; so that, in spite of his wild ways, general expectation, which looks to the untiring to win in love as in everything else, rested on Marshall. Still he had not won, and Anne kept on her placid queenly way, holding every man her friend because she was fair with all and loved no one less than his rival. What the trouble was nobody knew precisely—not Marshall—not even Anne. Once her mother, remembering the boy's inheritance, had given her gentle warning against intrusting herself to him; and his reckless way of life kept the warning always in mind. Always, perhaps, Marshall's perfect loyalty had kept her from knowing how strong her own feeling was for him. And then, as she grew older, she slowly came to exact, what few women do, that a man shall be making an honest effort to realize the best that is in him. That Marshall, brilliant and winning as he was, had never done. It was the contrast in this one particular that was helping arouse her interest in the mountaineer. One look in his face and doubt on that question, as to Stallard, was at rest. Moreover, she had a swift sympathetic insight into what was best in the humanity around her, and this told her that in this rugged rustic was more hidden power than she had ever found in any one man. He was the first man with whom it had been necessary for her to be the first to hold out her hand, in simple kindness at the start, and then for the mere self-acknowledged reason that he was the first to reach her intellect, as somebody might some day reach her heart. Necessarily, it was the first time she had met with no response. To say that she was piqued would be absurd; to say that her interest was not deepened would be to say that she was not a woman and not human. She had thought of the man a good deal; she would tell anybody that. She wanted to know of him, and Colton had told her much, and everything was of interest. She knew nothing of the mountains, nothing of the people who lived in them. Since she had lived at the capital she had watched the raftsmen coming down the river; once she had seen a crowd of dusty, wild-look-

ing men empty from the train under charge of an officer, and she had been told that they were moonshiners; that was all. No more did she know of the highlands of the east, and no more of the people who sprang from them. But Colton—the subject was getting to be a hobby with him—had told her all he knew and much more. Her personal interest in Stallard helped her interest in his people. He was the first mountaineer she had seen close at hand. The second was in her garden before her, and she had no way of knowing that both were exceptional. The convict was young and rather good-looking. He had a mat of close-cut black hair and a swarthy face. His eyes were dark, bright, open, and frankly curious. The face was almost good, except for the small, loose, beautiful mouth, which, with all its easy good-humor, showed to a close study as sensual and rather cruel. She had hesitated at first about giving him orders.

"Ah, what is your name, please?"

"Buck," he said, without looking at her.

"Buck what?"

"Buck's enough, hain't it?" he said, a little surlily.

"Yes," she said, quietly. "I want you to go on that side and hoe around those rose-bushes there."

The young fellow went to work without a word. The trustees earn their liberty at a sacrifice of the good opinion of their fellow-prisoners; but the young mountaineer was sick for the open air; moreover, he was doing a woman's work under a woman's supervision; and he was not pleased. He worked very well, but he seemed weak. His cheeks soon took on a high color; he breathed hard, and he looked feverish. The stripes must be hot and suffocating, Anne thought on a sudden, and she spoke to him again very kindly.

"You must stop awhile now; the sun is too hot. Sit down there and rest."

The convict sat down readily enough. Anne turned away to look across the street and nod to a passing friend, and when she turned back he was looking with boyish directness straight at her.

"Hit's Buck Stallard."

The girl started. Then it dawned that the abrupt giving of his name was an apology, and she smiled.

"You come from Roland?"

The boy nodded. "Yes," he said.

"That's where all the trouble is going on?"

"Yes." She wondered why he didn't say, "Yes, ma'am." "That's what I'm doin' over thar," he went on, with a jerk of his thumb towards the prison. "Thar's two of us in thar, an' I reckon thar'll be more, ef the boys at home don't watch out."

Most of the prisoners would say they were in for fighting, for manslaughter even, rather than confess to theft or some other petty crime—a curious commentary on the public sentiment within and without the sombre walls. Anne knew that, but she had little doubt that in this case the convict was telling the truth, and she was inured to the point where she did not shrink.

"Ever heerd o' Boone Stallard?"

The question took her off guard, and the next moment she felt herself coloring under the boy's keen look.

"Yes," she said, calmly; "I heard him make a speech the other day."

"Did ye?" he asked, smiling. "Thar hain't nobody as can down Boone on language. Me an' Boone's kin," he said, a little proudly, but he was watching her closely and feeling his way with care. "We's all kin down thar."

That was what her father had said, and she herself knew what it was to have many kinspeople, and a few of whom she was not proud.

"Has he ever taken part in the feud?" she asked; and again the boy eyed her cautiously.

"Naw," he said, frankly, satisfied with his inspection. "Boone's al'ays a-tryin' to git us fellers to quit. Boone's fer law an' orderever' time, Boone is. Thar hain't nobody down thar like Boone. He ain't afeerd nother. Ever'body knows that. He's plum' crazy 'bout the sanctaty of the law an' his dooty—that's some'n he picked up from you furriners when he was out in the settlemint, I reckon. He'll git into it some o' these days now, you see; fer he'll go ef he thinks he ought to. An' then thar'll be Billy-hell to pay. You see!"

Again the girl started, but the boy was looking away in complete innocence of giving offence, absorbed no doubt in picturing just what would happen should Boone Stallard some day take part. She remembered, too, that Colton said the mountaineers still talked even before their

women with Anglo-Saxon freedom, and that their oaths were little more to them than slang was to the outside world.

"Boone's about the only Stallard as hain't in it; and Stallards air as thick down thar as red-heads in a deadenin'."

"As *what*?"

"Red-heads... woodpeckers—in a deadenin'—a place whar folks have cut the bark off o' trees to kill 'em. The red-heads goes thar 'cause hit's easier fer 'em to peck holes in dead trees. Sometimes I think you furriners knows most ever'-thing, an' agin you don't seem to know much." Anne came near laughing aloud.

Here was a character. "What makes you fight that way?"

The boy laughed. "Well, suppose some sorry feller was to shoot your brother or your daddy, an' the high-sheriff was afeard o' him an' wouldn't arrest him, whut would you do? You know mighty well. You'd just go git yo' gun an' let him have it. That's what. Then mebbe his brother would layway you; an' all yo' folks 'ud git mad an' take hit up; an' things 'ud git frolicsome ginerally. Whut's yo' name?"

The girl had to answer, the question was asked with such frank trust. "Anne Bruce."

The boy repeated the name mechanically, and then looked at the work he had done. "Whut you want to raise so many flowers fer, Anne? Whyn't you put that ground in corn?"

The girl reddened in spite of her amusement. "You must call me Miss Anne or Miss Bruce," she said, quietly.

"Miz Anne," repeated the boy. "Who ever heerd o' sech a thing?" He would have laughed had not her face been so serious. "All right," he said, placidly. "But we don't call no woman 'Miz' whar I come from 'ceptin' they's purty ole or is married. You ain't ole enough, I know; an' you ain't married, is ye?"

Anne flushed slightly, but there was not a trace of impudence in his tone, and she could not bring herself to rebuke his childlike curiosity. "No, I'm not married," she said, simply.

But the boy saw something was wrong, and with a look of sudden ill-humor rose to his work. His depression was momentary; he seemed to have the light-hearted irresponsibility of the insane. Already he was humming to himself in a mournful minor; it was something about "wild

roses"; the intervals were strange to her ear, and the tune seemed to move through at least three keys. Anne remembered the folk-songs that Colton said the mountaineers still sang.

"To jump in the river and drown"—that was the last sorrowful line; and then he veered to something lively, singing words that she could barely hear:

"Chickens a-crowin' on Sourwood Mountain,
Heh-o-dee-um-dee-eedle-dahdy-dee!
Git yo' dogs an' we'll go huntin',
Heh-o-dee-um-dee-eedle-dahdy-dee!"

It had the darky's rhythm and the darky's way of dropping into the minor on the third line, while the swing of the last was like the far-away winding of a horn, and it was to ring in her ears for years to come. He was changing now, and she smiled. Colton had sung that to her; he called it "The Dying Injunction of Johnnie Buck."

"Oh, Johnnie Buck is dead,
An' the last words he said
Was, never let your woman have her way."

There was but one verse, and he sang it over and over while she watched him, trying to realize, to understand, what Colton said; that in this age, this day, this hour, in her own land, her own State, within the two days' gallop of a thoroughbred of her own home, were people living like the pioneers, singing folk-songs centuries old, talking the speech of Chaucer, and loving, hating, fighting, and dying like the clans of Scotland. It was very strange and interesting, and for no reason she sighed deeply. The town clock was striking noon.

"You'd better go to dinner now," she said, "and come back this afternoon."

"This whut?" The mountaineer's day has no afternoon.

"This evening."

"Aw!" Again the boy laughed frankly. Just then the Governor was passing into the Mansion. "Who is that ole feller?"

"You mustn't say 'old fellow.' You must say 'old gentleman.' That's my father."

"Well, I be durned! Kin he pardin me out?"

"Yes, he could, if there were a good reason."

The convict was looking intently at the Governor as he passed through the door. His face had grown sullen and there was a new fire in his eyes.

"An' I never knowed it till yestiddy," he muttered; "an' my time 'most done. Hit hain't right," he said, fiercely.

For the moment he forgot the girl, and he wheeled quickly to her with a sudden fear that he had uncovered himself to a possible enemy, and bent his sharp black eyes full on her. She was puzzled by the change in his face, but she gave him a kindly nod and turned towards the house.

Boone Stallard was passing the gate, as he always did at that hour, going to his dinner. The young trusty called him by his first name and Stallard stopped, but the two did not shake hands. The mountaineer spoke to Anne without raising his hat.

VI.

For the time, peace down in the mountains took away the cause of war between Marshall and Stallard at the capital, but hardly a question came up in the House but the tendency was plain in both men to take opposing sides; and always the personal note of enmity was frankly dominant. In consequence Anne looked forward with some anxiety to the night of her dinner—the dinner to which Stallard had promised to come. He was deeply mortified, Colton told her, over his failure to answer her note; so to show that she forgave him, she had asked him again. She feared nothing openly disagreeable; Marshall would not suffer himself, under her roof, to be drawn into that; still, the mountaineer's blunt hostility might keep her continually on guard and put the table under unpleasant restraint; for the feeling between the two men was public talk, as her interest in the mountaineer was getting to be.

To Marshall, then, she gave the seat of honor. Colton sat on her left. Stallard she placed at her father's right, and next Katherine Craig. A rather talkative newspaper man, a meteor from the North whom Colton had caught while he was still blazing, and who, for Colton's sake, was there, sat midway. Anne could not reckon as to him, being an unknown quantity, and she little dreamed that he was to be the dangerous link of communication which she found necessary to sever with a tactful stroke. He was making a trip through the South to get a comprehensive grasp of the negro question; and, incidentally, to turn a search-light on the origin and condition of the poor

whites. That was in effect what she heard him tell the Episcopal minister as they were rising to go out to dinner. Now the clergyman, who sat opposite him, was resuming the subject.

"How long shall you stay?" he asked.

"Oh, about six weeks, I suppose," was the careless answer.

"Stay as long as I have," said the minister, with a pleasant smile, "and perhaps you won't write anything."

The journalist realized that he was talking to a Northern man, and his face lighted up.

"Why, how long have you been South?"

"Six years," was the dry answer, and Anne smiled.

Through the meal she watched the mountaineer closely. His face was placid and grave, but his eyes were busy. Nothing escaped them. He did nothing that he did not see done first; and she saw him waiting more than once to learn what it was proper to do. It was plain that he would get along; indeed, he had got along. That she noticed when he entered the drawing-room. Now Colton, with the kindest humor, was calling her attention to the fact, while Marshall was engaged with his right-hand neighbor.

"I've been tempering the cyclone to the shorn lamb of conventionality," he said. "I've got him down out of the clouds now, and he roars gently. I've got his hair cut; and did you observe his patent-leathers? I tied that four-in-hand. He had a ready-made bow of yellow satin. I'll get him out of that Prince Albert pretty soon."

"He surely has improved. How did you manage it so quickly?"

The question was mechanical. She knew Colton as one of the few who can give advice without offence to anybody; but she was watching the Northern journalist, who was vigorously haranguing Reynolds of the geological corps. Several times she saw his lips frame the word "mountaineer."

"Oh, he was easy work. He went to the university at Lexington. But he's been down in the mountains so long since then that he has lapsed into original sin. That's easy, Reynolds says, down there."

Marshall turned just then, and Colton took up the pink maiden on his left. Stallard was not talking much. Most of the time he was shyly listening to Kath-

erine, who was doing her best to engage him, or to the Governor; but now and then he would turn his eyes towards Anne, and she was pleased. Once she gave him a friendly smile, and, from his sudden color, she knew that his looking had been unconscious, and that, too, pleased her. The talking was so spirited all around the table that there seemed to be no possible occasion for the two men to come into contact. She began to wonder how she could have feared it; it was hardly possible at the table, and only by accident could they clash in the drawing-room; and then she was quite sure that Colton had warned the mountaineer on this point as well. It was just while she was giving a long sigh of relief that one of those curious lulls came that are said to silence a table of people either twenty minutes before or twenty minutes after the clock strikes an hour. Anne gave a low nervous laugh that made Colton turn quickly towards her. The meteor was sputtering through the sudden quiet.

"No," he said, with emphasis. "The accepted theory of the origin of the mountaineer, particularly of the Kentucky mountaineer, is that he is the descendant—" He had got that far when he became conscious of the intense silence, that everybody was listening, and that Stallard's calm eyes were on him. Anne was trembling when, to her relief, the mountaineer smiled. He had learned a great deal. "—of exported paupers and convicts, indents, and 'pore white trash,'" he said, quietly and quite impersonally. "I don't wonder that the theory has got abroad, because so little is known of the mountaineer and the effect of his environment, but I think—"

"Allow me," said Reynolds, opposite, who was sunbrowned and wore spectacles. "That is a very foolish theory. Some of them are the descendants of those people, of course. There are more of them in the mountains than in the blue-grass, naturally; but the chief difference between them and us comes from the fact that they have been shut off from the world absolutely for nearly a hundred years. In rank and file we were originally the same people; and until a man has lived a year at a time in the mountains he doesn't know what a thin veneer civilization is. It goes on and off like a glove, especially off. Put twenty average blue-grass families down in the

mountains half a dozen miles from one another, take away their books, keep them there, with no schools and no churches, for a hundred years, and they will be as ignorant and lawless as the mountaineer"—with a nod of "saving your presence" to Stallard—"and, with a similar cause, fighting one another just the same."

It was a bold speech, but nobody there had the better right to make it, for none there was of better blood. The pure gratitude in Stallard's face was pathetic. Marshall had grown grave, and Anne saw a paleness about his lips.

"You mustn't say a word," she said, seriously, but she spoke too late.

"Would we be assassinating each other from ambush too?" he asked, with his lids lowered, and quietly, but in a way that made Stallard lay down his fork, drop his hands into his lap, and wait.

A look from Anne stopped Reynolds's answer. "You mustn't go any farther now," she said, laughingly, "or I'll have to take part; and I don't know whose part I should take. My great-great-grand-mother lived in a log cabin—didn't she, papa?—and did her own cooking. They went back into the mountains for a while, when game got scarce in the blue-grass. Suppose they had staid. I might be a mountaineer myself, and be in a feud. Dear me, somebody might be calling me 'pore white trash!'"

The light manner of the girl was serious enough to comfort Stallard unspeakably. It held Marshall back with a humor that had no sting for him. Reynolds was smiling; Colton, dissolved in quiet wonder.

The meteor, after flickering once or twice like a dying tallow dip, had encountered a dangerous light in Stallard's eye and had quite gone out. The storm-cloud was gone, and the men were left to their cigars. Stallard did not smoke, and the Governor took him to the library, across the hall. Two State senators had Marshall between them over an axe they wanted the lower house to grind. The journalist and the clergyman had drawn together, and Reynolds had Colton and two others at the end of the table, and was telling a story. Anne sat near the folding-doors, which were slightly ajar, and as the ladies opposite were on some domestic theme, and taking in her presence only now and then with a glance, she

could not help hearing; and after the first words she frankly listened.

"Maybe you can use it, Colton," Reynolds was saying. "You remember I was captain of the football club at the university? Well, one day, at the beginning of the season, one of the fellows got hurt, and I had to take a green substitute. There were only some Bible students out there looking on—the fellows, you know, who dye their linen dusters for overcoats in winter—and one of them stepped out. 'I don't know the game, pardner,' he said, 'but I reckon I can tote that ball wherever you wants me.' It was funny to hear him draw it out; but he was a big chap, and I took him. The ball did come to him presently, and he got it off the ground. 'Whar'd ye say take it?' he asked, holding it above his head, while the fellows on the other side were jumping up after it just like dogs for a piece of bread. 'Run for the goal!' I yelled. 'Whut, them stakes?' he drawled. 'Yes, you fool, run!' He gave me one look as much as to say, 'Well, I'll attend to you presently'; and then he started, with the ball in one hand and knocking men right and left with the other, just as though they were tenpins, and everybody yelling 'foul!' He never stopped. There was one man on his back and one holding to each leg when he was within ten feet of the goal. He thought he had to go under it, and he staggered those ten feet with the crowd on him and got through. 'Is that the game, pardner?' he asked, when the boys let him up. 'Well, I reckon I can do that all day. Hit's purty hard on a feller's clothes, though.' And we could never get him to play again. He said he hadn't the time, but I believe it was his clothes (we didn't have football suits in those days). He came around to see me about calling him a fool, and I wasn't long apologizing, either. Well, that fellow came over into the College of Arts and turned out a remarkable orator. He actually made his speech at Commencement from a slip of notes in his hand."

Colton was nodding his head. "I remember," he said.

"Well, Colton, that fellow was your cyclone. That was why I stood up for him."

Anne heard Colton's exclamation of surprise, and then no more; but she had been busy with memories too, and a mystery was clearing. Once more it was Mar-



"MARSHALL WENT AT ONCE TO THE PIANO."

shall's Commencement day. Again she felt the stifling heat and saw the portico, her parasol on the flight of steps, and the boy against one of the big pillars, with his fixed stare and his head of unruly black hair. The incident came vividly back while Reynolds was telling the story, and she looked at Stallard closely when the men came back into the drawing-room. It was quite possible; she would learn if he were the same. It was an odd cast of fate if he were.

Marshall went at once to the piano to select a song for her. He could both sing and play, but he would rarely do either. Music and art, for men at least, are yet in serious disfavor through the South, and it is not wise for a man with the serious purpose of law or politics before him to show facility in light accomplishments. When Anne sang, Stallard's eyes never left her face. He was leaning against a column at the entrance to the dining-room, with his hands behind him, his shoulders fallen forward, his head sunk back, his lips slightly apart—and once more Anne saw the young rustic against the pillar, and met his curious look again. Only when she smiled now there was in his eyes something new, personal, eager, softened, and on a sudden a surprised flash of such unreckoning intensity that she faltered in her song, and did not look towards him again. The guests rose to go soon after she was done, but Stallard stood where he was; and when Colton called him by name, and he turned, his eyes looked as though he had been suddenly awakened from sleep. The two passed Marshall on their way to Anne, but Stallard seemed not even to see him. He was still looking at Anne, who gave him a friendly half-frightened smile, and passed him on with Colton. Marshall staid behind. The mountaineer could hardly find his hat in the hallway, and as he started out he turned again as though he would go back into the parlor. He seemed dazed.

"I believe I'll—" he said, hesitatingly, and Colton, wondering what the matter was, and fearing that he might do some breach of propriety, took him by the arm and led him out the door and into the starlight.

VII.

The next week Stallard disappeared altogether. Marshall, too, was rarely in evidence, through a fixed principle of his.

One of Anne's suitors had come in from another part of the State, and Marshall, after showing the stranger every possible courtesy, as was his custom with his rivals, hospitably left the field. After the following Sunday the stranger was gone the way of so many strangers before him, and Marshall smiled and resumed his visits to the Mansion. But Stallard staid on in hiding. He came once to pay his dinner call, but that was plainly Colton's doing; several others were there, and Anne said nothing to the mountaineer alone. She had asked him to come again, and he had not come. Colton said he was hard at work, Katherine thought him shy, and Anne regretted that she had not been more friendly.

Several times the young trusty had been over to hoe in the garden. Anne made many efforts to find his conscience, to implant therein a seed of regeneration, but she soon gave him up as hopeless. She was astonished by his knowledge of the Scriptures—for sometimes the mountaineer knows the great book from cover to cover—and by the distant application of them to his personal life. He had "heerd all that afore," he said, with some superiority. "He had wrastled with the Sperit, an' he *couldn't* 'come through.' He was jus' a-snortin' fer conviction, he was." Once she asked him why they did not settle their quarrels down in the mountains with their fists instead of with knives and pistols—as though her own people did that.

"All right," he said. "S'posin' a feller does some'n to you. You go fer him fist an' skull, gougin' an' bitin'. You gits whooped!" he concluded, triumphantly.

"Well," she said, "that isn't a disgrace."

"All right. Then s'posin' the next time he sees ye he crows over ye. What you goin' to do *then*?"

The problem, aside from religion, which had to be laid aside, was insoluble. The boy was an interesting puzzle to her. He was so frank a heathen. His wickedness was such a thing of impulse and odd reasoning. His curiosity was so absurdly childlike, so removed from impertinence. He never made a word of thanks for the little things she gave him, and yet she saw that he was not unappreciative. He repressed his frankness of speech a good deal, and he showed his consideration in other little ways. A quicker native in-

telligence she had never seen. His nature was alert, foxlike, elusive; and his sense of humor was a strange thing. He was constantly picking up little differences between her life and speech and his at home. He heard somebody call "pants" trousers, for instance, and over that he had a fit of derisive laughter. Indeed, what amused her most was his perfect complacency with his way of life and thinking; his unquestioning faith that his way was the right way, and any other way justly a matter of surprise, comment, and ridicule. It suggested to Anne parallels elsewhere, as circles widen, and helped her own breadth of view in judging him. What the boy had done to be in prison she did not know. She had not thought to ask her father; she could not ask the boy the first morning he came; and after that she thought she would rather not know, for his own sake and for the sake of his kinsman, Boone.

Meanwhile the days lengthened, and Anne took long drives in the slow twilights, sometimes with Marshall, but usually with Katherine Craig; and the constant cry of the mountaineer's nature for open air led Boone Stallard on long walks into the fields to keep his blood running and his brain clear. Often Anne, with Marshall or with Katherine, met the mountaineer miles from town, striding the road with his hat off; and sometimes, driving alone, she caught a glimpse of his big frame moving across Arnold's Wold in the late dusk. That was as close as she ever saw him; for resolutely he kept his distance from her, and the tractive force of novelty had its effect with Anne. She wanted to see the man again and to talk with him. It was a fact frankly confessed to Katherine—to anybody who would not have misunderstood her. She was curious about his past, his purpose, his people. So overtaking Colton with the mountaineer one afternoon on the edge of town, she and Katherine took them both into the carriage and drove down the river and out through the Benson Hills. It was like crossing the border-line of her life and his when they passed a little cross-roads store. Several horses were hitched to the fence near by. Several men were whittling on the high stoop. More were pitching horseshoes up the dirt road, and at the blacksmith's shop beyond three stalwart young fellows and a fat old farmer were playing marbles.

Stallard smiled as though the scene were familiar. A little farther on was a two-roomed house, half of which was built of logs. At the wood-pile, and leaning on his axe, was a tall, gaunt fellow, with a sunburnt blond beard, his trousers in his boots, and the brim of his slouched hat curved over his forehead. Farther still, a mile or more, they came upon a log cabin with a grape-vine over the door. An old woman, with a basket on one arm, was pushing through the rickety gate. She turned her face toward them as they passed, and peered as though she were straining her eyes through darkness.

"Howdy, mother?" said Stallard.

The old woman gave some quavering answer, and Stallard looked back once. It was the first time he had opened his lips, and the kindness of his voice touched Anne.

"Some people down in these hills are like your people, Stallard," said Colton. "I don't know whether they floated down the river, or whether it's because it's just hilly down here. They don't have as many curious words as you folks have; they don't have feuds; and they don't call the blue-grass the 'settlemints,' and us blue-grass people 'furriners,' but otherwise they are pretty much the same."

Several times Katherine, who sat with Stallard on the rear seat of the old-fashioned victoria, had tried to draw him out; and now Colton's purpose apparently was to start the mountaineer talking, but he only laughed good-naturedly at the differentiating characterization that Colton tossed off, and settled back into silence.

"It's all isolation," Colton went on; "that's what Reynolds was going to say the other night. Isolation arrests development, crystallizes character, makes a people deteriorate. That's his idea, and he says the Kentucky mountaineer has been the most isolated of all the Southern mountaineers—of whom, by-the-way, there are about three millions, with a territory as big as the German Empire. He has seen fringed hunting-shirts, moccasins, and coon-skin caps in the mountains at this late day. He swears that an old mountaineer once told him about the discovery of America by Columbus. Reynolds listened solemn as an owl. The old chap called himself a 'citizen,' Reynolds a 'furriner,' and Columbus one of the 'outlandish.' He was a sort of patriarch in his district, a philosopher; he was

the man who delivered the facts of progress to the people about him, and it never occurred to him that anybody as young as Reynolds might know about Columbus. The old fellow talked about the Mexican war as though it had been over about ten years, and when he got down to the Secession, well, he actually hitched his chair up to Reynolds's and dropped his voice to a whisper. 'Some folks had other ideas,' he said, 'but hit was his pussonal opinion that niggalls was the cause of the war.' Think of it! And when Reynolds left, the old man followed him out to the fence: 'Stranger,' he said, 'I'd rather you wouldn't say nothin' about what I been tellin' ye.' He was one of the few rebel sympathizers in that neighborhood, and he feared violence at that late day for talking too freely about the war. Reynolds claims that the mountaineers were loyal to the Union in '63 because they hadn't got over the fight of 1776, and that these feuds are the spent force of the late war. There were more slaveholders among the Kentucky mountaineers; for that reason they were more evenly divided among themselves; the war issue became a personal one, and isolation kept them fighting. So you have to go back to the Revolution to understand the mountaineer, and you must give him a century in which to deteriorate before you can judge him fairly. Consider his isolation, says Reynolds, and the wonder is not that he is so bad, but that he isn't worse."

Colton could imitate the dialect well, and Anne listened with amused interest. Stallard laughed and nodded affirmatively, but all the while his eyes were on the passing fields. They had turned off from the river now and through the hills into Anne's land—the blue-grass. Back towards the town was a soft haze; before them all was clear and brilliant. They had left the locust blossoms dropping meaninglessly into the streets.

Here in the fields Nature was making ready for the days when she can sit with folded hands, brooding and happy over work that is all but done. The blue-grass was purpling into soft seas, that rocked as proudly in the wind as the heading wheat and barley and the young green oats, whose silver gray would be the last sheen of the summer's glory. Already the rifled clover blossoms were drooping

their heads as the gray spikes of timothy shot exultantly above them. Now and then from the road-side came the low, sweet, aimless plaint of a little brown songster, whose name Anne had never learned. Two kingbirds were chasing a crow towards a woodland, and out in the meadow a starling was poised over his nesting mate, balancing against the breeze, and swearing fealty for one happy month by the crimson on his wings. Quail were calling from the wheat, and larks were wheeling and singing everywhere. Sturdy farm-houses of plain brick stood out here and there from the sunlit fields, and now and then an avenue of locusts gave sight of a portico with great pillars running two stories high. It was a scene of rich peace and plenty, and Stallard's interest was eager; but Anne noticed his face sadden. She remembered this afterwards, as she remembered other impressions of the drive when she had a key to the meaning of them. Once only, when one of the mountaineer's questions to Colton showed such knowledge of the country, could she ask him if he had not been to the blue-grass before.

"You went to the university, didn't you?" she said.

The careless query seemed to almost startle him. He turned quickly to her, and for the first time looked straight into her eyes.

"Yes," he said, simply, and he seemed to be waiting for another question that was on Anne's lips; but his look now brought back a sharp memory of his face on the night of the dinner, and made her shrink from the question before Colton and Katherine, as she knew she would shrink if she were with him alone. If he were the same, and if, as she suspected, he remembered her, why was he so palpably making of the matter such a mystery?

It was a short swift ride, but nobody guessed the significance of it to the mountaineer. Only Anne noticed that when they turned from the gray haze settling over the blue-grass ahead of them, back to the smoke haze over the town, Stallard sank into a moodier silence still; and when they reached the darkening hills something in his face assailed her once more with an unaccountable pity for him. They were passing the old woman's cabin at the time, and Anne's eyes followed his through the open door, where

the old granny was bending over a fire, and the light showed the rude table set for the rude supper, and other hard details of the room. To her it was merely a passing picture etched by the light against a dark little ravine, but had she known the memories it brought to Stallard, she would have understood the sudden shadow in his face. The quick throb of her sympathy then made her shake off straightway what she chose to regard as a silly fear; and when they stopped at the Mansion, and Colton was climbing out, she said to Stallard, quite frankly:

"I wish you would come to see me. I want to know all about the mountains and the feuds—and everything."

Stallard did not answer at once, but looked at her so long and so searchingly that she began to flush, and Katherine, from sheer embarrassment, rose quickly to take Colton's outstretched hand, so little did the mountaineer seem at that moment to be aware of her presence or to care who might hear what he said.

"I'll tell you anything on earth you want to know—some day."

The tone of his voice made Colton start, and brought dead silence to the four.

Marshall was coming down the steps, and instinctively Anne covered her confusion with a look of dismay to Katherine: she had had an engagement with Marshall; she was getting back too late, and he would be angry. Seeing him, Stallard, who had stepped to the pavement, turned sharply from Anne, who was waiting for him to help her out, and held his eyes on Marshall until the latter was several paces down the street. It was a strange thing to do, and it mystified even Colton. It was merely the mountaineer in him that made him keep his face with watchful suspicion on his enemy; it showed progress in the hostility between the two, and it was partly in answer to the half-contemptuous flash that Marshall gave Stallard as he coldly lifted his hat.

VIII.

But again Stallard did not come, and again Anne forgave him. He was exceptional; he was busy; he was shy—and he was not shy—there were a thousand things in addition to the one that was important; she became quite sure that he was avoiding her for some definite reason, and that bothered her a good deal. Once she met him for a moment on the steps of the cap-

itol, and with intentional lightness she reminded him of his broken promise. That time he took her words with a seriousness not so deadly; and thereafter, as the days went by, her fear abated and her interest grew.

Just now she was sitting on the old worn steps of the ancient Hannah mansion. The blue-grass was rich under the trees around her, the birds were singing as though love were going to live forever, and the soft air was like some comforting human presence. As she rose to start home she saw Stallard emerge from the old wooden bridge, and she sat down again. The session was doubtless just over and he was going for a walk. He passed along the other side of the street without seeing her, and in a moment she rose again. She knew her motive when she hesitated at the gate and turned the same way, smiling indulgently at herself as she walked along, and, a little later, smiling at chance, which is sometimes genial, when she saw that she would meet Stallard where one road turns down the river and another winds up the hill. The mountaineer had been down one way; had changed his mind and was coming back. She stepped from the sidewalk to take the road up the hill, with her face turned to him to speak and expecting him to keep his course; but, without looking up and not hearing her light step, he turned too, and they met in the middle of the road.

"Are we going the same way?" she asked, without calling him by name.

Surprise a mountaineer and you startle him. It is an inherited trait of people who live primitive lives among the hills and must be on the alert for an enemy. Instantly Stallard's hands were withdrawn from his pockets and a light quickened in his eyes.

"Well," he said, "you skeered me!"

It was the slip of surprise, but Colton had made even vulgarisms like this tolerable for her. Much of the mountaineer's speech was simply obsolete elsewhere, he had explained. The mountaineer clung to old customs, old words, old pronunciations, because new ones had never reached him. Certain words were no more incorrect than certain customs were immoral. In the outer world both were old-fashioned merely.

"I'm goin' up on the hill," he said, with a gesture. "Are you?"

"Yes," she said simply, for in the fraction of time between his speech and hers she so made up her mind.

The smooth-beaten turnpike, shining like metal ahead of them, was canopied with interwoven branches and dappled with the sunlight that fell through them. Hill, tree, and the singing of birds were on the right hand, and the town lay under its haze of smoke to the left. It is against etiquette in the mountains for a young man and a young woman to stroll unchaperoned in the woods—a guardian seems necessary only for the extremes of civilization—and when Anne suggested turning aside to look for flowers, the mountaineer hesitated instinctively, and then, with a subtler thought, pushed open the little gate that swung from the body of an oak where she had stopped. The leaves in the woods were full, and the sunlight had the gold of autumn.

Stallard began drawing in his breath. "I always come up here when I'm homesick," he said. "It makes me think of the mountains—these hills. There's a mountain tree there, and there, and there's another," pointing out a lynn, a chestnut, a beech. "There are mountain birds up here too"—a polyglot chat was chuckling. "Hear that? My father used to call that the 'plough-bird.' It goes up the trunk of a tree—Gee! Haw!—first to the right and then to the left; then it halts and clucks, just as though it wanted a steer to move on. When it gets to the branches, it drops down through the air as though it were hurt, and begins all over again. And this air"—drawing it into his great chest—"I can smell the roots of that sassafras. There's a spring up here too. It's the only place where I can get a good drink of water."

It seemed volubility, so long a speech, and it gave Anne a surprise, as did the mountaineer's change of manner. He was quite easy and unconscious now, for he was with her alone, and he was in the woods, where he was at home. They were going up a path through a tangled thicket of undergrowth. A little stream of water tinkled down the ravine like a child prattling to itself, and tinkled dreamily on through dark shadows into the sunlight. A bluebird fluttered across it, and high above them a cardinal drew a sinuous line of scarlet through the green gloom and with a splutter of fire dashed into a cool pool.

"Well," laughed Stallard, "he's in my spring." Somewhere out in the depths just then rose cool flutelike notes, as though satyrs were teaching young fauns to play on reeds. "That's another," said Stallard, delightedly. "It's the first time I've heard him. I don't know what his name is."

"That's a wood-thrush," said Anne, stopping at the base of a tree and sinking down on a root. She had gathered only a few flowers, but she was tired.

Stallard stretched his long length in the grass below her. He was listening to the wood-thrush, and for the moment he forgot her, or he had not learned that she let little pass unseen; for she was following his mood as it became thoughtful, reminiscent, and passed finally into the deep sadness she had noted on the drive. It was the second time she had ever seen his face relax from the fixed look that made it inscrutable as to all else except some dominant purpose. It had nothing of the dreaming quality of Marshall's pensive moods, it was not temperamental, it came from some definite, tangible source, for it got bitter and hard as the mood held him, even after the bird's gentle fluting ceased a moment and again came like an echo from a distant glade.

"I think you must have forgotten, haven't you?" she asked, again playfully, to divest the question, as well as the memory that it must bring to both, of special significance.

He knew what she meant. "Oh, no."

"Well, then, it's a good time to begin. I'm waiting." She was pulling a stalk of blue-grass from its casing.

Stallard turned to look full at her. "Why do you want to know?"

It was well that she was doing something, or the sudden question and the peculiar tone of it would have taken her off guard. As it was, there was no need for her eyelashes to lift until the stalk came loose. Then she raised its white base to her lips and bit it off quite calmly.

"You mustn't ask me reasons; you must never ask any woman reasons."

It was her first parry, and she saw that parrying with him was going to be difficult—his thrusts were so out of rule. He was looking at her in a blunt, penetrating way, and she did not lift her eyes until his face was turned again towards the faint piping of the thrush. She was not

ready to enter that question with herself, much less with him.

"There ain't much to tell," he was saying, slowly. "I live at the head-waters of the Cumberland, where the mountains are purty steep. A neighbor of mine fell out of his own corn-field once and broke his neck. I went to school in a log house for three months in winter for three years, working and studying at home between times. I stopped then because I knew more than the man who was teaching the school. I made enough money logging to get to the Bible college at Lexington. I soon found out I wasn't called to be a preacher, so I went over into the College of Arts. I worked in the professors' gardens; I did my own cooking—anything—everything. It took me six years, but I got through. I went back home and I taught school and I studied law. Then I practised at my county-seat until I ran for the Legislature. That's all."

That was all. It was a plain record of plain facts, and Anne knew not half the tale of hardship that was left untold; what the bitter patient fight with the hard conditions of his birth had been, she could not even guess.

"Yes, it was a purty hard row," he added simply, as though he were following her thoughts; "but I'd hoe it over again if it had to be done—for one reason, anyhow—because I can do more for my people. But for that I think, sometimes, that I wouldn't, if I were back at the beginning, knowing what I know now, and had my choice. It nearly cost me my religion, and it left me hung midway between heaven and hell. Then I've learned to rebel against what I can't escape, and to value what I can't get."

Stallard's face settled back into reverie, and there was a long silence—so little was there that Anne could say. She was curious to know definitely what he meant; he had opened the way, whether purposefully or not, for her to ask, but she swerved from the question, and asked quite another:

"Where did you learn to speak?"

Stallard laughed. "I never learned. It's natural, what there is of it. I used to pray in meetin's when I was a boy. Then I used to speak in college. I never could write a speech—I have to talk off-hand. That's the way I made my valedictory." He laughed again, and Anne gave a little cry of surprise.

"Yes, I remember; that was you, too."

"You heard of that?" he asked.

"Who didn't?" was her answer, and Stallard's face shone.

It was epoch-making in the history of the valedictories of the old university—that speech; and the pathos of it was unintentional and quite unconscious. A big, rough, manly countryman had stepped out and spoken from a slip of notes in his hand. He was not sorry to go, he said, calmly. He had worked hard; he had asked no favors, incurred no obligation. He had come as rough material; he had paid for the privilege of being planed down. The professors were paid to plane him down. He had tried to do his duty; he believed they had done theirs. He had no personal gratitude to express to anybody. Nor had he any pathetic farewell to make to the people of the town. He had received no hospitality at their hands. He had been under hardly a single roof outside the campus. He knew the face of hardly a woman before him. He had not a word of complaint or blame. There was no reason why the facts of his college life should have been otherwise; only they were not. The honor of the valedictory had not been conferred on him by his classmates, nor by the professors, nor by the people of the town. He had won that working for something else. He knew what the valedictorian was expected to do. He had been listening to valedictories for six years. He could not doubt the sincerity of his predecessors, but he must tell what was the truth for him; and doing that, he could not follow them. He had his little memories, associations, friendships; they were few, but they were too sacred for him to bid them farewell from that platform. He had come an alien, an alien he was going away. And he was glad to go, to get to other work. He would have liked to give them high-wrought sentiment, shining metaphors; to wring them with the agony of farewell into tears even; but he had to tell the truth. The truth was what he had told, and more to tell there was not. So speaking, he sat down.

The good old president sat through it bewildered and pained. The professor of English looked mad. The bluff old professor of Greek was laughing in his eyes and under his right hand, which covered his mouth. The dean of the Bible college, who had labored to save Stallard's



"HE'S IN JAIL."

soul from perdition and his powers for the church, was openly resentful and hurt; while the little man who helped experiments in the laboratory was laughing in his sleeve at them all. The same variety of results was perceptible in the house. Only the editor of the town paper and a few scattered bold spirits broke into applause, but the hall hummed just the same, and the speaker was the man of the day.

"Why, I'm not a patchin' to Sherd Raines," Stallard went on—"the fellow I roomed with at college. He and I made a bargain when I found out I wasn't 'called.' He said he'd teach the folks at home religion if I'd teach 'em law."

"What are you going to do—what do you want to do?"

"My best always, and let the rest go. I'm a fatalist, I reckon, as I found out when I studied moral philosophy. I take what comes, if it is better than what I have. I have my wishes, my hopes, even a definite ambition; but I sha'n't risk wrecking my life on it, especially when what I most wish for I knew nothing of until it was too late to acquire it, if it was not denied me even to acquire it when I was born."

He pulled down the brim of his hat and looked away. Some instinct, some fear held her back from asking just what he meant, and she watched him, greatly puzzled. She was sure now that his was the strongest face she had ever seen; and his history was as plain in it as it was in his words. There was not a line about brow, nose, mouth, or chin that was not chiselled into force of character, force of purpose. If there was a hint of contradiction in his make-up, it was too fine for her vision, keen as that was. It was the flawlessness in this one bulwark of strength that had drawn her and made her fear. She shrank from his eyes when he turned all at once to her; there was a light in them that was not pleasant.

"I wonder if you could guess what turned me away from religion to law?"

He pointed to the yellow dome of the capitol through a rift in the trees, and she knew the half of what he meant—that he meant Marshall. "I was in the Bible college, and the first Commencement I ever saw was his. I heard his speech; he had the salutatory; and I was right under him, looking up into his face. He spoke over my head and

never saw me. It was Kentucky for the Kentuckians—his speech—and he didn't let us mountain folks in at all. I couldn't catch his eye when he spoke of my people as he did down there in the house the other day. I knew him the moment he got up, and I felt just as I did away back in college. It's kind o' like a storm down in the mountains when the river is high. I can hear the wind crashing the big trees together and the water roar. Lightning just seems to flash in front of my eyes, and I can hear the thunder—I tell you, I can *hear* it. That's the way it is below"—Stallard moved his hand to and fro, as though he were on some peak and the elements were raging under him—"I'm up above somehow"—tapping his forehead—"an' I seem to have the strength of them all right here"—stretching out his right hand and gripping it—"and I know that what I want to do then is done. I know that now. That's the way I felt after his speech in college that day when the band crashed in from the gallery; and the people clapped their hands; and the ushers, with flowers in their button-holes and their canes wrapped in red and white and blue ribbons, carried him up notes and flowers; and everybody talked and smiled and nodded; and he sitting upon the platform looking red and proud and happy. I must have been a great fool, for I could hardly keep from getting up right then and shouting out, 'Brother, you ain't the only man as can do that'; and, thank God, the time did come at last."

Stallard stopped short, seeing Anne's pained and helpless face. He had spoken quietly, but a zigzag streak of red had run up and down each side of his face, and he had had to stop now and then in the hesitancy that with him meant violent emotion. Anne did not speak again until she saw that he had himself in hand once more.

"I was there that day," she found herself saying, partly that he might not think she was shifting too suddenly away from the theme.

"Yes," he said, quickly. "I saw you. You dropped your umbrella, and you waited for me to pick it up—out on the steps."

He spoke calmly and as though with a quickly made resolution, and the girl started and listened—surprised, perplexed, and watching with the strength of her soul in her eyes.

He knew then; he had known all along; why— And then, because the woman in her could not help herself:

"Why didn't you pick it up?"

He did not answer. If he even heard her, he did not show it; he was going on as though she were asking him quite another question:

"Yes, my people live down in the mountains; they have been there a hundred years. My father is dead. My mother is at home, and one married sister, whose worthless husband was killed in the feud. My sister is hardly older than you, I imagine, and yet she looks old enough to be your mother. She has four children, and she has worked in the fields"—Anne shrunk, and he saw—"not before her marriage, mind you, nor since her husband's death. Let me see your hand."

She held it out with the sensation of obeying an unspoken command. He looked at it intently—the pink nails, long white fingers, the threadlike veins in the round wrist; but he did not touch it.

"Her's is like mine," he said, turning over his broad palm. "It's hard and rough and sunburnt; and his looks as soft as yours, almost."

"Haven't you any brothers?" she asked, quickly, to turn him away from the dangerous theme; and then she trembled at her own question, for Stallard started visibly and did not reply at once.

"Two," he said at last. "One is at home—he is a half-brother; and the other"—his tone got harsh, he rose suddenly to his feet, and answered with his back to her: "He's in jail."

"Oh—" It was a swift cry of pain, of apology, and it was enough.

The mountaineer had turned full upon her. "I want you to know—everything. My mother can't write her own name. My sister barely can. My father made his mark—though his father's father wrote a better hand than I do—an old deed shows that. My mother is rough, ignorant, not a lady as you would say, though she is the best woman I know on earth. They are all mountaineers, ignorant mountaineers; as Marshall would call them," he added, bitterly, "'pore white trash.' My brother is in jail, as he deserves to be."

And then Stallard went on to tell about that brother; how he had done all he could to keep him from the evil to which, as a boy even, he seemed irresistibly

drawn. How he had kept aloof from the feud in which his brother had taken an active part; how the latter had sunk lower and lower until just punishment had caught him at last. He himself was like his mother; his brother was more violent and had less restraint, like his father; that was the difference between the two. The turn of a hand and each might have had the other's fate. That was the way of chance.

"My mother's people came from eastern Virginia, like yours. They owned slaves, like yours. Yours came here; mine staid in the wilderness. You kept your level; we went down; through no virtue of yours, no fault of ours. It was fate. I think of Marshall and you, and of my sister and me. You were born so; we were born so. For that reason what's yours without the asking is not ours at any cost—not now. If there's a worse blow in the face of a man who does the best with what comes to him than to learn the value of what he can never get, I hope it may be spared me. To be willing to do anything, deny everything, and to know that the one nor the other can never wholly count, that—" Stallard waved his hand, through sheer inability to go on. Neither knew the full and personal significance of what he said, but through it all the girl sat pained and mute, touched too deep down for tears. She kept silent, even when they rose and went down the path again, though Stallard, with unsuspected delicacy, turned his talk again to the birds and trees. Only when he reached the gate at the oak did he strike the chord again.

"I didn't pick it up," he said, "because I didn't even see it until you started down for it yourself. I was looking at you. I had followed you out of the hall to see you again. And no day has passed since, no hour hardly, that I have not seen you looking at me with a smile, just as you looked then. It is not so strange. You want to see the best in the world, know the best, be the best. Don't you think it would be easy, then, for you to remember your first vision of what you realized was the best? Especially when thereafter you are shut off for years from all that is best? I couldn't have forgotten you if I had tried. Sometimes I have tried. But for you, after all, I might not have gone on. I might be living in a log cabin in the mountains, and tied there,

with a wife and children, forever—and it might be the better for me if I were. But you helped open to me the world against which I am still knocking for entrance—you and he—see what I owe you—yes, and him, too. And you are helping open it now—the same world which I am afraid is barred me as heaven is, for, without cowardice or disloyalty, I can never escape my own. I didn't know you at first—" He stopped, holding her eyes with his, so that, in the moment of silence, she felt weak and afraid, and was glad when he went on. "You are not as lovely as I thought you were"—she could not smile even to herself at his honesty—"and no wonder. Your face has always been the face of something unearthly to me, and now I see the human. I didn't know you until you smiled at me the other night, when you were singing, and I never quite know you as the same, unless you look as you looked then—as you look now," he added, for Anne was smiling faintly. Stallard's voice was so gentle and kind, and it was all so strange. He never dreamed that she could doubt a scintilla of what he said; nor did she, strange as it all was.

Stallard had opened the gate and, mountaineerlike, had gone through first and was holding it open for her. As she passed through she paused, lifting her eyes suddenly to his.

"I saw you that day—I remember, too." The words rose impulsively to her half-open lips, but some vague dread held them back.

The sun was cutting, like a great red scimitar, down through a shadowed hill in the west. Arnold's Wold was already in dusk. A cloud of smoke was rising above the prison, and the Catholic cross rose whitely through it as though swung down from above. There was still a purple glow edging the clouds in the east, and the marble on the hill caught the last light sadly. To Anne the past hour was already taking the misty shape of a dream—into such a melodrama had the facts of both their lives in that hour been cast, in spite of the simple, open story Stallard had told. In no way had he made an appeal to her pity, nor to her sympathies; for that reason he had both wholly. Outwardly now, as they went down the hill, he was ironlike once more; but there was a softer ring in his voice when he spoke, and a new tone of understanding. On

the old bridge he stopped, looking up stream. A long raft of logs was floating down the river towards them.

"That's the way I came down to go to college," he said, smiling. "I walked from here to Lexington."

A mountaineer was standing at the huge stern oar, motionless. As the end of the raft swung under them they could hear him singing; and, still smiling, Stallard bent his head to listen.

"I've got a gal at the head of the holler,
Heh-o-dee-um-dee-ee-dle-dahdy-dee!"

And then he swept the big paddle through the water. Anne, too, smiled; it was the song the young trusty sang in the garden. Stallard bent lower and sang back,

"She won't come, an' I won't foller."

The fellow looked quickly up, gave a "hooray," and, with a wave of his hat, sent the refrain up with a hearty swing,

"Heh-o-dee-um-dee-ee-dle-dahdy-dee!"

"He doesn't know me, but he knows that I know where he's from," said Stallard. "I used to go over to the Kentucky River and bring logs down that way. We'd tie up to the bank, and then we'd all go up the middle of the street single file. We didn't know what the sidewalks (hearth-stones I remember old Tom Perkins used to call them) were for. We went back part of the way on the train, and we climbed through the windows, not knowing where the doors were. We called the cars 'boxes.' One fellow climbed over the fence to his boarding-house, never having seen a gate. I didn't much expect in those days that I'd be walking along here some day as a member of the 'legislatur,' as we say, and with the Governor's daughter, and she the same—"

He stopped suddenly and stiffened. At the end of the bridge was Marshall, who stepped aside with unnecessary ceremony, and lifting his hat, bowed with elaborate courtesy. Not until he saw Anne's flush did Stallard notice that Marshall was almost staggering. At the steps of the Mansion Anne left her hand in Stallard's as though she would say one of the thousand things that were on her tongue; but her lip quivered, and that was all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT PEACE, BUT STRIFE.

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE.

I.

SWEETHEART, I used to question, ere you came,
What thing this was that bore the name of love.
And, fash'ning from dream-fancies, from the fame
Of mighty loves now dead, and from above
Seeking a light immortal, I at length
Built for myself a dainty wild-wood nest,
A harmony of beauty and of strength,
A fairy spot with fragrant flowers dressed,
Where bird-songs echoed in the golden air
And summer sunshine gleamed athwart the trees!
There, hand in hand with One, knowing not care,
I wandered happy as the morning breeze.

II.

But now that you are here,
My love, the truth I see!
How God lives in our love, bidding us fight
Wrong, sorrow, and to rear,
By our own joy, the free
And holy glory of His loving Right.
And gladly, with no sigh
I leave the dream, nor crave
Aught but, with you, to try
The power of great love to help and save.

III.

Dearest, when we have done what was our best,
When the strength of our day is past, and night
Comes quietly, and we know that we must rest,
Leaving the task undone, shall not the fight—
Though all unfinished, faltering and weak,
Yet since we loved each other, and held high
Above our failing what God bade us seek—
Shall not the fight bring peace? And we but die
To find the dream is real? Not, as then, made
Of careless-happy fancies, but reared strong
On sorrows love made holy through God's aid,
On selfhood's sacrifice, and conquered wrong!

IN THE RIP.

BY BLISS PERRY.

"WE—can't—make it," pronounced the Captain, oracularly; "no, sir, we're not goin' to make it. Might as well come about. Look out for the boom, sir!" He jammed down the tiller, and the big cat-boat came up into the wind, trembled a moment, and then loafed away lazily on the other tack.

There was no help for it. We were tide-hung, with a falling wind, off the Race Light. It was nearing sunset, and

straight across our course to New London Harbor foamed the Rip, at that hour a wall of plunging water curving from Plum Island to Fishers Island. The noise of it was like the thunder of a dam, and yet on either side of that angry seam across the Sound there were curling "slicks" and broad shiny spaces that already began to mirror the evening sky. But the tide was running like a race-horse, and the trolling-lines which I

was holding, in the stern of the cat-boat, were swept now to windward, now to leeward, and then actually ahead of us, in a way that must have puzzled even the bluefish.

The Captain flung up his stubbly chin and studied the pennant quivering at the mast-head. The hotel on Fishers Island was swinging ominously around the Race Light. We were drifting, but the Captain did not like to admit it.

"Come, Henry," he called, petulantly, "what are you doin'?"

The barefooted little rascal curled up by the mast was hauling in his line at a tremendous rate, and presently held up the squid with a well-feigned expression of astonishment.

"Look at the marks of that bluefish's teeth!" he cried. "I thought I wasn't goin' to lose that one." He pointed to some suspicious-looking scratches upon the strip of bright metal above the hook.

"Henry," said the Captain, severely, keeping his eye fixed on the receding light-house, "you've got a pious mother and you had a pious father, and to try to fool this gentleman by scratchin' that jig with your knife is dreadful mean."

The abashed youth jerked the squid overboard sulkily, but the incident seemed to restore the Captain's spirits.

"We'll get in before dark," he remarked, reassuringly, "and you've got some nice bluefish anyhow. I guess I'll have to stand off again pretty soon, but by-and-by we'll make it. There ain't any use in stickin' our nose into that Rip. See that feller!" he cried, pointing to a three-masted schooner that was beating up the channel. "He thinks he's goin' to make it all right, but I'll bet he'll learn better. Look at that!—look at that!"

The three-master came on grandly, a quarter of a mile away from us, but the moment her bow touched the crested ridge of the Rip, the lurking fingers of the tide gave her a savage twist that swung her broadside, with sails flapping; and then she came about, helplessly, and stood off. She might as well have put her bow against a tidal wave as against the Rip when the Rip is master.

The Captain laughed. "He'd ought to know more. That schooner is from down Rockland way, I guess, and has come through here a hundred times most likely. But it's just like some folks to put their nose right on the grindstone and

hold it there, no matter if it's God Almighty that's turnin' the crank. Some folks are built so."

"Obstinate?" I suggested.

"Exactly. Now that fellow might just as well have waited a half-hour, and stood off there till the tide turned. He 'ain't gained an inch by stickin' himself into that Rip, and he's just made himself ridiculous. Did I ever tell you about my father and Seth Kimball?"

"I believe not," said I.

The boy gave his line a half-hitch around the cleat on the gunwale and swung his legs over into the cockpit.

"Well," began the Captain, deliberately, pulling the cat-boat a point closer into the fitful wind, "father was wilful. He was about as wilful a man as there was in Kennebec County; and when you get a Maine man that's really set, you know somethin's got to give. *He* won't. Why, I've seen father strike a stone, ploughin' out the north pasture, and break a plough on it rather'n go round; and send back to the barn for another, and break that; and then borrow Seth Kimball's plough and hitch on to it, and whip that team of horses right up to that stone again, till the stone *came*! It had to come; and I guess likely it realized it. That's the kind of a man he was.

"I couldn't go it. I don't know as I'd ought to say so, but I couldn't get along with father. Mother sent me to the spring one day for two tin pails of water; and the stage for Augusta came along just then, and I filled those pails and set 'em down by the spring, and climbed on board that stage and ran away. I wa'n't but fifteen years old, either. I got down to Portland and shipped on a whaler, and was gone three years. Toward the end of the third year the boatswain got inflammatory rheumatism—that was up in Baffin's Bay—and I took his place. We made a big catch about that time, and I drew his boatswain's prize-money; so I came into Portland with eleven hundred and fifty dollars in my pocket. For a boy of eighteen, that was doin' pretty well. It's more'n I've ever had since!

"Well, I took it into my head to go home to Kennebec County and see my folks, and when I got off the stage, down by the spring, what do you think? There sat those tin pails! Mother had had father build a little fence around 'em like a graveyard, and wouldn't let anybody

touch 'em. There they'd stood, summer and winter, and I picked 'em up and filled 'em—rusty as they was—and carried 'em into the house."

"What did your mother say?" asked the boy, in an awed voice.

"Mother was moppin' the kitchen floor, and she looked up, kind o' white, and says: 'I knew you'd come back, Abijah. Don't slop that water on this clean floor.'"

Henry looked at me curiously, and the Captain went on:

"What do you think your father's doin'?" says she; and then she began to cry. 'He's gone to law with Seth Kimball over that lane up to the cow-pasture. He's terrible set, and Mis' Kimball 'ain't been over to see me since March, and your father and Seth don't either of 'em go to meetin', and it's cost your father over six hundred dollars already.'

"Father came in from the barn just then, and he stood there, and I didn't know whether he was goin' to speak to me or not. But he set down the milk and shook hands, and I thought he was goin' to cry too; and says he: 'Abijah, I'm glad to see you. Can't you remember what Seth Kimball said to us about that right of way, the mornin' we was layin' that stone wall? Didn't he say, 'One rod is all I ever claimed, Dan?'"

"That's what he did,' says I, 'as near as I can remember.'

"Father pounded on the table like one possessed. 'Let's have some samp'n' milk for supper,' says he, 'and I'll hitch up and drive down to Square Bainbridge's. I've got a new witness, and I'll beat Seth Kimball yet.'

"All through supper he couldn't talk about anything but that right of way. It wa'n't nothin' to quarrel over, either, you might say—just a question whether Seth's right of way across the end of our orchard up to his fall pasture was one rod or two rods wide. There was land enough there, in all conscience, and it wa'n't good for nothin', anyway. But Seth up'n' claimed two rods, whereas father said he had a right to only one. You see, neither of 'em had any papers to show for it; it was just an old agreement runnin' back to Aunt 'Lizy's time—sort o' proscscription, the lawyers called it. Well, father had always had that rod fenced off, and when the fence rotted out he laid a stone wall just on the old line. But Seth served notice on him, and when father didn't pay

any attention to it, Seth's hired man came over and pulled the wall down. That was just after I ran away from home. Father was mad, clean through.

"All right,' says he. 'I'll lay that wall once more, and if Seth Kimball touches it, we'll see who owns that right of way.'

"So he laid it up, and that time Seth Kimball came over and tore it down himself.

"Well and good,' says father, and he drove down to Square Bainbridge's and told him how things stood.

"By the eternal,' says Square Bainbridge, 'we'll take *that* before twelve men.' And that's how they began it.

"Well, the whole story was longer'n the moral law, but the upshot of it was that when father got through I forgot all about the way he and I used to quarrel; and says I: 'Go ahead, father: I'll back you. I've brought home two hundred dollars with me, and I've got more'n nine hundred in the bank at Portland, and I won't see my folks beaten in a lawsuit, not if I can help it.'

"Father, he couldn't say enough, and after he'd hitched up and gone, mother let on to me that he'd had to mortgage the place to raise the six hundred. He felt kind o' bad about it, because he'd just paid off the old mortgage that had been runnin' ever since he was married. Mother had wanted him to give in, one time, and let Seth Kimball have the two rods; but when she saw I was goin' to turn my money over to father, I guess she thought that Mis' Kimball had treated her sort o' mean, after all. And so things took a fresh start.

"Well, I staid around home long enough to help father get in his oats, and by that time I was crazy to be on salt water again, and shipped for Australia; and what with one thing and another, and lyin' sick at Sydney six months at one time, I was gone five years. When I came home I didn't come by stage either. I had to foot it from Bath, and had just two York shillings to my name. And where do you think I found the old folks? Well, sir, father was livin' down at the foot of the hill, in the little red house where he was born. Our place was gone, every dollar of it, to the lawyers, and Seth Kimball's money was all used up, too, and still they couldn't find out who owned that right of way. There wa'n't

a lawyer in Kennebec County that wa'n't on one side or the other, and they had appealed it to the Superior Court, and it was goin' to be decided the week after I got home. Our place stood in father's name still, but Square Bainbridge was livin' there, rent free, and claimin' that he'd have to foreclose the mortgage to protect his own interests, though he'd stuck by father all along.

"Father was like a wild man, only he never said nothin'. He looked just as he did when he was smashin' plough after plough over that stone; he was bound to have his way, no matter what broke. He hadn't been to church, and he hadn't mended a fence or bought a new piece of harness all those years; he had just kept right on ploughin' up against Seth Kimball, and he looked eighty, though he wa'n't but sixty-five. Mother was discouraged, and she and Mis' Kimball used to kind o' make friends with each other again down in the back garden of the red house, near Mis' Kimball's sister's orchard, and agree to get their husbands to give it up. But Seth Kimball was sure he was goin' to win in the Superior Court, and as for askin' father to give up, you might as well ask that Rip to stop runnin'. He couldn't give up. I guess we'll come about, Henry."

The boy gave the boom an officious push as it swung across the cockpit, and the cat-boat lurched over and drew away along the wall of clamorous foaming water. The wind was freshening again.

"How did it come out?" said I.

"That's the most curi's thing about it," reflected the Captain. "That's what I was comin' to. I'd been home about a week, and had got the old red house tidied up a little—'twas the spring of the year—and one forenoon I picked a mess of dandelion greens for dinner. They taste pretty good to a man right off a whaler. Well, father and mother and I had just sat down to those greens, that noon, when Square Bainbridge ran in, puffin' pretty hard. Father kind o' looked up at him, but he didn't say a word.

"'The stage has just come in, Dan,' shouts the Square, pretty excited, 'and by the eternal, we've beat him at last! The court handed down its decision at five o'clock yesterday afternoon, and we've got judgment against him for two hundred dollars damages!'

"Mother, she began to cry. 'But it's

cost us every penny we had in the world,' says she, 'except this old red house.'

"'What's that got to do with it,' says father, good and loud, 'as long as we've got our rights? And I want a little more vinegar on these greens,' says he; but when he reached for it his hand was tremblin' as if he had had a stroke.

"'Those greens do smell good,' says Square Bainbridge. 'We ain't had a mess of 'em yet, up to our house.'

"When mother heard him say 'our house' so natural, she began to cry again; and Square Bainbridge saw that he hadn't ought to have said it, and went off up the hill.

"The next afternoon we got word that Seth was comin' over to pay what he owed. Father was dressed up, and opened the parlor blinds, and there we sat, with Seth's lawyer and Square Bainbridge, when Seth Kimball came round the corner by the store. He was dressed up too, and he was drivin' a pair of oxen—and that was every last head of stock he owned. He left the oxen standin' by the hitchin'-post, and walked in, and kind o' nodded to his lawyer and to me. But he and father hadn't spoken for pretty near eight years, for all they'd been boys together, and on the parish committee, and all that.

"'My client,' says Seth's lawyer, sort o' hesitatin', 'is obliged to ask a favor of the prosecution. We mean to pay this two hundred dollars and stop where we be; but we want Mr. Richards to accept that yoke of cattle in part payment. We had 'em prized this morning by three men, and they say that they'd ought to be worth eighty dollars.'

"'And here's the one hundred and twenty in money,' says Seth, pullin' out his wallet; and he knew, and there wa'n't a man in the room but knew, that that was every dollar Seth Kimball could raise. He was a proud man too—full as proud as father; but he knew when he was licked.

"Everybody looked at father, and he got up from where he was sittin' by the centre table, and his hand was shakin' so that he had to hold on to the Family Bible—it lay right on the edge of the table—and there he stood, kind o' swallerin', and finally he says:

"'Damn you, keep your money! I guess I can get along without it better'n you can. And I'll outlive ye, too!'

"And he sat down, and the Family Bible was shakin' under his grip. Father was a peressor, for all he hadn't been to church since the lawsuit began, and he'd never sworn an oath before in his life, not to my knowledge.

"Now when he said that to Seth Kimball," went on the Captain, musingly, "he must have hated him like a pizen snake; he must have refused to take his money just to make him feel bad. Leastways I thought so then, and sometimes I think so now. But maybe it wa'n't that at all; maybe it was just the old natural Adam in him that was doin' the talkin', and he might have been sorry for Seth, right then and there, only ashamed to own it. Anyhow, he sat there lookin' at Seth, and Seth at him, and Seth was fingerin' his wallet, and I tell you both men seemed pretty old.

"I don't know but we might have been sittin' there yet if it hadn't been for Seth's lawyer. He spoke up after a while, and says he, 'Square Bainbridge, it seems to me that my client and yours can settle this between 'em without us.'

"Perhaps so," says Square Bainbridge, rather doubtful; but Kimball's lawyer got up and took his hat, and says, 'Good-afternoon gentlemen'; and Square Bainbridge followed him outside, and they went across to the Square's office. That parlor was a kind o' creepy place for me to stay in, so I got up too, pretty quiet, and went out by the sittin'-room door. Mother was out in the kitchen, all hunched up on the settee, and there we sat and sat till milkin'-time, and still father and Seth Kimball staid in that front parlor. Well, I went and milked the cow—father wa'n't keepin' but one then—and when I came up from the pasture, father was standin' at the back door, lookin' at the weather. Seth Kimball had gone.

"Goin' to be a lowery day to-morrow, ain't it?" says he; and his voice sounded cheerful, just as it used to when we'd finished hayin' and there wa'n't a cock but was under cover.

"Looks like it," says I; and there was mother, right behind him, motionin' to me as if father was out of his head. But he wa'n't; not the least bit in the world.

"Do you suppose," says he, "that it'll be too dark after supper for you to go up to the woods and cut me a fish-pole? The trout ought to be bitin' first-rate to-morrow, and Seth Kimball and I thought

we'd try the South Branch. There ain't either of us that's been fishin' for ten years, and we used to try it together every spring.'

"Are you crazy, Dan?" screamed mother. She couldn't hold in any longer.

"No," says he; 'I've come pretty near it, but we'll let that lay. I'm just goin' to have a little *fun* once more, and so's Seth. We 'ain't either of us got any plantin' to do to speak of, and we're gettin' to be old men. We might just as well go fishin' as not.'

"And the next day they went, sure enough; and along in the afternoon they brought back a good mess of trout, and divided 'em on our back stoop, just as they used to when they were boys. That fishin' was town talk, I can tell you."

The Captain hauled on the main-sheet suddenly, and peered off under the boom at the lights that were twinkling in the hotel on Fishers Island. The hotel was beginning to make out from the Race Light, and the tumult of the Rip was lessening, though we were almost upon it.

"Did your father live longer than the man he went fishing with?" demanded the boy.

"He caught his death o' cold at Seth Kimball's funeral," replied the Captain. "The other bearers all kept their hats on, and he didn't. Foolish custom, ain't it? I don't—know—but we're goin' to make it."

And even as he spoke, the noise of the churning tideway seemed all at once behind us, and the big cat-boat heeled over joyfully on the port tack for the run home, with the water slap-slapping to a new tune beneath her bows.

"Take this tiller a minute while I get at my tobacco," said the Captain. "We're all right now, but you might as well roll up your lines. You won't get any more bluefish. Say, that Rip is a queer thing, ain't it? It stands up there and fights with itself, and God Almighty can't make it stop till it gets ready; and then it all softens down and smooths out before you know it. There must be somethin' down underneath there that we don't understand. A little like folks, I guess, after all. Ain't you goin' to light up, yourself?"

The last foam of the Rip was already far astern, and in the northwest, against the wooded shore and quiet evening sky, gleamed the New London Light.



"A LITTLE FUN ONCE MORE."



THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS.*

BY

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER X.

"LAKE SHIVER."

STEADILY the *Dipsey* worked her way northward, and as she moved on her course her progress became somewhat slower than it had been at first. This decrease in speed was due partially to extreme caution on the part of Mr. Gibbs, the Master Electrician.

The attenuated cable, which continually stretched itself out behind the little vessel, was of the most recent and improved pattern for deep-sea cables. The conducting wires in the centre of it were scarcely thicker than hairs, while the wires forming the surrounding envelope, although they were so small as to make the whole cable not more than an eighth of an inch in diameter, were far stronger than the thick submarine cables which

were used in the early days of ocean telegraphy. These outer wires were made of the Swedish toughened steel fibre, and in 1939, with one of them a little over a sixteenth of an inch in diameter, a freight-ship of eleven thousand tons had been towed through the Great New Jersey Canal, which had then just been opened, and which connected Philadelphia with the ocean.

But notwithstanding his faith in the strength of the cable, Mr. Gibbs felt more and more, the farther he progressed from the habitable world, the importance of preserving it from accident. He had gone so far that it would be a grievous thing to be obliged to turn back.

The *Dipsey* sailed at a much lower depth than when she had first started upon her submarine way. After they had become accustomed to the feeling of

* Begun in June number, 1897.

being surrounded by water, her inmates seemed to feel a greater sense of security when they were well down below all possible disturbing influence. When they looked forward in the line of the search-light, or through any of the windows in various parts of the vessel, they never saw anything but water—no fish, nothing floating. They were too far below the ice above them to see it, and too far from what might be on either side of them to catch a glimpse of it. The bottom was deep below them, and it was as though they were moving through an aqueous atmosphere.

They were comfortable, and beginning to be accustomed to their surrounding circumstances. The air came in regularly and steadily through the electric gills, and when deteriorated air had collected in the expiration-chamber in the upper part of the vessel, it was forced out by a great piston, which sent it by a hundred little valves into the surrounding water. Thus the pure air came in and the refuse air went out just as if the little *Dipseys* had been healthfully breathing as it pushed its way through the depths.

Mrs. Block was gaining flesh. The narrow accommodations, the everlasting electric light, the sameness of food, and a total absence of incident had become quite natural to her, and she had ceased to depend upon the companionship of the dust-brush and the almanac to carry her mind back to what she considered the real things of life.

Sarah had something better now to take her mind back to Sardis and the people and things on dry land. The engagement and probably early marriage of Mr. Clewe and Mrs. Raleigh had made a great impression upon her, and there were days when she never thought of the pole, so busy was she in making plans based upon the future connection of the life of herself and Sammy and that of Mr. and Mrs. Clewe.

Sammy and his wife had very good quarters within the boundaries of the Works, but Sarah had never been quite satisfied with them, and when the new household of Clewe should be set up, and all the new domestic arrangements should be made, she hoped for better things. Mr. Clewe's little cottage would then be vacant, for of course he and his wife would not live in such a place as that, and she thought that she and Sammy

should have it. Hour by hour and day by day she planned the furnishing, the fitting, and the management of this cottage.

She was determined to have a servant, a woman thoroughly capable of doing general house-work; and then there were times when she believed that if Sammy should succeed in finding the pole his salary would be increased, and they might be able to afford two servants. Over and over again did she consider the question whether, in this latter case, these women should both be general house-work servants, or one of them a cook and the other a chamber-maid and laundress. There was much to be considered on each side. In the latter case more efficient work could be obtained; but in the former, in case one of them should suddenly leave, or go away for a day out, the other could do all the work. It was very pleasant to Mrs. Block to sit in a comfortable arm-chair and gaze thus into the future. Sometimes she looked up into the water above, and sometimes out into the water ahead, but she could see nothing. But in the alluring expanse of her fancied future she could see anything which she chose to put there.

Sammy, however, did not increase in flesh; in fact, he grew thinner. Nothing important in regard to the Pole, Rovinski, had occurred; but of course something would occur—otherwise why did the Pole come on board the *Dipseys*? Endless conjectures as to what Rovinski would do when he did anything, and when he would begin to do it, kept the good Samuel awake during many hours when he should have been soundly sleeping. He had said nothing yet to Mr. Gibbs in regard to the matter. Every day he made a report to Roland Clewe about Rovinski, but Clewe's instructions were that so long as the Pole behaved himself properly there was no reason to trouble the minds of the party on board with fears of rascality on his part. They had enough to occupy their minds without any disturbing influence of that sort.

Clewe's own opinion on the subject was that Rovinski could do nothing but act as a spy, and afterwards make dishonest use of the knowledge he should acquire; but the man had put himself into Clewe's power, and he could not possibly get away from him until he should return to Cape Tariff, and even

there it would be difficult. The proper and only thing to do was to keep him in custody as long as possible. When he should be brought back to a region of law and justice, it might be that the Pole could be prevented, for a time at least, from using the results of his knavish observations.

There was another person on board whose mind was disturbed by Rovinski. This was Mr. Marcy, the Assistant Engineer, an active, energetic fellow, filled with ambition and love of adventure, and one of the most hopeful and cheerful persons on board. He had never heard of Rovinski, and did not know that there was anybody in the world who was trying to benefit himself by fraudulent knowledge of Mr. Clewe's discoveries and inventions, but he hated the Pole on his own account.

The man's countenance was so villainous that it was enough of itself to arouse the dislike of a healthy-minded young fellow, such as Marcy; but, moreover, the Pole had habits of sneaking about the vessel, and afterwards retiring to quiet corners, where he would scribble in a pocket note-book. Such conduct as this in a man whose position corresponded with that of a common seaman on an ordinary vessel, seemed contrary to discipline and good conduct, and he mentioned the matter to Mr. Gibbs.

"I suppose the man is writing a letter to his wife," said the latter. "You would not want to hinder him from doing that, would you?"

And to this no good answer could be made.

The Pole never took notes when Sammy was anywhere where he could see him, and if Mr. Marcy had reported this conduct to the old man, it is likely that Rovinski would speedily have been deprived of pencils and paper, and

his real character made known to the officers.

One day it was observed by those who looked out of the window in the upper deck that the water above them was clearer than they usually saw it, and when the electric lights in the room immediately under the window were turned out it was almost possible to discern objects in the room. Instantly there was a great stir on board the *Dipsey*, and observations soon disclosed the fact that there was nothing above the vessel but water and air.

At first, like an electric flash, the thought ran through the vessel that they had reached the open sea which is supposed to surround the pole, but reflection soon showed those who were cool enough to reflect that if this were the case that sea must be much larger than they had supposed, for they were still a long way from the pole.

Upon one thing, however, everybody was agreed: they must ascend without loss of time to the surface of the water above them.

Up went the *Dipsey*, and it was not long before the great glass in the upper deck admitted pure light from the outer world. Then the vessel rose boldly and floated upon the surface of the open sea.

The hatchways were thrown open, and in a few moments nearly everybody on board stood upon the upper deck, breathing the outer air and gazing about them in the pure sunlight. The deck was almost flat, and surrounded by a rail. The flooring was wet, and somewhat slippery, but nobody thought of that; they thought of nothing

but the wonderful place in which they found themselves.

They were in a small lake surrounded by lofty and precipitous icebergs. On every side these glittering crags rose high



into the air; nowhere was there a break or an opening. They seemed to be in a great icy prison. It might be supposed that it would be exhilarating to a party who had long been submerged beneath the sea to stand once more in the open air and in the light of day; but this was not the case. The air they breathed was sharp and cold, and cut into throats and lungs now accustomed to the softer air within their vessel. Scarcely any of them, hurrying out of the warm cabins, had thought of the necessity of heavy wraps, and the bitter cold of the outer air perceptibly chilled their blood. Involuntarily, even while they were staring about them, they hurried up and down the deck to keep themselves warm.

The officers puzzled their brains over the peculiar formation of this ice-encompassed lake. It seemed as if a great ice mountain had sunk down from the midst of its companions, and had left this awful hole. This, however, was impossible. No law of nature would account for such a disappearance of an ice mountain. Mr. Gibbs thought, under some peculiar circumstances, a mass of ice might have broken away and floated from its surroundings, and that afterward, increased in size, it had floated back again, and, too large to re-enter the opening it had made, had closed up the frozen walls of this lonely lake, accessible only to those who should rise up into it from below the sea. Suddenly Mrs. Block stopped.

"What is that?" she cried, pointing to a spot in the icy wall which was nearest to the vessel. Instantly every eye was turned that way. They saw a very distinct, irregular blotch, surrounded by almost transparent ice.

Several glasses were now levelled upon this spot, and it was discovered to be the body of a polar bear, lying naturally upon its side, as if asleep, and entirely encased in ice.

"It must have lain down to die, on the surface of the ice," said Mr. Gibbs, "and gradually the ice has formed above it,

until it now rests in that vast funeral casket."

"How long since he laid down there to die, Mr. Gibbs?" asked Sarah, as she took the glass from her eye. "He looks as natural as if he was asleep."

"I cannot say," he answered. "It may have been hundreds, even thousands, of years ago."

"Oh, horrible!" said Sarah. "All that makes me shiver, and I am sure I don't need anything to make me do that. I wish we would go down, Sammy; I would

like to get out of this awful place, with those dreadful glitterin' walls that nobody could get up or over, and things lyin' frozen for a thousand years; and besides, it's so cold!"

It seemed as if Sarah's words had struck the key-note to the feelings of the whole company. In the heart of every one arose a strong desire to sink out of this cold, bleak, terrifying open air into the comfortable motherly arms of the encircling waters. For a few minutes Captain Jim Hubbell had experienced a sense of satisfaction at finding himself once more upon the deck of a vessel floating upon the open sea. He felt that he was in his element, and that the time had come for him to assume his proper position as a sailor; but this feeling soon passed, and he declared that his spine was like a long icicle.

"Don't you think we had better go down again?" said Sammy. "I think we have all seen enough of this, and it isn't anything that any use can be made out of."

"You are right," said Mr. Gibbs; "let everybody go below."

But it was not easy for everybody to obey this command. The wet decks were now covered with a thin surface of ice, and those who had been standing still for a few moments found it difficult to release their shoes from the flooring of the deck, while several of the men slipped down as they made their way to the forward hatch. As for Sarah Block, she found it impossible to move at all. Her



shoes were of a peculiar kind, the soles being formed of thick felt, and these, having been soaked with water, had frozen firmly to the deck. She tried to make a step and almost fell over.

"Heavens and earth!" she screamed; "don't let this boat go down and leave me standing outside!"

Her husband and two men tried to release her, but they could not disengage her shoes from the deck; so Sammy was obliged to loosen her shoestrings, and then he and another man lifted her out of her shoes and carried her to the hatchway, where she very speedily hurried below.

Everybody was now inside the vessel, the hatches were tightly closed, and the *Dipsey* began to sink. When she had descended to the comparatively temperate depths of the sea, and her people found themselves in her warm and well-lighted compartments, there was a general disposition to go about and shake hands with each other. Some of them even sang little snatches of songs, so relieved were they to get down out of that horrible upper air.

"Of course I shall never see my shoes again," said Mrs. Block; "and they were mighty comfortable ones too. I suppose, when they have been down here awhile in this water, which must be almost lukewarmish compared to what it is on top, they will melt loose and float up; and then, Sammy, suppose they lodge on some of that ice and get frozen for a thousand years! Good gracious! It sets me all of a creep to think of that happenin' to my shoes, that I have been wearin' every day! Don't you want a cup of tea?"

"It's a great pity," thought Sammy to himself, "that it wasn't that Pole that had his feet frozen to the deck. The rest of us might have been lucky enough not to have noticed him as the boat went down."

"We ought to get a name for that body of water up there," said Mr. Gibbs, as he was writing out his report of the day's adventures. "Shall we call it 'Lake Clewe'?"

"Oh, don't do that!" exclaimed Sammy Block. "Mr. Clewe's too good a man to have his name tacked onto that hole. If you want to name it, why don't you call it 'Lake Shiver'?"

"That is a good name," answered Mr. Gibbs. And so it was called.

CHAPTER XI.

THEY BELIEVE IT IS THE POLAR SEA.

WITH no intention of ascending again into any accidental holes in the ice above them, the voyagers on the *Dipsey* kept on their uneventful way, until, upon the third day after their discovery of the lake, the electric bell attached to the heavy lead which always hung suspended below the vessel, rang violently, indicating that it had touched the bottom. This sound startled everybody on board. In all their submarine experiences they had not yet sunk down low enough to be anywhere near the bottom of the sea.

Of course orders were given to ascend immediately, and at the same time a minor search-light was directed upward through the deck skylight. To the horror of the observers, ice could plainly be seen stretching above them like an irregular gray sky.

Here was a condition of things which had not been anticipated. The bottom below and the ice above were approaching each other. Of course it might have been some promontory of the rocks under the sea against which their telltale lead had struck; but there was an instrument on board for taking soundings by means of a lead suspended outside and a wire running through a water-proof hole in the bottom of the vessel, and when the *Dipsey* had risen a few fathoms, and was progressing very slowly, this instrument was used at frequent intervals, and it was found that the electric lead had not touched a rock projecting upward, and that the bottom was almost level.

Mr. Gibbs's instrument gave him an approximate idea of the vessel's depth in the water, and the dial connected with the sounding apparatus told him hour by hour that the distance from the bottom, as the vessel kept forward on the same plane, was becoming less and less. Consequently he determined, so long as he was able to proceed, to keep the *Dipsey* as near as possible at a median distance between the ice and the bottom.

This was an anxious time. So long as they had felt that they had plenty of searoom the little party of adventurers had not yet recognized any danger which they thought sufficient to deter them from further progress; but if the ice and the bottom were coming together, what could they do? It was possible, by means of

explosives they carried, to shatter the ice above them, but action of this kind had not been contemplated unless they should find themselves at the pole and still shut in by ice. They did not wish to get out into the open air at the point where they found themselves; and, moreover, it would not have been safe to explode their great bombs in such shallow water. A consultation was held, and it was agreed that the best thing to do was to diverge from the course they had steadily maintained, and try to find a deeper channel leading to the north. Accordingly they steered eastward.

It was not long before they found that they had judged wisely; the bottom descended far out of the reach of their electric lead, and they were enabled to keep a safe distance below the overhanging ice.

"I feel sure," said Mr. Gibbs, "that we came near running against some out-reaching portion of the main Western Continent, and now we have got to look out for the foundations of Greenland's icy mountains." He spoke cheerily, for he wished to encourage his companions, but there was a very anxious look upon his face when he was not speaking to any one.

The next day every one was anxious, whether he spoke or was silent. The bottom was rising again, and the *Dipsey* was obliged to sail nearer and nearer to the ice above. Between two dangers, constricted and trammelled as they were, none of them could help feeling the terrors of their position, and if it had not been for the encouraging messages which continually came to them from Sardis, they might not have been able to keep up brave hearts.

After two days of most cautious progress, during which the water became steadily shallower and shallower, it was discovered that the ice above, which they were now obliged to approach much more closely than they had ever done before,



SARAH BLOCK'S SHOES WERE FROZEN TO THE DECK.

was comparatively thin, and broken in many places. Great cracks could be seen in it here and there, and movements could be discerned indicating that it was a floe, or floating mass of ice. If that were the case, it was not impossible that they were now nearing the edge of the ice under which they had so long been sailing, and that beyond them was the open water. If they could reach that, and find it the unobstructed sea which was supposed to exist at this end of the earth's axis, their expedition was a success. At that moment they were less than one hundred miles from the pole.

Whether the voyagers on the *Dipsey* were more excited when the probable condition of their situation became known to them, or whether Roland Clewe and Margaret Raleigh in the office of the Works at Sardis were the more greatly moved when they received that day's report from the arctic regions, it would be

hard to say. If there should be room enough for the little submarine vessel to safely navigate beneath the ice which there was such good reason to believe was floating on the edge of the body of water they had come in search of, and on whose surface they might freely sail, what then was likely to hinder them from reaching the pole? The presence of ice in the vicinity of that extreme northern point was feared by no one concerned in the expedition, for it was believed that the rotary motion of the earth would have a tendency to drive it away from the pole by centrifugal force.

The little thermometer-boat which during the submarine voyage of the *Dipse*y had constantly preceded her to give warning of the sunken base of some great iceberg, was now drawn in close to the bow; there was so much ice so near that its warnings were constant, and therefore unneeded. The electric lead-line was shortened to the length of a few fathoms, and even then it sometimes suddenly rang out its alarm. After a time the bottom of the sea became visible through the stout glass of a protected window near the bow, and a man was placed there to report what he could see below them.

It had now become so light that in some parts of the vessel the electric lamps were turned out. Fissures of considerable size appeared in the ice above, and then, to the great excitement of every one, the vessel slowly moved under a wide space of open water; but the ice could be seen ahead, and she did not rise. The bottom came no nearer, and the *Dipse*y moved cautiously on. Nobody thought of eating; they did not talk much, but at every one of the outlooks there were eager faces.

At last they saw nothing above them but floating fragments of ice. Still they kept on, until they were plainly moving below the surface of open water. Then Mr. Gibbs looked at Sammy.

"I think it is time to rise," said he; and Sammy passed the word that the *Dipse*y was going up into the upper air.

When the little craft, so long submerged in the quiet depths of the Arctic Sea, had risen until she rested on the surface of the water, there was no general desire, as there had been when she emerged into Lake Shiver, to rush upon the upper deck. Instead of that, the occupants gath-

ered together and looked at each other in a hesitating way, as if they were afraid to go out and see whether they were really in an open sea, or lying in some small ice-locked body of water.

Mr. Gibbs was very pale.

"My friends," said he, "we are going on deck to find out whether or not we have reached the open polar sea, but we must not be excited, and we must not jump to hurried conclusions; we may have found what we are in search of, and we may not have found it yet. But we will go up and look out upon the polar world as far as we can see it, and we shall not decide upon this thing or that until we have thoroughly studied the whole situation. The engines are stopped, and every one may come up, but I advise you all to put on your warmest clothes. We should remember our experience at Lake Shiver."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea," said Sammy Block, "to throw out a lot of tarpaulins to stand on, so that none of us will get frozen to the wet deck, as happened before."

When the hatch was opened a man with a black beard pushed himself forward towards the companionway.

"Keep back here, sir," said Mr. Marcy, clapping his hand upon the man's shoulder.

"I want to be ready to spread the tarpaulins, sir," said he, with a wriggling motion, as if he would free himself.

"You want to be the first to see the polar sea, that is my opinion," said Mr. Marcy; "but you keep back there where you belong." And with that he gave the eager Rovinski a staggering push to the rear.

Five minutes afterwards Margaret Raleigh and Roland Clewe, sitting close together by the telegraph instrument in the Works at Sardis, received the following message:

"We have risen to the surface of what we believe to be the open polar sea. Everybody is on deck but me. It is very cold, and a wind is blowing. Off to our left there are high mountains, stretching westward as far as we can see. They are all snow and ice, but they look blue and green and beautiful. From these mountains there comes this way a long cape, with a little mountain at the end of it. Mr. Gibbs says this mountain, which is

about twenty miles away, must be just about between us and the pole, but it does not cut us off. Far out to the right, as far as we can see, there is open water shining in the sun, so that we can sail around the cape. On the right and behind us, southward, are everlasting plains of snow and ice, which we have just come from under. They are so white that it

from under the ice into the polar sea. To the northeast they could see its waves shining and glistening all the way to the horizon, and they believed that beyond the cape in front of them these waters shone and glistened to the very north. They breathed the polar air, which, as they became used to it, was exhilarating and enlivening, and they basked in the



"AT EVERY ONE OF THE OUTLOOKS THERE WERE EAGER FACES."

dazzles our eyes to look at them. In some places they are smooth, and in some places they are tumbled up. On the very edge of the sky, in that direction, there are more mountains. There are no animals or people anywhere. It is very cold, even inside the vessel. My fingers are stiff. Now that we are out on the water, in regular shipshape, Captain Jim Hubbell has taken command. We are going to cruise northward as soon as we can get things regulated for outside sailing.

SAMUEL BLOCK."

CHAPTER XII.

CAPTAIN HUBBELL TAKES COMMAND.

It was a high spirited and joyous party that the *Dipsey* now carried; not one of them doubted that they had emerged

sunshine, which, although it did not warm their bodies very much, cheered and brightened their souls. But what made them happier than anything else was the thought that they would soon start direct for the pole, on top of the water, and with nothing in the way.

When Captain Jim Hubbell took command of the *Dipsey* the state of affairs on that vessel underwent a great change. He was sharp, exact, and severe; he appreciated the dignity of his position, and he wished to let everybody see that he did so. The men on board who had previously been workmen, now became sailors—at least in the eyes of Captain Hubbell. He did not know much about the work that they had been in the habit of doing, but he intended to teach them the duties of sailors just as soon as he could

find any such duties for them to perform. He walked about the deck with an important air, and looked for something about which he might give orders. There were no masts or spars or shrouds or sheets, but there were tarpaulins on the deck, and these were soon arranged in seamanlike fashion. A compass was rigged up on deck, and Captain Hubbell put himself into communication with the electric steersman.

It was morning when the *Dipsey* emerged from the sea, although day and night were equally bright at that season, and at twelve o'clock Captain Hubbell took an observation, assisted by Sammy. The result was as follows: longitude, 69° 30'; latitude, 88° 42'.

"It strikes me," said Captain James Hubbell, "that that latitude goes over anything ever set down by any skipper, ancient or modern."

"I should say so," answered Sammy. "But that record won't be anything compared to what we are goin' to set down."

Work went on very rapidly, in order to get the *Dipsey* into regular nautical condition, and although it was out of his line, Captain Hubbell made it a point to direct as much of it as he could. The electric gills were packed as close to the side of the vessel as possible, and the various contrivances for heating and ventilation when sailing in the open air were put into working order. At four o'clock in the afternoon our party started to round the icy promontory ahead of them, encouraged by a most hearty and soul-inspiring message from the hills of New Jersey.

"It's all very fine," said Sarah Block to her husband, "for everybody on board to be talking about what a splendid thing it is to be sailin' on the surface of the sea, in the bright and beautiful air, but I must say that I like a ship to keep quiet when I am on board of her. I had a pretty bad time when I was comin' up on the *Go Lightly*, but she was big and didn't wobble like this little thing. We went along beautifully when we were under the water, with the floor just as level as if we were at home in a house, and now I am not feelin' anything like as well as I have been. For my part I think it would be a great deal better to sink down again and go the rest of the way under the water. I am sure we found it very comfortable, and a great deal warmer."

Sammy laughed.

"Oh, that would not do at all," he said. "You can't expect the people on board this vessel to be willin' to scoop along under the water when they have got a chance of sailin' like Christians in the open air. It's the sudden change that troubles you, Sarah; you'll soon get over it."

But Sarah was not satisfied. The *Dipsey* rolled a good deal, and the good woman was frequently obliged to stop and steady herself when crossing the little cabin.

"I feel," said she, "as if I had had a Christmas dinner yesterday and somebody else had made the pies."

The dissatisfied condition of Mrs. Block had a cheering influence upon Captain Hubbell when he heard of it.

"By George!" said he, "this seems like good old times. When I was young and there was women on board, they all got a little seasick; but nowadays, with these ball-and-socket ships, you never hear of that sort of thing. A seasick woman is the most natural thing I have struck yet on this cruise."

Mrs. Block's uneasiness, however, did not last very long. A few electric capsules of half an alternative volt each soon relieved her; but her mind was still out of order; she was not satisfied. She had accustomed herself to submerged conditions, and ordinary voyaging was very different.

"It wouldn't surprise me," she said, "if we should find that there wasn't any pole; that's about the way these things generally turn out."

In a few hours the *Dipsey* had rounded the cape, keeping well off shore. In front was a clear sweep of unobstructed water. With their telescopes they could see nothing on the horizon which indicated the presence of land. If the sea should stretch out before them, as they hoped and expected, a sail of about seventy miles ought to bring them to the pole. The *Dipsey* did not go at full speed; there was no hurry, and as he was in absolutely unknown waters, Captain Hubbell wished to take no risks of sunken reefs or barely submerged islands. Soundings were frequent, and they found that the polar sea—at least that part over which they were sailing—was a comparatively shallow body of water.

Before they left Sardis, preparations had been made for an appropriate and

permanent designation of the exact position of the northern end of the earth's axis. If this should be discovered to be on solid land, there was a great iron standard or column on board, in detached parts, with all appliances for setting it up firmly in the rocks or earth or ice; but if the end of the said axis should be found to be covered by water of not too great depth, a buoy had been provided which should be anchored upon the polar point.

This buoy was a large hollow aluminium globe, from which a tall steel flag-post projected upward to a considerable height, bearing a light weather-vane, which, when the buoy should be in its intended position, would always point southward, no matter which way the wind might blow. This great buoy contained various appropriate articles, which had been hermetically sealed up in it before it left Sardis, where it was manufactured. All the documents, books, coins, and other articles which are usually placed in the corner-stones of important buildings were put in this, together with the names of the persons who had gone on this perilous expedition and those who had been its projectors and promoters. More than this, there was an appropriate inscription deeply cut into the metal on the upper part of the buoy, with a space left for the date of the discovery, should it ever take place.

But the mere ceremony of anchoring a buoy at the exact position of the pole was not enough to satisfy the conscientious ambition of Mr. Gibbs. He had come upon this perilous voyage with the earnest intention of doing his duty in all respects, while endeavoring to make the great discovery of the age; and if that discovery should be made, he believed that his country should share in the glory and in the material advantage, whatever that might be, of the achievement. Consequently it was his opinion that if the pole should be discovered, the discoverers should take possession of it in the name



"A COMPASS WAS RIGGED UP ON DECK."

of their country. Every one on board—except Sarah Block, who had something to say about the old proverb concerning the counting of chickens before they were hatched—thought this a good idea, and when the plan was submitted to Mr. Clewe and Mrs. Raleigh, they heartily approved.

Preparations were now made to take possession of the pole if they should reach it on the water. On the after-part of the deck a ring about three feet in diameter was marked, and it was arranged that when they had ascertained, by the most accurate observations and calculations, the exact position of the pole, they would so guide their vessel that this ring should be as nearly as possible directly over it. Then one of the party should step inside of the ring and take possession of the pole. After this the buoy would be anchored,

and their intended scientific observations and explorations would proceed.

It was supposed both on the *Dipsey* and at Sardis that Mr. Gibbs would assume the honor of this act of taking possession, but that gentleman declined to do so. He considered that he would no more discover the pole, if they should reach it, than would his companions; and he also believed that, from a broad point of view, Mr. Roland Clewe was the real discoverer. Consequently he considered that the direct representative of the interests of Mr. Clewe should take possession, and it was decided that Samuel Block should add the north pole to the territory of his native land.

When this had been settled, a very great change came over the mind of Sarah Block. That her husband should be the man to do this great thing filled her with pride and alert enthusiasm.

"Sammy," she exclaimed, "when you are doin' that, you will be the greatest man in this world, and you will stand at the top of everything."

"Suppose there should be a feller standin' on the south pole," said Sammy, "wouldn't he have the same right to say that he was on top of everything?"

"No," said Sarah, sharply. "The way I look at it, the north pole is above and the south pole is below; but there ain't any other feller down there, so we needn't talk about it. And now, Sammy, if you are goin' to take possession of the pole, you ought to put on your best clothes. For one thing, you should wear a pair of those new red flannel socks that you haven't had on yet; it will be a good way to christen 'em. Everything on you ought to be perfectly fresh and clean, and just as nice as you've got. This will be the first time that anybody ever took possession of a pole, and you ought to look your very best. I would ask you to shave, because you would look better that way, but I suppose if you took off your

beard you would take cold in your jaws. And I want you to stand up straight, and talk as long about it as you can. You are too much given to cuttin' off ceremonies mighty short, as I remember was the case when you were statin' your 'pinions about our weddin'; but I had my way then, and I want to have it now. You are goin' to be a big man, Sammy, and your name will go all over the world, so you must screw yourself up to as much eminence as you think you can stand."

Sammy laughed. "Well, I will do what I can," said he; "that is, provided our chickens are hatched."

"Oh, they'll come out all right," said Sarah. "I haven't the least doubt of it, now that you are to be the chief figure in the hatchin'."

Shortly after the ordinary hour for rising, an order was issued by Captain Hubbell, and enforced by Samuel Block, that no one should be allowed to come on deck who had not eaten breakfast. There were those on board that vessel who would have staid on deck during all the hours which should have been devoted to sleeping, had it not been so cold. There would

probably be nothing to see when they reached the pole, but they wanted to be on hand, that they might see for themselves that there was nothing to see.

CHAPTER XIII.

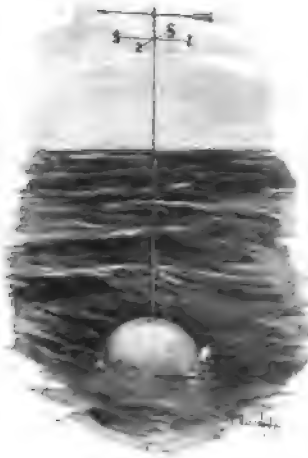
LONGITUDE EVERYTHING.

THE sun was as high in the polar heavens as it ever rises in that part of the world. Captain Hubbell stood on the deck of the *Dipsey* with his quadrant in hand to take an observation. The engines had been stopped, and nearly everybody on the vessel now surrounded him.

"Longitude everything," said Captain James Hubbell, "latitude ninety, which is as near as I can make it out."

"My friends," said Mr. Gibbs, looking about him, "we have found the pole."

And at these words every head was uncovered.



For some moments no one spoke; but there was a look upon the faces of most of the party which expressed a feeling which was voiced by Sarah Block.

"And yet," said she, speaking in a low tone, "there's nothing to see, after all!"

Captain Hubbell's observations and calculations, although accurate enough for all ordinary nautical purposes, were not sufficiently precise to satisfy the demand of the present occasion, and Mr. Gibbs and the electricians began a series of experiments to determine the exact position of the true pole.

The vessel was now steered this way and that, sometimes backed, and then sent forward again. After about an hour of this zigzag work Mr. Gibbs ordered the engine stopped.

"Now," said he, "the ring on the deck is exactly over the pole, and we may prepare to take possession."

At these words Samuel Block disappeared below, followed by his wife.

"That was an odd expression of yours, Captain Hubbell," said Mr. Gibbs, "when you said we had reached longitude everything. It is correct, of course, but it had not struck me in that light."

"Of course it is correct," said Captain Hubbell. "The end of every line of longitude is right here in a bunch. If you were a bird, you could choose one of 'em and fly down along it to Washington or Greenwich or any other point you pleased. Longitude everything is what it is; we've got the whole of 'em right under us."

Now Samuel Block came on deck, where everybody else on board was soon gathered. With a furled flag in his hand, dressed in his best and cleanest clothes, and with a large fur cloak thrown over his shoulders, Mr. Block advanced toward the ring on the deck, near the compass.

But he was yet several yards from this point when a black figure, crouching



THE POLE AT THE POLE.

close to the deck, issued from among the men, a little in the rear of the party, and made a dash toward the ring. It was the Pole, Rovinski, who had been standing quivering with excitement, waiting for this supreme moment. But almost at the same instant there sprang from the side of Mr. Gibbs another figure, with a face livid with agitation. This was Mr. Marcy, who had noticed the foreigner's excitement and had been watching him. Like a stone from a catapult, Mr. Marcy rushed toward Rovinski, taking a course diagonal to that of the latter, and striking him with tremendous force just before he reached the ring, he threw him against the rail with such violence that the momentum given to his head and body carried them completely over it, and his legs following, the man went headlong into the sea.

Instantly there was a shout of horror.

Sarah Block screamed violently, and her husband exclaimed: "That infernal Pole! He has gone down to the pole, and I hope he may stay there!"

"What does all this mean, Mr. Marcy?" roared Captain Hubbell; "and why did you throw him overboard?"

"Never mind now," cried Sammy, his voice rising above the confusion. "I will tell you all about it. I see what he was up to. He wanted to take possession of the pole in his own beastly name, most likely."

"I don't understand a word of all this," exclaimed Mr. Gibbs. "But there is the man; he has risen to the surface."

"Shall we let him sink," cried Sammy, "or haul him aboard?"

"Let the man sink!" yelled Captain Hubbell. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Well, I suppose it wouldn't do," said Sammy, "and we must get him aboard."

Captain Hubbell roared out orders to throw out life-preservers and lower a boat; but, remembering that he was not on board a vessel of the olden times, he changed the order and commanded that a patent boat-hook be used upon the man in the water.

The end of this boat-hook, which could be shot out like a fishing-rod, was hooked into Rovinski's clothes, and he was pulled to the vessel. Then a rope was lowered, and he was hauled on board, shivering and shaking.

"Take him below and put him in irons," cried Sammy.

"Mr. Block," said Captain Hubbell, "I want you to understand that I am skipper of this vessel, and that I am to give orders. I don't know anything about this man; but do you want him put in irons?"

"I do," said Sammy, "for the present."

"Take that man below and put him in irons!" roared Captain Hubbell.

"And give him some dry clothes," added Sarah Block.

When the confusion consequent upon the incident had subsided there was a general desire not to delay for a moment the actual act of taking legal possession of the pole they had discovered.

Sammy now advanced, his fur cap in one hand and his flag in the other, and took his position in the centre of the circle. For a few moments he did not speak, but turned slowly around, as if desirous of

availing himself of the hitherto unknown privilege of looking southward in every direction.

"I'm glad he remembers what I told him," said Sarah. "He's making it last as long as he can."

"As the representative of Roland Clewe, Esq.," said Samuel, deliberately and distinctly, "I take possession of the north pole of this earth in the name of United North America." With these words he unfurled his flag, with its broad red and white stripes, and its seven great stars in the field of blue, and stuck the sharp end of the flag-staff into the deck in the centre of the circle.*

"Now," said he to his companions, "this pole is ours, and if anybody ever comes into this sea from Russia, or Iceland, or any other place, they will find the north pole has been pre-empted." At this three hearty cheers were given by the assembled company, who thereupon put on their hats.

The rest of that day and part of the next were spent in taking soundings, and very curious and surprising results were obtained. The electric lead, which rang the instant it touched bottom, showed that the sea immediately over the pole was comparatively shallow, while in every direction from this point the depth increased rapidly. Many interesting experiments were made, which determined the character of the bottom and the varied deposits thereupon, but the most important result of the work of Mr. Gibbs and his associates was the discovery of the formation of the extreme northern portion of the earth. The rock-bed of the sea was found to be of the shape of a flattened cone, regularly sloping off from the polar point.

This peculiar form of the solid portion of the earth at the pole was occasioned, Mr. Gibbs believed, by the rotary motion of the bottom of the sea, which moved much more rapidly than the water above it, thus gradually wearing itself away, and giving to our earth that depression at the poles which has been so long known to geographers.

Day after day the experiments went

* It must be understood that at this time the seven great countries of North America—Greenland, Norland (formerly British America, British Columbia, and Alaska), Canada, the United States, Mexico, Central America, and West Indies—are united under one confederated government, and have one flag, a modification of the banner of the dominant nation.

on; but while Mr. Gibbs and his associates were extremely interested in what they were doing, some of the rest of the party began to get a little tired of the monotony. There was absolutely nothing to see except water and sky; and although the temperature was frequently some degrees above freezing, and became sometimes quite pleasant as they gradually grew accustomed to the outer arctic atmosphere, those who had no particular occupation to divert their minds made frequent complaints of the cold. There were occasional snow-storms, but these did not last long, and as a rule the skies were clear.

"But think, Sarah," said Samuel Block, in answer to some of her complaints, "what it would be if this were winter, and, instead of being light all the time, it was dark, with the mercury 'way down at the bottom of the thermometer!"

"I don't intend to think of it at all," replied Sarah, sharply. "Do you suppose I am goin' to consent to stay here until the everlastin' night comes on? If that happened I would simply stretch myself out and die. It's bad enough as it is; but when I look out on the sun, and think that it is the same sun that is shinin' on Sardis, and on the house which I hope we are goin' to have when we get back, I feel as if there was somethin' up here besides you, Sammy, that I'm accustomed to. If it was not for you and the sun, I could not get along at all; but if the sun's gone, I don't think you will be enough. I wish they would plant that corner-stone buoy and let us be off."

But by far the most dissatisfied person on board was the Pole, Rovinski. He was chained to the floor in the hold, and could



"THERE'S WHALES IN THIS POLAR SEA."

see nothing; nor could he find out anything. Sammy had explained his character and probable intentions to Captain Hubbell, who had thereupon delivered to Mr. Block a very severe lecture for not telling him before.

"If I've got a scoundrel on board I want to know it, and I hope this sort of thing won't happen again, Mr. Block."

"I don't see how it can," answered Sammy; "and I must admit I ought to have told you as soon as you took command; but people don't always do all they ought to do; and as for tellin' Mr. Gibbs, I would not do that, for his mind is rigged on a hair-spring balance anyway; it wouldn't do to upset him."

"And what are we goin' to do with the feller?" said the Captain. "Now that I know what this Pole is, I wish I had let him go down to the other pole and stay there."

"I thought so at first," said Sammy; "but I'm glad he didn't; I'd hate to think of our glorious pole with that thing flop-pin' on it."

At last all was ready to anchor the great buoy, and preparations were in progress for this important event, when everybody was startled by a shout from Mr. Marcy.

"Hello!" he cried. "What's that? A sail?"

"Whereaway?" shouted the Captain.

"To the south," replied Mr. Marcy. And instantly everybody was looking in opposite directions. But Mr. Marcy's outstretched arm soon indicated to all the position of the cause of his outcry. It was a black spot clearly visible upon the surface of the sea, and apparently about two miles away. Quickly Captain Hubbell had his glass directed upon it, and the next moment he gave a loud cry.

"It's a whale!" he shouted. "There's whales in this polar sea!"

"I thought you said whales were extinct," cried Sammy.

"So I did," replied the Captain. "And so they are in all Christian waters. Who ever could have imagined that we would have found 'em here?"

Sarah Block was so frightened when she found there was a whale in the same water in which the *Dipsey* floated that she immediately hurried below, with an indistinct idea of putting on her things. In such a case as this, it was time for her to leave. But soon recognizing the state of affairs, she sat down in a chair, threw a shawl over her head, and waited for the awful bump.

"Fortunately whales are soft," she said to herself over and over again.

No one now thought of buoys. Every eye on deck was fixed upon the exposed

back of the whale, and everybody speedily agreed that it was coming nearer to them. It did come nearer and nearer, and at one time it raised its head as if it were endeavoring to look over the water at the strange object which had come into those seas. Then suddenly it tossed its tail high into the air and sunk out of sight.

"It's a right-whale!" cried Captain Hubbell. "There's whales in this sea! Let's get through this buoy business and go cruisin' after 'em."

There was a great deal of excited talk about the appearance of the whale, but this was not allowed to interfere with the business in hand. A chain, not very heavy but of enormous strength, and of sufficient length to reach the bottom and

give plenty of play, was attached to an anchor of a peculiar kind. It was very large and heavy, made of iron, and shaped something like a cuttle-fish, with many arms which would cling to the bottom if any force were exerted to move the anchor. The other end of the chain was attached to the lower part of the buoy, and with powerful cranes the anchor was hoisted on deck, and when everything had been made ready, the buoy, which had had the proper date cut upon it, was lowered into the water. Then the great anchor was dropped into the sea, as nearly as possible over the pole.

The sudden rush downward of the anchor and the chain caused the buoy to dip into the sea as if it were about to sink out of sight, but in a few moments it rose again, and the great sphere, half-way out of the water, floated proudly upon the surface of the polar sea.

Then came another great cheer, and Mrs. Block—who, having been assured that the whale had entirely disappeared, had come on deck—turned to her husband



and remarked: "Now, Sammy, is there any earthly reason why we should not turn right around and go straight home? The pole's found, and the place is marked, and what more is there for us to do?"

But before her husband could answer her, Captain Hubbell lifted up his voice, which was full of spirit and enthusiasm.

"Messmates!" he cried, "we have touched at the pole, and we have anchored the buoy, and now let us go whalin'. It's thirty years since I saw one of them fish, and I never expected in all my born days I'd go a-whalin'."

The rest of the company on the *Dipsey* took no very great interest in the whaling cruise, but, on consultation with Mr. Clewe and Mrs. Raleigh at Sardis, it was decided that they ought by no means to leave the polar sea until they had explored it as thoroughly as circumstances would allow. Consequently the next day the *Dipsey* sailed away from the pole, leaving the buoy brightly floating on a gently rolling sea, its high-uplifted weather-vane glittering in the sun, with each of its ends always pointing bravely to the south.

CHAPTER XIV.

A REGION OF NOTHINGNESS.

In the office of the Works at Sardis, side by side at the table on which stood the telegraph instrument, Margaret Raleigh and Roland Clewe, receiving the daily reports from the *Dipsey*, had found themselves in such sympathy and harmony with the party they had sent out on this expedition that they too, in fancy, had slowly groped their way under the grim overhanging ice out into the open polar sea. They too had stood on the deck of the vessel which had risen like a spectre out of the waters, and in the cold clear atmosphere had gazed about them at this hitherto unknown part of the world. They had thrilled with enthusiastic excitement when the ring on the deck of the *Dipsey* was placed over the actual location of the pole; they had been filled with anger when they heard of the conduct of Rovinski; and their souls had swelled with a noble love of country and pride in their own achievements when they heard that they, by their representative, had made the north pole a part of their native land. They had listened, scarcely breathing, to the stirring account of the anchoring of the great buoy to one

end of the earth's axis, and they had exclaimed in amazement at the announcement that in the lonely waters of the pole whales were still to be found, when they were totally unknown in every other portion of the earth.

But now the stirring events in the arctic regions which had so held and enthralled them day by day had, after a time, ceased. Mr. Gibbs was engaged in making experiments, observations, and explorations, the result of which he would embody in carefully prepared reports, and Sammy's daily message promised to be rather monotonous. Roland Clewe felt the great importance of a thorough exploration and examination of the polar sea. The vessel he had sent out had reached this hitherto inaccessible region, but it was not at all certain that another voyage, even of the same kind, would be successful. Consequently he advised those in charge of the expedition not to attempt to return until the results of their work were as complete as possible. Should the arctic night overtake them before they left the polar sea, this would not interfere with their return in the same manner in which they had gone north, for in a submarine voyage artificial light would be necessary at any season. So, for a time, Roland and Margaret withdrew in a great measure their thoughts from the vicinity of the pole, and devoted themselves to their work at home.

When Roland Clewe had penetrated with his Artesian ray as deeply into the earth beneath him as the photic power of his instrument would admit, he had applied all the available force of his establishment—the men working in relays day and night—to the manufacture of the instruments which should give increased power to the penetrating light, which he hoped would make visible to him the interior structure of the earth, up to this time as unknown to man as had been the regions of the poles.

Roland had devoted a great deal of time to the arrangement of a system of reflectors, by which he hoped to make it possible to look down into the cylinder of light produced by the Artesian ray without projecting any portion of the body of the observer into the ray. This had been done principally to provide against the possibility of a shock to Margaret, such as he received when he beheld a man with the upper part of his body

totally invisible, and a section of the other portion laid bare to the eye of a person standing in front of it. But his success had not been satisfactory. It was quite different to look directly down into that magical perforation at his feet, and to study the reflection of the same indistinctly and uncertainly revealed by a system of mirrors.

Consequently the plan of reflectors was discarded, and Roland determined that the right thing to do was to take Margaret into his confidence and explain to her why he and she should not stand together and look down the course of the Artesian ray. She scolded him for not telling her all this before, and a permanent screen was erected around the spot on which the ray was intended to work, formed of Venetian blinds with fixed slats, so that the person inside could readily talk and consult with others outside without being seen by them.

As might well be supposed, this work with the "photoc borer," as Clewe now called his instrument, was of absorbing interest. For a day or two after it was again put into operation Margaret and Roland could scarcely tear themselves away from it long enough for necessary sleep and meals, and several persons connected with the Works were frequently permitted to witness its wonderful operations.

Down, down descended that cylinder of light, until it had passed through all the known geological strata in that part of New Jersey, and had reached subterranean depths known to Clewe only by comparison and theory.

The apparent excavation had extended itself down so far that the disc at the bottom, although so brightly illuminated, was no longer clearly visible to the naked eye, and was rapidly decreasing in size on account of the perspective. But the telescopes which Clewe had provided easily overcame this difficulty. He was sure that it would be impossible for his light to penetrate to a depth which could not be made clearly visible by his telescopes.

It was a wonderful and weird sensation which came over those who stood, glass in hand, and gazed down the track of the Artesian ray. Far, far below them they saw that illuminated disc which revealed the character of the stratum which the light had reached. And yet they could not see the telescope which they held in

their hands; they could not see their hands; they knew that their heads and shoulders were invisible. All observers except Clewe kept well back from the edge of the frightful hole of light down which they peered; and once, when the weight of the telescope which she held had caused Margaret to make an involuntary step forward, she gave a fearful scream, for she was sure she was going to fall into the bowels of the earth. Clewe, who stood always near by, with his hand upon the lever which controlled the ray, instantly shut off the light; and although Margaret was thus convinced that she stood upon commonplace ground, she came out from within the screen, and did not for some time recover from the nervous shock occasioned by this accident of the imagination.

Clewe himself took great pleasure in making experiments connected with the relation of the observer to the action of the Artesian ray. For instance, he found that when standing and gazing down into the great photic perforation below him, he could see into it quite as well when he shut his eyes as when they were open; the light passing through his head made his eyelids invisible. He stood in the very centre of the circle of light and looked down through himself.

That this application of light which he had discovered would be of the greatest possible service in surgery, Roland Clewe well knew. By totally eliminating from view any portion of the human body so as to expose a section of said body which it was desirable to examine, the interior structure of a patient could be studied as easily as the exterior, and a surgeon would be able to dissect a living being as easily as if the subject were a corpse. But Clewe did not now wish to make public the extraordinary adaptations of his discovery to the uses of the medical man and the surgeon. He was intent upon discovering, as far as was possible, the internal structure of the earth on which he dwelt, and he did not wish to interfere at present with this great and absorbing object by distracting his mind with any other application of his Artesian ray.

It is not intended to describe in detail the various stages of the progress of the Artesian ray into the subterranean regions. Sometimes it revealed strata colored red, yellow, or green by the presence

of iron ore; sometimes it showed for a short distance a glittering disc, produced by the action of the light upon a deep-sunken reservoir of water, then it passed on, hour by hour, down, down into the eternal rocks.

When the Artesian ray had begun to work its way through the rocks, Margaret became less interested in observing its progress. Nothing new presented itself; it was one continual stony disc which she saw when she looked down into the shaft of light beneath her. Observation was becoming more and more difficult even to Roland Clewe, and at last he was obliged to set up a large telescope on a stand, and mount a ladder in order to use it.

Day after day the Artesian ray went downward, always revealing rock, rock, rock. The appliances for increased electric energy were working well, and Clewe was entirely satisfied with the operation of his photic borer.

One morning he came hurriedly to Margaret at her house, and announced with glistening eyes that his ray had now gone to a greater degree into the earth than man had ever yet reached.

"What have you found?" she asked, excitedly.

"Rock, rock, rock," he answered. "This little State of ours rests upon a firm foundation."

Although Roland Clewe found his observations rather monotonous work, he was regular and constant at his post, and gave little opportunity to his steadily progressing cylinder of light to reach and pass unseen anything which might be of interest.

It was nearly a week after he had announced to Margaret that he had seen deeper into the earth than any man before him that he mounted his ladder to take his final observation for the night. When he looked through his telescope his eye was dazzled by a light which obliged him suddenly to close it and lift his head. At first he thought that he had reached the fabulous region of eternal fire, but this he knew to be absurd; and besides, the light was not that of fire or heated substances. It was pale, colorless; and although dazzling at first, he found, when very cautiously he applied his eye again to the telescope, that it was not blinding. In fact, he could look at it as steadily as he could upon a clear sky.

But, gaze as he would, he could see nothing—nothing but light; subdued, soft, beautiful light. He knew the ray was passing steadily downward, for the mechanism was working with its accustomed regularity, but it revealed to him nothing at all. He could not understand it; his brain was dazed. He thought there might be something the matter with his eyesight. He got down from the ladder and hurriedly sent for Margaret, and when she came he begged her to look through the telescope and tell him what she saw. She went inside the screen, ascended the ladder, and looked down.

"It isn't anything," she called out presently. "It looks like lighted air; it can't be that. Perhaps there is something the matter with your telescope."

Clewe had thought of that, and as soon as she came out he examined the instrument, but the lenses were all right. There was nothing the matter with the telescope.

That night Roland Clewe spent in the lens-house, almost constantly at the telescope, but nothing did he see but a disc of soft white light.

"The world can't be hollow!" he said to Margaret the next morning. "It can't be filled with air, or nothing, and my ray would not illuminate air or nothing. I cannot understand it. If you did not see what I see, I should think I was going crazy."

"Don't talk that way," exclaimed Margaret. "This may be some cavity which the ray will soon pass through, and then we shall come to the good old familiar rock again."

But Clewe could not be consoled in this way. He could see no reason why his ray acting upon the emptiness of a cavern should produce the effect he beheld. Moreover, if the ray had revealed a cavern of considerable extent he could not expect that it could now pass through it, for the limit of its operations was almost reached. His electric cumulators would cease to act in a few hours more. The ray had now descended more than fourteen miles—its limit was fifteen.

Margaret was greatly troubled because of the effect of this result of the light borer upon Roland. His disappointment was very great, and it showed itself in his face. His Artesian ray had gone down to a distance greater than had been sometimes estimated as the thickness of the

earth's crust, and the result was of no value. Roland did not believe that the earth had a crust. He had no faith in the old-fashioned idea that the great central portion was a mass of molten matter, but he could not drive from his mind the conviction that his light had passed through the solid portion of the earth, and had emerged into something which was not solid, which was not liquid, which was, in fact, nothing.

All his labors had come to this: he had discovered that the various strata near the earth's surface rested upon a vast bed of rock, and that this bed of rock rested upon nothing. Of course it was not impossible that the arrangement of the substances which made up this globe was peculiar at this point, and that there was a great cavern fourteen miles below him; but why should such a cavern be filled with a light different from that which would be shown by his Artesian ray when shining upon any other substances, open air or solid matter?

He could go no deeper down—at least at present. If he could make an instrument of increased power, it would require many months to do it.

"But I will do it," said he to Margaret. "If this is a cavern, and if it has a bot-

tom, I will reach it. I will go on and see what there is beyond. On such a discovery as I have made one can pass no conclusion whatever. If I cannot go farther, I need not have gone down at all."

"No," said Margaret, "I don't want you to go on—at least at present; you must wait. The earth will wait, and I want you to be in a condition to be able to wait also. You must now stop this work altogether. Stop doing anything; stop thinking about it. After a time—say early in winter—we can recommence operations with the Artesian ray; that is, if we think well to do so. You should stop this and take up something else. You have several enterprises which are very important and ought to be carried on. Take up one of them, and think no more for a few months of the nothingness which is fourteen miles below us."

It was not difficult for Roland Clewe to convince himself that this was very good advice. He resolved to shut up his lens-house entirely for a time, and think no more of the great work he had done within it, but apply himself to something which he had long neglected, and which would be a distraction and a recreation to his disappointed mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HUNGARIAN MILLENNIUM.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

I.

"IF monsieur will walk up stairs, the most private rooms are on the second floor,"—this with a wave of a napkin hung over his wrist and folded like a bath-towel.

I followed up a richly carpeted staircase, soft and velvety to the tread, past mirrors concealing muffled doors, down a long hall hung with pictures and lighted by softened electric lights, through an archway draped with silk curtains, and into a cozy room filled with small tables resplendent in white linen, spotless silver, and polished glass. He drew out a chair, placed the *menu* before me, and took that lop-sided, deaf-in-one-ear attitude generally assumed by a tall waiter listening breathlessly for your opening order.

In the interval between soup and fish I began to look about me. The walls were panelled with mirrors; the ceilings

were covered with pink cupids diving into banks of white clouds. There were chandeliers of crystal, sideboards of ebony, and bunches of chrysanthemums; there were candlesticks of silver, with candles topped by red silk shades; there were relays of finger-bowls and whole arsenals of forks and spoons ready for instant service, besides all the other appurtenances, appointments, and equipments of a restaurant, so exclusive and costly that one would have supposed that none but a plutocrat or a stranger from out of town dare enter it.

Opening from this inner room was a smaller apartment—I really had to pass through it to reach my own seat—where a table was spread for ten or a dozen expected guests. Here were more shaded candles and a great basket of roses, while at every other plate was laid a bunch of violets tied with a purple ribbon.

As my roast and one vegetable were laid before me—it was a table d'hôte at a fixed price, wine extra—an important-looking personage entered the smaller apartment and glanced critically at the waiting table. He was an elderly man, with a white mustache waxed into needle-points, a very red face, and bald head. From his chin to his waistband and as far east and west as his armpits, an unbroken snow of waistcoat, shirt, tie, and collar stretched in one trackless sheet of white. In the centre of the drift was a single diamond glistening like an icicle.

A moment afterward a stout lady entered, evidently the wife of the important personage—a stout lady in yellow satin, with black feathers and pearls, who dropped little cards at the several plates, and disappeared through the curtained archway and into the velvety corridor. All this time the personage was examining the labels on a battery of bottles masked behind a sideboard.

With my pease—table d'hôte pease are always a separate dish in this part of the world—came the rustle of silk and the bubble of talk, broken by little gurgles of laughter as the expected guests appeared. The important personage led the way, with a woman on his arm as beautiful as any to be found in all Europe, and followed by a procession of handsome and well-dressed people, the rear being brought up by the stout lady in yellow satin, escorted by one of those square-shouldered, tight-laced, pipstem-legged young officers so often seen in Vienna, in the Volksgarten or along the Ringstrasse.

With the serving of my coffee and cheese, the merriment of my neighbors was at its height. Every one was laughing, talking, reaching under the clusters of roses to touch each other's glasses, keeping up a rattling fire of good-natured badinage, all in an unknown tongue, while each and every one seemed as unconscious of my presence—I sat within ten feet of the personage's chair—as if I had been a painted cupid myself suspended in mid-air above their heads.

With the bringing in by the waiter of the paper containing the sum of my indebtedness, and my payment of the fixed price—I laugh now when I think how small it was—I arose from my seat and passed the merry table on my way out, with that abashed, noiseless, no-business-to-be-there tread common to all men in a

like situation. To my astonishment, the personage also rose, saluting me graciously, his guests at the same time pausing in their talk, each face reflecting the courtesy of the host, while I, doubled up with badly executed bows, passed into the velvet corridor, with its pictures and rose-colored electric bulbs, and so down stairs, and out upon a wide boulevard lined by palaces, thronged by gayly dressed people, and brilliant with myriads of lights.

Out where? On one of the great boulevards of Paris—the Capucines, or perhaps the Champs Elysées itself—or possibly upon the sidewalk of Unter den Linden in Berlin, or the Ringstrasse of Vienna?

Guess again, my friend. This boulevard has twice as many people at this hour of the night as the Champs Elysées; is altogether more beautiful than the Ringstrasse, and infinitely gayer than the Unter den Linden. Besides all that, underneath its surface runs the most perfect electric railway in the world, with stations every few blocks, reached by flights of steps descending from the sidewalk, stations lined with pure white tiles and lighted by electric lights, while at the far end stretched a park, in which is placed the most satisfying and instructive exhibition of recent times—the Exposition of the Millennium of Hungary.

For it is in neither Paris, Berlin, nor Vienna that I have dined so delightfully and been so overcome with the courtesies of strangers. On the contrary, it is in that little split-in-two town on the Danube, seven hours by rail east of Vienna—the city of Buda-Pesth, its old Oriental half clinging to the heights of Buda on the one bank, and the more modern half, the city of Pesth, spread out over the other.

You are surprised, doubtless, at the surroundings I have described—the café, the guests, the wide, gayly thronged street. You had an idea that Hungary was one of the out-of-the-way places of the earth, inhabited by strolling gypsy bands playing on queer instruments; that it was browsed over by herds of goats and sheep attended by barelegged shepherd-boys blowing Pan-pipes. You fancied, perhaps, that its only productions were certain brands of mineral waters of highly pronounced and widely advertised medicinal properties, or odd varieties of silver bangles and girdles worn by male and female peasants shod in high boots, into

which are tucked trousers of unusual width and looseness.

If you have thought none of these things, I frankly confess that I have.

Before I had been in Buda-Pesth many hours, however, I felt my preconceived notions vanish. I walked out upon the wide boulevard, the Andrásy-út, and, with a bewilderment that never left me while I was in Hungary, looked back at the Café Drechsler, where I had just dined—a really superb building of light stone incrustated with carvings and decorated by life-sized statues. Further progress up the Andrásy-út increased my wondering admiration. In almost every block I found other spacious cafés, ablaze with lights and thronged with other gayly dressed people—not in impossible baggy trousers and boots, but in French bonnets and Worth dresses—all sipping their coffee as they listened to the weird strains of *Tzigany* music, with its hesitating notes, intricate crescendoes, and nervous soarings—a music so infectious and inspiring that hardly a slipper was still. Every now and then I came upon an octagon, which widened the broad thoroughfare into a “place” with a Hungarian name all z’s and c’s, surrounded by great apartment-houses and hotels, their broken roof-lines massed against the sky in picturesque effects so different from those produced by the endless mansards of Paris in their never-varying height. Still further up the street were the lights of spacious city villas, with gardens and big trees, while at the very end, a sweep of a half-circle, its diameter-line marked by a series of towers hung with banners and festooned with myriads of colored lanterns—was the main gate of the exposition.

Night is not the best time to judge of an exhibition of this kind, I said to myself as I paused. Night is too forgiving; its masses of shadows conceal too tenderly. Night is never really honest. Even its artificial high lights add to the sins of its kindly deception.

The glimpses that I caught through the wide entrance of the main gate were, to be sure, all inviting. There were vistas of winding gravelled walks, ablaze with electric lights, and stencilled here and there with the black shadows of overbending trees outlined against the sky; avenues of great marble palaces fretted over with Oriental tracery, and ending

in broad flights of steps guarded by big bronze figures; clusters of magnificent domes, minarets, and towers.

But my better judgment and my former experiences taught me to weigh these effects before giving free rein to my enthusiasm. I knew something of the power of the gas-man and of the scenic painter. The same tricks I had seen played elsewhere were being used here, except that this background was the deep blue of the starlit night, instead of the canvas drop of the stage. Many an architectural sham, all of painted boards or deceptive plaster, could be concealed, I knew, by a well-hung lantern or the shadow of a well-draped flag, while minor details could be none the less cleverly managed. Only a year before, in Vienna, one night, I had seen my own beloved Venice so charmingly reproduced, with its canals, gondolas, old palaces, and quaint streets, that I was fool enough to believe the very pigeons on the window-sills were sound asleep, until I examined them the next day in broad daylight, and found them but lumps of painted clay.

Yet, for all my better judgment, I walked on here at Buda-Pesth, looking about me in wonder, gazing up at the myriads of lifeless flags hanging limp in the soft night air, until I found myself opposite the little kiosk, beyond which no human soul could pass without losing half a crown—none except beatified directors, royal families, and holders of season tickets.

“How many tickets shall I take out of this twenty-mark gold piece?” asked the young lady, in very good French.

“One this time, if you please,” and I passed in, with nineteen marks left in my pocket.

I came upon one building, to be sure, which puzzled me, even in the glamour of the twinkling lights—or, rather, one group of buildings. They were built on the margin of the lake, and were reached by the sanded plank and painted portcullis. The first story was genuine—at least so I thought; for I am mechanic enough to know good masonry when I see it, even in the dark, and the turning of the groined arches, all in honest red brick stained by age, savored more of the trowel than of the brush. But the top courses, I was sure, were of canvas and cheap boards. This building had its full revenge on me the next day, when I

caught the morning light glinting on its shingles of *real* slate.

But even though I thought myself deceived by the illusions of the night, I found it impossible to resist the fascination of further discovery, for I had caught something of the contagious humor of the crowd as it wandered and loitered. I lingered with it for a moment by the grand music-stand, where sixty musicians were blowing and pounding away to their hearts' content and the listeners' delight; I mingled, too, with it as it passed the Hall of Liberal Arts—an immense building, its broad flights of steps thronged with people—and walked with it around a huge fountain, with its water-jets ablaze with color, and followed it when it pressed a passage into another building, in which one of the innumerable foreign congresses was having a banquet.

I had seen some of the members of this congress a few hours before at the Hungaria Hotel, in the city proper. There were white-bearded fellows among them, with bumps all over their foreheads, deep-set eyes, and hair cut, or uncut, *à la Wagner*; most of them wore glasses, and hardly one was without some speck of red or green or blue in his button-hole—old fellows who had spent their lives in catching glimpses of stars that had been dodging for ages behind planets or careering through space; younger ones, with inflamed eyes and gaunt faces, who had choked half the vitality out of their bodies by noxious smells and compounds known only to those who sit up nights searching for new potential properties.

They were all here inside this building when I came upon them, but they were not peering through telescopes nor bending over retorts. They were listening to some high dignitary of Buda-Pesth, who was telling them how proud and happy it made the Buda-Pesthers (that's my coinage) to welcome them to the heart of Hungary. He had told the same thing, in slightly different phrases, every week for months, to dozens of other congresses, representing every known science and craft, from biology to market-gardening; but to-night, as if the welcome were entirely new, every member of the present body rose and cried, "Hear! hear!" (each one in his own tongue), and drank bumpers of champagne, and sat down again to listen, now to a Herr Professor from Dresden, now to some Don from Madrid, replying in French

—that language suiting best the largest number of delegates—expressing an undying sense, etc., etc., and the never-to-be-forgottens, etc., etc., common to such occasions. And the crowd with which I had forced a way into the galleries cheered too, in its gay impulsive way, while I caught the humor again and waved my own handkerchief as I clung to a pillar and looked on.

Nobody below waved back to me in return, moved up as if to make room, filled a flagon, nor did anything else in my honor; and so, feeling myself for the second time that night but an observer of happy peoples' pleasure, I wedged my way down again and out into the fairylike scene, and stopped at an open-air café—Gerbeaud's Royal Pavilion—a café more gorgeous than any I had seen before, all garden, with palms and flowering plants, dotted here and there with small tables sheltered by enormous lace parasols, under which one could sit and sip ices and coffee, besides no end of queer concoctions known only to the Magyars. The pavilion itself, with its fine portico and spacious wings, its dining-rooms, great and small, and its verandas enclosed by glass, filled one end of the garden. The waiter told me in whispers that the Emperor comes here, and the Archduke and Duchess, and pointed out the very chairs in which his Majesty sits. When the bill for one ice and one glass of plain water was presented, I realized how good it must be to reign, a potentate with unlimited power to levy taxes, for no ordinary exchequer could stand the strain were a man really hungry. All that had saved me from utter bankruptcy—this being a café in the exhibition, not in the city—had been my natural antipathy to eating anything dropped alive and kicking over burning coals. For the head waiter, to tempt me as I came in, had passed me with a live thing flopping on a plate—it was a fish this time, just out of the water—and had stopped just long enough to allow me a rapid glance at its beauty. I at first supposed that some lucky line had but a moment before drawn it struggling from the lake, and that it was then being taken to die elsewhere. It was only when I overheard the minute instructions for its immediate and proper serving—it was passed to an epicure at the next table to mine—that I was undeceived, and it was not long before I discovered that such fish formed

one of the chief attractions of the place. I then began to watch, from where I sat, the small boy who, in the centre of the café, presided over the fountain under the blazing gas-jets, dipping his net into the marble-lined pool, chasing the dodging fish round and round, until some unlucky victim of the right size slipped into the mesh, and was flopped wriggling on a plate. The sight had rather dulled my appetite. I would as soon have ordered its mate as I would have thought of driving in a spring lamb and carving out a brace of chops while the little fellow waited. I had the curiosity, however, to inquire the price of this gastronomical luxury. It equalled that of two bottles of Extra Dry—the price being the same to commoners and to kings!

The night sped on, the fascination of studying a new life still holding me. The lake was alive with boats, and the bands never out of each other's hearing, and the crowds were surging everywhere.

When the big bell sounded for closing, the people instantly obeyed, and the stream of sight-seers turned and began to flow back to the gate.

Then came the rush for the underground electric railway, one of its stations being almost opposite the main entrance of the exposition. These stations are small houses, fifteen by twenty feet square, and resting on the sidewalk. Once inside, you descend a flight of stone steps leading to an underground room, lined, as I have said before, with white tiles, the frieze and dado of majolica in rich colors. There are comfortable seats against the wall for waiting passengers, and double gates, of spirally turned iron with brass ornaments, protecting the farther end. Across the double-tracked road is another tiled room protected by similar gates. These two sets of double gates make a kind of pound, in which thirty-two passengers are corralled, as it were, or a less number if some of the car seats are occupied. When a train stops, the middle door of the car slides back, and the contents of the pound walk leisurely aboard. There is no crowding and no jostling. There are no bent elbows aimed at your waistband, no hanging to straps, no making half a parenthesis of your body that a stout woman with a basket may pass while you still keep tight hold of your overhead brace. Every passenger has a wide and comfortable seat, cushioned with velvet.

The cars themselves are of mahogany or hard-wood; the lights are brilliant; the road-bed as smooth as a floor. Each car starts as gently as a yacht with loosened sails, and slows down without a tremor. The movement known as the "Third Avenue Cable Jerk," with the passengers shot into one end of the car like the contents of a steamer trunk on a rough night at sea, is unknown. The ventilation is perfect, for there is no smoke, and consequently no smell. In fine, it is the poetry of motion on wheels, smooth as a gondola, and almost as noiseless.

My train stopped within a few blocks of the "Hungaria"—there are underground stations all up and down the Andrássy-út. The white-bearded scientists with bumps on their foreheads, and the younger ones with inflamed eyes, had already arrived, and were gathered together in jovial groups in the hotel's spacious corridor. They had evidently dined well, for some were without any very definite or helpful vertebrae, and others had apparently lost the use of the knee-joint. Many of the younger ones, while they lacked a certain directness of vision, had gained immeasurably in volume of voice, and were, at the moment of my arrival, engaged in practising their several national airs. Scattered about were the generous Buda-Pesthers, every man as straight as a ramrod.

The hospitality of the Magyars is proverbial. So are their staying powers. The only things ever under their tables are the empty bottles, and now and then a guest.

II.

The Hungarian National Millennium Exhibition was first suggested in Buda-Pesth on December 11, 1892, and owed its origin to the patriotic pride of a distinguished Hungarian, Gabriel Baross, former Minister of Commerce, who petitioned Parliament the preceding year to sanction an exhibition to be confined exclusively to the products, resources, and development, past and present, of Hungary. His successor in office, Bela Lukács, adopted his plan, and early in 1893 Parliament was induced to vote a million of florins for preliminary expenses. This sum was subsequently increased to two million eight hundred thousand florins, the Varosliget, or Town Park, was decided upon as the site, and work upon the grounds and buildings was begun.

The purpose of the founders of this exhibition is best expressed, perhaps, in the words of Minister Lukács. (Do not for one moment suppose the translation is mine):

The government (he says) will take care that the national work be exhibited in a worthy frame, so as to further the interest of the exhibitors. May every one of you, its sub-

priations as the plans were carried out, the total sum being finally raised to four and a half millions of florins, or nearly two millions of dollars. Dr. Josef Schmidt, Councillor to the Ministry, was made Director of the Exhibition. The work of construction was pushed with feverish activity, and on May 2, 1896, the great fair was formally opened, with im-



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE EXHIBITION.

jects, therefore show what he is able to attain by his diligence, his taste, and his inventive faculty. Let us all, in fact, compete—we who are working, some with our brains, others with our hands, and others with our machines—like one man for the father-land. Thus the living generation will be able to see what its forefathers have made in the midst of hard circumstances, and to realize what tasks are awaiting us and the new generations in the path which has been smoothed by the sweat, labor, and pain of our ancestors.

This will be a rare family festival, the equal of which has not been granted to many nations. Let the people gather, then, round our august ruler, who has guided our country with fatherly care and wisdom in the benevolent ways of peace to the heights which mark the progress of to-day, and who—a faithful keeper of the glorious past of a thousand years—has led the Hungarian people to the threshold of a still more splendid thousand years to come!

That the government did “take care” is evinced by its prompt and liberal appro-

posing ceremonies, by his Majesty Franz Joseph I. Thousands of distinguished guests were there, representing not only the courts of Europe, but members of the dynasty, foreign ambassadors, members of both houses of the Hungarian Parliament, besides deputations from all departments and municipal bodies in the country, including committees from numerous scientific and literary societies and institutions of fine arts.

Simultaneously with these ceremonies thanksgiving services were held in the different churches throughout the empire. Gala performances were afterward given at the theatres and opera-houses, the programmes of which included dramas, plays, and operas written for the occasion by Hungarian dramatists and composers, while regattas, races, and sports of all kinds came in quick succession. In addition to these merry makings a series of congresses assembled with rep-

representatives from all parts of the world, many coming from the United States. These special congresses succeeded each other in rapid succession, and were attended by journalists, historians, actors, tourists, athletes, as well as philanthropists, scientists, and engineers.

The interest evinced in the exhibition itself, as well as in each of its many features, extended all over the empire. Not only from Buda-Pesth, but from all the country districts the peasants, as well as the nobility and gentry, gathered to enjoy it. In its provision for these peasants, the direction, backed by the government, showed great liberality and forethought. It maintained that as this exhibition was for the education of the people, poverty must not prevent their enjoyment of the privilege. Special accommodations were accordingly provided for the peasants; railroad fares were reduced or abolished altogether, and arrangements were made by which a peasant living within a hundred miles of Buda-Pesth could visit the exhibition, be fed, lodged, and con-

ducted through the grounds and buildings by competent guides, for the space of two days and nights, at an expense of five florins, all told, or about two dollars of our money. Moreover, pupils of schools and teachers were given free passes, with all living expenses paid, it being considered important that no educator in Hungary should miss the exhibition for want of means to see it. These privileges existed during the entire life of the exhibition, which lasted for six months, and which was visited by nearly four millions of people.

The closing ceremonies were marked by the opening at Orsova of the new Ship Navigation Road, at the Iron Gate of the Danube, a colossal work which was initiated by Count Srechenyi, and carried out by Hungarian engineers and with Hungarian capital. On its completion it was formally handed over to the commerce of the world.

It is seldom one sees such patriotism allied to such progress; for although Hungary is celebrating its one-thousandth



THE DANUBE WHERE THE SHIP-CANAL WAS CUT.



THE PAVILION OF THE ARMY.

anniversary, Buda-Pesth itself was not born until 1872. Ancient Buda, on the right bank of the Danube, remembers many centuries, it is true, and the modest little town named Pesth, on the left bank, has also seen many years. But the united, splendid, modern city of Buda-Pesth, with its present population of over six hundred thousand inhabitants, is really but twenty-five years old.

As a sure index of the miraculous growth of the country, some figures may be interesting. In 1867 there were in all Hungary but one hundred and ten banks, with savings and other deposits amounting to seventy-one millions of florins. At the beginning of 1896 there were nine hundred banks and seven hundred co-operative financial institutions, with deposits amounting to twelve hundred millions of florins.

Since 1876 the state has invested seven hundred and forty-nine millions of florins in its railways, paying two hundred millions in guaranteed interest and twenty-one millions for grants in aid of local lines. During the same period the number of crèches rose from two hundred to two thousand, that of primary schools to seventeen thousand, with two million two hundred and thirty-four children in attendance. Twenty years ago there were but fifteen hundred students in the universities. Now there are four thousand.

Compared to those of many other European countries the figures may not seem remarkable, but they certainly indicate a growing prosperity which is almost unprecedented when the earlier struggles of this people are remembered.

When it comes to the city of Buda-Pesth itself and its inhabitants, there can be no question of the way in which its lovers, at least, regard them. Alexander Bródy, a distinguished Hungarian author, says (again some one else translates—please remember this):

I liken Buda-Pesth to a beautiful woman, fascinating and spirituelle, and it is to the beautiful women of Buda-Pesth that I pay homage. The capital abounds with them, of all sorts and conditions. At times it seems to me that some one must have collected and selected all the various types of beauty of the world and congregated them here in our city streets and suburban walks. . . . I have occasionally gone in search of their less favored sisters, the ugly ones; but they are conspicuous by their absence, and so too are the thin and the pale. . . .

We Hungarians are a new people. We are moral, young, interesting, and peculiar. We have much to show in the way of sights, and we are rich in things the study of which would amply repay the trouble bestowed. Our actors are geniuses; our press is versatile; our public statues are lamentably bad; every second house is a restaurant or café, which we are incessantly abusing; and yet, as far as eating and drinking is concerned, there is no place to

equal Buda-Pesth in the excellence and cheapness of its *cuisine*. Such is the sober and industrious Hungarian metropolis, immersed in popular song and drowned in the clash of its gypsy music.

I cannot agree with my Hungarian friend that there are no thin and pale countenances to be seen among these women. I must in all sincerity draw another picture. I caught its outlines, not in one of the crowded cafés or along the Boulevard or down by the side of the blue Danube, but up a back street in one of the new quarters of the rapidly growing city. I had seen the same sight in Bucharest the day before, and knew what it meant. Brick and mortar, and the many ways of lifting them up and down, have always interested me. I know the slow, measured tread of big, red-shirted Pat, as he clumsily climbs the vertical ladder, the hod on his back, and can still hear from the bricklayers above the cry of "Mort" sifting down between the unfloored beams of the several stories. I know, too, the more modern hoist, where a turn of the lever sends both brick and mortar flying skyward to the scaffolding overhead. But a girl of sixteen and a gray-haired woman of sixty were new

types of brick-and-mortar-carriers to me. And not in one place alone, but wherever a building is in course of construction.

Narrow platforms instead of ladders are made for them, running zigzag up the outside scaffolding. The mortar (all mixed by women) is dumped into a tub, a pole is thrust through the handles, swung over the shoulders of two women, and the weary climbing to the top begins. I saw one dark-eyed, barefooted girl—she was pale and thin enough—clothed only in a skirt and chemise, rest the tub for a moment at the first landing and press her hand to her side as if in great pain, the older one waiting for her patiently.

With all its beauty, dash, and enthusiasm, it must be a curious civilization which tolerates and makes possible a sight like this. It made my blood run cold and hot. It was as if one had ploughed with a fawn.

But this custom, hideous as it is, cannot, I think, be counted for many more years against these people. Their progress in social order is too marked, let us hope, to permit of a long continuance of this degradation.

III.

I have seen nearly all the great exhibitions of the last twenty years, but never in any of them such order and such cleanliness as prevailed in this. I had come to it, the morning after my arrival, prepared to be a little critical, my enthusiasm of the night before having led me so far the other way. But there was nothing tawdry to be seen; nothing that the impartial light of day revealed to me as a disappointment, or to which the night and its shadows had lent a charm the sunshine stole.

Broad and shaded walks, perfectly swept and watered, separated the several pavilions and structures from each other. It was only in the historical group that one saw any massing of buildings. This



THE BOSNIAN PAVILION.



THE BRIDGE LEADING TO THE HISTORICAL GROUP OF BUILDINGS.

group included three wonderful palaces, connected together, and illustrating varied types of Hungarian architecture—the pointed arch, the Renaissance, and the rococo. It was reached by a bridge on stone piers, thrown across an arm of the lake, and connecting with the portcullis of the nearest building. It had all the appearance of having stood there for centuries, and of being able to stand for as many more. Not only had a genuine antique finish been added, but all those telltale chippings of mortar and “staff,” showing the grinning laths, had been here carefully avoided, which at the close of our own world’s fair revealed only too clearly the ephemeral nature of the construction of almost every building. From bed-stone to weather-vane this historical group had the air of hoary age, quite as if lichens grew in the cracks, and lizards darted in and out of the fissures. It is the work of the Hungarian architect Ignacz Alpár, the genius of the exhibition.

Externally it presented not the slightest evidence of its hasty construction, nor did it suggest a temporary use. The parts intended as permanent could not be distinguished from the painted shams, so skilfully had the architect done his work. No haste was apparent in the workmanship of the other buildings; every structure of importance looked as if it took

years to build, and had only been improved by careful delay.

As I idled on through shady walks, the several other pavilions came into view. Of the two hundred and thirty buildings created within the grounds, the Hall of Industry was of the first importance. It is a relic of a former exhibition held here in 1885, and now greatly enlarged by the addition of two wings. It was filled with exhibits of furniture, ceramics, and glass, besides manufactures of leather, woven fabrics, jewelry, etc., and domestic and decorative arts. Fronting a wide boulevard stood the pavilion of Bosnia and Herzegovina, a perfectly proportioned building, rich in color, and of exquisite Oriental design, containing the manufactures of those provinces. Among the other buildings were the Hall of the Milling Trades; the Hall of Commerce, Finance, and Credit; the Hygienic Pavilion, with a full exhibit of hospital appliances and apparatus; the Pavilion of Public Instruction, Mining and Iron Industries, Printing, etc.

And the exhibits were no less interesting than the structures which housed them. They were of course wholly Hungarian, no foreign products or manufactures having been admitted. The special capacities of their enormous rolling-mills could easily be judged by a glance at an enormous steel rail, measuring in



THE HISTORICAL GROUP, FROM THE LAKE.

length, I should think, some seventy-five feet, and rolled at one heat, a huge steam-plough, and a monster locomotive designed for climbing steep mountain grades. There were, of course, every variety of equipage, tons of beet sugar, coal, ore, and soap, miles of cloth, yarn, and silk, hogs-heads of wine, and bushels of every grain that could grow on a stalk; but the seventy-five-foot steel rail in one piece told a story of the capacity and accompaniments of furnace, rolls, and hammers that set at rest all preconceived notions of the primitiveness of these people.

Many of these exhibits have been reserved for permanent use, as lasting objects of instruction. The Hall of Traffic—answering to our Transportation Building at Chicago—a building designed by the Hungarian Franz Pfaff, built of stone, iron, and glass, and costing \$120,000, was among those destined to remain on the ground. And not only the building, but its entire contents—its interlocking switches, with rows of levers looking like racks of arms, sections of cars, fragments of passenger and freight engines, couplings, signal-flags, lanterns, drawings of bridges, culverts, and the lay-out of tracks with sidings and switches—in fact, every conceivable article that could be found on the beds, stations, or machine-shops of a

first-class railroad. Both building and contents have been purchased by the government, I was informed, as a collection for reference and instruction for those young Hungarians who propose devoting themselves to the study of railroad engineering, each item being classified, numbered, and catalogued, so that even a novice can gain a fair knowledge of what the several exhibits represent.

I came upon the customary fountain, of course, common to all exhibitions of this class, but treated here in a novel and somewhat interesting way. It was erected in the open space fronting the Hall of Industry. From an enormous basin of water rose a huge pile of rough rocks, heaped together in pieces varying in size from that of a piano to that of a chair. Life-size figures of nymphs, mermaids, water-sprites, and sea-gods, cast in imitation of bronze, clambered in and out among the rocks. Over these grotesque and sometimes picturesque figures great jets of water were constantly thrown. At night, when the spray was tinted with many-colored electric lights, these figures looked like elves and sprites peering out of the red glare of a Christmas pantomime.

To make the general exhibition still more representative of the present condition and progress of the country, the Min-

istry of Ecclesiastical and Educational Affairs had built a village of three streets lined with dwellings. These buildings were reproductions of existing school-houses, churches, and private dwellings, the dwelling-houses occupied by life-size wax figures clothed in genuine peasant costume, and illustrating in dumb-show the domestic life of the peasantry. One street of the village was called "Hunga-

rian," another the "Nationality," and the third the "German Corner," and each reproduced the architecture of a period. In half an hour's walk through this village, and in and out of these quaint houses, one would get a better idea of the peasant life of Hungary than could be obtained by the ordinary voyager in months of travel.

The Museum of Fine Arts, intended



THE GRAND FOUNTAIN OF BY MÁTRAL.

also as a permanent structure, stood outside the main entrance. We on this side of the water know of course the work of Munkácsy and his pupils, but it would surprise and delight our students and connoisseurs to wander through these spacious galleries and see how many other interesting painters are to be found here. Their names, unfortunately, are almost all unpronounceable, and to me unspellable, but their paint-signatures are as plain as print to any one who can recognize a new touch and the beginning of a new school as distinct and individual as the Russian or Swedish. One of these painters—Árpád Feszty—had painted a panorama representing the first invasion of the earlier tribes, and produced a sky so luminous and apparently so many miles in depth that it is impossible for the observer who stands on the circular platform and looks out to realize that a live swallow sailing into the deep azure would necessarily dash his brains out against the painted canvas in a flight of less than twenty feet.

Altogether the Millennial Exhibition of the Hungarians carried a lesson well worth the studying. As a record of a people whose whole history has been one long struggle for independence, and who have so recently attained, if not complete autonomy, certainly the right to manage their internal affairs in their own way, without paying too high for the privilege, it showed unparalleled native skill united to marvellous intelligence.

Everything had been done in a thoroughly substantial way, without any straining after cheap and bizarre effects. Whatever had been attempted, whether in the reproduction of some famous cloister loved by the nation, or the doorway of a well-known castle revered in the traditions, had been made as genuine as the restrictions of expense would permit, the object having been to create a reproduction which would afford pleasure and profit to peasant and savant alike.

The strongest impression produced upon me was that of the earnest, honest effort shown by the government and its agents to make the exposition helpful to the people themselves, not only as an educational factor, but as proving to them how important in all that pertains to the liberal arts is their position among nations, and how marvellous has been their progress since their real freedom began.

The two strong notes I felt were the paternal and the patriotic.

IV.

Of course there was still another department—there always is at every well-regulated exhibition, whether centennial or millennial. This was the department of the nondescript, the unclassified, and the heterogeneous. With us at Chicago it was known as the Midway Plaisance; here at Buda-Pesth it had the suggestive name of *Ös-Budavár*.

It was here a department of astounding wooden houses, card-board mosques, and unlimited cafés—the kind where the pine tables are constantly wet with beer, and the same mugs do for all day with but a single dip in water. The entrance was through a gate—a conglomerate mass of turrets, portcullis, bastions, massive canvas masonry, and painted bricks. Once inside and the hurdy-gurdy instantly began. There were imitation Turks with fez and baggy trousers; there were imitation Venetian gondoliers, male and female this time, with Neapolitan caps and Tyrolean skirts; there were Turkish smoking-rooms, with rugs and nargiles on sale at moderate prices, attended by houris speaking pure Hungarian; there was a mosque in imitation of nothing on earth in which a Mussulman ever said his prayers—a bare interior with a wainscoting of stencilled tiles and walls of canvas, with make-believe Orientals squatting on mats. There were side-shows concealed by a carpet curtain, outside of which stood a Nubian or New-Zealander or a Hindoo, just as the management determined, one and the same swarthy Magyar doing service for all during the season; he brandished a scimitar one day and beat a tom-tom the next, while every and all day he cried aloud the virtues and attractions of the performance within. There was Madame Aultightz, the marvellous Polish beauty, whose sole costume was a suit of stockinet without a wrinkle, buttoning under her chin, around her wrists, and below her ankles, and who did Venuses and nymphs, but drew the line at draped Victorias and Milos. There was also Herr Dubblejawnts, the Austrian contortionist, who twisted his legs and arms around his neck until the whole looked like a tinted diagram in a medical book. And there were, besides, dozens of other marvellous



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A TOWER OF THE HISTORICAL GROUP.

and wonderful sights, especially appealing to the wide-eyed, open-mouthed peasants, who wandered about in groups of ten or twelve, in their rough homespun, home-made clothes, escorted by an officer of the army in faultless uniform and white gloves, who explained to each one the several objects of interest with as much patience and kindness as if the court itself had been under his personal protection.

Cheap shams and tawdry buildings were everywhere, until I came to one place which seemed dirty and sloppy enough to be genuine. This was the Congo village with its villagers. The settlement had been made in an enclosure by itself, fenced off from the non-paying outside world by a high Robinson Crusoe stockade. Once inside, and the delusion was as complete as if one had landed from Stanley's launch with the laudable object of exchanging beads and whiskey for elephants' tusks.

The village had been built in a grove covering an acre or more, and was enriched by a great mud-puddle in the middle. About its shores and against the Robinson Crusoe stockade was a collection of huts, exactly like those we used to see in old geographies. Outside their doorways squatted the natives. There was no question about their race or their nationality; there was no possible chance for conceal-

ment—they wore too few clothes, the children wearing none. They were veritable Congo negroes—big lips, nose-rings, and all. When I entered, a dozen or more were seated in a row on rude benches. They were singing a low chant, keeping time to the beats of half a dozen tomtoms made of gourds and tight-stretched skins. In front was a young negro, naked except for a breech-clout—a fellow beautifully formed, colored like a brier-wood pipe, and straight as an arrow. He held in his hand a few green leaves, something like leaves of corn. These he waved over his head, his feet moving in unison with the weird music, his body swaying gracefully. He was singing a song, of which my dear friend Glave would, I know, have understood every word. Beside him walked a stalwart negro, much older, and of heavier build. About this man's body was wrapped a square of calico as large as a bedspread; this he kept winding and unwinding, wearing it now like a toga, or now trailing it in the dust.

All over the grounds were the other natives, peacefully pursuing their several avocations. One young mother had just girded her square of calico about her waist, and with her little black baby—black as India-rubber—glued to her shiny back, had seized a rude axe (the same one sees in a museum), and bending over, had

begun chopping the wood for the evening fire. The little tot, without other support, stuck to its mother's skin, holding on to the crinkling flesh, twisting its head to right and left to keep its equilibrium, while the mother apparently took as little notice of its efforts as if it had been a securely strapped pappoose. While her arms swung the axe, I could see that her feet kept time to the music of the tomtom. As she caught my eye she smiled, and chopped away the harder, but she could not avoid an occasional double-shuffle. When I put a small coin into the baby's fist, she threw down the axe and ran towards her husband, who was crouched over a heap of coals, the baby bouncing up and down like a loosened



THE MOSQUE ŐS-BUDAVÁR.

knapsack on a flying soldier. The man raised himself erect, and with one finger gouged the coin from the child's hand as if he had been opening an oyster, bit it, and bent over in thankful obeisance until his forehead touched the ground.

"Cold!—I dinkey so—damn cold!" replied the Congo man.

"You speak English?" I asked, in astonishment, of the Congo man.

"Yes, me speakee."

"Who taught you?"



ACROSS THE LAKE.

Then he regained his seat among the embers, the smoke curling up between his knees. When I drew closer I found that he had just finished anointing his mahogany legs with some kind of hot oil, and was now hard at work putting on a piano finish with the palms of his hands.

Here at last was the savage untouched by civilization, unspoiled by the isms and fallacies of nineteenth-century progress! Here were simplicity and primeval human nature! In the midst of the shams of Ós-Budavár the entire genuineness of the whole place was refreshing.

My attendant joined me at this moment—my guide, in fact—and shook hands with the Congo man. Then, noticing the African shivering with cold, this conversation took place, in plain, unvarnished English:

"Pretty cold, John, isn't it?" said my guide.

"De good teacher at home, he teachee me."

I had been mistaken, the stamp of civilization was on him too!

On my way back to the Underground Electric Railway that afternoon I fell in with another congress. One could hardly help falling in with some of them, they were so scattered. The dinner this time had been in the middle of the day, and they were once more in search of the Hungaria. Their Magyar hosts were doing the piloting, straight as gendarmes and as sober.

Far into the night, from my room under the roof, I could hear the voices of these congressmen singing their national songs.

The Magyars alone were silent: they were on duty.

Their singing days would begin when the fair was over.



HE WAS TAKEN BY SURPRISE AT HER COMING.

THE COBBLER IN THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

EARLY in the Mackinac summer Owen Cunning took his shoemaker's bench and all his belongings to that open cavern on the beach called the Devil's Kitchen, which was said to derive its name from former practices of the Indians. They roasted prisoners there. The inner rock retained old smoke-stains.

Though appearing a mere hole in the cliff to passing canoe-men, the Devil's Kitchen was really as large as a small cabin, rising at least seven feet from a floor which sloped down toward the water. Overhead, through an opening which admitted his body, Owen could reach a natural attic, just large enough for his bed if he contented himself with blankets. And a north-of-Ireland man prided himself on being tough as any French voyageur who slept blanketed on snow in the winter wilderness.

The rock was full of pockets, enclosing pebbles and fragments. By knocking out the contents of these, Owen made cup-boards for his food. As for clothes, what Mackinac-Islander of the working-class, in those days of the Fur Company's prosperity, needed more than he had on? When his clothes wore out, Owen could go to the traders' and buy more. He washed his other shirt in the lake at his feet, and hung it on the cedars to dry by his door. Warm evenings, when the sun had soaked itself in limpid ripples until its crimson spread through them afar, Owen stripped himself and went bathing, with strong snorts of enjoyment as he rose from his plunge. The narrow lake rim was littered with fragments which had once filled the cavern. Two large pieces afforded him a table and a seat for his visitors.

Owen had a choice of water for his drinking. Not thirty feet away on his right a spring burst from the cliff and gushed through its little pool down the beach. It was cold and delicious.

In the east side of the Kitchen was a natural tiny fireplace a couple of feet high, screened by cedar foliage from the lake wind. Here Owen cooked his meals, and the smoke was generally carried out from his flueless hearth. The straits were then full of fish, and he had not far to throw his lines to reach deep water.

Dependent on the patronage of Mackinac village, the Irishman had chosen the very shop which would draw notice upon himself. His customers tramped out to him along a rough beach under the heights, which helped to wear away the foot-gear Owen mended. They stood grinning amiably at his snug quarters. It was told as far as Drummond Island and the Sault that a cobbler lived in the Devil's Kitchen on Mackinac.

He was a happy fellow, his clean Irish skin growing rosier in air pure as the air of mid-ocean. The lake spread in variegated copper lights almost at his feet. He did not like Mackinac village in summer, when the engagés were all back, and Indians camped tribes strong on the beach, to receive their money from the government. French and savages shouldered one another, the multitude of them making a great hubbub and a gay show of clothes like a fair. Every voyageur was sparring with every other voyageur. A challenge by the poke of a fist, and lo! a ring is formed and two are fighting. The whipped one gets up, shakes hands with his conqueror, and off they go to drink together. Owen despised such fighting. His way was to take a club and break heads, and see some blood run on the ground. It was better for him to dwell alone than to be stirred up and left unsatisfied.

It was late in the afternoon, and the fresh smell of the water cheered him as he sat stitching on a pair of deer-hide shoes for one Léon Baudette, an engagé, who was homesick for Montreal. The lowering sun smote an hour-glass of light across the strait which separated him from St. Ignace on the north shore, the old Jesuit station. Mother-of-pearl clouds hung over the southern mainland, and the wash of the lake, which was as pleasant as silence itself, diverted his mind from a distant thump of Indian drums. He knew how lazy, naked warriors lay in their lodges, bumping a mallet on stretched deer-hide and droning barbarous monotonies while they kicked their heels in air. If he despised anything more than the way the French diverted themselves, it was the way the Indians diverted themselves.

Without a sound there came into Owen's view on the right an Indian girl. He was at first taken by surprise at her coming over the moss of the spring. The shaggy cliff, clothed, like the top of his cave, with cedars, white birch, and pine, afforded no path to the beach in that direction. All his clients approached by the lake margin at the left.

Then he noticed it was Blackbird, a Sac girl, who had been pointed out to his critical eye the previous summer as a beauty. Owen admitted she was not bad-looking for a squaw. Her burnished hair, which had got her the name, was drawn down to cheeks where copper and vermilion infused the skin with a wonderful sunset tint. She was neatly and precisely dressed in the woman's skirt and jacket of her tribe, even her moccasins showing no trace of the scramble she must have had down some secret cliff descent in order to approach the cobbler unseen.

He greeted her with the contemptuous affability which an Irishman bestows upon a heathen. Blackbird was probably a good communicant of some wilderness mission, but this brought her no nearer to a north-of-Ireland man. Though his speech was less rich than that of the south, Owen was by no means tonguetied.

"Good-day to the, quane! And what may she be wanting the day?"

Blackbird's eyes, without the snake-restlessness of her race, dwelt unmoving upon him. Owen surmised she could not understand his or any other kind of English, being accustomed to no tongue but her own, except the French which the engagés talked in their winter camps. She stood upright as a pine without answering.

It flashed through him that there might be trouble in the village; and Blackbird, having regard for him, as we think it possible any human being may have for us, was there to bid him escape. With coldness around the roots of his hair, he remembered the massacre at Fort Michilimackinac—a spot almost in sight across the strait, where south shore approaches north shore at the mouth of Lake Michigan. He laid down his boot. His lips dropped apart, and with a hush of the sound—if such a sound can be hushed—he imitated the Indian war-whoop.

Blackbird did not smile at the uncanny

screech, but she relaxed her face in stoic amusement, relieving Owen's tense breathing. There was no plot. The tribes merely intended to draw their money, get as drunk as possible, and depart in peace at the end of the month with various outfits to winter posts.

"Begorra, but that was a narrow escape!" sighed Owen, wiping his forehead on his sleeve. He was able to detect the deference that Blackbird paid him by this visit. He sat on his bench in the Kitchen, a sunny idol in a shrine, indifferent to the effect his background gave him.

His mouth puckered. He put up his leather-stained hand coily, and motioned her unmoving figure back.

"Ah, go 'way! Wasn't it to escape you and the likes of you that I made me re-trate to the shore? Nayther white, full haythen, half, nor quarther nade apply. To come makin' the big eyes at me, and the post swarmin' wid thim that do be ready to marry on any woman at the droppin' of the hat!"

Mobile blue water with ripple and wash made a background for the Indian girl's dense repose. She could by lifting her eyes see the pock-marked front of Owen's Kitchen, and gnarled roots like exposed ribs in the shaggy heights above. But she kept her eyes lowered; and Owen stuck his feet under his bench, sensitive to defects in his foot-wear, which an artist skilled in making and mending moccasins could detect.

Blackbird moved forward and laid a shining dot on the stone he used as his table; then, without a word, she turned and disappeared the way she came, over the moss of the spring rivulet.

Owen left his bench and craned after her. He did not hear a pebble roll on the stony beach or a twig snap among foliage.

"Begorra, it's the wings of a say-gull!" said Owen, and he took up her offering. It was a tiny gold coin. Mackinac was full of gold the month the Indians were paid. It came in kegs from Washington, under the escort of soldiers, to the United States Agency, and was weighed out to each red heir despoiled of land by white conquest, in his due proportion, and immediately grasped from the improvident by merchants, for a little pork, a little whiskey, a little calico. But this was an old coin with a hole in it; a jewel worn suspended from neck or ear; the precious

trinket of a girl. On one side was rudely scratched the outline of a bird.

"Begorra!" said Owen. He hid it in one of the rock pockets, a trust in a savings-bank, and sat down again to work, trying to discover Blackbird's object in offering tribute to him.

About sunset he lighted a fire in his low grate to cook his supper, and put the finished boots in a remote corner of the cave until he should get his pay. As he expected, Léon Baudette appeared, picking a barefooted way along the beach, with many complimentary greetings. The wary cobbler stood between the boots and his client, and responded with open cordiality. A voyageur who gave flesh and bone and sometimes life itself for a hundred dollars a year, and drank that hundred dollars up during his month of semi-civilization on Mackinac, seldom had much about him with which to pay for his necessary mending.

Léon Baudette swore at the price, being a discontented engagé. But the foot-wear he was obliged to have, being secretly determined to desert to Canada before the boats went out. You may see his name marked as a deserter in the Fur Company's books at Mackinac Island. So, reluctantly counting out the money, he put on his shoes and crossed his legs to smoke and chat, occupying the visitor's seat. Owen put his kettle to boil, and sat down also to enjoy society; for why should man be hurried?

He learned how many fights had been fought that day; how many bales of furs were packed in the Company's yard; that Étienne St. Martin was trying to ship with the Northern instead of the Illinois Brigade, on account of a grudge against Charle' Charette. He learned that the Indians were having snake and medicine dances to cure a consumptive chief. And, to his surprise, he learned that he was considered a medicine-man among the tribes, on account of his living unmolested in the Devil's Kitchen.

"O oui," declared Léon. "You de wizzard. You only play you mend de shoe; but, by gar, you make de poor voyageur pay de same like it was work! I hear dey call you Big Medicine of de Cuisine Diable."

Owen was compelled to smile with pleasure at his importance, his long upper lip lifting its unshaven bristles in a white curd.

"Do ye moind, Leen me boy, a haythen Injun lady by the name of Blackbird?"

"Me, I know Blackbird," responded Léon Baudette.

"Is the consoompted chafe that they're makin' the snake shindy for, married on her?"

"No, no. Blackbird she wife of Jean Magliss in de winter camps."

"John McGillis? Is it fôr marryin' on a haythen wife he is?"

"O oui. Two wives. One good Cat'olique. Jean Magliss, he dance every night now with Amable Morin's girl. The more weddings, the more dancing. Me," Léon shrugged, "I no want a woman eating my wages in Mackinac. A squaw in the winter camps—'t assez."

"Two wives, the bog-trotter!" gulped Owen. "John McGillis is a blayguard!"

"Oui, what you call Irish," assented Léon; and he dodged, but the cobbler threw nothing at him. Owen marked with the awl on his own leather apron.

"First a haythen and then a quarther-brade," he tallied against his countryman. "He will be takin' his quarther-brade to the praste before the boats go out?"

Léon raised fat eyebrows. "Amable Morin, he no fool. It is six daughters he has. O oui; the marriage is soon made."

"And the poor haythen, what does she do now?"

"Blackbird? She watch Jean Magliss dance. Then she leave her lodge and take to de pine wood. Blackbird ver fond of what you call de Irish."

Owen was little richer in the gift of expression than the Indian woman, but he could feel the tragedy of her unconfirmed marriage. A squaw was taken to her lord's wigwam, and remained as long as she pleased him. He could divorce her with a gift, proportioned to his means and her worth.

When Léon Baudette departed, Owen prepared and ate his supper, brewing himself some herb tea and seasoning it with a drop of whiskey.

The evening beauty of the lake, of coasts melting in general dimness, and that iridescent stony hook stretched out from Round Island to grapple passing craft, was lost on Owen. Humid air did not soften the glower which grew and hardened on his visage as he made his prep-

arations for night. These were very simple. The coals of drift-wood soon died to white ashes in his grate. To close the shop was to stand upon the shoemaker's bench and reach for the ladder in his attic—a short ladder that just performed its office and could be hidden aloft.

Drawing his stairway after him when he had ascended, Owen spread and arranged his blankets. The ghosts that rose from tortured bodies in the Kitchen below never worked any terror in his imagination when he went to bed. Rather, he lay stretched in his hard cradle gloating over the stars, his wild security, the thousand night aspects of nature which he could make part of himself without expressing. For him the moon cast gorgeous bridges on the water; the breathing of the woods was the breathing of a colossal brother; and when that awful chill which precedes the resurrection of day rose from the earth and started from the rock, he turned comfortably in his thick bedding and taxed sleepy eyes to catch the wanness coming over the lake.

But instead of lying down in his usual peace when the nest was made to suit him, Owen wheeled and hung undecided legs over the edge of his loft. Then he again put down the ladder and descended. He had trod the three-quarters of a mile of beach to the village but once since the boats came in. Now that his mind was fixed he took to it again with a loping step, bending his body forward and grasping his cap to butt through trailing foliage.

As he passed the point and neared the post, its blare and hubbub burst on him, and its torch-light and many twinkling candles. He proceeded beside the triple row of Indian lodges which occupied the entire water-front. At intervals, on the very verge, evening fires were built, throwing streamers of crimson flicker on the lake. Naked papposes gathered around these at play. But on an open flat betwixt encampment and village rose a lighted tabernacle of blankets stretched on poles and uprights; and within this the adult Indians were crowded, celebrating the orgy of the medicine-dance. Their noise kept a continuous roll of echoes moving across the islands.

Owen made haste to pass this carnival of invocation and plunge into the swarming main street of Mackinac, where a

thousand voyageurs roved, ready to embrace any man and call him brother and press him to drink with them. Broad low houses with huge chimney-stacks and dormer-windows stood open and hospitable; for Mackinac was *en fête* while the fur season lasted. One huge storage-room, a wing of the Fur Company's building, was lighted with candles around the sides for the nightly ball. Squared dark joists of timber showed overhead. The fiddlers sat on a raised platform, playing in ecstasy. The dark, shining floor was thronged with dancers, who, before primrose-color entirely withdrew from evening twilight, had rushed to their usual amusement. Half-breeds, quarter-breeds, sixteenth-breeds, Canadian French, Americans, in finery that the Northwest was able to command from marts of the world, crossed, joined hands, and whirled, the rhythmic tread of feet sounding like the beating of a great pulse. The doors of double timber stood open. From where he paused outside, Owen could see mighty hinges stretching across the whole width of these doors.

And he could see John McGillis moving among the most agile dancers. When at last the music stopped, and John led Amable Morin's girl to one of the benches along the wall, Owen was conscious that an Indian woman crossed the lighted space behind him, and he turned and looked full at Blackbird, and she looked full at him. But she did not stay to be included in the greeting of John McGillis, though English might be better known to her than Owen had supposed.

John came heartily to the door and endeavored to pull his countryman in. He was a much younger man than Owen, a handsome, light-haired voyageur, with thick eyelids and cajoling blue eyes. John was the only Irish engagé in the brigades. The sweet gift of blarney dwelt on his broad red lips. He looked too amiable and easily entreated, too much in love with life, indeed, to quarrel with any one. Yet as Owen answered his invitation by a quick pass that struck his cheek, his color mounted with zest, and he stepped out, turning up his sleeves.

"Is it a foight ye want, ye old wizzard from the Devil's Kitchen?" laughed John, still good-natured.

"It's a foight I want," responded Owen. "It's a foight I'm shpilin' for. Come out forinist the place, where the shlobberin'

Frinch can lave a man be, and I'll shpake me moind."

John walked bareheaded with him, and they passed around the building to a fence enclosing the Fur Company's silent yard. Stockades of sharp-pointed cedar posts outlined gardens near them. A smell of fur mingled with odors of sweetbrier and loam. Again the violins excited that throb of dancing feet, and John McGillis moved his arms in time to the music.

"Out wid it, Owen. I'm losin' me shport."

"John McGillis, are ye not own cousin to me by raisin of marryin' on as fine a colleen as iver shteped in the north of Ireland?"

"I am, Owen, I am."

"Did ye lave that same in sorrow, consatin' to fetch her out to Ameriky whin yer fortune was made?"

"I did, Owen, I did."

"Whin ye got word of her death last year, was ye a broken-hearted widdy or was ye not?"

"I was, Owen, I was."

"John McGillis, do ye call yerself a widdy now, or do ye not call yerself a widdy?"

"I do, Owen, I do."

"Thin ye're the loire," and Owen slapped his face.

For a minute there was danger of manslaughter as they dealt each other blows with sledge fists. Instead of clinching, they stood apart and cudgelled fiercely with the knuckled hand. The first round ended in blood, which John wiped from his face with a new bandanna, and Owen flung contemptuously from his nose with finger and thumb. The lax-muscle cobbler was no match for the fresh and vigorous voyageur, and he knew it, but went stubbornly to work again, saying, grimly,

"I've shpiled yer face for the gu'urls the night, bedad."

They pounded each other without mercy, and again rested, Owen this time leaning against the fence to breathe.

"John McGillis, are ye a widdy or are ye not a widdy?" he challenged, as soon as he could speak.

"I am, Owen Cunnin', I am," maintained John.

"Thin I repate ye're the loire!" And once more they came to the proof, until Owen lay upon the ground kicking to keep his opponent off.

"Will I bring ye the dhrop of whiskey, Owen?" suggested John, tenderly.

His cousin by marriage crawled to the fence and sat up, without replying.

"I've the flask in me pouch, Owen."

"Kape it there."

"But sure if ye foight wid me ye'll dhrink wid me?"

"I'll not dhrink a dhrop wid ye."

The cobbler panted heavily. "The loikes of you that do be goin' to marry on a Frinch quarther-brade, desavin' her, and the father and the mother and the praste, that you do be a widdy."

"I am a widdy, Owen."

The cobbler made a feint to rise, but sank back, repeating, at the top of his breath, "Ye're the loire!"

"What do ye mane?" sternly demanded John. "Ye know I've had me trouble. Ye know I've lost me wife in the old counthry. It's a year gone. Was the praste that wrote the lettther a loire?"

"I have a towken that ye're not the widdy ye think ye are."

John came to Owen and stooped over him, grasping him by the collar. Candlelight across the street and stars in a steel-blue sky did not reveal faces distinctly, but his shaking of the cobbler was an outcome of his own inward convulsion. He belonged to a class in whom memory and imagination were not strong, being continually taxed by a present of large action crowded with changing images. But when his past rose up it took entire possession of him.

"Why didn't ye tell me this before?"

"I've not knowed it the long time meself."

"What towken have ye got?"

"Towken enough for you and me."

"Show it to me."

"I will not."

"Ye're desavin' me. Ye have no towken."

"Thin marry on yer quarther-brade if ye dare!"

To be unsettled and uninterested in his surroundings was John McGillis's portion during the remaining weeks of his stay on the island. Half savage and half tender he sat in his barracks and smoked large pipes of tobacco.

He tramped out nearly every evening to the Devil's Kitchen, and had wordy battles, which a Frenchman would have called fights, with the cobbler, though the conferences always ended by his produ-

cing his ration and supping and smoking there. He coaxed his cousin to show him the token, vacillating between hope, of impossible news from a wife he had every reason to believe dead, and indignation at being made the sport of Owen's stubbornness. Learning in the Fur Company's office that Owen had received news from the old country in the latest mail sent out of New York, he was beside himself, and Amable Morin's girl was forgotten. He began to believe he had never thought of her.

"Sure, the old man Morin and me had some words and a dhrink over it, was all. I did but dance wid her and pinch her cheek. A man niver knows what he does on Mackinac till he comes to himself wid a large family on his moind in the winter camps."

"The blarney of your lip doesn't de-save me, John McGillis," responded his cousin the cobbler, with grimness.

"But whin will ye give me the word ye've got, Owen?"

"I'll not give it to ye till the boats go out."

"Will ye tell me, is the colleen alive, thin?"

"I've tould ye ye're not a widdy."

"If the colleen is alive, the towken would be sint to me."

"Thin ye've got it," said Owen.

Poor John smoked, biting hard on his pipe stem. Ignorance, and the helplessness of a limited man who is more a good animal than a discerning soul; time, the slow transmission of news, his fixed state as a voyageur—all these things were against him. He could not adjust himself to any facts, and his feelings sometimes approached the melting state. It was no use to war with Owen Cunning, whom he was ashamed of handling roughly. The cobbler sat with swollen and bandaged face, talking out of a slit, still bullying him.

But the time came for his brigade to go out, and then there was action, decision, positive life once more. It went far northward, and was first to depart, in order to reach winter quarters before snow should fly.

At the log dock the boats waited, twelve of them in this outfit, each one a mighty Argo, rowed by a dozen pairs of oars, and with centre-piece for stepping a mast. Hundreds of pounds they could carry, and a crew of fifteen men. The tar-

paulin used for a night covering and to shelter the trading-goods from storms was large as the roof of a house. Quiescent on lapping water they rested, their loads and each man's baggage of twenty or fewer pounds packed tightly to place.

The cobbler from the Devil's Kitchen was in the crowd thronging dock and shore. The villagers were there, saying farewells, and all the voyageurs who were soon to go out in other brigades snuffed as war-horses ready for the charge. The life of the woods, which was their true life, again drew them. They could scarcely wait. Dancing and love-making suddenly cloyed; for a man was made to conquer the wilderness and take the spoils of the earth. Woodsman's habits returned upon them. The frippery of the island was dropped like the withes which bound Samson. Their companions the Indians were also making ready the canoes. Blackbird stood erect behind the elbow of John McGillis as he took leave of his cousin the cobbler.

"Do ye moind, Owen," exclaimed John, turning from the interests of active life to that which had disturbed his spirit, convinced unalterably of his own widowed state, yet harrowed unspeakably, "ye promised to show me that word from the old country before the boats wint out."

"I niver promised to show ye any word from the old country," responded Owen, having his mouth free of bandages and both eyes for the boats.

"Ye tould me ye had a towken from the old country."

"I niver tould ye I had a towken from the old country."

"Ye did tell me ye had a towken."

"I have."

"Ye said it proved I was not a widdy."

"I did."

"Show me that same, thin."

"I will."

Owen looked steadily past John's shoulder at Blackbird, and laid in John's hand a small gold coin with a hole in it, on one side of which was rudely scratched the outline of a bird.

John McGillis's face burned red, and many expressions besides laughter crossed it. Like a child detected in fault, he looked sheepishly at Owen and glanced behind his shoulder. The faithful sunset-tinted face of Blackbird, immovable as a

fixed star, regarded the battered cobbler as it might have regarded a great manitou when the island was young.

"How did you come by this, Owen?"

"I come by it from one that had trouble. Has yerself iver seen it before, John McGillis?"

"I have."

"Is it a towken that ye're not a widdy?"

"It is."

The boats went out, and Blackbird sat in her Irish husband's boat, on his baggage. Oars flashed, and the commandant's boat led the way. Then the life of the Northwest rose like a great wave—

the voyageurs' song chanted by a hundred and fifty throats, with a chorus of thousands on the shore.

When Owen returned to his Kitchen he found a robe of the finest beaver folded and laid on his shoemaker's bench.

"Begorra!" observed the cobbler, shaking it out and rubbing it against his cheek, "she has paid me a beaver-shkin and the spalpeen wasn't worrth it. But she can kape him now till she has a moind to turn him out herself. Whin a man marries on a haythen, wid praste or widout praste, let him shtick to his haythen."

WHITE MAN'S AFRICA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

PART X.—BRITISH AND BOER GOVERNMENT.

ALL there is of Boer history for the last eighty years is a struggle for personal liberty. The Boer is the embodiment of republicanism without a republic. The Boer ideal is to live upon a farm so big as to conceal from view his next neighbor, and to be exempt from all government interference, particularly that of the tax-collector. His constitution is framed on the theory that every Boer capable of bearing arms has a right to be heard in the national assembly, and if his view does not prevail it is in his tradition to secede and establish a government for himself, even in defiance of a popular majority. The history of the Boers is one-third war against England, one-third war with negroes, and one-third civil war. So natural is it that the Boer should take up arms against his own government that in past years the penalty for technical treason has been about the same as that for stealing a horse, or being drunk and disorderly overnight. The Boer by no means surrenders any of his own personal rights when he elects his representative in the Volksraad, or his President. The parliament is regarded merely as a people's committee, and the President as its moderator or spokesman. The people expect their President to visit them with the regularity of a family physician or minister of the Gospel, and they exercise the right to catechise him as to what he has done, and to ventilate, each in turn,

whatever grievances he may entertain. Even in the United States the President has never, least of all in the earliest days of the republic, represented so intimately the people of every corner of the country. To be sure George Washington presided over a population of three millions against President Kruger's little burgher band of perhaps one hundred thousand souls.

As I travelled along towards the Transvaal frontier I pictured the contrast that awaited me between the aristocratic forms of the Cape Colony and the stern simplicity of the Boer republic. Dutch sympathizers in the Cape had prepared me for such rugged virtues as characterized certain heroes of Roman history. I confess that I crossed the Vaal River prejudiced in favor of the Boer.

Having been fortified by a letter of introduction from a high official in the Cape Colony, directed to the State Secretary of the Transvaal, I sent this letter ahead of me, begging the honor of an interview, and desiring to know when it would please Dr. Leyds to receive me. On arrival at my hotel in Pretoria I found a letter from Dr. Leyds's clerk, informing me that the State Secretary would not be able to see me by reason of his health. The letter contained no intimation of a hope that this unfortunate state of infirmity would be alleviated during my stay in South Africa; in fact, it was the plainest possible expression of this gentle-

man's desire to have me leave Pretoria and stay away. This was discouraging, for my purpose in visiting Pretoria was not to get a concession for a gold-mine, but to understand the state of things at this interesting time.

When I woke on the following morning it was in answer to a knock at the door. A black boy brought in a visiting-card with a nobleman's coronet in the centre of it, below which was printed the name of the clerk who had written the letter for Dr. Leyds. I received him and listened to a most polite demonstration of Dr. Leyds's deep regret that his health did not allow him the pleasure of making my acquaintance, etc., etc. He placed himself at my disposition, and asked if he might show me about Pretoria, and initiate me into the pleasures of this capital. I sought to emulate the magnificent, if unconvincing, courtliness of the young man, expressed a tender solicitude for the precarious condition of his chief, and regretted that I, in turn, was not strong enough to avail myself of his kind offer.

On the same evening that the State Secretary of the Transvaal declined to receive me, I met on the street a German gentleman who had come over to Pretoria on private business. He told me that Dr. Leyds had met him that day at the station, and was to lunch with him at the hotel on the morning following. He asked me to be his guest, but I protested that under the circumstances I doubted if the meeting would be an agreeable one. My German friend said this was all nonsense, that there was some great mistake, that Leyds would be delighted to see me, and that if anything had gone wrong in the past it must have been because my letters of introduction came from English sources. The next day Dr. Leyds greeted me at lunch with a courtesy, not to say warmth of manner, which convinced me that he had yearned for this interview for some time past. He pronounced everything a mistake that had previously occurred, and asked me if he could not have the pleasure of introducing me to the President. Under the influence of my German friend's introduction, Dr. Leyds left nothing to be desired on the score of courtesy. I had heard before that in order to succeed in the Transvaal one must be either a German or a Dutchman.

Dr. Leyds is a handsome man, about

thirty-five years in appearance, slim and erect, with black glossy hair and large dreamy eyes, such as I frequently noticed in first violins at a classical concert. He struck me as a man of another world, doing his daily work here faithfully but without pleasure. His conversation is that of a speculative philosopher without human passions. His sentences issue with a cadence and correctness suggestive of rehearsal under a careful band-master. One cannot conceive of Dr. Leyds ever showing temper or haste. He deals with the problem of humanity, though himself without the feelings of a man. I felt his intellect, his logic, his self-restraint, his exquisite capacity for veiling his meaning in polite phrases. He is, I am sure, enormously misunderstood, for he is credited with hatred of England and passionate love of Dutch ascendancy. This all is the absurdity arising from judging others as we judge ourselves. Leyds has no hate and no love. He is neither a Boer nor an Africander, nor even a Dutchman by birth, yet at a strikingly early age he is virtually the leading spirit in a government whose present object seems to be to make the Transvaal a sovereign state even if this involves war with England and an alliance with Germany. Dr. Leyds is never personal. He deals with forces that affect humanity, and does not bother his head about a man more or less. He is convinced that the Transvaal can prosper best by total separation from English influence, and in that sense he encourages everything calculated to produce distrust if not dislike of England. While the Orange Free State liberally educates its Africander children in both languages, the college of the Transvaal insists upon Dutch exclusively, in spite of the obvious importance of English to even the farming class of Boers. Leyds is the head of a Boer democracy, yet his government is almost as centralized as that of an absolute monarchy.

Thanks to the enormous revenue furnished by the aliens at Johannesburg, the Transvaal has been able to erect a first-class fort overlooking Pretoria, equipped with the most modern and effective artillery. I was not allowed to visit the place, but from a distance it reminded me of one or two of the works about Metz. There is an abundance of ammunition on hand, and while I was there extensive additions were being made to the field-artillery bar-



BRINGING THE RAIDERS TO JOHANNESBURG.

racks. The men whom I saw were excellently equipped and mounted, their dress being similar to that in the Austrian army. I asked to see a battery drill, but the colonel commanding (since deceased) did not encourage my request. When I was taken to call on the Minister of War I found him with a rifle in his hand in a room full of cartridges and small-arms of different make, discussing with some gentlemen the relative merits of the different systems. In fact, Pretoria bore all the outward signs of war fever—against only one possible enemy, namely, England.

The Boers do not love Leyds as they do old Paul Kruger. In the Transvaal he maintains his power because the people believe him essential to the safety of their country, much as we employ a physician whom we may not approve of on social grounds. In so far as distrust of England overshadows all other feelings amongst Afrianders, the position of Dr. Leyds is impregnable; but aside from this feeling the Afriander citizens of the Cape Colony, Natal, and Orange Free State resent warmly the Transvaal policy of excluding from educational and other posts people from other South-African colonies. And even more bitterly do they object to the large number of clerks and school-teachers who have been brought from Holland and fitted into lucrative positions.

I asked a well-informed gentleman of Pretoria as to the number of Hollanders imported by the state, and he kindly went through the lists of the government employees and marked off those who had been born Dutchmen. It made a respectable total, the strongest representation being of course in Dr. Leyds's department of the government. As a free-trader, I have no fault to find with the drafting of good clerical force from the source that gives it best. But in this particular case we are dealing with a country, speaking of South Africa as a whole, well equipped with schools and school-teachers of both sexes, and with an abundant supply of young Afrianders fluent in both languages, familiar with the needs of the country, and calculated to make better Transvaal citizens than the class of young clerks that graduate in Amsterdam or The Hague.

The official Transvaal year-book notes many things that are suggestive to us; for instance, the birthday of William II. of Germany, which is now celebrated at

Pretoria with as much warmth as in the father-land. About the 1st of January, 1896, William II. addressed to Paul Kruger a despatch which not merely congratulated him upon having defeated the illegal expedition of Dr. Jameson, but also added language which gave the Boers to understand that in case they had required outside assistance, it would not have been withheld. The German official press has vigorously denied this construction, but when a Boer gets an idea into his head it remains there. Under the constitution of Germany the Prime Minister is supposed to accept responsibility for the acts of his sovereign, and as Prince Hohenlohe did not at once resign when this cable was published to an astonished world, we must assume that as a self-respecting public servant he approved of this message. It certainly made the Boers believe that Germany would help them in case of a war with England. The effect has not been one conducive to good relations between Germany and England; and while during the present anti-English activity in South Africa, owing to the Jameson raid, Germans are very much favored, the Boer in general is not likely to favor a change which might substitute Prussian officials for the present nominal suzerainty of Queen Victoria.

It is a strange episode in history that England, the only country that has planted in Africa free and self-governing colonies, should be, in the eyes of the Transvaal, regarded as an enemy. The French, Portuguese, Spaniards, and latterly the Germans, have in turn attempted to colonize on this continent, but without material success. They have all of them acted on the political principle that government can create national wealth. Government never has and never can do such a thing. It can take money out of one man's pocket and put it into that of another, but it cannot make a colony, or Germany would have the most magnificent colonies in the world, for no people have so much government as Germans.

In Africa alone Germany has nearly a million square miles of colonial possession—an area nearly five times as large as the whole German Empire in Europe. For thirteen years she has expended vast sums for the purpose of giving the black people of these territories the same minute and paternal administration that it dispenses in Brandenburg and Pomerania.



THE OFFICE OF THE "REFORM COMMITTEE" DURING THE JAMESON RAID.

nia. Costly buildings have been erected in which extensive offices have been provided, and patient clerks on very small salaries are kept busy tabulating from day to day the results obtained. German exports to these African colonies are considerable, but they are mainly in the nature of ammunition, beer, and other articles of prime necessity to government officials. An army of highly trained scribes is maintained in Berlin for the purpose of directing the colonial administration, and a complaisant parliament votes from year to year enough money to make up the chronic deficit; yet to-day in all German Africa there are not a thousand white colonists. I met recently in Berlin a German who had held important positions of trust, both commercial and political. He told me that he was doing very well with a large plantation in the Dutch East Indies. I taxed him with lack of patriotism in taking his capital, and above all his administrative talent, to the colony of a rival power. His answer sounded like this: "I visited the German colonies of East and West Africa with a view to investing my money

there. But I found them so unpromising because of the superabundance of meddlesome officials that I felt no security for the future. The German colonies cannot prosper until they are managed by men who know their business, and to get such men you must pay them. I have to pay the manager of my estate a larger salary than the German government gives to an imperial governor, but I get a better article."

The Boers tried to establish themselves in German Southwest Africa, but from what I heard in Pretoria they soon returned discouraged. Such of them as had formerly complained of English tyranny had no words with which to describe the administration of their friends the Germans.

In contrast to this form of colonization is that of England. Cape Colony has about 400,000 whites, Natal about 50,000, Bechuana about 5000. Add to this 150,000 whites in the Transvaal, most of whom are Uitlanders or aliens, and 80,000 for the Orange Free State, and a few more in the protectorates of Great Britain, and we find roughly 700,000 white people, en-

tirely masters of their own local affairs, who are carrying on the great work of commercial conquest with no governmental interference worth mentioning. These whites have all a common ancestry in that Dutch and English both belong to the Anglo-Saxon fraternity; both are stubborn and courageous people who hate tyranny in every form. They are all Protestants, and they have all spread northward from the Cape of Good Hope under conditions that bind people together. The good that has been done in South Africa springs from the individual effort of free colonists, who have asked of government nothing beyond the most elementary duties of a paramount policeman. We must have policemen now-days to prevent thieves from robbing honest producers, and every Afriander is grateful to Great Britain for holding the seas with a fleet equal to all emergencies.

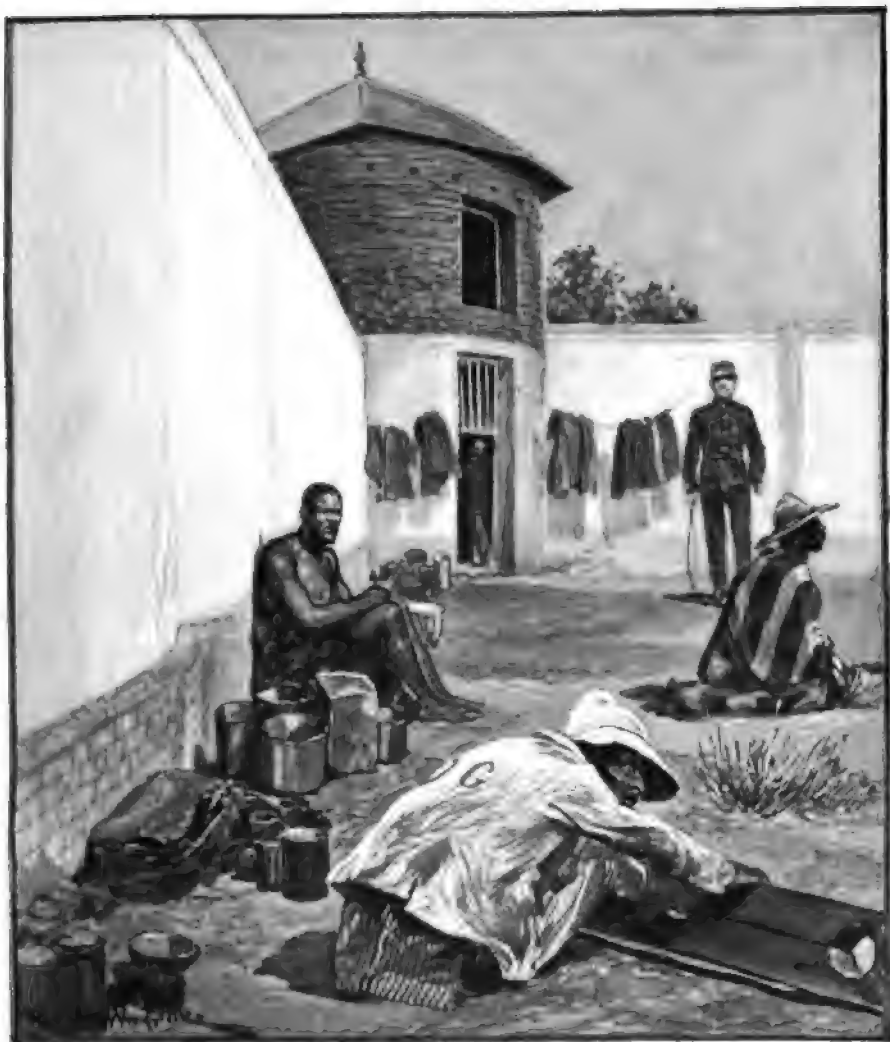
That the Boer should to-day hate the Englishman is as absurd as if Dutch and English should quarrel on the banks of the Hudson or Delaware. But the Dutchman of South Africa does not dislike the Englishman *per se* any more than he dislikes the American, the Frenchman, or the German. The bad feeling that has grown up in recent years can be traced directly or indirectly to the action of government officials in London, or men acting under their orders at the Cape. Boers have had no reason to complain of English administration in so far as it has been that of fellow-Africans; and had the home government recognized this and reposed more confidence in their colonial subjects at the Cape, I doubt if to-day a single newspaper of South Africa would be printed in the Dutch language.

To be strong, a government must be successful. The government of England has been neither strong nor successful. The African colonies have prospered in spite of their government from London, albeit that government has been actuated by just, not to say philanthropic, motives. In 1877, for instance, the Transvaal was bankrupt, and politically as impotent as an Indian reservation. The burghers wanted nothing but their own local self-government, and made no effective resistance when Sir Owen Lanyon ran up the British flag and proclaimed a protectorate there. It was not, in the abstract, an unjust or selfish act. South

Africa was threatened with a wholesale native war, and the occupation at such a time of this particular territory meant little to Great Britain beyond financial responsibility. There were many English settlers there, and these naturally clamored for protection against a probable Zulu invasion.

The opportunity was magnificent, but recklessly used. In Pretoria I heard from the mouth of Africanders friendly to England that the burghers of the Transvaal were driven into a war of independence because of the manner in which their local liberties were curtailed. The Boers resented deeply that the English commissioners should treat their most respected representatives with haughty indifference. Men like Paul Kruger and Joubert became ten times more important in the eyes of their own people when it was noised abroad that Sir Owen Lanyon had treated them as inferiors. Then was a magnificent opportunity to organize the United States of South Africa, with a representative assembly intrusted with legislation on matters of common concern. But so far from encouraging this idea, the agent of the London government acted in a manner that could not fail to excite distrust and hatred amongst the people over whom he had been sent to rule.

In 1881 the Boer war broke out, and ended with strange suddenness at Majuba Hill. The Boers were a handful of undisciplined ranchmen, fighting presumably against the whole power of Great Britain. I was shown at the museum at Pretoria a piece of artillery that had been used in this war of independence. It was constructed entirely of iron hoops that had once served as the tires of ox-wagons. The victory at Majuba was a surprise to the Boers, so great that to this day they compare it to the wonderful actions described in the Old Testament, where Divine interposition frequently gave victory to the chosen people and completely destroyed the hosts of proud enemies. At such a moment England should have put fifty thousand men into the African field and demonstrated her capacity to conduct military operations. But England did nothing of the kind. From the stand-point of Paul Kruger, the British lion tucked his tail between his hind legs and crawled away to a safer spot. The Boers obtained what they



NATIVE CHIEFS IN THE JAIL WHERE THE "REFORM" PRISONERS WERE KEPT.

fought for, and on every Boer farm it was believed that one Boer was more than a match for any two Englishmen. The surrender of the Transvaal was an act creditable to the magnanimity of the venerable English statesman whose voice has often and eloquently pleaded the cause of distressed humanity. Politically, however, it was mischievous, because the Boers saw in this noble gift no generosity whatever, nothing but the gift of him who dares not withhold.

The surrender of the Transvaal meant the surrender of interests which England had no right to abandon. Let me explain

by a little anecdote. A friend of mine—a most excellent, a now eminent official, whose name I withhold at his own request—was in 1881 living with his parents on their farm in the Transvaal. His father and mother were English, but he was born in the Cape Colony, and the family regarded itself entirely Africander. They had been attracted to the Transvaal by the advantages offered, and particularly by the prospect of permanent stability offered by its annexation to Great Britain. Suddenly the Boers rebelled against the government of the British, and my friend, in common with other Englishmen, was

called upon to fight with the Boers against the English regulars. Their interests and personal friendships were wholly with the Boers, their neighbors. But the British government had solemnly declared that they would never abandon the Transvaal, and English colonists, relying on this promise, refused to act with the Boers. Had the British government made no such promises, they would either have left the country at once with their cattle, or acted with the Boers in such a manner as not to incur their enmity. My friend's family was ruined by this Boer war; his cattle had all been driven away, while he himself had been kept a prisoner at a distance from his place of business. The mere fact that he had been loyal to England made him odious to every Boer, and his prospects for the future were those of a boycotted man. He appealed to the English government for the promised compensation, but it had none to give him, because, having been a prisoner in one spot while his cattle were being stolen in another, he could procure no witnesses. He had no money wherewith to fight what promised to be a long and expensive suit, and so, with a few shillings in his pocket and a most precious fund of experience in his heart, he began life again on the other side of the border.

The Boer government to-day is applying to a complex modern community administrative principles fit only for a community of cattle-herders and teamsters. Before 1857 the Transvaal had no formal constitution such as governed the more enlightened Boers of the Orange Free State from the outset. What took the place of a constitution was a set of resolutions framed by men who approached the task without experience, knowing only that it was expected that they should promulgate something that should look like a constitution. This document, commonly called "The Thirty-three Articles," reminds one strongly of club by-laws drawn up in our schools and colleges. For instance, the first article of this great document declares, "All trials shall be held in public," an excellent safeguard to have originated in Madrid or Amsterdam, but wholly superfluous in a nomad community which at that time would have had the greatest difficulty in securing privacy in anything bigger than a bullock-cart. The second article orders that "Persons present at trials shall keep their heads uncovered,

shall preserve a respectful demeanor, and shall maintain silence." The idea that the constitution of a great prospective Dutch republic could be embodied in thirty-three sentences, occupying in all not more than three octavo pages, would have been a courageous one to a Francis Bacon or a John Locke. And that of these precious paragraphs a whole one should occupy itself with the details of court-room manners gives us a hint as to the rest. The Thirty-three Articles has been superseded, nominally at least, by a more modern instrument, more elaborate but by no means more satisfactory. The original constitution of 1844 is still consulted to explain the spirit of later laws.

In a long and interesting conversation with Chief-Justice Kotzé at Pretoria I was convinced that a conflict must sooner or later arise between the legislative and judicial branches of the government. The Chief Justice of the Transvaal resembles the other Chief Justices whom I met at Cape Town and in the Orange Free State in that he is in legal learning fit for the judicial eminence he enjoys. In the Transvaal the judiciary is the only branch of government which can be regarded as equal to the duties of the office, and for that reason it is ominous that their decisions should be subject to revision by a popular assembly. The conflict which in May of 1896 Chief-Justice Kotzé indicated to me as possible has broken out since I began this chapter; and, unfortunately for the people of the Transvaal, the will of the Volksraad has triumphed.

A law against treason was introduced into the Transvaal constitution, obviously because it sounded well, and was not expected to injure any one. The Boers have been hatched in treason, have grown fat on it, and a charge of treason in the Transvaal is a mere figure of speech suggesting political disapproval. The word would never have appeared in the Boer constitution had not some of its framers conceived the notion that it would look rather well to incorporate a line or two of old Dutch law, just as your parliamentary wind-bag throws in a Latin quotation now and then by way of proclaiming that he has enjoyed a gentleman's education. So idle was the charge of treason regarded that it was made punishable by a fine of thirty-seven pounds ten shillings—say the price of a horse. Treason in the Transvaal down to the

moment of the Jameson raid was looked upon as a misdemeanor equivalent to borrowing a neighbor's watermelon. The handful of Boer "trekkers" in 1836 had scarcely got away from Cape Colony before they commenced disintegration and constructive treason. Those who went to Natal, those who settled in the Orange Free State, and those who finally framed The Thirty-three Articles at Potchefstroom on the 9th of April, 1844, not only represented three seceding states, but, within each of these, individual groups reserved to themselves the right to resent any act of government which they did not specifically approve of. Indeed when, on the 5th of January, 1857, the great Pretorius was elected President of the Transvaal, and a more complete constitution was adopted, a large section of the burghers defied this government and started an opposition republic at Leydenburg. Burghers took the field, and there was a three-cornered rebellion involving the republics of Leydenburg, Potchefstroom, and the Orange Free State. The intricacies of this rebellion are too many to follow at present, but it was settled by bringing to trial for high treason the worst of the rebels. His whole punishment was a fine of £150. Other traitors were punished in smaller sums, mostly about £25 (\$125) apiece. Paul Kruger was one of the commandants who represented the outraged majesty of the Transvaal government in 1857, and perhaps bore the events of this year in mind when he consented to the monstrous penalties imposed upon the Johannesburg reformers of 1896.

Had Jameson been shot at Kruger's door by a drum-head court martial held by the Boers on the field of battle while their blood was boiling, the civilized world would have condoned the action, though it would have been the severest penalty ever dealt out in the Boer republic for such a crime. But they treated him and his fellow-freebooters courteously, and handed them over to the British agent on the frontier of Natal. So long as Jameson and an indefinite force of armed men were within call, Paul Kruger and his government promised reforms to the citizens of Johannesburg and entered into negotiations with them for this purpose.

We must remember that the citizens cherished no treason, at least from a Boer, American, or even an English point of view. They represented pretty much all

the intelligence of the country, all the industrial machinery, more than half the landed property, and they paid nearly the whole of the taxes. It was not an English rebellion against Dutch domination, but it was a union of Americans, Afrianders, English—in short, every white man who was not an official of the Boer government, and who had any property at stake, was heartily in favor of a reform in the government. Every mine of any consequence had an American manager, the machinery used was mostly American, and aside from the political problems the situation was one which in its industrial and economic phases was as important to the United States as to any other power. The Boers, from the very outset of their constitutional career, confessed their incapacity for administering a modern state by enacting in their constitution that revenue was to be raised by the abominable mediæval practice of selling monopolies. The political economy of Spain in the days of Philip II. was applied to a community of the most modern and progressive manufacturers ever assembled together in one spot. One man, by jobbery or favoritism, would secure the exclusive right of making blasting-powder, or paper, or brandy, it matters little what. The system opened the door to every species of bribery, and the producing class were made not merely to pay very high prices for what they needed, but they were made to put up with very inferior articles.

The treason of Johannesburg has never been directed, as so many Boer treasons, to the overturning the head of the state. No important body of Johannesburgers has gone further than to demand the fulfilment by the Boers of their plain obligations under the convention with England, the paramount power. It is a monstrous anomaly that *bona fide* alien settlers in such a republic as the Transvaal should be forbidden to carry arms and forbidden to exercise the franchise; that they should have to submit to a censorship in the matter of the press, and even private telegrams, that would be hardly tolerated in Germany. It is still more monstrous that the hostile legislation of this country should be guided not by Boers, or even Afrianders of other nationalities, but by a governmental ring of Hollanders who are out of sympathy with the great body of white people in Africa, and who necessarily feel that their tenure



AT THE PRETORIA CAMP—TRANSVAAL STATE ARTILLERY.

of office depends upon the degree to which they can stimulate the fear of the Boer for his independence. The presence of so many imported Hollanders is another evidence of the Boer's incapacity for managing his own affairs. The Transvaal has grown rich by the earnings of an alien population to which she has made no adequate return. Excellent public-

spirited reformers like John Hays Hammond and Lionel Phillips she has treated as malefactors, sentenced them first to be hung, then changed this ridiculous penalty into one of long imprisonment in a loathsome jail, and finally pardoned them in consideration of their paying, each of them, a bigger fine than would have been demanded from any dozen Boer traitors

of the most extreme kind. Each of the reform prisoners should have received the thanks of the Transvaal Republic for the good that they strove to accomplish.

I am writing from the stand-point of a Boer, and I know such who are educated, love their country, and at the same time are interested in its material development. These men are now completely cowed by the military Jingoism which rules in their government, and they hardly dare be civil to English-speaking people at the Pretoria Club. But in their hearts they are sick of a government that embodies the economic vices of the Middle Ages.

We cannot afford to waste much sympathy on the company promoters and mining speculators who make most of the noise in Johannesburg. These men are not likely to shoulder a rifle in the cause of any country, not even their own. They have gone to the Transvaal with their eyes open, just as they might to-morrow go to San Francisco or China. They are financial adventurers whom the Boers not unnaturally distrust and dread. When I first visited the legislative assembly at Pretoria I was much struck by the strange contrast offered by these two extremes of the human family. Here were long-haired and long-bearded Boer senators, fresh from the ranch, jostled about in the lobbies of the Volksraad by ferret-faced brokers hungry for a concession or a monopoly, and ready to draw a check of a thousand pounds for the mere vote of a scrawny cowboy who had probably never handled a ten-pound note in his life. Imagine Jay Gould in a gathering of the twelve Apostles, and you form some notion of the incongruity which every day startles the visitor in the capital of the Transvaal. The Boer is an honest and courageous man, of strong moral convictions, and of a higher grade in matters of social purity than the average in Europe. But he is, after all, human, and the temptations to which he is subjected, thanks to the vicious nature of the government, are such as he cannot long withstand. No community can prosper where the property of those who have is at the mercy of those who have not; particularly when, as in the Transvaal, those who vote are the inferiors in matters of knowledge.

Honest and patriotic Boer ranchmen are ready to believe that their dearly bought liberties are in daily danger at the hands of English filibusters, if not of the

English government itself. It is by the aid of this popular force that Dr. Leyds and his government of imported Hollanders insidiously encourage the notion that Boer liberties are at stake, and that all measures are justified so long as they strengthen the central government. It is by playing upon these passions that the Transvaal government has been able to impose upon her free burghers a curtailment of individual liberty that would have created rebellion before the Jameson raid. Hand in hand with the craft of Dr. Leyds and the ignorance of the Boer goes the newspaper press, which is managed mainly by imported adventurers, who outstrip even the Hollanders in daily abuse of anything and everything English. At the capital of the Orange Free State, for instance, is a newspaper edited by a German who does not sleep well if he has failed to print at least one anti-English article daily. At the Cape of Good Hope he was described to me by a violent Dutch Afrikaner as the journalistic mouth-piece of the Orange Free State government. But when I reached Bloemfontein I found that respectable business men laughed at him, and that the President did not even receive him socially.

England's faults are focussed in the Jameson raid. Against the individuals who fought in that raid the Boers feel no anger. But they are smarting under the injustice done them in London. They hear that the money for this raid was subscribed in England; that the man chiefly responsible was Cecil Rhodes; that instead of being punished he was received as a hero. The meddling of the English government at all was a bad thing, for it drew upon the Queen's cabinet all the odium which might otherwise have dissipated itself in charges made at Cape Town against the chartered company. The crime was committed in South Africa; all the witnesses to the crime were there, plaintiff and defendant were on the spot; a competent tribunal was not wanting. To drag this local matter to a point six thousand miles away, before the bar of a judgment-seat which the Boers could not regard as impartial, was unfortunate.

Time can do wonders, and a wonder is needed to once more bring together the conflicting races that are now wasting their energies in recrimination. There must be liberty and peace through-

out that country if it is to realize the future which only the other day seemed within its grasp. There must be no question of Dutch, of English, German, or French, if that country is to prosper; all must unite, and there are none too many. The flag of Great Britain represents freedom of trade, freedom of thought, beyond

that of any flag on the high seas, and in Africa, at least, it is the only flag strong enough and generous enough for our purposes. It guarantees life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to all within the sphere of its influence. It is, in short, the only flag which to-day makes possible our dream of a white man's Africa.

THE MARRYING OF ESTHER.

BY MARY M. MEARS.

"**S**ET there and cry; it's so sensible; and I 'ain't said that a June wedding wouldn't be a little nicer. But what you goin' to live on? Joe can't git his money that soon."

"He—said he thought he could manage. But I won't be married at all if I can't have it—right."

"Well, you can have it right. All is, there are some folks in this town that if they don't calculate doin' real well by you, I don't feel called upon to invite."

"I don't know what you mean," sobbed the girl. She sat by the kitchen table, her face hidden in her arms. Her mother stood looking at her tenderly, and yet with a certain anger.

"I mean about the presents. You've worked in the church, you've sung in the choir for years, and now it's a chance for folks to show that they appreciate it, and without they're goin' to— Boxes of cake would be plenty if they wa'n't goin' to serve you any better than they did Ella Plummer."

Esther Robinson lifted her head. She was quite large, in a soft young way, and her skin was as pure as a baby's. "But you can't know beforehand how they're going to treat me!"

"Yes, I can know beforehand, too, and if you're set on next month, it's none too soon to be seein' about it. I've a good mind to step over to Mis' Lawrence's and Mis' Stetson's this afternoon."

"Mother! You—wouldn't ask 'em anything?"

Mrs. Robinson hung away her dish-towel; then she faced Esther. "Of course I wouldn't *ask* 'em; there's other ways of findin' out besides *asking*. I'd bring the subject 'round by saying I hoped there wouldn't be many duplicates, and I'd git out of 'em what they intended givin' without seemin' to." Esther looked

at her mother with a sort of fascination. "Then we could give some idea about the refreshments; for I ain't a-goin' to have no elaborate lay-out without I *do* know; and it ain't because I grudge the money, either," she added, in swift self-defence.

Mrs. Robinson was a good manager of the moderate means her husband had left her, but she was not parsimonious or inhospitable. Now she was actuated by a fierce maternal jealousy. Esther, despite her pleasant ways and her helpfulness, was often overlooked in a social way. This was due to her mother. The more pretentious laughed about Mrs. Robinson, and though the thrifty, contented housewife never missed the amenities which might have been extended to her, she was keenly alive to any slights put upon her daughter. And so it was now.

Mrs. Lawrence, a rich, childless old lady, lived next door, and about four o'clock she went over there. The girl watched her departure doubtfully, but the possibility of not having a large wedding kept her from giving full expression to her feelings. Esther had always dreamed of her wedding; she had looked forward to it just as definitely before she met Joe Elsworth as after her engagement to him. There would be flowers and guests and feasting, and she would be the centre of it all in a white dress and veil.

She had never thought about there being any presents. Now for the first time she thought of them as an added glory, but her imagination did not extend to the separate articles or to their givers. Esther never pictured her uncle Jonas at the wedding, yet he would surely be in attendance in his rough farmer clothes, his grizzled, keen old face towering above the other guests. She did not picture her friends as she really knew them; the

young men would be fine gentlemen, and the girls ladies in wonderful toilets. As for herself and Joe, hidden away in a bureau drawer Esther had a poster of one of Frohman's plays. It represented a bride and groom standing together in a drift of orange blossoms.

Mrs. Robinson did not return at supper-time, and Esther ate alone. At eight o'clock Joe Elsworth came. She met him at the door, and they kissed in the entry. Then Joe preceded her in, and hung up his cap on a projecting knob of the what-not—that was where he always put it. He glanced into the dining-room and took in the waiting table.

"Haven't you had supper yet?"

"Mother isn't home."

He came towards her swiftly; his eyes shone with a sudden elated tenderness. She raised her arms and turned away her face, but he swept aside the ineffectual barrier. When he let her go she seated herself on the further side of the room. Her glance was full of a soft rebuke. He met it, then looked down smilingly and awkwardly at his shoes.

"Where did you say your ma had gone?"

"She's gone to Mis' Lawrence's, and a few other places."

"Oh, calling. Old Mis' Norton goes about twice a year, and I ask her what it amounts to."

"I guess you'll find ma's calls 'll amount to something."

"How's that?" he demanded.

"She's—going to try and find out what they intend giving."

"What they intend giving?"

"Yes. And without they intend giving something worth while, she says she won't invite 'em, and maybe we won't have a big wedding at all," she finished, pathetically.

Joe did not answer. Esther stole an appealing glance at him.

"Does it seem a queer thing to do?"

"Well, yes, rather."

Her face quivered. "She said I'd done so much for Mis' Lawrence—"

"Well, you have, and I've wished a good many times that you wouldn't. I'm sure I never knuckled to her, though she is my great-aunt."

"I never knuckled to her, either," protested Esther.

"You've done a sight more for her than I would have done, fixin' her dresses

and things, and she with more money than anybody else in town. But your mother ain't going to call on everybody, is she?" he asked, anxiously.

"Of course she ain't. Only she said if it was going to be in June—but I don't want it to be ever," she added, covering her face.

"Oh, it's all right," said Joe, penitently. He went over and put his arm around her. Nevertheless, his eyes held a worried look.

Joe's father had bound him out to a farmer by the name of Norton until his majority, when the sum of seven hundred dollars, all the little fortune the father had left, together with three hundred more from Norton, was to be turned over to him. But Joe would not be twenty-one until October. It was going to be difficult for him to arrange for the June wedding Esther desired. He was very much in love, however, and presently he lifted his boyish cheek from her hair.

"I think I'll take that cottage of Lanham's; it's the only vacant house in the village, and he's promised to wait for the rent, so that confounded old Norton needn't advance me a cent."

Esther flushed. "What do you suppose makes him act so?" she questioned, though she knew.

Joe blushed too. "He don't like it because I'm going to work in the factory when it opens. But Mis' Norton and Sarah have done everything for me," he added, decidedly.

Up to the time of his engagement Joe had been in the habit of showing Sarah Norton an occasional brotherly attention, and he would have continued to do so had not Esther and Mrs. Robinson interfered—Esther from girlish jealousy, and her mother because she did not approve of the family, she said. She could not say she did not approve of Sarah, for there was not a more upright, self-respecting girl in the village. But Sarah, because of her father's miserliness, often went out for extra work when the neighbors needed help, and this was the real cause of Mrs. Robinson's feeling. Unconsciously she made the same distinction between Sarah Norton and Esther that some of the more ambitious of the village mothers made between their girls and her own daughter. Then it was common talk that old Jim Norton, for obvi-

ous reasons, was displeased with Joe's matrimonial plans, but Mrs. Robinson professed to believe that the wife and daughter were really the ones disappointed. Now Esther began twisting a button of Joe's coat.

"I don't believe mother'll ask either of 'em to the wedding," said she.

When Mrs. Robinson entered, Esther stood expectant and fearful by the table. Her mother drew up a chair and reached for the bread.

"I didn't stop anywhere for supper. You've had yours, 'ain't you?"

The girl nodded.

"Joe come?"

"He just left."

But Mrs. Robinson was not to be hurried into divulging the result of her calls. She remained massively mysterious. Esther began to wish she had not hurried Joe off so unceremoniously. After her first cup of tea, however, her mother asked for a slip of paper and a pencil. "I want that pencil in my machine drawer, that writes black, and any kind of paper 'll do," she said.

Esther brought them; then she took up her sewing. She was not without a certain self-restraint. Mrs. Robinson, between her sips of tea, wrote. The soft gurgle of her drinking annoyed Esther, and she had a tingling desire to snatch the paper. After a last misdirected placing of her cup in her plate, however, her mother looked up and smiled triumphantly.

"I guess we'll have to plan something different than boxes of cake. Listen to this; Mis' Lawrence— No, I won't read that yet. Mis' Manning—I went in there because I thought about her not inviting you when she gave that library party—one salt and pepper with rose-buds painted on 'em."

Esther leaned forward; her face was crimson.

"You needn't look so," remonstrated her mother. "It was all I could do to keep from laughing at the way she acted. I just mentioned that we were only goin' to invite those you was indebted to, and she went and fetched out that salt and pepper. I believe she said they was intended in the first place for some relative that didn't git married in the end."

The girl made an inarticulate noise in her throat. Her mother continued, in a loud, impressive tone:

"Mis' Stetson—something worked. She hasn't quite decided what, but she's goin' to let me know about it. Jane Watson—"

"You didn't go *there*, mother!"

Mrs. Robinson treated her daughter to a contemptuous look. "I guess I've got sense. Jane was in at Mis' Stetson's, and when I come away she went along with me, and insisted that I should stop and see some lamp-lighters she'd got to copy from—those paper balls. She seemed afraid a string of those wouldn't be enough, but I told her how pretty they was, and how much you'd be pleased."

"I guess I'll think a good deal more of 'em than I will of Mis' Manning's salt and pepper." Esther was very near tears.

"Next I went to the Rogerses, and they've about concluded to give you a lamp; and they can afford to. Then that's all the places I've been, except to Mis' Lawrence's, and she"—Mrs. Robinson paused for emphasis—"she's goin' to give you a *silver water-set*!"

Esther looked at her mother, her red lips apart.

"That was the first place I called, and I said pretty plain what I was gettin' at; but after I knew about the water-set, that settled what kind of weddin' we'd have."

But the next morning the world looked different. Her rheumatic foot ached, and that always affected her temper; but when they sat down to sew, the real cause of her irascibility came out.

"Mis' Lawrence wa'n't any more civil than she need be," she remarked. "I guess she'd decided she'd got to do something, being related to Joe. She said she supposed you were expecting a good many presents; and I said no, you didn't look for many, and there were some that you'd done a good deal for that you knew better than to expect anything from. I was mad. Then she turned kind of red, and mentioned about the water-set."

And in the afternoon a young girl acquaintance added to Esther's perturbation. "I just met Susan Rogers," she confided to the other, "and she said they hated to give that lamp, but they supposed they were in for it."

Esther was not herself for some days. All her pretty dreams were blotted out, and a morbid embarrassment took hold of her; but she was roused to something like her old interest when the presents

began to come in and she saw her mother's active preparations for the wedding—the more so as over the village seemed to have spread a pleasant excitement concerning the event. Presents arrived from unexpected sources, so that invitations had to be sent afterwards to the givers. Women who had never crossed the Robinson threshold came now like Hindoo gift-bearers before some deity whom they wished to propitiate. Meeting there, they exchanged droll, half-deprecating glances. Mrs. Robinson's calls had formed the subject of much laughing comment; but weddings were not common in Marshfield, and the desire to be bidden to this one was universal; it spread like an epidemic.

Mrs. Robinson was at first elated. She overlooked the matter of duplicates, and accepted graciously every article that was tendered—from a patch-work quilt to a hem-stitched handkerchief. "You can't have too many of some things," she remarked to Esther. But later she reversed this statement. Match-safes, photograph-frames, and pretty nothings accumulated to an alarming extent.

"Now that's the last pin-cushion you're goin' to take," she declared, as she returned from answering a call at the door one evening. "There's fourteen in the parlor now. Folks seem to have gone crazy on pin-cushions."

She grew confused, and the next day she went into the parlor, which, owing to the nature of the display, resembled a booth at a church fair, and made an accurate list of the articles received. When she emerged, her large, handsome face was quite flushed.

"Little wabbly, fall-down things, most of 'em. It'll take you a week to dust your house if you have all those things standin' round."

"Well, I ain't goin' to put none of 'em away," declared Esther. "I like ornaments."

"Glad you do; you've got enough of 'em, land knows. *Ornaments!*" The very word seemed to incense her. "I guess you'll find there's something needed besides *ornaments* when you come right down to livin'. For one thing, you're awful short of dishes and bedding, and you can't ever have no company—unless," she added, with withering sarcasm, "you give 'em little vases to drink out of, and put 'em to bed under a picture-drape,

with a pin-cushion or a scent-bag for a pillar."

And from that time Mrs. Robinson accepted no gift without first consulting her list. It became known that she looked upon useful articles with favor, and brooms and flat-irons and bright tinware arrived constantly. Then it was that the heterogeneous collection began to pall upon Esther. The water-set had not yet been presented, but its magnificence grew upon her, and she persuaded Joe to get a spindle-legged stand on which to place it, although he could not furnish the cottage until October, and had gone in debt for the few necessary things. She pictured the combination first in one corner of the little parlor, then another, finally in a window where it could be seen from the road.

Esther's standards did not vary greatly from her mother's, but she had a bewildered sense that they were somehow stepping from the beaten track of custom. On one or two points, however, she was firm. The few novels that had come within her reach she had conned faithfully. Thus, even before she had a lover, she had decided that the most impressive hour for a wedding was sunrise, and had arranged the procession which was to wend its way towards the church. And in these matters her mother, respecting her superior judgment, stood stanchly by her.

Nevertheless, when the eventful morning arrived she was bitterly disappointed. She had set her heart on having the church bell rung, and overlooked the fact that the meeting-house bell was cracked, till Joe reminded her. Then the weather was unexpectedly chilly. A damp fog, not yet dispersed by the sun, hung over the barely awakened village, and the little flower-girl shivered. She had a shawl pinned about her, and when the procession was fairly started she tripped over it, and there was a halt while she gathered up the roses and geraniums in her little trembling hands and thrust them back into the basket. Celia Smith tittered. Celia was the bridesmaid, and was accompanied by Joe's friend, red-headed Harry Barker; and Mrs. Robinson and Uncle Jonas, who were far behind, made the most of the delay. Mrs. Robinson often explained that she was not a "good walker," and her brother-in-law tried jocularly to help her along, although he used a

cane himself. His weather-beaten old face was beaming, but it was as though the smiles were set between the wrinkles, for he kept his mouth sober. He had a flower in his button-hole, which gave him a festive air, despite the fact that his clothes were distinctly untidy. Several buttons were off: he had no wife to keep them sewed on.

Esther had given but one glance at him. Her head under its lace veil bent lower and lower. The flounces of her skirt stood out about her like the delicate bell of a hollyhock; she followed the way falteringly. Joe, his young eyes radiant, inclined his curly head towards her, but she did not heed him. The little procession was as an awkward garment which hampered and abashed her; but just as they reached the church the sun crept above the tree-tops, and from the bleakness of dawn the whole scene warmed into the glorious beauty of a June day. The guests lost their aspect of chilled waiting; Esther caught their admiring glances. For one brief moment her triumph was complete; the next she had overstepped its bounds. She went forward scarcely touching Joe's arm. Her great desire became a definite purpose. She whispered to a member of her Sunday-school class, a little fellow. He looked at her wonderingly at first, then darted forward and grasped the rope which dangled down in a corner of the vestibule. He pulled with a will, but even as the old bell responded with a hoarse clank, his arms jerked upward, and with curls flying and fat legs extended he ascended straight to the ceiling.

"Oh, suz, the Lord's taking him right up!" shrieked an old woman, the sepulchral explanation of the broken bell but serving to intensify her terror; and there were others who refused to understand, even when his sister caught him by the heels. She was very white, and she shook him before she set him down. Too scared to realize where he was, he fought her, his little face quite red, and his blouse strained up so that it revealed the girth of his round little body in its knitted under-shirt.

"Le' me go," he whimpered; "she telled me to do it."

His words broke through the general amazement like a stone through the icy surface of a stream. The guests gave way to mirth. Some of the young girls

averted their faces; they could not look at Esther. The matrons tilted their bonneted heads towards one another and shook softly. "I thought at first it might be part of the show," whispered one, "but I guess it wasn't planned."

Esther was conscious of every whisper and every glance; shame seemed to engulf her, but she entered the church holding her head high. When they emerged into the sunshine again, she would have been glad to run away, but she was forced to pause while her mother made an announcement.

"The refreshments will be ready by ten," she said, "and as we calculate to keep the tables runnin' all day, those that can't come one time can come another."

After which there was a little rice-throwing, and the young couple departed. The frolic partly revived Esther's spirits; but her mother, toiling heavily along with a hard day's work before her, was inclined to speak her mind. Her brother-in-law, however, restrained her.

"Seems to me I never seen anything quite so cute as that little feller a-ringin' that bell for the weddin'. Who put him up to it, anyhow?"

"Why, Esther. She was so set on havin' a 'chime,' as she called it."

"Well, it was a real good idee! A real good idee!" and he kept repeating the phrase as though in a perfect ecstasy of appreciation.

When Esther reached home, she and Joe arranged the tables in the side yard, but when the first guest turned in at the gate her mother sent her to the house. "Now you go into the parlor and rest. You can just as well sit under that dove as stand under it," she said.

The girl started listlessly to obey, but the next words revived her like wine:

"I declare it's Mis' Lawrence, and she's bringing that water-set; she hung on to it till the last minit."

Esther flew to her chamber and donned her veil, which she had laid aside, then sped down stairs; but when she passed through the parlor she put her hands over her eyes: she wanted to look at the water-set first with Joe. He was no longer helping her mother, and she fluttered about looking for him. The rooms would soon be crowded, and then there would be no opportunity to examine the wonderful gift.

She darted down a foot-path that crossed

the yard diagonally. It led to a gap in the stone wall which opened on a lane. Esther and Joe had been in the habit of walking here of an evening. It was scarcely more than a grassy way overhung by leaning branches of old fruit trees, but it was a short-cut to the cottage Joe had rented. Now Esther's feet, of their own volition, carried her here. She slid through the opening. "Joe!" she called, and her voice had the tremulous cadence of a bird summoning its mate; but it died away in a little smothered cry, for not a rod away was Joe, and sitting on a large stone was Sarah Norton. They had their backs towards her, and were engaged in such an earnest conversation that they did not hear her. Sarah's shoulders moved with her quick breathing; she had a hand on Joe's arm. Esther stood staring, her thin draperies circling about her, and her childish face pale. Then she turned, with a swift impulse to escape, but again she paused, her eyes riveted in the opposite direction. From where she stood the back door of her future home was visible, and two men were carrying out furniture. Involuntarily she opened her lips to call Joe, but no sound came. Yes, they had the bureau; they would probably take the spindle-legged stand next. A strong protective instinct is part of possession, and to Esther that sight was as a magnet to steel. Down the grassy lane she sped, but so lightly that the couple by the wall were as unobservant of her as they were of the wind stirring the long grass.

Sarah Norton rose. "I run every step of the way to get here in time. Please, Joe!" she panted.

He shook his head. "It's real kind of you and your mother, Sarah, but I guess I ain't going to touch any of the money you worked for and earned, and I can't help but think, when I talk to Lanham—"

"I tell you, you can't reason with him in his state!"

"Well, I'll raise it somehow."

"You'll have to be quick about it, then," she returned, concisely. "He'll be here in a few minutes, and it's cash down for the first three months, or he'll let the other party have it."

"But he promised—"

"That don't make any difference. He's drunk, and he thought father'd offer to make you an advance; but father just told him to come down here, that you

were being married, and say he'd poke all your things out in the road without you paid."

The young man turned. Sarah blocked his way. She was a tall, good-looking girl, somewhat older than Joe, and she looked straight up into his face.

"See here, Joe; you know what makes father act so, and so do I, and so does mother, and mother and I want you should take this money; it'll make us feel better." Sarah flushed, but she looked at him as directly as if she had been his sister.

Joe felt an admiration for her that was almost reverence. It carried him for the moment beyond the consideration of his own predicament. "No, I don't know what makes him act so either," he cried, hotly. "Oh Lord, Sarah, you sha'n't say such a thing!"

She interrupted him. "Won't you take it?"

He turned again: "You're just as good as you can be, but I can manage some way."

"I'll watch for Lanham," she answered, quietly, "and keep him talking as long as I can. He's just drunk enough to make a scene."

Half-way to the house, Joe met Harry Barker.

"What did she want?" he inquired, curiously.

When Joe told him he plunged into his pocket and drew out two dollars, then offered to go among the young fellows and collect the balance of the amount, but Joe caught hold of him.

"Think of something else."

"I could explain to the boys—"

"You go and ask Mrs. Lawrence if she won't step out on the porch," the other commanded; "she's my great-aunt, and I never asked anything of her before."

But Mrs. Lawrence was not sympathetic. She told Joe flatly that she never lent money, and that the water-set was as much as she could afford to give. "It ain't paid for, though," she added; "and if you'd rather have the money, I suppose I can send it back. But seems to me I shouldn't have been in such an awful hurry to git married; I should 'a' waited a month or so, till I had something to git married on. But you're just like your father—never had no calculation. Do you want I should return that silver?"

Joe hesitated. It was an easy way out of the difficulty. Then a vision of Esther

rose before him, and the innocent preparations she had been making for the display of the gift. "No," he answered, shortly. And Mrs. Lawrence, with a shake of the shoulders as though she threw off all responsibility in her young relative's affairs, bustled away. "I'm going to keep that water-set if everything else has to go," he declared to the astonished Harry. "Let 'em set me out in the road; I guess I'll git along." He had a humorous vision of himself and Esther trudging forth, with the water-set between them, to seek their fortune.

He flung himself from the porch, and was confronted by Jonas Ingram. The old fellow emerged from behind a lilac-bush with a guilty yet excited air.

"Young man, I ain't given to eaves-dropping, but I was strollin' along here and I heered it all; and as I was calculatin' to give my niece a present—" He broke off and laid a hand on Joe's arm. "Where is that dod-blasted fool of a Lanham? I'll pay him; then I'll break every bone in his dum body!" he exclaimed, waxing profane. "Come here disturbin' decent folks' weddin's! Where is he?"

He started off down the path, striking out savagely with his stick. Joe watched him a moment, then put after him, and Harry Barker followed.

"If this ain't the liveliest weddin'!"

Nevertheless, he was disappointed in his expectations of an encounter. When the trio emerged through the gap in the wall they found only Sarah Norton awaiting them.

"Lanham's come and gone," she announced. "No, I didn't give him a thing, except a piece of my mind," she answered, in response to a look from Joe. "I told him that he was acting like a fool; that father was in for a thousand dollars to you in the fall, and that you would pay then, as you promised, and that he'd better clear out."

"Oh, if I could jest git a holt of him!" muttered Jonas Ingram.

"That seemed to sober him," continued the girl; "but he said he wasn't the only one that had got scared; that Merrill was going for his tables and chairs; but Lanham said he'd run up to the cottage, and if he was there, he'd send him off. You see, father threw out as if he wasn't owing you anything," she added, in a lower voice, "and that's what stirred 'em up."

Joe turned white, in a sudden heat of

anger—the first he had shown. "I'll stir him—" he began; then his eyes met hers. He reddened. "Oh, Sarah, I'm ever so much obliged to you!"

"It was nothing. I guess it was lucky I wasn't invited to the wedding, though." She laughed, and started away, leaving Joe abashed. She glanced back. "I hope none of this foolishness 'll reach Mis' Elsworth's ears," she called, in a friendly voice.

"I hope it won't," muttered Joe, fervently, and stood watching her till the old man pulled his sleeve.

"Lanham may not keep his word to the girl. Best go down there, hadn't we?"

The young man made no answer, but turned and ran. He longed for some one to wreak vengeance on. The other two had difficulty in keeping up with him. The first object that attracted their attention was the bureau. It was standing beside the back steps. Joe tried the door; it was fastened. He drew forth the key and fitted it into the lock, but still the door did not yield. He turned and faced the others. "*Some one's in there!*"

Jonas Ingram broke forth into an oath. He shook his cane at the house.

"Some one's in there, and they've got the door bolted on the inside," continued Joe. His voice had a strange sound even to himself. He seemed to be looking on at his own wrath. He strode around to a window, but the blinds were closed; the blinds were closed all over the house; every door was barred. Whoever was inside was in utter darkness. Joe came back and gave the door a violent shake; then they all listened, but only the pecking of a hen along the walk broke the silence.

"I'll get a crowbar," suggested Harry, scowling in the fierce sunlight. Jonas Ingram stood with his hair blowing out from under his hat and his stick grasped firmly in his gnarled old hand. He was all ready to strike. His chin was thrust out rigidly. They both pressed close to Joe, but he did not heed them. He put one shoulder against a panel; every muscle was set.

"Whoever you are, if I have to break this door down—"

There was a soft commotion on the inside and the bolt was drawn. Joe, with the other two at his heels, fairly burst into the darkened place, just in time to see a white figure dart across the room

and cast itself in a corner. For an instant they could only blink. The figure wrapped its white arms about some object.

"You can have everything but this table; you can't have—this." The words ended in a frightened sob.

"*Esther!*"

"*Oh, Joe!*" She struggled to her feet, then shrank back against the wall. "Oh, I didn't know it was you. Go 'way! go 'way!"

"Why, Esther, what do you mean?" He started towards her, but she turned on him.

"Where is she?"

"Where's who?"

She did not reply, but standing against the wall, she stared at him with a passionate scorn.

"You don't mean Sarah Norton?" asked Joe, slowly. Esther quivered.

"Why, she came to tell me of the trouble her father was trying to get me into. But how did you come here, Esther? How did you know anything about it?"

She did not answer. Her head sank.

"How did you, Esther?"

"I saw—you in the lane," she faltered, then caught up her veil as though it had been a pinafore. Joe went up to her, and Jonas Ingram took hold of Harry Barker, and the two stepped outside, but not out of ear-shot; they were still curious. They could hear Esther's sobbing voice at intervals. "I tried to make 'em stop, but they wouldn't, and I slipped in past 'em and bolted the door; and when you came, I thought it was them—and, oh! ain't they our things, Joe?"

The old man thrust his head in at the door. "Yes," he roared, then withdrew.

"And won't they take the table away?" "No," he roared again. "I'd just like to see 'em!"

Esther wept harder. "Oh, I wish they would; I ought to give 'em up. I didn't care for them after I thought—that. It was just that I had to have something I wouldn't let go, and I tried to think only of saving the table for the water-set."

"Come mighty near bein' no water-set," muttered Jonas to himself; then he turned to his companion. "Young man, I guess they don't need us no more," he said.

When he regained his sister-in-law's, he encountered that lady carrying a steaming dish. Guests stood about under the trees or sat at the long tables.

"For mercy sakes, Jonas, have you seen Esther? She made fuss enough about havin' that dove fixed up in the parlor, and she and Joe 'ain't stood under it a minit yet."

"That's a fact," chuckled the old fellow. "They 'ain't stood under no dove of peace yet; they're just about ready to now, I reckon."

And up through the lane, all oblivious, the lovers were walking slowly. Just before they reached the gap in the wall, they paused by common consent. Cherry and apple trees drooped over the wall; these had ceased blossoming, but a tangle of wild-rose bushes was all ablush. It dropped a thick harvest of petals on the ground. Joe bent his head; and Esther, resting against his shoulder, lifted her eyes to his face. All unconsciously she took the pose of the woman in the Frohman poster. They kissed, and then went on slowly.

THE CENTURY'S PROGRESS IN PHYSICS.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

PART II.—THE ETHER AND PONDERABLE MATTER.

I.

"**W**HATEVER difficulties we may have in forming a consistent idea of the constitution of the ether, there can be no doubt that the interplanetary and interstellar spaces are not empty, but are occupied by a material substance or body which is certainly the largest, and probably the most uniform body of which we have any knowledge."

Such was the verdict pronounced some twenty years ago by James Clerk Maxwell, one of the very greatest of nineteenth-century physicists, regarding the existence of an all-pervading plenum in the universe, in which every particle of tangible matter is immersed. And this verdict may be said to express the attitude of the entire philosophical world of our day. Without exception, the author

itative physicists of our time accept this plenum as a verity, and reason about it with something of the same confidence they manifest in speaking of "ponderable" matter or of energy. It is true there are those among them who are disposed to deny that this all-pervading plenum merits the name of matter. But that it is a *something*, and a vastly important something at that, all are agreed. Without it, they allege, we should know nothing of light, of radiant heat, of electricity, or magnetism; without it there would probably be no such thing as gravitation; nay, they even hint that without this strange something, ether, there would be no such thing as matter in the universe. If these contentions of the modern physicist are justified, then this intangible ether is incomparably the most important as well as the "largest and most uniform substance or body" in the universe. Its discovery may well be looked upon as the most important feat of our century.

For a discovery of our century it surely is, in the sense that all the known evidences of its existence have been gathered in this epoch. True, dreamers of all ages have, for metaphysical reasons, imagined the existence of intangible fluids in space—they had, indeed, peopled space several times over with different kinds of ethers, as Maxwell remarks—but such vague dreamings no more constituted the discovery of the modern ether than the dream of some pre-Columbian visionary that land might lie beyond the unknown waters constituted the discovery of America. In justice it must be admitted that Huyghens, the seventeenth-century originator of the undulatory theory of light, caught a glimpse of the true ether; but his contemporaries and some eight generations of his successors were utterly deaf to his claims; so he bears practically the same relation to the nineteenth-century discoverers of ether that the Norseman bears to Columbus.

The true Columbus of the ether was Thomas Young. His discovery was consummated in the early days of the present century, when he brought forward the first conclusive proofs of the undulatory theory of light. To say that light consists of undulations is to postulate something which undulates; and this something could not be air, for air exists only in infinitesimal quantity, if at all,

in the interstellar spaces, through which light freely penetrates. But if not air, what then? Why, clearly, something more intangible than air; something supersensible, evading all direct efforts to detect it, yet existing everywhere in seemingly vacant space, and also interpenetrating the substance of all transparent liquids and solids, if not, indeed, of all tangible substances. This intangible something Young rechristened the Luminiferous Ether.

In the early days of his discovery Young thought of the undulations which produce light and radiant heat as being longitudinal—a forward and backward pulsation, corresponding to the pulsations of sound—and as such pulsations can be transmitted by a fluid medium with the properties of ordinary fluids, he was justified in thinking of the ether as being like a fluid in its properties, except for its extreme intangibility. But about 1818 the experiments of Fresnel and Arago with polarization of light made it seem very doubtful whether the theory of longitudinal vibrations is sufficient, and it was suggested by Young, and independently conceived and demonstrated by Fresnel, that the luminiferous undulations are not longitudinal, but transverse; and all the more recent experiments have tended to confirm this view. But it happens that ordinary fluids—gases and liquids—cannot transmit lateral vibrations; only rigid bodies are capable of such a vibration. So it became necessary to assume that the luminiferous ether is a body possessing elastic rigidity—a familiar property of tangible solids, but one quite unknown among fluids.

The idea of transverse vibrations carried with it another puzzle. Why does not the ether, when set a quiver with the vibration which gives us the sensation we call light, have produced in its substance subordinate quivers, setting out at right angles from the path of the original quiver? Such perpendicular vibrations seem not to exist, else we might see around a corner; how explain their absence? The physicists could think of but one way: they must assume that the ether is incompressible. It must fill all space—at any rate, all space with which human knowledge deals—perfectly full.

These properties of the ether, incompressibility and elastic rigidity, are quite conceivable by themselves; but difficulties

of thought appear when we reflect upon another quality which the ether clearly must possess—namely, frictionlessness. Per hypothesis this rigid, incompressible body pervades all space, imbedding every particle of tangible matter; yet it seems not to retard the movements of this matter in the slightest degree. This is undoubtedly the most difficult to comprehend of the alleged properties of the ether. The physicist explains it as due to the perfect elasticity of the ether, in virtue of which it closes in behind a moving particle with a push exactly counterbalancing the stress required to penetrate it in front.

To a person unaccustomed to think of seemingly solid matter as really composed of particles relatively wide apart, it is hard to understand the claim that ether penetrates the substance of solids—of glass, for example—and, to use Young's expression, which we have previously quoted, moves among them as freely as the wind moves through a grove of trees. This thought, however, presents few difficulties to the mind accustomed to philosophical speculation. But the question early arose in the mind of Fresnel whether the ether is not considerably affected by contact with the particles of solids. Some of his experiments led him to believe that a portion of the ether which penetrates among the molecules of tangible matter is held captive, so to speak, and made to move along with these particles. He spoke of such portions of the ether as "bound" ether, in contradistinction to the great mass of "free" ether. Half a century after Fresnel's death, when the ether hypothesis had become an accepted tenet of science, experiments were undertaken by Fizeau in France, and by Maxwell in England, to ascertain whether any portion of ether is really thus bound to particles of matter; but the results of the experiments were negative, and the question is still undetermined.

While the undulatory theory of light was still fighting its way, another kind of evidence favoring the existence of an ether was put forward by Michael Faraday, who, in the course of his experiments in electrical and magnetic induction, was led more and more to perceive definite lines or channels of force in the medium subject to electro-magnetic influence. Faraday's mind, like that of Newton and many other philosophers, re-

jected the idea of action at a distance, and he felt convinced that the phenomena of magnetism and of electric induction told strongly for the existence of an invisible plenum everywhere in space, which might very probably be the same plenum that carried the undulations of light and radiant heat.

Then about the middle of the century came that final revolution of thought regarding the nature of energy, which we have already outlined in the preceding paper, and with that the case for ether was considered to be fully established. The idea that energy is merely a "mode of motion" (to adopt Tyndall's familiar phrase), combined with the universal rejection of the notion of action at a distance, made the acceptance of a plenum throughout space a necessity of thought—so, at any rate, it has seemed to most physicists of recent decades. The proof that all known forms of radiant energy move through space at the same rate of speed is regarded as practically a demonstration that but one plenum—one ether—is concerned in their transmission. It has, indeed, been tentatively suggested, by Professor J. Oliver Lodge, that there may be two ethers, representing the two opposite kinds of electricity, but even the author of this hypothesis would hardly claim for it a high degree of probability.

The most recent speculations regarding the properties of the ether have departed but little from the early ideas of Young and Fresnel. It is assumed on all sides that the ether is a continuous, incompressible body, possessing rigidity and elasticity. Lord Kelvin has even calculated the probable density of this ether, and its coefficient of rigidity. As might be supposed, it is all but infinitely tenuous as compared with any tangible solid, and its rigidity is but infinitesimal as compared with that of steel. In a word, it combines properties of tangible matter in a way not known in any tangible substance. Therefore we cannot possibly conceive its true condition correctly. The nearest approximation, according to Lord Kelvin, is furnished by a mould of transparent jelly. It is a crude, inaccurate analogy, of course, the density and resistance of jelly in particular being utterly different from those of the ether; but the quivers that run through the jelly when it is shaken, and the elastic tension under which it is placed when its mass is twist-

ed about, furnish some analogy to the quivers and strains in the ether, which are held to constitute radiant energy, magnetism, and electricity.

The great physicists of the day being at one regarding the existence of this all-pervading ether, it would be a manifest presumption for any one standing without the pale to challenge so firmly rooted a belief. And, indeed, in any event, there seems little ground on which to base such a challenge. Yet it may not be altogether amiss to reflect that the physicist of to-day is no more certain of his ether than was his predecessor of the eighteenth century of the existence of certain alleged substances which he called phlogiston, caloric, corpuscles of light, and magnetic and electric fluids. It would be but the repetition of history should it chance that before the close of another century the ether should have taken its place along with these discarded creations of the scientific imagination of earlier generations. The philosopher of to-day feels very sure that an ether exists; but when he says there is "no doubt" of its existence he speaks incautiously, and steps beyond the bounds of demonstration. He does not *know* that action cannot take place at a distance; he does not *know* that empty space itself may not perform the functions which he ascribes to his space-filling ether.

II.

Meantime, however, the ether, be it substance or be it only dream-stuff, is serving an admirable purpose in furnishing a fulcrum for modern physics. Not alone to the student of energy has it proved invaluable, but to the student of matter itself as well. Out of its hypothetical mistiness has been reared the most tenable theory of the constitution of ponderable matter which has yet been suggested—or, at any rate, the one that will stand as the definitive nineteenth-century guess at this "riddle of the ages." I mean, of course, the vortex theory of atoms—that profound and fascinating doctrine which suggests that matter, in all its multiform phases, is nothing more or less than ether in motion.

The author of this wonderful conception is Lord Kelvin. The idea was born in his mind of a happy union of mathematical calculations with concrete experiments. The mathematical calculations were largely the work of Hermann von

Helmholtz, who, about the year 1858, had undertaken to solve some unique problems in vortex motions. Helmholtz found that a vortex whirl, once established in a frictionless medium, must go on, theoretically, unchanged forever. In a limited medium such a whirl may be V-shaped, with its ends at the surface of the medium. We may imitate such a vortex by drawing the bowl of a spoon quickly through a cup of water. But in a limitless medium the vortex whirl must always be a closed ring, which may take the simple form of a hoop or circle, or which may be indefinitely contorted, looped, or, so to speak, knotted. Whether simple or contorted, this endless chain of whirling matter (the particles revolving about the axis of the loop as the particles of a string revolve when the string is rolled between the fingers) must, in a frictionless medium, retain its form, and whirl on with undiminished speed forever.

While these theoretical calculations of Helmholtz were fresh in his mind, Lord Kelvin (then Sir William Thomson) was shown by Professor E. B. Tait, of Edinburgh, an apparatus constructed for the purpose of creating vortex rings in air. The apparatus, which any one may duplicate, consisted simply of a box with a hole bored in one side, and a piece of canvas stretched across the opposite side in lieu of boards. Fumes of chloride of ammonia are generated within the box, merely to render the air visible. By tapping with the hand on the canvas side of the box, vortex rings of the clouded air are driven out, precisely similar in appearance to those smoke rings which some expert tobacco-smokers can produce by tapping on their cheeks, or to those larger ones which we sometimes see blown out from the funnel of a locomotive.

The advantage of Professor Tait's apparatus is its manageableness, and the certainty with which the desired result can be produced. Before Lord Kelvin's interested observation it threw out rings of various sizes, which moved straight across the room at varying rates of speed, according to the initial impulse, and which behaved very strangely when coming in contact with one another. If, for example, a rapidly moving ring overtook another moving in the same path, the one in advance seemed to pause, and to spread

out its periphery like an elastic band, while the pursuer seemed to contract, till it actually slid through the orifice of the other, after which each ring resumed its original size, and continued its course as if nothing had happened. When, on the other hand, two rings moving in slightly different directions came near each other, they seemed to have an attraction for each other; yet if they impinged, they bounded away, quivering like elastic solids. If an effort were made to grasp or to cut one of these rings, the subtle thing shrunk from the contact, and slipped away as if it were alive.

And all the while the body which thus conducted itself consisted simply of a whirl in the air, made visible, but not otherwise influenced, by smoky fumes. Presently the friction of the surrounding air wore the ring away, and it faded into the general atmosphere—often, however, not until it had persisted for many seconds, and passed clear across a large room. Clearly, if there were no friction, the ring's inertia must make it a permanent structure. Only the frictionless medium was lacking to fulfil all the conditions of Helmholtz's indestructible vortices. And at once Lord Kelvin bethought him of the frictionless medium which physicists had now begun to accept—the all-pervading ether. What if vortex rings were started in this ether, must they not have the properties which the vortex rings in air had exhibited—inertia, attraction, elasticity? And are not these the properties of ordinary tangible matter? Is it not probable, then, that what we call matter consists merely of aggregations of infinitesimal vortex rings in the ether?

Thus the vortex theory of atoms took form in Lord Kelvin's mind, and its expression gave the world what most philosophers of our time regard as the most plausible conception of the constitution of matter hitherto formulated. It is only a theory, to be sure; its author would be the last person to claim finality for it. But it has a basis in mathematical calculation and in analogical experiment such as no other theory of matter can lay claim to, and it has a unifying or monistic tendency that makes it, for the philosophical mind, little less than fascinating. True or false, it is the definitive theory of matter of the nineteenth century.

III.

Quite aside from the question of the exact constitution of the ultimate particles of matter, questions as to the distribution of such particles, their mutual relations, properties, and actions, have come in for a full share of attention during our century, though the foundations for the modern speculations were furnished in a previous epoch. The most popular eighteenth-century speculation as to the ultimate constitution of matter was that of the learned Italian priest, Roger Joseph Boscovich, published in 1758, in his *Theoria Philosophiæ Naturalis*. "In this theory," according to an early commentator, "the whole mass of which the bodies of the universe are composed is supposed to consist of an exceedingly great yet finite number of simple, indivisible, inextended atoms. These atoms are endued by the Creator with *repulsive* and *attractive* forces, which vary according to the distance. At very small distances the particles of matter repel each other; and this repulsive force increases beyond all limits as the distances are diminished, and will consequently forever prevent actual contact. When the particles of matter are removed to sensible distances, the repulsive is exchanged for an attractive force, which decreases in inverse ratio with the squares of the distances, and extends beyond the spheres of the most remote comets."

This conception of the atom as a mere centre of force was hardly such as could satisfy any mind other than the metaphysical. No one made a conspicuous attempt to improve upon the idea, however, till just at the close of the century, when Humphry Davy was led, in the course of his studies of heat, to speculate as to the changes that occur in the intimate substance of matter under altered conditions of temperature. Davy, as we have seen, regarded heat as a manifestation of motion among the particles of matter. As all bodies with which we come in contact have some temperature, Davy inferred that the intimate particles of every substance must be perpetually in a state of vibration. Such vibrations, he believed, produced the "repulsive force" which (in common with Boscovich) he admitted as holding the particles of matter at a distance from one another. To heat a substance means merely to increase the rate of vibration

of its particles; thus also, plainly, increasing the repulsive forces, and expanding the bulk of the mass as a whole. If the degree of heat applied be sufficient, the repulsive force may become strong enough quite to overcome the attractive force, and the particles will separate and tend to fly away from one another, the solid then becoming a gas.

Not much attention was paid to these very suggestive ideas of Davy, because they were founded on the idea that heat is merely a motion, which the scientific world then repudiated; but half a century later, when the new theories of energy had made their way, there came a revival of practically the same ideas of the particles of matter (molecules they were now called) which Davy had advocated. Then it was that Clausius in Germany and Clerk Maxwell in England took up the investigation of what came to be known as the kinetic theory of gases—the now familiar conception that all the phenomena of gases are due to the helter-skelter flight of the showers of widely separated molecules of which they are composed. The specific idea that the pressure or “spring” of gases is due to such molecular impacts was due to Daniel Bournelli, who advanced it early in the eighteenth century. The idea, then little noticed, had been revived about a century later by William Herapath, and again with some success by J. J. Waterston, of Bombay, about 1846; but it gained no distinct footing until taken in hand by Clausius in 1857 and by Maxwell in 1859.

The investigations of these great physicists not only served fully to substantiate the doctrine, but threw a flood of light upon the entire subject of molecular dynamics. Soon the physicists came to feel as certain of the existence of these showers of flying molecules making up a gas as if they could actually see and watch their individual actions. Through study of the viscosity of gases—that is to say, of the degree of frictional opposition they show to an object moving through them, or to another current of gas—an idea was gained, with the aid of mathematics, of the rate of speed at which the particles of the gas are moving, and the number of collisions which each particle must experience in a given time, and of the length of the average free path traversed by the molecule between collisions. These mea-

surements were confirmed by study of the rate of diffusion at which different gases mix together, and also by the rate of diffusion of heat through a gas, both these phenomena being chiefly due to the helter-skelter flight of the molecules.

It is sufficiently astonishing to be told that such measurements as these have been made at all, but the astonishment grows when one hears the results. It appears from Maxwell's calculations that the mean free path, or distance traversed by the molecules between collisions in ordinary air, is about one half-millionth of an inch; while the speed of the molecules is such that each one experiences about eight billions of collisions per second! It would be hard, perhaps, to cite an illustration showing the refinements of modern physics better than this; unless, indeed, one other result that followed directly from these calculations be considered such—the feat, namely, of measuring the size of the molecules themselves. Clausius was the first to point out how this might be done from a knowledge of the length of free path; and the calculations were made by Loschmidt in Germany, and by Lord Kelvin in England, independently.

The work is purely mathematical, of course, but the results are regarded as unassailable; indeed, Lord Kelvin speaks of them as being absolutely demonstrative, within certain limits of accuracy. This does not mean, however, that they show the exact dimensions of the molecule; it means an estimate of the limits of size within which the actual size of the molecule may lie. These limits, Lord Kelvin estimates, are about the one ten-millionth of a centimetre for the maximum, and the one one-hundred-millionth of a centimetre for the minimum. Such figures convey no particular meaning to our blunt senses, but Lord Kelvin has given a tangible illustration that aids the imagination to at least a vague comprehension of the unthinkable smallness of the molecule. He estimates that if a ball, say of water or glass, about “as large as a football, were to be magnified up to the size of the earth, each constituent molecule being magnified in the same proportion, the magnified structure would be more coarse-grained than a heap of shot, but probably less coarse-grained than a heap of footballs.”

Several other methods have been em-

ployed to estimate the size of molecules. One of these is based upon the phenomena of contact electricity; another upon the wave theory of light; and another upon capillary attraction, as shown in the tense film of a soap-bubble! No one of these methods gives results more definite than that due to the kinetic theory of gases, just outlined; but the important thing is that the results obtained by these different methods (all of them due to Lord Kelvin) agree with one another in fixing the dimensions of the molecule at somewhere about the limits already mentioned. We may feel very sure indeed, therefore, that the ultimate particles of matter are not the unextended, formless points which Boscovich and his followers of the last century thought them.

IV.

Whatever the exact form of the molecule, its outline is subject to incessant variation; for nothing in molecular science is regarded as more firmly established than that the molecule, under all ordinary circumstances, is in a state of intense but variable vibration. The entire energy of a molecule of gas, for example, is not measured by its momentum, but by this plus its energy of vibration and rotation, due to the collisions already referred to. Clausius has even estimated the relative importance of these two quantities, showing that the translational motion of a molecule of gas accounts for only three-fifths of its kinetic energy. The total energy of the molecule (which we call "heat") includes also another factor, namely, potential energy, or energy of position, due to the work that has been done on expanding, in overcoming external pressure, and internal attraction between the molecules themselves. This potential energy (which will be recovered when the gas contracts) is the "latent heat" of Black, which so long puzzled the philosophers. It is latent in the same sense that the energy of a ball thrown into the air is latent at the moment when the ball poises at its greatest height before beginning to fall.

It thus appears that a variety of motions, real and potential, enter into the production of the condition we term heat. It is, however, chiefly the translational motion which is measurable as temperature; and this, too, which most obviously determines the physical state of the substance

that the molecules collectively compose—whether, that is to say, it shall appear to our blunt perceptions as a gas, a liquid, or a solid. In the gaseous state, as we have seen, the translational motion of the molecules is relatively enormous, the molecules being widely separated. It does not follow, as was formerly supposed, that this is evidence of a repulsive power acting between the molecules. The physicists of to-day, headed by Lord Kelvin, decline to recognize any such power. They hold that the molecules of a gas fly in straight lines in virtue of their inertia, quite independently of one another, except at times of collision, from which they rebound in virtue of their elasticity; or an approach to collision, in which latter case, coming within the range of mutual attraction, two molecules may circle about one another, as a comet circles about the sun, then rush apart again, as the comet rushes from the sun.

It is obvious that the length of the mean free path of the molecules of a gas may be increased indefinitely by decreasing the number of the molecules themselves in a circumscribed space. It has been shown by Professors Tait and Dewar that a vacuum may be produced artificially of such a degree of rarefaction that the mean free path of the remaining molecules is measurable in inches. The calculation is based on experiments made with the radiometer of Professor Crookes, an instrument which in itself is held to demonstrate the truth of the kinetic theory of gases. Such an attenuated gas as this is considered by Professor Crookes as constituting a fourth state of matter, which he terms ultra-gaseous.

If, on the other hand, a gas is subjected to pressure, its molecules are crowded closer together, and the length of their mean free path is thus lessened. Ultimately, the pressure being sufficient, the molecules are practically in continuous contact. Meantime the enormously increased number of collisions has set the molecules more and more actively vibrating, and the temperature of the gas has increased, as, indeed, necessarily results in accordance with the law of the conservation of energy. No amount of pressure, therefore, can suffice by itself to reduce the gas to a liquid state. It is believed that even at the centre of the sun, where the pressure is almost inconceivably great, all matter is to be regarded as really gaseous, though the

molecules must be so packed together that the consistency is probably more like that of a solid.

If, however, coincidently with the application of pressure, opportunity be given for the excess of heat to be dissipated to a colder surrounding medium, the molecules, giving off their excess of energy, become relatively quiescent, and at a certain stage the gas becomes a liquid. The exact point at which this transformation occurs, however, differs enormously for different substances. In the case of water, for example, it is a temperature more than four hundred degrees above zero, Centigrade; while for atmospheric air it is 194° Centigrade below zero, or more than a hundred and fifty degrees below the point at which mercury freezes.

Be it high or low, the temperature above which any substance is always a gas, regardless of pressure, is called the critical temperature, or absolute boiling-point, of that substance. It does not follow, however, that below this point the substance is necessarily a liquid. This is a matter that will be determined by external conditions of pressure. Even far below the critical temperature the molecules have an enormous degree of activity, and tend to fly asunder, maintaining what appears to be a gaseous, but what technically is called a vaporous, condition—the distinction being that pressure alone suffices to reduce the vapor to the liquid state. Thus water may change from the gaseous to the liquid state at 400° above zero, but under conditions of ordinary atmospheric pressure it does not do so until the temperature is lowered three hundred degrees further. Below 400° , however, it is technically a vapor, not a gas; but the sole difference, it will be understood, is in the degree of molecular activity.

It thus appears that the prevalence of water in a vaporous and liquid rather than in a "permanently" gaseous condition here on the globe is a mere incident of telluric evolution. Equally incidental is the fact that the air we breathe is "permanently" gaseous and not liquid or solid, as it might be were the earth's surface temperature to be lowered to a degree which, in the larger view, may be regarded as trifling. Between the atmospheric temperature in tropical and in arctic regions there is often a variation of more than one hundred degrees; were the tem-

perature reduced another hundred, the point would be reached at which oxygen gas becomes a vapor, and under increased pressure would be a liquid. Thirty-seven degrees more would bring us to the critical temperature of nitrogen.

Nor is this a mere theoretical assumption; it is a determination of experimental science, quite independent of theory. The physicist in the laboratory has produced artificial conditions of temperature enabling him to change the state of the most persistent gases. Some fifty years since, when the kinetic theory was in its infancy, Faraday liquefied carbonic acid gas, among others, and the experiments thus inaugurated have been extended by numerous more recent investigators, notably by Cailletet in Switzerland, by Pictet in France, and by Dr. Thomas Andrews and Professor James Dewar in England. In the course of these experiments not only has air been liquefied, but hydrogen also, the most subtle of gases; and it has been made more and more apparent that gas and liquid are, as Andrews long ago asserted, "only distant stages of a long series of continuous physical changes." Of course if the temperature be lowered still further, the liquid becomes a solid; and this change also has been effected in the case of some of the most "permanent" gases, including air.

The degree of cold—that is, of absence of heat—thus produced is enormous, relatively to anything of which we have experience in nature here at the earth now, yet the molecules of solidified air, for example, are not absolutely quiescent. In other words, they still have a temperature, though so very low. But it is clearly conceivable that a stage might be reached at which the molecules became absolutely quiescent, as regards either translational or vibratory motion. Such a heatless condition has been approached, but as yet not quite attained, in laboratory experiments. It is called the absolute zero of temperature, and is estimated to be equivalent to 273° Centigrade below the freezing-point of water, or ordinary zero.

A temperature (or absence of temperature) closely approximating this is believed to obtain in the ethereal ocean of interplanetary and interstellar space, which transmits, but is thought not to absorb, radiant energy. We here on the earth's surface are protected from exposure to this cold, which would deprive

every organic thing of life almost instantaneously, solely by the thin blanket of atmosphere with which the globe is coated. It would seem as if this atmosphere, exposed to such a temperature at its surface, must there be incessantly liquefied, and thus fall back like rain to be dissolved into gas again while it still is many miles above the earth's surface. This may be the reason why its scurrying molecules have not long ago wandered off into space, and left the world without protection.

But whether or not such liquefaction of the air now occurs in our outer atmosphere, there can be no question as to what must occur in its entire depth were we permanently shut off from the heating influence of the sun, as the astronomers threaten that we may be in a future age. Each molecule, not alone of the atmosphere, but of the entire earth's substance, is kept aquiver by the energy which it receives, or has received, directly or indirectly, from the sun. Left to itself, each molecule would wear out its energy and fritter it off into the space about

it, ultimately running completely down, as surely as any human-made machine whose power is not from time to time restored. If then it shall come to pass in some future age that the sun's rays fail us, the temperature of the globe must gradually sink toward the absolute zero. That is to say, the molecules of gas which now fly about at such inconceivable speed must drop helpless to the earth; liquids must in turn become solids; and solids themselves, their molecular quivers utterly stilled, may perhaps take on properties the nature of which we cannot surmise.

Yet even then, according to the current hypothesis, the heatless molecule will still be a thing instinct with life. Its vortex whirl will still go on, uninfluenced by the dying out of those subordinate quivers that produced the transitory effect which we call temperature. For those transitory thrills, though determining the physical state of matter as measured by our crude organs of sense, were no more than non-essential incidents; but the vortex whirl is the essence of matter itself.

SHARON'S CHOICE.

BY OWEN WISTER.

UNDER Providence, a man may achieve the making of many things—ships, books, fortunes, himself even, quite often enough to encourage others; but let him beware of creating a town. Towns mostly happen. No real-estate operator decided that Rome should be. Sharon was an intended town; a one man's piece of deliberate manufacture; his whim, his pet, his device for immortally continuing above ground. He planned its avenues, gave it his middle name, fed it with his railroad. But he had reckoned without the inhabitants (to say nothing of nature), and one day they displeased him. Whenever you wish you can see Sharon and what it has come to, as I saw it when, as a visitor without local prejudices, they asked me to serve with the telegraph-operator and the ticket-agent and the hotel-manager on the literary committee of judges at the school festival. There would be a stage, and flags, and elocution, and parents assembled, and afterwards ice-cream with strawberries from El Paso.

"Have you ever awarded prizes for school speaking?" inquired the telegraph-operator, Stuart.

"Yes," I told him. "At Concord in New Hampshire."

"Ever have a chat afterwards with a mother whose girl did not get the prize?"

"It was boys," I replied. "And parents had no say in it."

"It's boys and girls in Sharon," said he. "Parents have no say in it here, either. But that don't seem to occur to them at the moment. We'll all stick together, of course."

"I think I had best resign," said I. "You would find me no hand at pacifying a mother."

"There are fathers also," said Stuart. "But individual parents are small trouble compared with a big split in public opinion. We've missed that so far, though."

"Then why have judges? Why not a popular vote?" I inquired.

"Don't go back on us," said Stuart.

"We are so few here. And you know education can't be democratic, or where will good taste find itself? Eastman knows that much, at least." And Stuart explained that Eastman was the head of the school and chairman of our committee. "He is from Massachusetts, and his

taste is good, but he is total abstinence. Won't allow any literature with the least smell of a drink in it, not even in the singing-class. Would not have 'Here's a health to King Charles' inside the door. Narrowing, that, as many of the finest classics speak of wine freely. Eastman is useful, but a crank. Now take 'Lochinvar.' We are to have it on strawberry night; but say! Eastman kicked about it. Told the kid to speak something else. Kid came to me, and I—"

A smile lurked for one instant in the corner of Stuart's eye, and disappeared again. Then he drew his arm through mine as we walked.

"You have never seen anything in your days like Sharon," said he. "You could not sit down by yourself and make such a thing up. Shakespeare might have, but he would have strained himself doing it. Well, Eastman says 'Lochinvar' will go in my expurgated version. Too bad Sir Walter cannot know. Ever read his *Familiar Letters*? Great grief! but he was a good man. Eastman stuck about that mention of wine. Remember?

So now am I come with this lost love of mine

To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.

'Well,' thought I, 'Eastman would agree to water. Water and daughter would go, but is frequently used and spoils the metre.' So I fiddled with my pencil down in the telegraph-office, and I fixed the thing up. How's this?

So now am I come with this beautiful maid

To lead but one measure, drink one lemonade.

Eastman accepts that. Says it's purer. Oh, it's not all sadness here!"

"How did you come to be in Sharon?" I asked my exotic acquaintance.

"Ah, how did I? How did all our crowd at the railroad? Somebody has got to sell tickets, somebody has got to run that hotel, and telegraphs have got to exist here. That's how we foreigners came. Many travellers change cars here, and one train usually misses the other, because the two companies do not love each other. You hear lots of language, especially in December. Eastern consumptives bound for southern California get left here, and drummers are also thick. Remarks range from 'How provoking!' to things I would not even say myself. So that big hotel and depot has to be kept running, and we fellows get a laugh now and then. Our lot is better than these people's." He made a general gesture at Sharon.

"I should have thought it was worse," said I.

"No, for we'll be transferred some day. These poor folks are shipwrecked. Though it is their own foolishness, all this."

Again my eye followed as he indicated the town with a sweep of his hand; and from the town I looked to the four quarters of heaven. I may have seen across into Old Mexico. No sign labels the boundary; the vacuum of continent goes on, you might think, to Patagonia. Symptoms of neighboring Mexico basked on the sand heaps along Sharon's spacious avenues—little torpid, indecent gnomes in sashes and open rags, with crowning steeple straw hats, and murder dozing in their small black eyes. They might have crawled from holes in the sand or hatched out of brown cracked pods on some weeds that trailed through the broken bottles, the old shoes, and the wire fences. Outside these ramparts began the vacuum, white, gray, indigo, fluorescent, where all the year the sun shines. Not the semblance of any tree dances in the heat; only rocks and lumps of higher sand waver and dissolve and reappear in the shaking crystal of mirage. Not the scar of any river-bed furrows the void. A river there is, flowing somewhere out of the shiny violet mountains to the north, but it dies subterraneously on its way to Sharon, misses the town, and emerges thirty miles south across the sunlight in a shallow, futile lake, a *ciénaga*, called Las Palomas. Then it evaporates into the ceaseless blue sky.

The water you get in Sharon is dragged by a herd of windmills from the bowels of the sand. Over the town they turn and turn—Sharon's upper story—a filmy colony of wheels. In some of the homes beneath them you may go up stairs—in the American homes, not the adobe Mexican caves of song, woman, and knives; and brick and stone edifices occur. Monuments of perished trade, they rise among their flatter neighbors cubical and stark; under-shirts, fire-arms, and groceries for sale in the ground-floor, blind dust-windows above. Most of the mansions, however, squat ephemerally upon the soil, no cellar to them, and no staircase, the total fragile box ready to bounce and caracole should the wind drive hard enough. Inside them, eating, mending, the newspaper, and more babies eke out the twelvemonth; outside, the citizens loiter to their errands

along the brief wide avenues of Sharon that empty into space. Men, women, and children move about in the town sparse and casual, and over their heads in a white tribe the windmills on their rudders veer to the breeze and indolently revolve above the gaping obsolescence. Through the dumb town the locomotive bell tolls pervadingly when a train of freight or passengers trundles in from the horizon or out along the dwindling fence of telegraph poles. No matter where you are, you can hear it come and go, leaving Sharon behind, an airy carcass, bleached and ventilated, sitting on the sand, with the sun and the hot wind pouring through its bones.

This was the magnate's child, the thing that was to keep his memory green; and as I took it in on that first walk of discovery, Stuart told me its story: how the magnate had decreed the railroad shops should be here; how, at that, corner lots grew in a night; how horsemen galloped the streets, shooting for joy, and the hasty tents rose while the houses were hammered together; how they had song, dance, cards, whiskey, license, murder, marriage, opera—the whole usual thing—regular as the clock in our West, in Australia, in Africa, in every virgin corner of the world where the Anglo-Saxon rushes to spend his animal spirits—regular as the clock, and in Sharon's case about fifteen minutes long. For they became greedy, the corner-lot people. They ran up prices for land which the railroad, the breath of their nostrils, wanted. They grew ugly, forgetting they were dealing with a magnate, and that a railroad from ocean to ocean can take its shops somewhere else with appalling ease. Thus did the corner lots become sand again in a night. "And in the words of the poet," concluded Stuart, "Sharon has an immense future behind it."

Our talk was changed by the sight of a lady leaning and calling over a fence.

"Mrs. Jeffries," said she. "Oh, Mrs. Jeffries!"

"Well?" called a voice next door.

"I want to send Leola and Arvasita into your yard."

"Well?" the voice repeated.

"Our tool-house blew over into your yard last night. It's jammed behind your tank."

"Oh, indeed!"

A window in the next house was open-

ed, a head put out, and this occasioned my presentation to both ladies. They were Mrs. Mattern and Mrs. Jeffries, and they fell instantly into a stiff caution of deportment; but they speedily found I was not worth being cautious over. Stuart whispered to me that they were widows of high standing, and mothers of competing favorites for the elocution prize; and I hastened to court their esteem. Mrs. Mattern was in body more ample, standing high and yellow and fluffy; but Mrs. Jeffries was smooth and small, and behind her spectacles she had an eye.

"You must not let us interrupt you, ladies," said I, after some civilities. "Did I understand that something was to be carried somewhere?"

"You did," said Mrs. Jeffries (she had come out of her house); "and I am pleased to notice no damage has been done to our fence—this time."

"It would have been fixed right up at my expense, as always, Mrs. Jeffries," retorted her neighbor, and started to keep abreast of Mrs. Jeffries as that lady walked and inspected the fence. Thus the two marched parallel to the rear of their territory.

"You'll not resign?" said Stuart to me. "It is 'yours till death,' ain't it?"

I told him that it was.

"About once a month I can expect this," said Mrs. Jeffries, returning.

"Well, it's not the only one in Sharon, Mrs. Jeffries," said Mrs. Mattern. "I'll remind you of them three coops when you kept poultry, and they got away across the railroad, along with the barber's shop."

"But cannot we help you get it out?" said I.

"You are very accommodating, sir," said Mrs. Mattern.

"One of the prize-awarding committee," said Stuart. "An elegant judge of oratory. Has decided many contests at Concord, the home of Emerson."

"Concord, New Hampshire," I corrected; but neither lady heard me, or waited.

"How splendid for Leola!" cried Mrs. Mattern. "Leola! Oh, Leola! Come right out here!"

Mrs. Jeffries had been more prompt. She was already in her house, and now came from it, bringing a pleasant-looking boy of sixteen it might be. He grinned at me as he stood awkwardly, brought in shirt sleeves from some household work.

"This is Guy," said his mother. "Guy took the prize last year. Guy hopes—"

"Shut up, mother," said Guy, with entire sweetness. "I don't hope twice—"

"Twice or a dozen times should raise no hard feelings if my son is Sharon's best speaker," cried Mrs. Jeffries, and looked across the fence viciously.

"Shut up, mother; I ain't," said Guy.

"He is a master of humor recitations," his mother now said to me. "Perhaps you know, or perhaps you do not know, how high up that is reckoned."

"Why, mother, Leola can speak all around me. She can," Guy added to me, nodding his head confidentially.

I did not believe him, I think because I preferred his name to that of Leola; and I found myself hoping he would get the prize.

"Leola will study in Paris, France," announced Mrs. Mattern, arriving with her child. "She has no advantages here. This is the gentleman, Leola."

But before I had more than noted a dark-eyed maiden who would not look at me, but stood in skirts too young for her figure, black stockings, and a dangle of hair that should have been up, her large parent had thrust into my hand a scrap-book.

"Here is what the Santa Fe *Observer* says," and when I would have read, she read aloud for me. "The next is the Los Angeles *Christian Home*. And here's what they've wrote about her in El Paso, 'Her histrionic genius for one so young'—it commences below that picture. That's Leola." I now recognized the black stockings and the hair. "Here's what a literary lady in Lordsbury thinks," pursued Mrs. Mattern.

"Never mind that," murmured Leola.

"I shall." And the mother read the letter to me. "Leola has spoke in five cultured cities," she went on. "Arvasita can depict how she was oncored at Albuquerque last Easter-Monday."

"Yes, sir, three recalls," said Arvasita, arriving at our group by the fence. An elder sister, she was, evidently. "Are you acquainted with *Camill*?" she asked me, with a trifle of sternness; and upon my hesitating, "the celebrated French drayma of *Camill*," she repeated, with a trifle more of sternness. "Camill is the lady in it who dies of consumption. Leola recites the letter-and-coughing scene, Act Third. Mr. Patterson of Coloraydo

Springs pronounces it superior to Modjeska."

"That is Leola again," said Mrs. Mattern, showing me another newspaper cut—hair, stockings, and a candle this time.

"Sleep-walking scene, *Macbeth*," said Arvasita. "Leola's great night at the church fair and bazar, El Paso, in Shakespeare's acknowledged masterpiece. Leola's repetwar likewise includes 'Catherine the Queen before her Judges,' 'Quality of Mercy is not Strained,' 'Death of Little Nell,' 'Death of Paul Dombey,' 'Death of the Old Year,' 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' and other standard gems suitable for ladies."

"Leola," said her mother, "recite 'When the British Warrior Queen' to the gentleman."

"No, momma, please not," said Leola, and her voice made me look at her; something of appeal sounded in it.

"Leola is that young you must excuse her," said her mother—and I thought the girl winced.

"Come away, Guy," suddenly snapped little Mrs. Jeffries. "We are wasting the gentleman's time. You are no infant prodigy, and we have no pictures of your calves to show him in the papers."

"Why mother!" cried the boy, and he gave a brotherly look to Leola.

But the girl, scarlet and upset, now ran inside the house.

"As for wasting time, madam," said I, with indignation, "you are wasting yours in attempting to prejudice the judges."

"There!" said Guy.

"And, Mrs. Mattern," I continued, "if I may say so without offence, the age (real or imaginary) of the speakers may make a difference in Albuquerque, but with our committee not the slightest."

"Thank you, I'm sure," said Mrs. Mattern, bridleing.

"Eastern ideas are ever welcome in Sharon," said Mrs. Jeffries. "Good-morning." And she removed Guy and herself into her house, while Mrs. Mattern and Arvasita, stiffly ignoring me, passed into their own door.

"Come have a drink," said Stuart to me. "I am glad you said it. Old Mother Mattern will let down those prodigy skirts. The poor girl has been ashamed of them these two years, but momma has bulldozed her into staying young for stage effect. The girl's not conceited, for a wonder, and she speaks well. It is even bet-



"LEOLA IS THAT YOUNG YOU MUST EXCUSE HER!"

ting which of the two widows you have made the maddest."

Close by the saloon we were impeded by a rush of small boys. They ran before and behind us suddenly from barrels and unforeseen places, and wedging and bumping between us, they shouted: "Chicken-legs! Ah, look at the chicken-legs!"

For a sensitive moment I feared they were speaking of me; but the folding slat-doors of the saloon burst open outward, and a giant barkeeper came among the boys and caught and shook them to silence.

"You want to behave," was his single remark; and they dispersed like a Sunday-school.

I did not see why they should thus describe him. He stood and nodded to us, and jerked a big thumb toward the departing flock. "Funny how a boy will never think," said he, with amiability. "But they'll grow up to be about as good as the rest of us, I guess. Don't you let them monkey with you, Josey!" he called.

"Naw, I won't," said a voice. I turned, and saw, by a barrel, a youth in knee-breeches glowering down the street at his routed enemies. He was possibly eight, and one hand was bound in a grimy rag. This was Chicken-legs.

"Did they harm you, Josey?" asked the giant.

"Naw, they didn't."

"Not troubled your hand any?"

"Naw, they didn't."

"Well, don't you let them touch you. We'll see you through." And as we followed him in toward our drink through his folding slat-doors he continued discoursing to me, the new-comer. "I am against interfering with kids. I like to leave 'em fight and fool just as much as they see fit. Now them boys ain't malicious, but they're young, you see, they're young, and misfortune don't appeal to them. Josey lost his father last spring, and his mother died last month. Last week he played with a freight-car and left two of his fingers with it. Now you might think that was enough hardship."

"Indeed yes," I answered.

"But the little stake he inherited was gambled away by his stinking old aunt."

"Well!" I cried.

"So we're seeing him through."

"You bet," said a citizen in boots and pistol, who was playing billiards.

"This town is not going to permit any man to fool with Josey," stated his opponent.

"Or woman either," added a loungee by the bar, shaggy bearded and also with a pistol.

"Mr. Abe Hanson," said the barkeeper, presenting me to him. "Josey's father's partner. He's took the boy from the aunt and is going to see him through."

"How'r' ye?" said Mr. Hanson, hoarsely, and without enthusiasm.

"A member of the prize-awarding committee," explained Stuart, and waved a hand at me.

They all brightened up and came round me.

"Heard my boy speak?" inquired one.

"Reub Gadsden's his name."

I told him I had heard no speaker thus far; and I mentioned Leola and Guy.

"Hope the boy'll give 'The Jumping Frog' again," said one. "I near bust."

"What's the heifer speakin' this trip?" another inquired.

"Huh! Her!" said a third.

"You'll talk different, maybe, this time," retorted the other.

"Not agin 'The Jumping Frog,' he won't," the first insisted. "I near bust," he repeated.

"I'd like for you to know my boy Reub," said Mr. Gadsden to me, insinuatingly.

"Quit fixin' the judge, Al," said Leola's

backer. "Reub forgets his words, an' says 'em over, an' balks, an' mires down, an' backs out, an' starts fresh, an' it's confusin' to foller him."

"I'm glad to see you take so much interest, gentlemen," said I.

"Yes, we're apt to see it through," said the barkeeper. And Stuart and I bade them a good-morning.

As we neared the schoolmaster's house, where Stuart was next taking me, we came again upon the boys with Josey, and no barkeeper at hand to "see him through." But Josey made it needless. At the word "Chicken-legs" he flew in a limber manner upon the nearest, and knocking him competently flat, turned with spirit upon a second and kicked him. At this they set up a screeching and fell all together, and the schoolmaster came out of his door.

"Boys, boys!" said he. "And Sunday too!"

As this did not immediately affect them, Mr. Eastman made a charge, and they fled from him then. A long stocking of Josey's was torn, and hung in two streamers round his ankles; and his dangling shoelaces were trodden to fringe.

"If you want your hand to get well for strawberry night—" began Mr. Eastman.

"Ah, bother strawberry night!" said Josey, and hopped at one of his playmates. But Mr. Eastman caught him skilfully by the collar.

"I am glad his misfortunes have not crushed him altogether," said I.

"Josey Yeatts is an anxious case, sir," returned the teacher. "Several influences threaten his welfare. Yesterday I found tobacco on him. Chewing, sir."

"Just you hurt me," said Josey, "and I'll tell Abe."

"Abe!" exclaimed Mr. Eastman, lifting his brow. "He means a man old enough to be his father, sir. I endeavor to instil him with some few notions of respect, but the town spoils him. Indulges him completely, I may say. And when Sharon's sympathies are stirred, sir, it will espouse a cause very warmly— Give me that!" broke off the schoolmaster, and there followed a brief wrestle. "Chewing again to-day, sir," he added to me.

"Abe lemme have it," shrieked Josey. "Lemme go, or he'll come over and fix you."

But the calm, chilly Eastman had



"WE'LL SEE YOU THROUGH."

ground the tobacco under his heel. "You can understand my hands are tied," he said to me.

"Readily," I answered.

"The men give Josey his way in everything. He has a—I may say an unworthy aunt."

"Yes," said I. "So I have gathered."

At this point Josey ducked and slid free, and the united flock vanished with jeers at us. Josey forgot they had insulted him, they forgot he had beaten them; against a common enemy was their friendship cemented.

"You spoke of Sharon's warm way of espousing causes," said I to Eastman.

"I did, sir. No one could live here long without noticing it."

"Sharon is a quiet town, but sudden," remarked Stuart. "Apt to be sudden. They're beginning about strawberry night," he said to Eastman. "Wanted to know about things down in the saloon."

"How does their taste in elocution chiefly lie?" I inquired.

Eastman smiled. He was young, totally bald, the moral dome of his skull rising white above visionary eyes and a serious auburn beard. He was clothed in a bleak smooth slate-gray suit, and at any climax of emphasis he lifted slightly upon his toes and relaxed again, shutting his lips tight on the finished sentence. "Your question," said he, "has often perplexed me. Sometimes they seem to prefer verse; sometimes prose stirs them greatly. We shall have a liberal crop of both this year. I am proud to tell you I have augmented our number of strawberry speakers by nearly fifty per cent."

"How many will there be?" said I.

"Eleven. You might wish some could be excused. But I let them speak to stimulate their interest in culture. Will you not take dinner with me, gentlemen? I was just sitting down when little Josey Yeatts brought me out."

We were glad to do this, and he opened another can of corned beef for us. "I cannot offer you wine, sir," said he to me, "though I am aware it is a general habit

in luxurious homes." And he tightened his lips.

"General habit wherever they don't prefer whiskey," said Stuart.

"I fear so," the schoolmaster replied, smiling. "That poison shall never enter my house, gentlemen, any more than tobacco. And as I cannot reform the adults of Sharon, I am doing what I can for their children. Little Hugh Straight is going to say his 'Lochinvar' very pleasingly, Mr. Stuart. I went over it with him last night. I like them to be word perfect," he continued to me, "as failures on exhibition night elicit unfavorable comment."

"And are we to expect failures also?" I inquired.

"Reuben Gadsden is likely to mortify us. He is an earnest boy, but nervous; and one or two others. But I have limited their length. Reuben Gadsden's father declined to have his boy cut short, and he will give us a speech of Burke's; but I hope for the best. It narrows down, it narrows down. Guy Jeffries and Leola Mattern are the two."

"The parents seem to take keen interest," said I.

Mr. Eastman smiled at Stuart. "We have no reason to suppose they have changed since last year," said he. "Why, sir," he suddenly exclaimed, "if I did not feel I was doing something for the young generation here, I should leave Sharon to-morrow! One is not appreciated, not appreciated."

He spoke fervently of various local enterprises, his failures, his hopes, his achievements, and I left his house honoring him, but amazed—his heart was so wide and his head so narrow; a man who would purify with simultaneous austerity the morals of Lochinvar and Sharon.

"About once a month," said Stuart, "I run against a new side he is blind on. Take his puzzlement as to whether they prefer verse or prose. Queer and dumb of him that, you see. Sharon does not know the difference between verse and prose."

"That's going too far," said I.

"They don't," he repeated, "when it comes to strawberry night. If the piece is about something they understand, rhymes do not help or hinder. And of course sex is apt to settle the question."

"Then I should have thought Leola—" I began.

"Not the sex of the speaker. It's the

listeners. Now you take women. Women generally prefer something that will give them a good cry. We men want to laugh, mostly."

"Yes," said I; "I would rather laugh myself, I think."

"You'd know you'd rather if you had to live in Sharon. The laugh is one of the big differences between women and men, and I would give you my views about it, only my Sunday off time is up, and I've got to go to telegraphing."

"Our ways are together," said I. "I'm going back to the railroad hotel."

"There's Guy," continued Stuart. "He took the prize on 'The Jumping Frog.' Spoke better than Leola, anyhow. She spoke 'The Wreck of the Hesperus.' But Guy had the back benches—that's where the men sit—pretty well useless. Guess if there had been a fire, some of the fellows would have been scorched before they'd have got strength sufficient to run out. But the ladies did not laugh much. Said they saw nothing much in jumping a frog. And if Leola had made 'em cry good and hard that night, the committee's decision would have kicked up more of a fuss than it did. As it was, Mrs. Mattern got me alone; but I worked us around to where Mrs. Jeffries was having her ice-cream, and I left them to argue it out."

"Let us adhere to that policy," I said to Stuart; and he replied nothing, but into the corner of his eye wandered that lurking smile which revealed life brought him compensations.

He went to telegraphing, and I to reverie concerning strawberry night. I found myself wishing now that there could have been two prizes; I desired both Leola and Guy to be happy; and presently I found the matter would be very close, so far at least as my judgment went. For boy and girl both brought me their selections, begging I would coach them, and this I had plenty of leisure to do. I preferred Guy's choice—the story of that blue-jay who dropped nuts through the hole in a roof, expecting to fill it, and his friends came to look on and discovered the hole went into the entire house. It is better even than "The Jumping Frog"—better than anything, I think—and young Guy told it well. But Leola brought a potent rival on the tearful side of things. "The Death of Paul Dombey" is plated pathos, not wholly sterling; but Sharon could not know this; and while Leola

most prettily recited it to me I would lose my recent opinion in favor of Guy, and acknowledge the value of her performance. Guy might have the men strong for him, but this time the women were going to cry. I got also a certain other sort of entertainment out of the competing mothers. Mrs. Jeffries and Mrs. Mattern had a way of being in the hotel office at hours when I passed through to meals. They never came together, and always were taken by surprise at meeting me.

"Leola is ever so grateful to you," Mrs. Mattern would say.

"Oh," I would answer, "do not speak of it. Have you ever heard Guy's 'Blue-Jay' story?"

"Well, if it's anything like that frog business, I don't want to." And the lady would leave me.

"Guy tells me you are helping him so kindly," said Mrs. Jeffries.

"Oh yes, I'm severe," I answered, brightly. "I let nothing pass. I only wish I was as careful with Leola. But as soon as she begins 'Paul had never risen from his little bed,' I just lose myself listening to her."

On the whole, there were compensations for me in these mothers, and I thought it as well to secure them in advance.

When the train arrived from El Paso, and I saw our strawberries and our ice-cream taken out, I felt the hour to be at hand, and that whatever our decision, no bias could be laid to me. According to his prudent habit, Eastman had the speakers follow each other alphabetically. This

happened to place Leola after Guy, and perhaps might give her the last word, as it were, with the people; but our committee was there, and superior to such accidents. The flags and the bunting hung gay around the draped stage. While the

audience rustled or resoundingly trod to its chairs, and seated neighbors conferred solemnly together over the programme, Stuart, behind the bunting, played "Silver Threads among the Gold" upon a melodeon.

"Pretty good, this," he said to me, pumping his feet.

"What?" I said.

"Tune. Sharon is for free silver."

"Do you think they will catch your allusion?" I asked him.

"No. But I have a way of enjoying a thing by myself." And he pumped away, playing with tasteful variations until the hall was full and

the singing-class assembled in gloves and ribbons.

They opened the ceremonies for us by rendering "Sweet and Low" very happily; and I trusted it was an omen.

Sharon was hearty, and we had "Sweet and Low" twice. Then the speaking began, and the speakers were welcomed, coming and going, with mild and friendly demonstrations. Nothing one would especially mark went wrong until Reuben Gadsden. He strode to the middle of the boards, and they creaked beneath his tread. He stood a moment in large glittering boots and with hair flat and prominently watered. As he straightened from his bow his suspender-buttons came



THE DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.

into view, and remained so for some singular internal reason, while he sent his right hand down into the nearest pocket and began his oratory:

"It is sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France," he said, impressively, and stopped.

We waited, and presently he resumed:

"It is sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France." He took the right hand out and put the left hand in.

"It is sixteen or seventeen years," said he, and stared frowning at his boots.

I found the silence was getting on my nerves. I felt as if it were myself who was drifting to idiocy, and tremulous empty sensations began to occur in my stomach. Had I been able to recall the next sentence, I should have prompted him.

"It is sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France," said the orator, rapidly.

And down deep back among the men came a voice, "Well, I guess it must be, Reub."

This snapped the tension. I saw Reuben's boots march away; Mr. Eastman came from behind the bunting and spoke (I suppose) words of protest. I could not hear them, but in a minute, or perhaps two, we grew calm, and the speaking continued.

There was no question what they thought of Guy and Leola. He conquered the back of the room. They called his name, they blessed him with endearing audible oaths, and even the ladies smiled at his pleasant, honest face—the ladies, except Mrs. Mattern. She sat near Mrs. Jeffries, and throughout Guy's "Blue-Jay" fanned herself, exhibiting a well-sustained inattention. She might have foreseen that Mrs. Jeffries would have her turn. When the "Death of Paul Dombey" came, and handkerchiefs began to twinkle out among the audience, and various noises of grief were rising around us, and the men themselves murmured in sympathy, Mrs. Jeffries not only preserved a suppressed-hilarity countenance, but managed to cough twice with a cough that visibly bit into Mrs. Mattern's soul.

But Leola's appealing cadences moved me also. When Paul was dead, she made her pretty little bow, and we sat spell-bound, then gave her applause surpassing

Guy's. Unexpectedly I found embarrassment of choice dazing me, and I sat without attending to the later speakers. Was not successful humor more difficult than pathos? Were not tears more cheaply raised than laughter? Yet, on the other hand, Guy had one prize, and where merit was so even—I sat, I say, forgetful of the rest of the speakers, when suddenly I was aware of louder shouts of welcome, and I awaked to Josey Yeatts bowing at us.

"Spit it out, Josey!" a large encouraging voice was crying in the back of the hall. "We'll see you through."

"Don't be scared, Josey!" yelled another.

Then Josey opened his mouth and rhythmically rattled the following:

"I love little pussy her coat is so warm
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm
I'll sit by the fi-yer and give her some food
And pussy will love me because I am good."

That was all. It had come without falter or pause, even for breath. Josey stood, and the room rose to him.

"Again! again!" they roared. "He ain't a bit scared!" "Go it, Josey!" "You don't forgit yer piece!" And a great deal more, while they pounded with their boots.

"I love little pussy,"

began Josey.

"Poor darling!" said a lady next me. "No mother."

"I'll sit by the fi-yer,"

Josey was continuing. But nobody heard him finish. The room was a babel.

"Look at his little hand!" "Only three fingers inside them rags!" "Nobody to mend his clothes any more." They all talked to each other, and clapped and cheered, while Josey stood, one leg slightly advanced and proudly stiff, somewhat after the manner of those military engravings where some general is seen erect upon an eminence at the moment of victory.

Mr. Eastman again appeared from the bunting, and was telling us, I have no doubt, something of importance; but the giant barkeeper now shouted above the din, "Who says Josey Yeatts ain't the speaker for this night?"

At that striking of the common chord I saw them heave, promiscuous and unanimous, up the steps to the stage. Josey



SHARON'S CHOICE.

was set upon Abe Hanson's shoulder, while ladies wept around him. What the literary committee might have done I do not know, for we had not the time even to resign. Guy and Leola now appeared, bearing the prize between them—a picture of Washington handing the Bible out of clouds to Abraham Lincoln—and very immediately I found myself part of a procession. Men and women we were, marching about Sharon. The barkeeper led; four of Sharon's fathers followed him, escorting Josey borne aloft on Abe Hanson's shoulder, and rigid and military in his bearing. Leola and Guy followed with the picture; Stuart walked with me, whistling melodies of the war—Dixie and others. Eastman was not with us. When the ladies found themselves conducted to the saloon, they discreetly withdrew back to the entertainment we had broken out from. Josey saw them go, and shrilly spoke his first word:

"Ain't I going to have any ice-cream?"

This presently caused us to return to the ladies, and we finished the evening with entire unity of sentiment. Only Eastman took the incident to heart; inquired how he was to accomplish much with hands tied, and murmured his constant burden once more: "One is not appreciated, not appreciated."

I do not stop over in Sharon any more. My ranch friend, whose presence there brought me to see him, is gone away. But I never pass Sharon on my long travels without affectionately surveying the sandy, quivering, bleached town, unshaded by its twinkling forest of wind-mills. Surely the heart always remembers a spot where it has been merry! And one thing I should like to know—shall know, perhaps: what sort of citizen in our republic Josey will grow to be. For whom will he vote? May he not himself come to sit in Washington and make laws for us? Universal suffrage holds so many possibilities.



Destroying Eggs by Petroleum Fire.

A STATE IN ARMS AGAINST A CATERPILLAR.

BY FLETCHER OSGOOD.

THE State in arms is Massachusetts; the caterpillar, a hairy creeper, spinner, and cruncher, soot-gray in ground-color, dotted with crimson and blue. When full-grown he is thick and long as a pill-phial. He is hardy and appallingly prolific, and is named the gypsy-caterpillar, child of the gypsy-moth.

This menacing forager of the Eastern Hemisphere was brought over twenty-six years ago by a French *savant*, in considerable numbers, to Medford, a suburb of Boston, Massachusetts. The object is said to have been to cross the creature with the delicate silk-worm, and so originate a robust, silk-producing hybrid for America; but the statement has been gravely questioned. The scheme, whatever it was, came to nothing, and the gypsy-caterpillars, liberated from their netted enclosure by a gale, spread slowly over Medford, and then into adjoining and more distant towns. In nine or ten years from their liberation they had developed into a noteworthy local nuisance, and by 1889 they swarmed upon Medford in irresistible hordes. Extensive tracts

were swept clean. Groves and gardens, fields, orchards, and tree-shadowed streets, all felt the "fierce tooth" of the ravager. The sides of houses, walks, and stoops were black; and the evil swarms, having devastated a district, marched upon the next, and the next. Their presence surcharged the invaded neighborhoods with a most repulsive stench.

When the impulse of transformation drove these creatures in July to shelter, they huddled under whatever offered them protection about and even in the houses they had beleaguered. Here, casting their hairy coats, they soon changed into pupæ; these about August evolved into moths, which dying, as their nature is, soon after birth, left behind them myriads of hardy, fertile eggs to hatch by regular course in the following spring.

The egg clutches thus deposited embossed their shelters with spongy ochre nodules, close huddled as the globules in fish spawn. The householders scraped them off by the peck. Additionally, eight brimming cart-loads were removed by a small official force. Each gypsy egg

cluster contains on an average about 600 eggs. During six weeks of 1891, 760,000 of these clusters, within a restricted local district, were by official means destroyed. Not greatly less than half a billion caterpillars were thus crushed in the shell.

But this wholesale destruction did not even liberate the territory immediately threatened, much less the outlying suburban regions into which the pest had spread.

The careful reckoning of science has demonstrated that the unrestricted caterpillar increase of a single pair of gypsy-moths would suffice in eight years to devour the entire vegetation of the United States. In the ordinary course of nature (let Heaven be thanked for it!) such increase never is left wholly unrestricted.

Still, looked at even in the most hopeful way, this outlandish invasion was a fearful portent to the entire nation. Let the "gypsy" once get fairly free of the bounds within which, as we shall see, the State of Massachusetts has up to this time confined him; let him then multiply according to his nature, and not only would all our fruit and field crops go down in quantity before him (tobacco very doubtfully excepted), but the shade upon which depends our water-supply would be more seriously threatened by this creature than it now is by forest fires or the woodman's axe. The water-supply of many districts, too, might well suffer extreme pollution by dying hosts of caterpillars. In brief, every interest that our country owns, whether artistic, recreative, or economic, is to-day most seriously threatened.

Abandoning reliance upon mere individual effort, Massachusetts, having opened in 1890 an official contest with the moth, began in 1892

in dead earnest to resist the plague, "in the name of the commonwealth." By this time the caterpillar had spread over 220 square miles of territory (including much wild land), with the ocean at the east, Boston at the south, Waltham and historic Lexington westerly, and Beverly at the north.

The State first patiently and hopefully tried that obvious device for combating the caterpillar, the arsenic spray. By this agent the tent-caterpillar and canker-worm, if doused in time, are kept down readily enough. "Fighting the canker-worm with the poison spray is *just fun*, and no loss to speak of," as a market-gardener once remarked to the writer. But when the spray was tried upon the "gypsy," it did not, in the long-run, harm him greatly.

Every effort was made to discover why, even to the analysis of the creature's as-



KILLING EGGS ON THE DEXTER ELM.



EGG CLUSTERS MASSED ON AN ELM.

simulative apparatus. At last it was demonstrated that, though the gypsy-caterpillar might not actually fatten, like a Styrian peasant, upon arsenic, he at any rate resisted its ordinary effects.

A full-grown caterpillar of this species, science now tells us, will gulp down without harm fully twelve times as much arsenic as a robust man of *the same weight* could possibly withstand! And so the ordinary arsenic spray, while effective to some extent upon very young gypsy-caterpillars, was abandoned as a mainstay.

Caterpillars, pupæ, moths, and eggs could at least be killed by hand, and while the killing went on, the State Board of Agriculture, under whose direction the caterpillar warfare was soon placed, tried method after method for hastening extermination by some short-cut. It was hoped to prevent the fertilization of the eggs through trapping and killing male moths in quantity. The female gypsy-moth, be it known, though she has well-extended wings, has practically lost (doubtless because of overweighting with eggs) all power of flight. But for this fact the extermination or permanent restriction of her kind would doubtless be deemed hopeless. Though the female moves only by a crawl, the male is a swift erratic flier. By the diffusion, it is thought, of a subtle perfume, the female

gypsy-moth makes her presence known to the male from a distance, under favorable conditions, of half a mile. Traps baited with living female moths were set by the agents of the board. These caught some ten thousand males, and slightly reduced the fertility of the eggs of the neighborhood where the traps were set, but as a mainstay in extermination, moth-trapping also failed. Then came the question whether extremes of climatic heat and cold, or deluges of weather dampness, or brief seasons of food scarcity, might not kill the gypsy creature.

But the results of careful experimenting along the suggested lines were not encouraging. A gypsy-caterpillar, it was found, when young, will bear cold extremely well; thus under nature he is assured protection in the chilly season of his hatching. When older, though preferring shade, he endures heat stoically; so in the summer season of his maturity the fierce New England sun does not "smite him by day." As to damp, it is conclusively proved that a well-grown gypsy-caterpillar can stay alive immersed in cool, fresh water for about three days; and greedy as the creature is, he will yet, when young, live if he must at least four days without a particle of food. When somewhat older, nine days of starvation does not kill him; and it is on record that in Europe a gypsy-caterpillar has been known to starve nearly a month without perceptible injury.

And the vitality of the eggs is quite appalling. Though the gypsy-moth lays her eggs under shelter when she can, I have myself many times seen them in Massachusetts forests stuck upon the smooth trunks of leafless white birches, there to bear delugings of cold rain and the sharp scourging of the winter winds, and even close enclosure in glare ice, only to evolve next spring into swarming hosts of lusty caterpillars. These eggs, mixed and covered as they are with clotted down, like bunched asbestos fibre, are also sturdy against heat. No light woods fire skimming off perished leaves and twigs, and gingerly licking the outer bark of shrubbery and trees, can kill these eggs in quantity. Even a stronger fire leaves many unhurt.

To kill, not scotch, the eggs of gypsy-moths, the Board of Agriculture applied by a hose the intense flame of vaporized petroleum waste. Under the fearful fire

concentrated upon them, the eggs gave way, signalling their death by torpedo-like explosions. Even thus, places of egg-deposit were found which the hose flames could not effectively reach. In the rough stone walls which characterize the ridgy districts about Boston, though the more exposed eggs were incinerated in the petroleum jet, those which were deposited under the lower stones of the walls remained alive, even when the sheltering stones themselves were cracked into fragments in the awful heat.

Meanwhile it was naturally hoped that the abounding insectivorous birds of eastern Massachusetts, as well as his many insect parasites, might visibly hasten the extermination of the invader. Careful observation of these enemies in nature and confinement, however, gave only a modified encouragement to the hope. Our chickadee, crow, blue-jay, the two cuckoos, several flycatchers, vireos, woodpeckers, finches, thrushes, and wood-warblers, also our best-known oriole, wren, and nuthatch, with our creeper, bluebird, scarlet tanager, and grackle, are known to feed upon the "gypsy," either in the caterpillar, moth, or pupa form, but they do not feed upon the creature with a highly encouraging persistency and greed. The gypsy-caterpillar, bristling with hair, attracts our birds but little if the smooth canker-worm abounds.

It is clear that any agent which extirpates in quantity the clutches, containing some six hundred gypsy eggs apiece, must destroy—things being equal—about six hundredfold more of the pest insect than can be put out of the way by a mere destroyer of the caterpillar, moth, or pupa. If, then, our birds were hearty feeders upon "gypsy" eggs, we should feel a high degree of confidence in these feathered friends as co-operators in the work of extermination. Most unfortunately, they are not. Indeed, the closest observations of them up to date

yield only the conclusion that under the most exceptional conditions a few Massachusetts birds may, if pressed by famine, devour with marked distaste a very few of these repulsive embryos. Possibly the birds may learn in time to like them, but that they do not now is clear, and we have no assurance that they ever will. Not a few Massachusetts bugs, beetles, flies, wasps, and other insects prey more or less upon the gypsy, either by open assault or through the sneaking methods of the parasite. I have, for instance, occasionally seen in Bay State woodlands certain hemipterous creatures like the currant-bug pumping out with deadly proboscis the life juices of



PUPÆ CLUSTERED UNDER BURLAPS.



PUTTING ON THE BURLAP BANDS.

the invading caterpillar. Toads, skunks, and wood-frogs also feed to some extent upon the gypsy in its caterpillar, moth, or pupa shape.

Upon the whole, however, neither birds nor beasts nor reptiles nor insects, nor whatever harm may spring from pestilence or weather, have so far, in this land, come near to keeping down the gypsy pest below the peril mark. Recognizing the aid of all these agencies, feeble and partial though it is, the State of Massachusetts must proceed upon the knowledge, won by the hardest of experience, that the one enemy of the gypsy-caterpillar chiefly to be relied on in her strange warfare is—Man. And the field-workers of the gypsy-moth force put this enmity

into effect with wonderfully systematized and determined energy.

Let the reader go with me in the time of gypsy-caterpillars into one of the impressive stretches of wild forest that still close round the towns of Winchester, Woburn, Lexington, or Lynnfield. Lounging in a natural nursery of young pines, we glance together to a tract below us, grown up, as far as we can see, to tall white pines and large deciduous trees. Every tree trunk in the visible section of this tract, we notice, is banded some five feet from the ground with bagging. The gypsy-caterpillar is typically nocturnal, and prefers at sunrise to crawl from his night forage in the arboreal foliage down the tree trunks to shaded spots a little above

the ground. This banding thus traps many gypsy-caterpillars, sometimes all, or nearly all, within a banded district. Under this bagging not a few gypsy-caterpillars are dozing now, and presently from the cool pine shadows well beyond us a force of men, forewarning us by the snapping of dry twigs, emerges gradually, dispersing then among the tree trunks and deftly scrutinizing, in military order, the caterpillar-traps. Wherever caterpillars are found they are instantly destroyed, and thus the force works on—ten strong in all—quickly and silently from tree to tree.

As the men approach us we note that all wear numbered caps, and that all but one are uniformed in duck of the color of road dust. The exception is the Inspector, whose uniform is of letter-carriers' blue. If the Special Inspector, the officer next higher in grade, should chance to appear now—as he may at any moment on his district rounds—we shall know him by his snow-white cap and his coat and trousers of police blue. Next above this officer is the Assistant Superintendent, next above him the Superintendent, and then the Field-Director, who owes allegiance directly to the Board of Agriculture through its special Gypsy-Moth Committee. By thus subdividing and specializing this work the Board finds that its effectiveness is increased all along the line, and the uniform brings the force under the scrutiny of any citizen.

The gang we now hold under scrutiny keeps on its course till nearly out of sight, then reaching the limit that way of its district, turns back, spreading out as before, and works along in the new direction to the limit, then turns and again works back, in the manner of a farmer ploughing a field. So wherever at this season we go within the infested region, whether in town or country, we shall find this curious labor going vigorously on.

About the middle of July such caterpillars as have escaped destruction by the force will have turned to shuttle-shaped pupæ, sparsely beset with auburn bristles, and glossy in the hues of varnished rose-wood. These, wherever found, the force destroys. By August the moths are out—zigzag-darting males in soot and ochre, and milk-white, gray-striated females.

Before September comes the season of egg-hunting, to last till the hatching-time in April or May. In cities, towns, and

villages the force now works by an exactly ordered system from house to house and street to street by sections, scrutinizing literally every square rod of territory liable to infestation.

And the "territory" thus laboriously and keenly searched must be understood as including mighty shade trees to the outmost reaches of their loftiest limbs, all smaller trees and shrubs, quite often growing crops, as well as fences, gateways, walls, out-buildings, rubbish heaps (most dangerous infestation centres these!).

Over and among all these the searchers pore and pry; the expert climbers among them astonishing us by their ready attainment of insecure and dizzy heights, and the workers along the levels earning our praise for their obvious care and pains. Such work as this—continued also by equally exact methods into the wild lands—has already brought about, the Field-Director tells us, extermination of the gypsy pest from many extensive districts. Such absolute extermination, beset as it is confessedly with many intricate hinderances, may, however, seem to many readers of this article impossible of real accomplishment anywhere. But let us see: "Sir," says Patrick Hogan, an expert egg-searcher to his Superintendent, while we happen to be by, "them b'ys as worked over this before me yesterday done very well for green hands; but they've something yet to learn, sir." Patrick stoops to the earth, and looking up vertically to the under side of the horizontally spreading limbs of a great fir-balsam, indicates with his eye and finger the location of several egg clusters overlooked in the preceding search. Stooping with him we may, by-and-by, make out a few of them too. "Well, clean them out, Hogan," says the Superintendent. Hogan cleans them out by saturation with a creosotic compound smelling like liquid asphaltum, and deadly to every egg. This mode of egg-destruction—adopted now as a mainstay by the board wherever burning is not practicable—is especially effective in that no live eggs are *scattered* by it, as they must be under crushing and scraping. Hogan does his work to the utmost of his skill, and after him comes a still more competent searcher, and after him quite possibly still another, picked from the ablest egg-finders on the force. Against all theories to the contrary, it has been proved over and over again that ab-

solute local extermination is effected by this finely devised and ably handled method of double, triple, and, if need be, quadruple "checking" of the search-work. Many methods are employed that I have no space to name, but the curious process known as "tinning," by which a host of trees are capped with tin-plate shields well smeared and calked with coal-tar, invites explanation.

The purpose of this process is to close all cavities and shield all wounds of special trees which invite the moth as nesting-ground or the caterpillar as he nears pupation. This capping over of the jagged, shapeless rents and pits really beautifies the treated growths with work deserving in its ingenuity and neatness to be called artistic. Then, too, as we have implied, the burning of infested trees and brush is common, and at all seasons the "gypsy-moth gangs" may be traced out in the woods and in the vacant lots of residential districts by the smoke of their plague-destroying bonfires.

And thus, so long as means hold out and heavy snows that mask the eggs hold off, the work of searching and of killing goes rapidly and scrupulously on. Since the work began, some forty-two millions of trees have been inspected, while the number of buildings, walls, and fences thus looked over exceeds four hundred thousand. Besides myriads of the gypsy kind destroyed by burning and in other ways, and hosts escaping record in the first years of the outbreak, the force employed against the caterpillar has killed directly by hand, to date, about two billions and three millions of these dreadful creatures. The unrecorded destruction will doubtless bring the list of killed to at least some four billions.

The results so far have more than justified the necessary outlay. Backed usually by insufficient appropriations, and with a working force at no time adequate, the Board of Agriculture has held down the pest so that since his first frightful outbreak he has never acquired headway enough to seriously afflict the region within which, by resolutely thorough working from circumference to centre, it has so far kept him securely penned.

So ably has this work been handled that to-day, excepting three cases of colonization just over the bounds, not a solitary instance is known of the escape of the pest beyond the limits established by the

work of 1892. Moreover, the 220 square miles of territory so limited—increased to 230 by the three migrations noted—have been already two-thirds cleared or all but cleared of the pest, leaving but 75 square miles of central territory, mainly forest, which to-day is heavily infested. Even here the plague colonies are separated by wide intervals of territory wholly free from infestation. This penning up of the gypsy creature is indeed a wonderful achievement, without parallel, it is believed, in the history of economic entomology.

It is true that certain peculiarities in the nature and ways of the pest insect favor his besiegers. As we have seen, the egg-bearing gypsy-moth cannot fly. The gypsy-caterpillar, too, is a sluggish, unwilling crawler, unapt to migrate far from the neighborhood of his birth-ground so long as he finds forage plenty there. But the younger gypsy-caterpillars, having defoliated an arboreal district, are wont to swing down from the stripped trees by long, self-spun filaments, which in frequent instances lodge them upon pedestrians or vehicles. In this way mainly the caterpillar plague was disseminated (in isolated colonies dotted along the wood roads and main highways) from the original centre of infestation in Medford over the 230 square miles of territory where the Board of Agriculture has since combated it. In this way mainly, were work against it to cease, the plague would, in due season, be scattered over all Massachusetts, and then over all the nation.

The Board of Agriculture, however, effectively meets this special peril by scrupulously clearing the roadways from infestation, and by so keeping the caterpillar down everywhere that he actually defoliates few trees, and hence spins down from few.

The conveyance of gypsy eggs by railroads or express teams, upon freight accessible to the moth, is another danger, combated successfully by penal statutes and effective search-work.

The carrying of the pest some little way beyond bounds by hurricanes is perhaps a remote possibility, but hardly more than this, for Massachusetts lies outside the cyclone belt.

"But," some thoughtful reader may inquire, "may not the numerous streams of the infested region bear many egg clusters or living caterpillars well beyond

the bounds?" The streams of the infested region, it is answered, empty for the most part within bounds into the Atlantic. The gypsy-caterpillar avoids marine foliage, and cannot live long in sea-water. Moreover, the banks of all brooks and rivers likely to convey the gypsy even a little way are kept as clear as may be of infestation, and the few streams that pass the bounds before they reach the ocean are not transporters of the plague.

As to gypsy transportation by birds, it is ascertained that a jay, cuckoo, or other eater of hairy caterpillars may now and then drop a living gypsy-caterpillar after flying off with it, but never at any great distance from the place of seizure.

Moreover, no single caterpillar egg, pupa, or moth, however conveyed, can ever of itself increase the pest in the new location. Pairing of male and female is essential to "gypsy" increase, and the formation of new colonies from individuals casually dropped by birds is not only strictly limited as to distance, but probably of rare occurrence anyway.

Letters by scores have reached the Board of Agriculture from various portions of the Union, including California, announcing the appearance, in those locations, of the gypsy-caterpillar. Every one of these assumed discoveries have been patiently investigated, invariably to their disproof.

Pictorial literature warning against the pest is officially circulated throughout Massachusetts, and especially within the districts adjacent to the infested region, which are also, to the full extent of available means, patrolled and searched by the board.

The organized agricultural and horticultural interests of the State, too, are wide awake to the danger of invasion, and non-official searching for the gypsy out of bounds goes on continuously.

The fact, nevertheless, stands as we have given it. Not one instance of the pest's escape beyond the limits of the 230 square-mile district is known to-day.

But Massachusetts is not proposing simply to incarcerate the pest caterpillar, nor will she rest satisfied with merely reducing him. The State has set out to extirpate the creature absolutely from his present confines, and so from the New World, to the last egg.

The Massachusetts Board of Agriculture is constantly trying new methods for exterminating the pest caterpillar, such as

fresh devices for destroying his fertility, and—with recent marked success—for increasing the destructiveness of known caterpillar-poisons which may nevertheless be applied with safety to infested foliage. It has also under consideration a systematized use of the introduced ring-necked pheasant, believed to feed her young upon the gypsy pupæ, and is cautiously weighing the *pros* and *cons* attending the introduction of certain European or Oriental insect enemies of the gypsy-moth. Meanwhile the fight goes stubbornly on. "Never," we are authoritatively assured, "has extermination looked so promising as it looks to-day. With the gypsy still 'shut in,' and the known area of his infestation markedly reduced, with the intimate knowledge of the ground he still haunts, now in our possession even to minutæ, there needs, we believe, only the long, strong pull all together to ensure the utter extermination of the creature from his confines in the Bay State, and so from the whole land."

We have noted that the gypsy-caterpillar feeds greedily on nearly every land plant that grows within the boundaries of our country; he does not seem as yet to take kindly to tobacco, but may at any time determine to follow the example of his own archenemy and so learn to like it. His destructiveness to the great staple of the South, the cotton-plant, is fully assured. In his own land, kept down though he is there by native enemies, he has been known to defoliate in a very brief season a district as large as the entire region so far infested by the pest in Massachusetts. Quite recently, in Russia, he swarmed over and ravaged a territory as extensive as all our Atlantic coast States, from Maine to Florida inclusive. In other parts of Russia this pest caterpillar has accumulated in such hordes about villages as to fill their neighborhoods with pollution, only suppressed by a *posse comitatus* of citizens, organized to shovel the putrid mass into wains.

The danger still exists that if adequate means are withheld for combating the ravager he may, under specially favoring natural conditions which now and then occur, increase enormously and suddenly, break bounds, and get beyond control. In the long and strong pull now needed there are many who feel, with the writer, that the nation as well as this single plucky State should lend a hand.

A FASHIONABLE HERO.

BY MARY BERRI CHAPMAN.

THE blinds of the Brockholst house in Fifty-seventh Street were drawn. Now and then a grave servant, in answer to the bell, opened the door and took in a telegram, a box of flowers, or admitted a tall, grave lawyer, who was always allowed to "go right up."

The immediate neighbors knew that the handsome gentleman across the way was very ill. Some grave middle-aged people had about forgotten the fact in the stress of personal interest; but there was a pretty girl of romantic fifteen, with blue eyes and fluffy hair, who sat a great deal at a library window, and who, being convalescent from a long illness, missed the handsome gentleman across the way who rode and drove so often, and whose swagger friends made an interesting dumb show in the affairs of the neighborhood.

He was unaware of her existence, but she found the days quite dull since his illness.

Every morning she sent her maid to ask the butler, as he brushed off the steps of his master's residence, how the gentleman was, and this the maid accomplished so adroitly that the servants of the neighborhood did not gossip about her and the Brockholst butler, who was a very elegant individual. The messages had been depressing of late, and to-day there drove up to the house a carriage from which a lady alighted who climbed the steps and pulled the bell quickly.

There was a little conversation with the butler, and then the hackman got down and helped him carry in several large packages and some potted plants.

The little person at the window across the street suffered a pang. It could not be that it was over, and that these were the last decorations! She fluttered anxiously until the shade in the drawing-room window was lifted and the house resumed its reticent placidity, which seemed to reassure her.

Meantime the butler went noiselessly up stairs, but soon returned to the lady in the Brockholst parlors, who promptly reloaded herself with bundles, and the butler with plants, and they slowly mounted the stairs.

When the invalid's door admitted them to the Turkish room, she paused; then setting down her boxes, moved quickly

forward and knelt on the floor beside a big chair. There was a litter of medicines and glasses on the Oriental tray with its neglected smoking utensils, but otherwise the room was not a sick-room apparently.

The invalid was terribly bloated, and his face waxen. He lifted his eyes wearily when she entered, but smiled as she kissed him.

"Dear old Brock!" she said, softly; "you are a bit out of luck, aren't you? Well, you see, I heard about it, and I wanted to come before, but I had so much on hand I couldn't, somehow; though I missed you—yes, I missed you, right along. There was something flat about all the jolly times. The times were all right, I suppose, but there was a vacancy just about your height and width in my heart."

The invalid lifted one handsome hand and let it drop on her shoulder, saying, softly, "Same good Joey," and smiled again as she pressed it where it lay.

"I never was a sieve," she said, simply, "and I liked you best, you know, though you wouldn't believe it. I was just like the rest to you, I suppose; every one loved you. But I've come with a purpose—come to fix you up a paradise; I brought it with me." She spoke playfully, stretching out her hand, and the nurse, a tall, heavy man with a Scotch face, anticipating her movement, brought the boxes and set them down by her.

"I hope you left the snake out," Brock said, faintly.

"There never are any snakes in my paradises," she laughed. "I planted them all, tail first, long ago, and sowed seeds in their mouths, till their own maker wouldn't know them from a new variety in horticultural art. See—see, Brock!" She lifted out the blossoms and held them close, so that he might inhale their fragrance. "And these, these pinks, too, they're fine as any you ever sent me, old boy. Have one in your button-hole? Yes—there, that's it," and she kissed the flower and fastened it on his dressing-gown. "And now I will do a bit of gardening for you. It won't tire you, will it, my being here?"

His face lighted, and he shook his head. So she set about arranging the flowers.

The butler brought vases, and she filled those already in the room. She lifted many of the potted plants about, refusing the nurse's assistance, and all the time she moved cautiously, but with an air of growing satisfaction, glancing back toward the invalid for approbation like an eager child.

She was a splendid creature, with cheeks like American Beauty roses; her hair was the rich brown that painters delight in; and her large eyes were china blue, with heavy lashes and tragic brows.

The rich dress, as she moved, made a gentle "hush, hush," her quick slender hands glittered with their costly freight of rings, and there was nothing about her but the lovable, the noble, the beautiful, in spite of the bold confidence inseparable from a woman of the world.

Brock wondered that he had never done her justice; that he had thought her "like all the rest" of the type; perhaps she had never looked so lovely as now. Somehow he caught himself frowning; he was wishing—more fool he—that she were some one else; the one who years ago—oh, well, never mind. Somehow life is nothing but misfits and inaptitudes, in which those we don't love love us; the wrong people always do the right thing, the right people fail to; an eternal compromise of ourselves, our ideals, and—"What an ungrateful ass I am—ugh!"

His sudden groan startled her, and his distorted face seemed to strike her a painful blow. The nurse dropped the flower-pot in his hands and ran to his side.

"Where is it?" he asked. The patient feebly pointed to his leg, and the nurse fell to beating a sort of tattoo upon the member, as an expert masseur pummels his subject; and as his moaning gradually ceased, he rubbed the bloated limb, and folded the silk dressing-gown about him.

"Thank you," murmured the sufferer.

The lady had stood trembling, and her face had grown as pale as the invalid's.

"He's all right now," said the nurse, reassuringly; but she did not move, except to touch his arm.

"Does he suffer that way much?"

"Oh yes," assented the nurse, as he bent over the table, under pretext of occupation. "He's a remarkable invalid. Why, even at night, when he's under the influence of morphine, and almost unconscious, he *thinks* me when I do some little thing to relieve him."

The interlocutor's eyes filled with tears, and she moved back to the invalid's chair almost reverently and bent over him.

"I'm all right, Joey," Brockholst panted. "This won't last long, girl; it'll be over soon—very soon."

The girl's chest heaved, she struggled to repress her sobs, and then she sat down on the floor beside him with an utter abandon of self, and snatching off her hat, leaned her head against his knee, stroking it tenderly.

Brockholst's hand wandered to her hair, and so they sat for some moments, while the nurse looked out of the window into the street and listened to the muffled roar of the busy "downtown."

Presently the girl sat erect and looked up at him. "I can't stay much longer, old chap," she said, earnestly; "but I've no heart for going, and I'll be up to-morrow morning to see you and freshen up your garden a bit."

"What's going on to-night?" he asked, with a faint attempt at his usual interest in affairs.

"Oh, the opera, with Calvé as Carmen, and de Reszke as the lover, and Dolly and Mrs. Banks, and Van Buren and Bobby afterward at Delmonico's. I go with Van. We made out the menu together, and I had it all my way—'nectar from Olympus, peacock tongues *en vanité*, with a dash of the latest gossip *au crème*.'"

He smiled with her; but her lips stiffened in the expression, and her wide eyes fixed upon his seemed more tragic every moment. She had recited these trivialities mechanically. "Wish you were going," she added, lightly, while her heart looked mournfully from her eyes; and then she shook herself and got up quickly, adjusting the wisp of hair behind her head in a conventional way before putting on her hat.

"Good-by, old chap," she murmured, bending over him. For a moment their lips touched, and her arm pressed him closely; then she bowed to the nurse, and left the room without looking back.

The door closed and she hurried down stairs; but at the foot she swayed and lurched against the wall, just as the butler stepped out of the dining-room, and drew back quickly—for she was weeping, in a way that make men reverent or afraid. When she uncovered her face he asked,

"Can I do anything, miss?"

"How long must this go on, Hobbs?"

Hobbs lowered his eyes. "The doctor says he can't last more than forty-eight hours."

"Can't they prevent—prevent his suffering, Hobbs?"

"No, miss; they tell me his heart is very weak now, miss."

She sighed. "There is nothing that I can do that you know of?"

"No, miss, I don't know 's there is."

She could not say good-night. She was shaking as if chilled as she slowly descended to the carriage and drove away.

The little girl at the window opposite had lain down on her sofa, and did not see her go; nor was she aware that scarcely before the sound of wheels died away an athletic and very correctly dressed young man drove up to the house in a hansom, and after despatching the vehicle, mounted the steps. He was not ushered into the parlor, but went directly up stairs; he paused on the landing, however, to question Hobbs as to his master's condition. He was pale and serious, and entered the room just as the twilight of the winter afternoon set in and the lights were turned up.

"Well, chum," he said, heartily, "how are you? Up? Well, I expected you'd be on your back, such tales as they have told me about you. By Jove, you look like a wedding here!" He still held the sick man's hand, while he drew a chair close beside him.

"Take off your things, Mack," said Brockholst, faintly, his eye brightening as he watched his friend.

"All right; I'll peel, and stay as long as you want me."

"Put up for the night, then."

"All right—all right. Invalids must be indulged," he said, good-naturedly. "But see here, Brock. What in the infernal are you doing, anyway, getting done up like this while I am doing the Continent? You will have to go along next time. I can't leave you again if you do this kind of thing behind my back."

A faint smile was the only rejoinder.

"How long has he been up to this?" he asked the nurse.

"Eight weeks, Mr. Gratton," he replied, rearranging the invalid's pillows, preparatory to presenting him with a glass of medicine.

"Do you call that a 'Manhattan' or a 'Fancy'?" laughed Mackenzie Gratton.

"Nectar," Brock said, slowly.

"Well, you're a bit stingy with it, seems to me. Are these the manners of Jove?"

"Help yourself—warranted to cure all things save love. Seen any good sport?"

"Sport? Well, I should say so! I'll just make myself easy now. Nurse, you can do the same in there. I can call if you are needed. I guess we can see the night through together, quite like old times. Where the deuce, Brock, did all these decorations come from?"

"Joey was here."

"Well, she's a trump! I always thought she was a charming girl, but this is downright handsome of her."

"She's a noble woman," Brock said, earnestly. "Mack—one thing. Don't let her throw herself away on that little fop Van Buren; take her yourself first. Don't say you won't, Mack, but think it over—and what of the sport?"

Mackenzie humored his entire change of topic. "Gad! wish you'd been along, boy. It was the jolliest day I ever had at the track, the day Belle Averley ran. It was a pretty race. Clear day, turf perfect, everybody there, and everybody sure of his private tip being top. I went over with Durrey and Claverly Whitehall and the two Tillermans, in Durrey's tally-ho, four-in-hand, and when we saw the track and the setting we knew it was a red-letter day." Here he called the nurse, who came quickly to rub the invalid's arm, while he groaned, and beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead.

"Go on, Mack," he said, feebly, at last. "This is merely incidental; don't mind a little grunting on my part."

His friend's face stiffened, but he quickly shook off his distress.

"The prettiest run you ever saw, Brock," he exclaimed; "the little devils yelling fire and brimstone to each other and hugging their nags as they came around. They passed like a prism on the second lap, the colors all run together, it was so close. Betty Blue had it, then Pride snatched at an opportunity, and then they turned the third round and Betty Blue held her pace again. Close work. They just seesawed all round. I tell you what, a clear breath of ozone mixed with the cheers of the grand stand, flavored with a rainbow of society quivering in Worth and Doucet, at the touch-off, and plenty of high betting—there's

nothing like it, not even one of Tony B.'s star-spangled cocktails. Biggs, my book-maker, is a genius; and, Brock, if the day *my* course is run falls on the same as my favorite mare's, I'll have to put off heaven twenty-four hours, sure. Well, round they went, and then Innings made the daintiest dash at it you ever saw. Betty Blue was on the inside, and you could hear Innings's jockey yelling to her to 'give way, give way, blankety-blank-blank,' and then she slipped between Betty and that rail like a fortune between your fingers, and shot on beyond the goal, shaking her tail like a comet in the face of the constellations. Six vocal organs wouldn't have done justice to my feelings. I just wish you could have lifted the top of my head off and seen what my brain looked like. Oh, you ought to have been there! Let's cut and go when you are on your pins again," and he slapped his knee enthusiastically.

"All right," Brock said, faintly. His eyes were fixed on his friend, and he had forgotten to make the effort to smile. If he had not been in truth a handsome man he could never have seemed handsome in his present dropsical condition.

In the interim the old pain returned in a new place, and the nurse hastened to work over the waxen body; he was more exhausted than usual by his suffering, and leaned back with closed eyes.

Meantime Mackenzie ceased pacing the floor and touched his shoulder. "Brock," he said, softly, "you're a hero."

The invalid smiled in mild derision. "Not quite," he murmured; then, with a great effort, he said: "Mack, got anything on your mind you want to ask me? I sha'n't be able to stand this much longer, thank God! I've lived, Mack—I've lived more'n my share of pleasure in my time, I guess; I never cared when or where I should quit; but it takes so long to die, Mack, so long to pull up the roots of earth—so long—you've no idea, man."

"If I were a woman I'd know if it took longer than to be born, perhaps," said Mack, soberly.

"God bless 'em!" murmured the sufferer.

"Women and mothers," added Mack, stroking his friend's hands.

"Say, Mack, talk to me a little more, and talk to me about—well, about Mary."

A slight quiver passed over the other's lips, and just a touch of color brightened

his fair skin. "She was a lovely girl, old man. I never knew another like her—thoroughbred inside and out; and clever too, wasn't she, though? Don't see how any fellow could help loving her, if he had enough money. Why, to tell you the truth, chum, I guess I loved her myself some—somewhat, you know; but I was glad she chose you. I knew I wouldn't come into my money till I was fat and fifty; and, damn it, Brock, there is one thing I'd like to know. What was it, anyway? What the deuce made her throw you over? It was the one thing I never forgave her. Why, man, you'd never have gone along at the rate you have if she hadn't broken with you. I don't think she appreciated you, or she'd never have thrown you up. I am not the only one that thinks so, either."

The invalid lifted his face and slowly shook his head. "Is that the way people look at it?" he asked.

Mack nodded.

Brockholst smiled, or tried to, with his distorted lips.

"It's a damned shame, then," he said, slowly. "She never threw me over; it was I—I warned her against myself. I told her I loved her all that I could, but it wasn't enough. She's generous; I'm—well, I'm too lazy to be. I loved her, Mack, but I loved myself, my life, more. It was I broke it. I told her the only thing that could make her give me up—I told her there was another woman."

The cathedral chime struck slowly in the hall. The dying man of the world, the pet of society, the idol of his friends, slowly lifted his eyes and looked into those beside him.

"Don't you ever tell her, Mack. She's happier as it is. I've got a photograph of her somewhere, with her first baby, cheek to cheek." Another silence. "Mack," very faintly this time—"good-night, Mack; God bless you, Mack!"

His friend kissed him, and the little girl across the street sat in her window in the morning with her head resting on her hand. There were tears in her blue eyes, and she was dreaming about heaven and angels, and her fancy's hero across the street, whom she saw laid out in grand estate in her imagination; for she was young enough to believe in these things and many more, which, though she did not know it, her hero did not.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

NATURE is still undisturbed; or, in the expressive phrase of the day, it has not caught on. I discovered this by observing the coming of the late spring in New England—or what is called spring, and is generally understood to be late. I had been having a feeling that it must be otherwise. The world in general has become electrified, and in extreme cases “electrocuted.” We live by electricity, and we die by electricity, accidentally or legally. Electricity has come in to harry and worry and excite our already feverish lives. It warms us, lights us, transports us, gives wings to our thoughts, cooks our food, and then is called in to set going currents in us to digest the food.

I should like to interpose a paragraph here, in order to make a suggestion. It is about beef and other meats, especially beef. This meat used to be prepared in the neighborhood where it was to be eaten. The unfevered domestic animal was slaughtered, and the meat was hung until it was fit for cooking. The almost universal practice now is to slaughter everything at some distant station, cut the meat up, “cold-store” it, and ship it in refrigerator cars, and keep it in this “cold-store,” unripening condition until it is sold to the cook. It is a nice, scientific process, and perhaps economical—if the pleasure and happiness of man are not considered in economy. The result is that the beef when it comes to the table has lost nearly all its flavor, and is about as appetizing as a piece of soft basswood. It may retain the necessary nourishing qualities, but it has become wholly uninteresting. It is a commercial but it is not a gastronomic success. The same has been true for some time of birds and game generally. The “cold-store” invention enables the hotels to give their guests everything—on the bill of fare. But one bird differeth not from another bird in ignominy, in lack of quality and flavor. We begin to suspect that life has lost its taste for us, life has lost its gloss for us, that our senses are dulled by age. It is all owing more or less to the cold storage which has taken the flavor out of our ta-

ble enjoyment. The only substance that transports well by this process is ice-cream, which is apparently uninjured by crossing the Atlantic several times. It is by nature a refrigerator stuff. Beef is not. Beef is from a warm-blooded animal. Now it is useless to complain of this process in an age when money-making is more important than simple enjoyment, but I wish to make a suggestion. It is believed that electricity can do everything. Why could not this meat and game be subjected to electricity when it comes out of its dead-in-life bondage, in which it has lost all life and flavor? I have great confidence in electricity. I have seen men sitting in electric chairs and having life currents sent through their enfeebled frames. It seems to be able to do something with color; why should it not be able to carry flavors? I do not know that electricity could wake up this stagnated commercial beef, but the experiment is worth trying. It is just possible that the scientists will be able to send a beef current to us by wire, and have it turned on to our tables, and get rid of the tasteless substance altogether.

To return. I had the feeling that somehow nature itself was infected by our excitement and haste. I myself have become so alert, so sensitive, so apprehensive of coming doom, excited by the whirl of the trolley, yanked by the jerk of the cable, accustomed to the rattle of typewriters, to dodge all the horseless and steamless vehicles that are rolling through the streets and wandering at will over the country roads, in terror every moment when I am out-of-doors lest a male or female bicycle shall run me down, that it seemed to me that all nature must have caught this excited mood. Must not even spring come with the clamor of gongs and the tinkle of unexpected bells on both sides and behind you, and open with a snap and a rush? Nothing of the kind. I am able to report that nature is still unaffected, unhurried, by all the rumpus that men are kicking up, and by all their boastful conquest of her. She is still calm, deliberate, moving slowly, but with such beautiful order and with so much pa-

tience and leisure to finish and make perfect as she goes along in the seasons.

How beautifully the spring came this year in the North! And when I say North, it may as well be confessed that I mean Hartford. It was very provoking also, as it always is, in its deliberation. If I should criticise the Northern weather at all, it would be to say that it lacks enthusiasm, abandon—well, warmth also—the spontaneous and warm-hearted coming forward to meet you before you expect it that is exhibited in the South. There is a reluctance in its advance that is more than coyness; it is the habit of reserve that characterizes intercourse in this corner of the Union, the restraint in love-making that some writers, I will not say with what justice, have attributed to the New England maiden. The spring is coming, in the calendar, but however blue the sky may be, there is a little too much of the chill of the north and east wind in it. Even the bird songs are a kind of surprise; the overture seems a venture. They know there may be a hitch in the rise of the curtain.

But with all these reservations, I have seen nowhere else anything so lovely, so saturated with poetic feeling, so going to the heart of life, as the late transformation we are speaking of. The fields are brown, the grass is lifeless, the tree twigs are bare. There could not be anything in appearance more hopeless. But one morning, perhaps it is Sunday, when the spring-bonnets have come out—Sappho said the nightingale is harbinger of the spring, here it is the bonnet—you perceive a faint pink flush in the maples; looking down a line of trees, there certainly is visible in the right light a trace of color. It is not much, but the buds are swelling and getting individually impatient. A day or two later the leaves are not out, but there is a sort of veil or mist of color as you look through a mass of bare branches and twigs. It is a delicate suggestion of color. But soon the ground begins to be starred with blossoms, and there certainly is green in the lawns and meadows. If you stoop to one of the blossoms, you find that it is exquisitely drawn and tinted, perfectly finished. It must have taken a long time to do it. And then the trees are visibly trembling into life. I watched the leaves of the horse-chestnut unfold—a bud, a crinkled bit of green stuff, then a slight opening,

then a pushing out into leaf shape, a tiny thing, but getting larger before my eyes. Was it growing, or only unfolding its pack? It looked as if it had all been prepared for the spring opening. And so many of these leaves, all pushing out, and all perfect, and expanding, until in a day or two we had a tree, not merely a stem and branches, but a mass of green verdure, darkening in color, growing in heaviness, a royal and even majestic thing of life in the sunshine. The care that was taken in this one tree, the elaboration of line and shades, was surprising. I do not suppose there are more than two or three novelists in New York who could work anything out so delicate and realistic and true to nature as this tree. I could not explain it by patience, for there was a sort of genius in the treatment of every leaf and the treatment of the mass.

This insidious, slow-moving process went on day by day, hardly discernible from day to day, until there was the most exquisite bloom in blossom and leaf and blade, a sort of mystic suffusion, that it is possible to conceive. The outlines of the trees were still clear, you could see through them almost as clearly as you could in the winter, but they were clad on with a green or roseate garment about as transparent as, they say, were the robes of the maidens of ancient Egypt—an incident of dressing that occurred so long ago that it can be spoken of in a poetic way. There is only a week, a day, a moment, to be exact, of this supernal beauty of the season, but while it lasts it is fit to make the heart ache with keen pleasure, and to make everybody for the hour a Sappho or a Shelley. If it could last, it would be in vain to preach to us about a better world.

And yet why do we complain if nascent loveliness grows into maturity? One day—you may have been absent for a week, you may have been dreaming, you may have been busy with your own little affairs, it may have rained—the world has changed absolutely! The fields, the meadows, the lawns, are a vivid green; from being brown or ashen, the world has become so astonishingly green that it looks at first glance like a spectacle in a theatre. What a different light there is on it, starting from the floating clouds, or even under a dull leaden sky! It is a virgin, tropical, solid, astonishing green. And the trees, the hanging forests, in the mea-

dows, and on the slopes, and on the horizon hills, how dark and solid they have become—such a different green from the first tender forth-putting—full-clothed, massive, a veritable garment now, woven of real stuff, made to last, ever growing heavier and deeper in tone. Spring has come. We have seen again the miracle of re-creation; the miracle wrought out of patience and long preparation, and without the least feverish haste.

II.

Doubtless Africa is the most interesting country that the twentieth century will have to deal with. This great lump of blackness on the map, this monstrous continent, has now turned on it the light of electricity, and has become the arena of European rivalry and cupidity. The mother of civilization is about to be civilized. It seems unaccountable that Africa has been so passed by in the development of modern civilization; that the only religious propaganda that has been effective in it is that of Mahommed. It is all the more strange because Egypt led the way in civilization, and North Africa, on the Mediterranean coast, rivalled Italy in the splendor of the ancient world. Moslemism, from the day the Saracens carried their art, science, and letters as far as Spain, has been penetrating the Dark Continent, while the Christian nations have only sailed around it, and made trading and slave camps on its edges. The most vigorous missionary enterprise of modern times has been that of the Moslems in Africa. This is all the more strange when we consider how entirely in the modern conception, for national aggrandizement and profit, religion is the handmaid of trade. And the wonder grows, now that we have got into Africa and seen its marvellous richness and fertility, that it has been so long passed by. Europe is at last awake to Africa. The era of discovery has passed into the era of occupation. England, France, and Germany, and in a feeble way Italy and Portugal, have a foothold, and are struggling to extend their possessions. There is room enough in the world for industry, but not for ambition, and already the powers are in collision. England has Egypt, and is by cautious and firm military operations re-occupying the Nile Sudan, where she comes into rivalry with Germany, and pushing south to her possessions in the

lake country; while from her solid position in Cape Town she slowly goes north, fighting natives and Boers, for the acquisition of the gold and diamond fields and all the magnificent territory of South Africa. It is a splendid domain she has in prospect, and the gaining and ordering of it will furnish her occupation for the next hundred years. With India and Africa to deal with, the little island seems to be entering on a new career. The operations of France in Africa are scarcely less notable. She is secure in Algeria and the mountains bordering the Sahara. She is equally secure in Tunis, and southward, beyond Kairwan (the sacred), to the desert. She holds these lands by railways, by military occupation, by the infusion of her civil proceedings. For two centuries she has been nibbling to grasp the Niger by capturing Timbuctoo, and finally she has arrived by the route laid out by Colbert, the great minister of Louis XIV. England also has made many attempts in Timbuctoo since before the exploration of Barth, but neither England nor France could reach it by the desert route. France has occupied Senegal, ascended the Senegal River to Kayes, projected and partly built a railway across country to Bamouaken on the Niger, ascended the Niger to Jenne with armed vessels, and thence leaped to the possession of Timbuctoo, the mysterious and semi-fabulous city of central North Africa. This means the possession of the Sudan of the Niger, a valley of equal fertility with that of the Egyptian Nile, and of immensely greater extent, and, like that, watered and made productive by the enormous annual overflow. It means more than this. It means the possession of the ancient empire of Songhois, that powerful Moorish-Negro empire in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, which extended on the Atlantic from St. Louis to the mouth of the Niger, east as far as Lake Chad, and north to the Sahara. Of course France may never gain the whole of the Songhois Empire, including the Guinea coast and the mouth of the Niger, but in the valley as far north as Timbuctoo and Goa, already called the French Sudan, she has enough to occupy her energies for half a century. She will drop a rail from Algiers to Timbuctoo, and grasping the two branches of the Niger will substantially control western Africa.

The American reader who has any curiosity beyond his own territorial problems and his own Sahara (which Congress seems inclined to make still more a Sahara by permitting adventurers to devastate the Rocky Mountain forests) will find the latest and best account of this African region in a fully illustrated volume of travel called *Timbuctoo the Mysterious* (Longmans, Green, and Co.), by Felix Dubois. Notwithstanding the travels of Barth and Laing and René Caillie, the most definite knowledge the general public hitherto had of Timbuctoo was contained in the familiar quatrain:

I would I were a cassowary
On the plains of Timbuctoo;
I'd find and eat a missionary,
Skin and bones and hymn-book too.

It is not, however, of Timbuctoo that I wish to speak now, but of Jenne, a city historically of much more interest, which M. Dubois is the first to describe and show us by many pictorial representations. He suggests that the word Guinea is derived from this name. When the first Europeans, trading along the coast, asked whence the yellow gold which was offered them came, the natives answered, "From Jenne"; hence the name, as understood, was given to the Gulf of Guinea, and to the English coin struck from this gold. Jenne is an ancient city on one branch of the Niger, about two hundred and fifty to three hundred miles above, and to the south of, Timbuctoo. Owing to favorable circumstances it has never been raided or destroyed, but retains its ancient aspect, peculiarity, and splendor, and the architecture of eight hundred years ago. Jenne was a beautiful and powerful city when Timbuctoo was nothing but a salt-shipping station on the Niger, and it was the rich merchants of Jenne who first gave Timbuctoo its commercial importance, and started it in its career of dominance as the capital of the Niger Sudan. The structural permanence of Jenne is owing to its being built, the private as well as the public houses, of sun-baked bricks made from a peculiarly tough and tenacious clay, such as is not found in Egypt nor at Timbuctoo.

The architectural appearance of the city was at first bewildering to Dubois. The architecture was not Moorish, nor Negro, nor like anything in our civilization. And yet it seemed as if he had seen it before. It flashed upon him that it was

Egyptian—ancient Egyptian of the Pharaonic period—and the drawings which he gives convey the same impression. This idea may be pushed to a fanciful extent, but the impression is strong that we have here in Central Africa a continuation or a debased offshoot of the ancient civilization of the Nile. The author pursues this subject with enthusiasm, searching tradition and the ancient history of the Songhois for confirmation of his conjecture. Barth had already made the suggestion, in a chance paragraph, that the origin of this civilization was Egyptian, but he never saw Jenne. M. Dubois finds evidence of this theory not only in the persistent architectural forms, but in habits, customs, methods of organization, and in dim popular traditions of origin. Some of these resemblances may be fanciful, and the story is lost in the mists of antiquity, but the mere supposition that we have here an offshoot of Pharaonic civilization is startling. The theory of the emigration, that has the support of appearances and of tradition, is something like this:

The tradition is that the Songhois did not originate in the Niger Valley, but came from the far east, beyond the desert, from the bank of a great river. In the *Tarik*, or history of the Songhois, it is written: "The first king of the Songhois was called Dialliamen. His name comes from the Arabian *Dia Min al Yemen*, signifying 'He comes from Yemen.' Dialliamen quitted Yemen in company with his brother. They travelled through the country of God until destiny brought them to the land of Kokia. Now Kokia was a town of the Songhois people situated on the banks of a river and very ancient. It existed in the time of the Pharaohs, and it is said that one of them, during his dispute with Moses, sent thither for the magician whom he opposed to the Prophet." On appeal to tradition the author was told on two occasions by marabouts (holy men) that "it was a town in the country of Misr." "Now in the Sudan the country of Misr means Egypt and the valley of the Nile, and the name comes from Misra, signifying Cairo." (The Arab name of Cairo is Masr-el-Káherah, the victorious. The epithet Káherah was given it because Mars, called by the Arabs *Kaher*, the victorious, was in the ascendant when Cairo was founded in the year 969. Masr is the ancient name of Egypt.)

The question of the origin of this Middle Africa civilization and of the Songhois, so brilliantly set forth by M. Dubois, is one for further investigation, and not for present conclusive answer. M. Dubois quotes Dr. Barth, with whom he does not agree in many things, as saying, "The Songhois seemed to have received their civilization from Egypt, and to have maintained very close relations with her, as many very interesting details show." This impression Dubois thinks would have been deepened if Barth had seen the architecture of Jenne, and gained information from the descendants of the original inhabitants, and not from strangers in Timbuctoo. The evidences of the Egyptian origin are ancient customs (there are one or two instances preserved of an attempt at embalming the body), the evidence of ethnology, and of language. The speech is totally different from any Sudan (Niger) dialect, and its roots are those of the languages of the Nile. The physical type has nothing in common with that of the West African negro, but recalls the Nubian.

The theory of M. Dubois is that there was established a colony from Yemen on the banks of the Nile, somewhere south of Philæ, in Nubia, in the time of the late Pharaohs. That this community was only nominally converted to Islamism, and sought escape from its tyranny in emigration westward. Jenne was founded one hundred and fifty years after the Hegira (about 765 of our era). The Songhois were only perfunctory Moslems until the conquest by the Moors. It is argued that the Songhois civilization was not received into Central Africa through the medium of the Mohammedan religion. It was in cult and manners of ancient Egypt, and not of Egypt after the Arabian conquest. The author says: "The direct relation with Egypt must have been instituted prior to Islamism. The strength of the connection, in spite of the enormous distance which separates the valley of the Nile from that of the Niger, plainly indicates a direct relation. The current that flowed so persistently and strongly between Egypt and the Sudan up to the sixteenth century represents something more than a merely commercial interest; it reveals the route of an exodus. The influence and commerce of Morocco and Algeria in the Sudan (countries comparatively near) were for a long time over-

powered by distant Egypt. We find undeniable proof of this among the ancient geographers. Ibn Batonta, a Moor, who visited the countries of the Niger in 1352, relates that at Oualata 'the greater part of the inhabitants wore the beautiful costumes of Egypt.' Now Oualata is only two months' journey distant from Morocco, while the valley of the Nile is at a distance of at least eight months. Again, to destroy the powerful and traditional bias of Egypt towards the Niger and establish the preponderance of the northern countries of Africa would require no less than a Moorish occupation in 1592."

The light which this suggestion throws upon the emigrations of peoples and the persistence of types of civilization is almost startling. It is like a Roentgen ray into the dead past. More than four hundred years after the last vestige of the civilization of the ancient Egypt (which had degenerated from the Pharaonic to the Ptolemaic) had apparently disappeared, to have it reappear in the midst of barbarous Africa seems like a dream. In the well-ordered streets of Jenne, the gem of the Niger, Dubois stands bewildered. Where did this gathering, in the midst of a barbarous country, come from? "There is nothing Arabic in this style. There is no trace in any of the houses, old or new, of the cupola, which is such a characteristic commonplace of Egypt, Syria, and Algeria. These buildings have as little in common with the airy palaces of Cairo and Damascus as they have with the delicate and complicated structures of Cordova, Granada, or Seville. This style is not Byzantine, Roman, or Greek; still less is it Gothic or Western. All traces of European civilization cease between the coast and the Niger. At last I recall these majestic solid forms; and the memory is wafted to me from the other extremity of Africa. Their prototypes rise upon the banks of another great river, but no life is associated with their image. They are dead cities, or rather cities of the dead; for it is in the lifeless towns of the Pharaohs and their hypogæums, it is in the ruins of ancient Egypt in the valley of the Nile, that I have witnessed this art before."

If the deliquescent mummies of Thotmes and Seti and Rameses, now stored as curiosities in the museum of Ghizeh, could only know that their civilization was renewed on the banks of the Niger!

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A PREARRANGED ACCIDENT.

Comedy.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHARACTERS:

MR. THOMAS Q. WATTS, a newspaper man.
MR. JAMES FINLAY.
MR. GEORGE PARSONS, a lawyer.
JACK O'BRIEN, a butcher-boy.
MISS MOLLIE MASON.
MISS MIRIAM DODGE.
MISS JESSIE JONES.
MISS CLARA WENMAN.
MISS MAY TALHOT.
MISS PARMLER, a drawing-teacher.
MARY, a maid.

SCENE.—Sagville, Long Island.

TIME.—A day in early June of the present year.

ACT I.

The scene represents a hill-top. There is a fence at back, and a rustic belvedere, through which one obtains a view of the surrounding country. The roofs and towers of Sagville Seminary are visible in the distance, and, beyond, the sea. On the left foreground a large tree, with a practicable branch that stretches out over the stage. On the right side a fallen log. Finlay seated on the log, reading a newspaper.

Enter Parsons.

Parsons. What kind of a joke do you call this?

Finlay. Oh, hello, old man! I'm mighty glad to see you. Joke? There's no joke at all. It is a very serious matter. But you are late.

Parsons. No wonder.

Finlay. Lose your way?

Parsons. No matter about that now. I should like to know, in the first place, what you mean by sending me such a telegram as this: "Meet me without fail at 11 A.M. on Sunset Hill, Sagville, Long Island. Will explain." Now, my boy, explain. I would not have taken an 8.05 A.M. train on a warm day to meet any other man but you.

Finlay. I appreciate it. I depended on you, George.

Parsons. I supposed you did, or I should not have come. What kind of a muss are you in now?

Finlay. No muss. Sit down here, and I'll tell you the whole story. You remember when I was South in April—

Parsons. Yes; and broke your leg.

Finlay. I have not come to that yet. The day I arrived at Old Point I saw a beautiful girl. I asked the clerk who she was. Found out her name was Miriam Dodge, travelling with her uncle. Got a tip from the porter she had gone to Atlantic City. I started that night. Went to the hotel, and found her registered. Caught a glimpse of her at dinner. Next day tried all known methods to make her acquaintance. She did not seem to know any one down there. I did not know a soul. That night, after dinner, I strolled about alone, smoking a cigar, and making plans for the next day's campaign. Fell through a grating in the dark, and broke a small bone in my ankle. Result—three weeks in my room. Finally I told the doctor I was going

down stairs in spite of him. He said I might walk on crutches in two days. At the appointed hour I struggled down stairs. But Miss Dodge and her uncle had left the night before!

Parsons. Cruel fate, eh?

Finlay. Now, George, there is nothing to laugh at in this; I am serious. In a few days I followed on to Washington; picked up the trail there for Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, where I lost all my clews at Cortlandt Street. I visited every hotel in town, but there was not a Dodge at any of them. I looked up the Dodges in the directory, and called on every one of the seventy-eight. None of them knew any Miriam Dodge. I was beginning to give up in despair, after three weeks' search, when—I got on a horse-car one day, and sat down right opposite to her!

Parsons. By gad!

Finlay. Yes, sir! And she actually colored. She had a satchel. I determined I should see where she was going. She went to the Long Island ferry, and I heard her ask for a ticket to Sagville. I should have followed her, but I found I had left my money in another suit of clothes. That was three days ago. I came on here the next day; found that Miss Dodge attends the Seminary. No strange man is allowed on the place. You may only be admitted if you are a brother or a bloody relative.

Parsons. A blood-relation, you mean.

Finlay. Yes, something of that sort, I suppose. At any rate, they would not let me in. But I've got to get in. I've got to make her acquaintance, and you have got to help me.

Parsons. That's all very well; but let me tell you something interesting. You have heard me speak of Tom Watts.

Finlay. That newspaper chap?

Parsons. The same. He is here.

Finlay. At Sagville?

Parsons. Came on the train with me. I met him on the ferry-boat. "Well," says I, "what are you up to now?" "Great story," says he. "I'm going down to Sagville." "Sagville?" says I, somewhat taken aback. "Sure," says he. "There's a corking good special story down there," says he. "I'm going to stay there a week, if necessary, to get it. Ever hear of Sagville Seminary?" says he. "No," says I. "Girls' school?" "Girls' school with a vengeance," says he. "A *fin de siècle* repository of masculine mimicry. English woman at the head of it. Girls are trained to be Dianas and Joans of Arc, and all that sort of thing. Why, they actually ride around the country, on bicycles, in knickerbockers, row on the lake in eight-oared barges; they fence and box, and, by gad, they play baseball! How's that for a Sunday special with pictures?" says he.

Finlay. You don't mean he has come down here to write it up?

Parsons. He is here for that specific purpose.

Finlay. And he thinks he'll get the article?

Parsons. I never knew Watts to get thrown down.

Finlay. Where is he now?

Parsons. In Sagville, I suppose, laying pipes.

Finlay. Hang him! We must scare him off.

Parsons. Scare him off? You can't scare him off. I'll bet he knows more about the Seminary now than you do—and you have been here two days. I think we ought to look him up. He will help you, I'm sure. He's a trifle erratic at times, but he's a brick.

Enter Watts, R., smoking a cigar.

Watts. Hello, Parsons! (*Seeing Finlay.*) Oh, I beg your pardon!

Parsons. Why, hello, Watts! Glad to see you again. This is my friend Mr. Finlay—Mr. Watts.

Watts. Glad to meet you, Mr. Finlay. Well, Parsons, I've laid my foundations.

Parsons (to Finlay). I told you so. (*To Watts.*) I suppose you have already visited the Seminary?

Watts. Unfortunately I have not. I guess the old racket of the camel getting through the eye of a needle was a snap compared to this undertaking.

Finlay. I am glad you realize the difficulties.

Watts. I do. Can you give me any pointers?

Finlay. I am sorry, but I cannot. I can show you where the Seminary is, that's all.

Watts. Yes; they told me in the village I could see it from the top of this hill. Confound that cigar! It is the vilest thing I ever held in my lips. How are they fixed for dogs over there?

Finlay. I don't know about four-footed dogs, but they have a human Cerberus on watch at the gate.

Watts. Over a fence is good enough for me.

Parsons. But, I say, Watts, what about those foundations you say you have laid?

Watts. Oh! (*laughing*). I saw two of the Seminary girls humming along on bicycles down the road near the village. Jim Dandies, both of them. Made a deal with a butcher-boy to wreck them on their return trip. Then I'll be on hand and interview the girls. Costs me five for the butcher-boy. Result—one column, with picture of the accident, and possible introduction to the duenna of the Seminary as a heroic rescuer!

Finlay. Oh, come now! See here—you have not really done that? You don't call that journalism?

Watts. No. I don't call it journalism, Mr. Finlay. But the readers of the noble sheet I write for—the gas-fitters and paper-hangers and floor-walkers—they call that journalism. It is not the editors and the writers who mould journalistic taste nowadays. They are merely agents who supply to the public what the public demands of them.

Finlay. Well, confound it, sir, suppose your butcher-boy injures these young women for life?

Watts. By Jove, I had not thought of that!

Finlay. Suppose one of them was Miss Dodge?

Watts. Relative of yours?

Finlay. No—er—not a relative.

Watts. Oh!—I see. Well, that would be rather tough. I guess I'll go back and call that deal off.

Finlay. I think you had better.

Watts. But (*hesitating*)—the butcher-boy is surely off to fulfil his contract by this time. I was to meet him down the road here, and it's nearly time.

Finlay. Well?

Watts. Well, the best thing to do, it strikes me, is for me to hurry down there, and for you, if you are going back to the village, to head him off, should you meet him on the way.

Finlay. We'll do that! Lose no time, Mr. Watts!

Parsons (starting). Join us for lunch, Watts?

Watts. Very good. I will.

[*Exeunt Finlay and Parsons, R.*

Watts (meditatively). That was a questionable scheme, come to think of it! Even for a newspaper man. Fancy upsetting a girl from a bicycle. By Jove! it's as bad as train-wrecking.

[*Lights a cigarette, and moves slowly R. Comes face to face with Mollie Mason.*

Enter, R., Mollie, hatless, dressed in bicycle costume, knickerbockers, and shirt-waist. She carries a broken handle-bar and a saddle.

Mollie. Oh!

Watts. I beg your pardon.

Mollie. I—I—you—you—er—

Watts. I am entirely harmless, my good young woman—entirely harmless, I assure you. Have you met with an accident?

Mollie. Yes—decidedly.

Watts. Are you hurt?

Mollie. Not much. My ankle pains a little.

Watts. Why—er—is there anything I can do for you? Sit down and rest a moment.

Mollie. Yes, I will sit down. I know I ought not to, but I've just got to. (*Sits down on log; contemplates the broken parts of bicycle.*) That is all there is left of it! I was coasting down Benjamin Hill, and I ran into a butcher's cart. That is, I suppose that wretched butcher-boy will say I ran into him; but it was a clear case of him running into me.

Watts. You don't say so? The young villain! Deliberately ran into you? I wish I had him here!

Mollie. I wish you had. I wish I had him here. I think I could punish him myself. But he whipped up and ran away before I could get to my feet.

Watts. I am very sorry. Do you feel better now?

Mollie. Yes, considerably. I am used to being knocked around. I'm the best wrestler in the Seminary. But—if you will pardon my asking—what are you doing here? You don't belong here, do you?

Watts. Oh no—unfortunately.

Mollie. You came from New York, I suppose?

Watts. Will you answer my questions if I answer yours?

Mollie. Certainly; that is, if your questions are not any more impertinent than mine.

Watts. Precisely. Yes, I came from New York. Now where do you come from?

Mollie. Helena, Montana.

Watts. No!! Then you must know Dick Wallace?

Mollie. Now look here. You talk as if you thought Helena was no bigger than Sagville. Everybody was not brought up with everybody else. We did not all slide down the same cellar door. There are any number of cellar doors in Helena—

Watts. Cyclone-cellar doors, I suppose.

Mollie. But, as it happens, I do know Dick Wallace. I know him very well.

Watts. Do you? He was in my class at college.

Mollie. Really! What is your name?

Watts. Now that's a leading question, is not it?

Mollie. Oh, of course it is. But I don't mind telling you mine. I am Miss Mason.

Watts. Mollie Mason? Fred Mason's sister?

Mollie. Yes.

Watts. Well, I declare!

Mollie. Well, why don't you tell me your name?

Watts. My name is Watts. Thomas Q. Watts.

Mollie. Oh yes! Thomas Quincy Watts. I've heard about you. I've seen lots of photographs of you. I knew there was something familiar about your face.

Watts. Yes; my face sometimes gets familiar.

Mollie. Well, you don't want to let it get familiar with me. Now stop this nonsense, and tell me what you are doing in Sagville.

Watts. Well—er—you see—

Mollie. Something in connection with the Seminary, I have no doubt.

Watts. Yes—er—something.

Mollie. I'll bet I know.

Watts. Well, I guess you do. What is it?

Mollie. You have come here to buy it!

Watts. Exactly. I have come here to buy the Seminary. Fine piece of property, is not it?

Mollie. Oh, beautiful! I overheard Mrs. Win-

throp, our principal, talking to Miss Parmlee, the drawing-teacher, the other day. She said she was going to give up the whole business and go back to her home in England. And so you have come down to negotiate?

Watts. Precisely.

Mollie. What do you want with a Seminary?

Watts. Well, you see, I have a bicycle and a kodak camera and a cat-boat, and one tires of that sort of thing. And when I heard of this opportunity, I thought I might like a Seminary—

Mollie. Oh, come now; you could not have heard that it was for sale, because—

Watts. Well, to tell you the truth, I did not hear it. It is a friend of mine who wants to buy the Seminary. He has a collection of seminaries. No—I mean that, don't you know, he has a hobby for—

Mollie. Spending money?

Watts. Precisely; for spending money. Now I have known him to buy an island, or a lake, or—

Mollie (excitedly). Mr. Watts!

Watts. What's the matter?

Mollie (standing up on log and gazing down the road, L.). Goodness gracious! Here comes Miss Parmlee with the sketching-class! It will never do for them to find me here—and with a man, of all things! You must get out! I must get out!

Watts. But where shall we get to? (Looking

down road, L. L. E.) There comes a carriage down that way; perhaps we can get in that.

Mollie. A carriage? (Glancing L. L. E.) Oh, that is Mrs. Winthrop's carriage, and she is probably in it. We are cut off on both sides!

Watts. Perhaps we had better hide?

Mollie. But there is no place to hide.

Watts. Oh yes, there is. Can you climb a tree?

Mollie. Can I climb a tree? Well, I guess I can!

Watts. Then I will help you up into that oak.

Mollie. I suppose there is nothing else to be done. Oh my, I wish I had never come up here! (Watts tosses the handle bar and saddle over the fence. Mollie, with his assistance, swings herself up into the tree.



"HAS JESSIE ANY SPORTING SPIRIT?"

He follows. They sit on the limb, facing out.) You are not coming too?

Watts. Of course I am. Did you suppose I was going to stay and face the educational dragon?

Mollie. Oh, please, Mr. Watts, don't come up here.

Watts. But I'm afraid to stay down there.

Mollie. Then get into another tree.

Watts. But there is not time for me to get into another tree, and I'm not a small enough ape to leap from limb to limb.

Mollie. 'Sh-h!

Enter, L. Miss Parmlee, Jessie, Clara, and May. They dispose themselves about the stage on campstools, Jessie under the tree. Each girl has a sketch-book and pencils. Miss Parmlee carries a novel.

Jessie. Miss Parmlee, don't you think I had better sketch the Johnson barn to-day? I am so tired of making trees and rocks and fences.

Miss Parmlee. Very well; you may do the barn to-day, if you wish to; and, Clara, you may lay out the road. Try to get the fences in proportion.

Clara. Oh, there goes Mrs. Winthrop's carriage down the road to the depot!

May. I thought she was not going until late this afternoon, Miss Parmlee.

Miss Parmlee. No; she goes on the 12.05, and she will not be back again for a week.

Jessie. For a week? Oh my!

Miss Parmlee. Business, my child, business. She is going to New York and to Philadelphia. Now stop this chattering and go to work.

[*Miss Parmlee visits each girl in turn, making suggestions.*]

Watts. How long does this artistic business last?

Mollie. They are likely to stay here an hour.

Watts. An hour! Is not there some way we can scare them off? Who is the girl in the parquet here, just below me?

Mollie. That's Jessie Jones.

Watts. Has Jessie any sporting spirit? Would she appreciate the situation if she knew we were roosting up here like a pair of turkey-buzzards? Would she help us out?

Mollie. Of course she would, if she could.

Watts. Suppose you write her a note and inform her of our predicament. Try to impress upon her the necessity of clearing the hill-top of art students.

Mollie. That's a capital idea, but I have no paper.

Watts. I have plenty of paper. (*Watts pulls out a large bundle of yellow paper.*) Write her a note, and drop it into her lap.

Mollie. Goodness! why do you carry such quantities of paper?

Watts. Oh, I always do that. It comes in handy, you know, when you get caught up a tree.

[*Mollie writes a note and hands it to Watts.*]

He reads and folds it.

Clara. Miss Parmlee, won't you come here, please? This road of mine will not take the proper course.

[*Miss Parmlee goes over and aids Clara. Watts drops note into Jessie's lap.*]

Jessie. Now, May, you stop throwing things.

May. Why, Jessie, I did not throw anything.

Jessie (picks up the note and reads). "Dear Jess,—As you value your life and my friendship, don't look up into the air." (*Jessie immediately looks up.*)

Violent gestures of protest by Watts and Mollie. Jessie becomes confused, drops her sketch-book, recovers, and reads on. "As you value your life and my friendship, don't look up into the air. We are perched in this tree, and cannot come down until Miss Parmlee and the girls go away. We depend upon you to make a pretext to get them off. Faint. Have a fit. Do anything!—Mollie." Well, I never! How in the world did she get up there? And who can that man be? How exciting! But what am I to do? I must get the girls away. Fancy Miss Parmlee finding Mollie up a tree with a young man! I must have a fit. I have never had a fit, though, so I guess I had better faint. I can do that to perfection.

Enter, R. U. E., Miriam, in bicycle costume, breathless.

Miriam. Miss Parmlee! Miss Parmlee! She's drowned, she's drowned!

Miss Parmlee. Who is drowned? Who, child?

Miriam. Mollie—Mollie Mason. I'm afraid she's drowned! Oh! oh! and it was partly my fault!

Miss Parmlee. There! there, dear! sit down and tell us as clearly as you can just what the matter is.

Miriam (between sobs). Mollie and I went out for a ride. It was my first ride on a bicycle since I got back from the South two weeks ago. We went over Benjamin Hill as far as the Tompkins farm. When we reached the top of the hill again, on the way back, Mollie wanted to coast down and come home by this road, and I wanted to turn down the north pike and enter the Seminary grounds through the west gate. So we quarrelled, and Mollie started off by herself down the hill. I watched her, undecided whether to follow or go the other way. Just as

she approached the bridge over the trout brook, along came that red-faced O'Brien boy in his butcher-cart. He did not turn out, and Mollie went slam-bang into him, and took a header into the bushes. I must have fainted then, because when I looked again the butcher-boy was out of sight, and Mollie was nowhere. I jumped on my wheel and raced down to the bridge. There lay Mollie's broken bicycle, or parts of it, by the road-side, and Mollie's hat was on a rock ten or fifteen yards down stream!

Miss Parmlee. Couldn't you see her anywhere?

Miriam. Nowhere—nowhere!

Miss Parmlee. Come, girls; we must run down there and look for her. She cannot be drowned; the water is too shallow. But she may be hurt.

Miriam. Oh, I can't move another step!

Jessie. Go, go, everybody, and I will stay here with Miriam. I will help her home.

Miss Parmlee. Very good, but return to the Seminary as soon as possible. Now, May, Clara, hurry!

[*Exit Miss Parmlee, Clara, and May, R. U. C.*]

Jessie. Thank Heaven, they are gone!

Miriam. Why, Jessie!

Jessie. Mollie is not drowned a bit.

Miriam. How do you know?

Jessie. Look there!

[*Pointing upward.*]

Mollie (from the tree-top). You sweet old goose!

Miriam. Why, Mollie Mason! (*Mollie and Watts climb down. To Jessie.*) How in the world did she get up there? And where did that man come from? Is not it dreadful?

Jessie. I don't know how she got up there. And as for the man, he must have dropped from the skies. Perhaps he grew on the tree.

Miriam (embracing Mollie). Oh, Mollie, Mollie, I am so glad you are not hurt! But how did you—

Jessie. But, Mollie, you must explain things quick!

Mollie. Yes, I will explain. In the first place—Oh, I forgot. Girls, this is Mr. Watts; Mr. Watts, Miss Jones and Miss Dodge. Now I'll explain.

Watts. Let me spare you the trouble. Let me do the explaining.

Mollie. No; I want to tell the story myself. When I ran into the butcher-cart, Miriam—or rather when the butcher-cart ran into me—I took a header into the alder-bushes; but as they are nice soft alder-bushes, I was not hurt. I picked myself up in time to see the butcher-cart running away. The bicycle was ruined. The wheels are not worth picking up. He ran right over them. But he will have to pay for that. He will have to buy me a new hundred-dollar bicycle.

Watts. What!

Mollie. Of course he will. I shall make him pay damages if I have to sue him.

Watts. Don't you think it is pretty hard on a poor, hard-working butcher-boy—

Mollie. No, sir, I don't. Now don't you sympathize with that butcher-boy! I thought you wanted to trounce him.

Watts. I do; and you bet I will—for ruining that bicycle!

Mollie. That's right. Well, when I picked myself up, I thought it best to cut across this way to the Seminary. When I got to the top of this hill I almost fainted, and Mr. Watts was passing by, and he offered me assistance, which of course I refused. But he and I are old friends—that is, he knows a lot of my old friends, and I know a lot of his old friends—and that's how it was. Then along came Miss Parmlee and the girls, and there was nothing for us to do but climb the tree.

Miriam. But what is going to come of all this now? Miss Parmlee and the girls are frightened out of their wits. We must tell them.

Watts. Tell them what? You can't very well tell Miss Parmlee that Miss Mason was up the tree superintending her drawing-class, now can you? There is only one thing to be done.

Jessie and Miriam. What is that?

Watts. I must actually rescue Miss Mason from a watery grave.

Mollie. But you can't do that now; I never was in a watery grave.

Watts. That does not make any difference. You fall in just as if you had tumbled off your bicycle. Only you do it of your own accord. I am coming along the road—just by chance, you know—I hear a splash and a scream. I look over the bridge rail, and I see a helpless maiden struggling in the swirling flood. Accoutred as I am, I plunge in and bear you to the shore. Then you faint, and I carry you to the Seminary. The only suggestion I should like to make, however, is that you choose that part of the stream nearest the Seminary buildings for your plunge.

Mollie. Capital! capital, Mr. Watts! You are an intellectual genius. It never happens in real life, you know, that a young man is on hand at the proper moment to rescue the girl.

Miriam. But, Mollie, you don't seriously contemplate doing this foolish thing.

Mollie. Why, certainly I do.

Watts. There is nothing else to be done; and even this must be done at once.

Jessie. But, seriously, Mr. Watts, don't you think it is taking a big risk?

Watts. Of course; but it is trivial when compared to this tree business.

Mollie. Oh yes; I much prefer the stream to the tree. Come, Mr. Watts; come and rescue me. We will take a short-cut through the woods, and I will show you a nice quiet place for you to save my life.

Miriam. Mollie, I don't approve of this. I wish you had not told me anything about it.

Mollie. Well, I have not. You stood there of your own free will and overheard the conversation. Besides, remember that you are responsible for the drowning story anyway.

Watts. Why, really, Miss Dodge, this is a very simple and commonplace affair. Some girls get rescued several times a year.

Jessie. I guess it is the best thing under the circumstances, Miriam.

Mollie. Of course it is. Now you two go home by the road as fast as you can. Mr. Watts and I will cut across lots. Come on, Mr. Watts. Good-by!

[*Exeunt Watts and Mollie, R. U. E.*]

Miriam. Jessie, Jessie, what do you suppose the end of all this will be?

Jessie. I am sure I don't know. I hope it will

turn out all right. But is not it exciting? Oh my, Miriam, look there!

Enter Parsons and Finlay, L.

Miriam (*aghast*). Jessie Jones! That is my sprained-ankle man!

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Drawing-room in the Sagville Seminary. Double doors, C., opening into main hallway. French windows, R., opening on a veranda. Door, L., leading into a study. Table, sofa, chairs, mantel-piece with clock.

Enter, C., Miss Parmlee, hurriedly, followed by Clara and May.

Miss Parmlee. I don't want either of you young women to say anything to any one about what has occurred. There is no necessity for the entire Seminary to be thrown into an alarm over this matter. I don't believe for a moment that Mollie is drowned. It is impossible. The water was too shallow.

Clara. But she might have been stunned when she fell in—

May. Oh, Clara!

Miss Parmlee. Don't be so pessimistic, Clara. It is my opinion that the butcher-boy, seeing Mollie was hurt, took her in his cart, and is now on his way here by the long road; or else he might have taken the child to the doctor's in Sagville. (*Touches a bell on the table.*) I am going to the village to find out. (*Enter Mary, C.*) Mary, tell Henry to harness the black mare to the phaeton as quickly as he can. I will walk down to the barn. (*Exit Mary.*) I am going to the village, and I am going to have that O'Brien boy arrested. He has done his last reckless driving! (*Loud ringing of a dinner-bell without.*) Can it be so late? It is actually one o'clock. Now you two girls go to luncheon, just as if nothing had happened. Remember, I forbid you to mention the occurrences of this morning.

May. But aren't you going to eat any luncheon, Miss Parmlee?

Miss Parmlee. Luncheon? I have no time for that. Go along now, and remember my instructions.

[*May and Clara exeunt, C.; Miss Parmlee arranges her bonnet before the looking-glass, and exits, C.*]

After a brief pause, enter Jessie, C. She looks about carefully, peers up and down the hall, and then walks down centre.

Jessie. How fortunate for us that it is just luncheon-time! There is apparently not a soul about. (*Tiptoes over to the door, L., and looks into the study.*) Nobody there. Of course, Mrs. Winthrop is away. (*Opens the French windows and waves her handkerchief.* Stands looking out of the window, watching the approach of the others. *Bursts out laughing.*) Oh my, how they run! Those men will drag Miriam



"SHE'S DROWNED!"



"I AM NEARLY STARVED!"

off her feet! (*Runs back to door, C., and closes it. Enter Parsons, Finlay, and Miriam, breathless.*) 'Sh-h-h! The girls are at luncheon—but luncheon won't last forever. Sit down and get your breath, and then we must decide on plan of action.

Miriam. Jessie, this is dreadful, dreadful! I never did anything like it in my life before. I am frightened to death.

Jessie. Well, I am too excited to be frightened.

Miriam. But Miss Parmlee is liable to walk in here at any moment!

Jessie. No, she is not; not for some time, at any rate. As I came across the lawn I saw her getting into the phaeton in front of the barn, and Henry drove her away in the direction of the village.

Finlay. But you are right, Miss Jones; we must complete our plans. How many minutes of safety may we count on?

Jessie. About twenty minutes, I should say. The girls will have finished luncheon by that time.

Parsons. Luncheon, did you say? That reminds me: I breakfasted at half past six this morning, and I am now ravenous.

Jessie. Poor man! Men always want to eat.

Miriam. They shall be fed. I will get Mary to steal something for me from the table, and pass it out to me in the pantry.

Jessie. But we can not do that! We must not go away and leave these men in the sitting-room alone.

Miriam. They can be concealed. There is Mrs. Winthrop's study—

Jessie. Good! and there's no door leading out of it but this one. That's the safest place. Please go in here. Quick, now, and keep perfectly quiet until we let you out, no matter what happens.

Parsons. But you won't be long, will you?

[*Exeunt the men into the study.*]

Jessie. Come, Miriam, we have no time to lose.

[*Exeunt, C., leaving door open; a pause.*]

Mollie (without). Now go right in there, Mr. Watts, and sit down and keep quiet until I get some dry clothing on. If any one comes, tell your story like a little man. I'll be back in three minutes.

Enter Watts, C.

Watts. For a man who has just rescued a maiden from a watery grave, I reckon I'm about the spickest and spannest chap on record. Only a little damp about the arms. I guess that will dry off all right. I sort of half expected to be welcomed with cheers and acclamations by a swarm of weeping beauties—but I don't believe a single soul saw me stumbling across the grass. But confound that butcher-boy! If ever an idiot botched a job, that O'Brien is the one.

[*Watts has seated himself in a large arm-chair, with his back to the door.*]

Presently enter Miriam, C., with a plate loaded with cold chicken, another with bread and butter, followed by Jessie with a pitcher of milk and two glasses.

Miriam (seeing the back of Watts's head). Whr, how did you get out?

Watts (jumping up). Oh, how do you do? how do you do, again?

Jessie. It's the tree man!

Watts. The same. Watts by name. How did I get out? Why, I only just got in. Oh, how did I get out of the water?

Jessie. Yes—how did you get out of the water?

Watts. In the first place, I did not get in. I just held out my hand, and Miss Mason took hold of it, and I pulled her out.

Miriam and Jessie. Oh—

Watts. She has gone up stairs to put on dry clothing, and I suppose she sent you in with some luncheon for me. How thoughtful of the dear girl! I am nearly starved, too. Have not had anything but a bad cigar since six o'clock this morning.

[*While speaking he has been taking bread and chicken from the plates and eating. He now takes the plates and sits down with them on his lap. The girls stare at each other.*]

Miriam (aside to Jessie). Jessie, he will eat everything there is if we don't stop him!

Jessie. How can we stop him? Poor fellow, he seems hungry too.

Watts. Young ladies, I cannot express to you how very grateful I am for this little courtesy. I have a couple of friends here to-day who would give their boots to be luncheon with me this very minute.

Miriam (aside to Jessie). What do you suppose he means?

Jessie (aside to Miriam). Do you suppose he knows?

Miriam. Oh, Jessie! (*To Watts.*) You have two friends here? Do you mean Mr. Parsons and Mr. Finlay?

Watts. Why, how did you guess?

Miriam (snatching the plates away from him). Well, you shan't have any more. Mr. Finlay is just as hungry as you are.

[*Opens the door, L., and enter Finlay and Parsons.*]

Watts. Well, upon my word!

Parsons (triumphantly, to Finlay). I told you so, Jim. I told you Watts would be here ahead of you. And here he is, eating our luncheon!

Miriam. Yes; he appropriated it as calmly as

you please, the minute we came in. I didn't know you men were acquainted—

Finlay. But, I say, Watts, under what earthly pretence did you get in here?

Jessie (to Finlay). Haven't you heard? (*To Miriam.*) Why, Miriam, haven't you told Mr. Finlay about Mollie?

Miriam. No, I haven't told him—yet.

Jessie. Well, I told Mr. Parsons about the collision, and I thought he never would stop laughing. He seemed to think it was funny.

Parsons. Funny! Why, I should say it was! If you only knew how funny it really is!

Finlay (startled). You don't mean to say that there was a collision, after all?

Miriam. Indeed there was, Mr. Finlay, and (*enter Mollie, C., in conventional attire*)—and—oh my, here is the girl now who was upset. Mollie, let me introduce Mr. Finlay and Mr. Parsons—Miss Mason. (*To Finlay.*) Come over here and I will tell you.

[*They step aside and converse.*]

Mollie (aghast). Why, girls, what are we coming to? I never saw so many men in this house at one time! It is positively galvanizing.

Jessie. Isn't it fine?

Parsons. But I am afraid it won't be so fine when your friend Miss Parmlee gets back—and we haven't yet made up our plan of defence.

Watts. Do you fellows mean to say you have no excuse for living—that is, no excuse for living right here where you are?

Parsons. That's about it! (*To Watts.*) I say, Watts, have you owned up to the ladies yet?

Watts. No, not yet. About time, don't you think?

Finlay. I certainly do, after what Miss Dodge has just told me. If it had been Miss Dodge instead of Miss Mason, I should have punched your head.

Jessie. Oh my, isn't that dreadful?

Mollie. Why, what is the matter?

Watts. Well, I suppose I had better confess.

[*Somebody in the next room begins to play, on the piano, "All around the mulberry-bush."*]

Watts (delighted at the interruption). What's that?

Miriam. Some one of the girls in the music-room.

Jessie (somewhat alarmed). Then they must have finished luncheon! [*Music continues.*]

Watts (with much elation). That's a great tune, isn't it? By Jove, I haven't heard it since I was eight years old!

[*Grasps two girls by the hands and starts around; the others join in, laughing and singing.*]

All.

All around the mulberry-bush,
Mulberry-bush, mulberry-bush,
All around the mulberry-bush
So early Monday morning!

Enter, suddenly, C., Miss Parmlee. Consternation all around.

Miss Parmlee (sternly). This is disgraceful!

Mollie. Oh, Miss Parmlee—

Miss Parmlee. Silence! Young ladies, be so kind as to sit down. Gentlemen, you may also be seated. What explanation have you to make of these startling proceedings?

Miriam. But, Miss Parmlee, Mr. Watts rescued Mollie from drowning!

Miss Parmlee. Indeed? Which one of you is Mr. Watts?

Watts (rising, and bowing effusively). I am Thomas Quincy Watts, madam, at your service.

Miss Parmlee. Very well, sir; please give me an account of this affair as concisely as possible.

Watts. With pleasure, madam. In the first place, as you seemed to be somewhat surprised—and justly so—at finding three men in your parlor, let me explain what the three of us were doing in Sagville. You see, we represent a large New York syndicate—an enormous syndicate, madam, capitalized at several millions of dollars—

Miss Parmlee. You will oblige me, Mr. Watts, by getting to the point as soon as possible. How was



"BY JOVE! THAT'S A GREAT TUNE!"

it that you happened to be in the neighborhood of the stream at the time of the accident to Miss Mason?

Watts. Exactly. The trout stream. I wandered down the road and gazed longingly into the waters of the brook. Suddenly I heard a crash, a scream, and a splash. I looked up, and I saw a young lady in the water. Immediately I sprang to her assistance. I snatched her from a watery grave. I drew her fainting to the shore. Attracted by my shouts, Parsons and Finlay came to my assistance, and we three bore the unconscious young woman into this house. We were met at the door by these other young ladies, who cared for Miss Mason.



O'BRIEN.

Finlay (aside). He's an artist.

Miss Parmlee. Let me thank you, sir, for your part in assisting Miss Mason. But I must say to you that I am very much annoyed over this whole affair.

Watts. We regret exceedingly to have caused you any annoyance, madam.

Miss Parmlee. I expect so; but that is unavoidable now. Still, I shall have to ask you three gentlemen to remain in the house a short time longer. I have just returned from the village, where I left orders with the constable for the arrest of O'Brien. He is to be brought here, and I desire you, Mr. Watts, as a witness of the accident, to be present while I interrogate him.

Watts. Madam—

Miss Parmlee. You will be kind enough to say nothing more about it. I shall do the questioning when the boy is brought here. In the mean time—*(A knock.)* Come in.

Enter Mary, C.

Mary. Miss Parmlee, Mr. Flynn is here. He has brought Jack O'Brien with him.

Miss Parmlee. Ah! Tell the O'Brien boy to come in here to me. I will see him at once.

[Exit Mary, C.]

Watts (nervously). My good madam, will you not permit me, as chief witness, to interview O'Brien outside first?

Miss Parmlee. No, sir; I am fully capable of interviewing O'Brien myself. I shall conduct the examination. *(A knock.)* Come in.

[Mary, through door C, shows O'Brien into the room; then exit Mary, closing the door. O'Brien stands in front of the door, sullenly twirling his hat in his hands.]

Miss Parmlee (severely). Come here, young man.

[O'Brien comes forward and takes his stand in front of Miss Parmlee. Watts makes vigorous signals to him not to tell the truth.]

Miss Parmlee. Your name is Jack O'Brien?

O'Brien (defiantly). Yes, m'm, that's my name.

Miss Parmlee. Miss Mason, is that the boy who ran you down this morning?

Mollie. Yes, Miss Parmlee, that is the boy.

O'Brien. Look here, now, I want to say—

Miss Parmlee. Silence, sir; don't you dare speak until you are spoken to! You heard what Miss Mason said. Do you admit that you ran into her while she was riding her bicycle this morning?

O'Brien. Yes, m'm, I did. But I want to explain—

Miss Parmlee. Be still, sir! Having admitted that you ran into this young lady, I want to know if you did it purposely?

O'Brien. Yes, m'm; but I want to state—

Miss Parmlee. Keep still, sir!

O'Brien. Well, I won't keep still. I want to explain. I won't stand here and be made no escaped goat of by that man—no, I won't!

Miss Parmlee. What do you mean, O'Brien?

O'Brien. I mean that if I did run into this here young lady, that that there man over there paid me five dollars to do it—so now!

Miss Parmlee. What!

Watts (indignantly). See here, young fellow—

Miss Parmlee. Silence, everybody! Mr. Watts, do you know what he means?

Watts. Madam, if you will only allow me—

Miss Parmlee. I have heard your explanations once, sir—

O'Brien. Yes, and it's my turn to explain now—

Miss Parmlee. Wait a moment! You have made a serious accusation against this gentleman.

Watts. Don't you think, madam—

Miss Parmlee. You will oblige me, sir, by allowing me to conduct this extraordinary examination.

O'Brien. Can I talk now, m'm?

Miss Parmlee. You may, and please be explicit.

O'Brien. Well, it was this way, m'm. I was standin' in front o' the store in Sagville this mornin', and this here bloke he gets off'n the train an' he goes in the store an' he buys a five-cent cigar, an' he comes out a-puffin' and a-puffin' sort o' own-the-earth like. Pretty soon two o' these here young ladies goes by on bicycles. He says to me, sort o' winkin', "I can't run after them girls, sonny, but if you'll get in their way some place on the road when they comes back and upset them, I'll give you a fiver for the chance to pick 'em up out of the dust and talk to 'em." Well, I sort o' didn't want to at first, but he persuaded me, and I said I would. He was to foller me down the road and be on hand when I ran into 'em. But he goes off the wrong way, an' when I runs into the young lady he ain't there; an' I got scared, an' whipped up an' run away.

Miss Parmlee. This is a most extraordinary tale.

Watts. My dear madam, I wish to make an explanation about that five-cent cigar.

Miss Parmlee (sternly). This is no matter for jest—

Watts. Indeed it isn't. It is a very serious matter. I purchased a vile cigar in Sagville this morning. You have doubtless heard of the eccentricities and vagaries of opium-smokers. I think that cigar filled me with evil designs—it certainly filled the atmosphere with a foul odor.

Miss Parmlee. What I want to know, Mr. Watts, is, did you or did you not offer this boy five dollars to upset these young ladies?

Watts. Truth and a guilty conscience compel me to admit that I did.

Miss Parmlee (rising, and with much dignity). That is all that I desire to know for the present, sir.

Parsons. I beg your pardon, Miss Parmlee, but

won't you kindly sit down again. I have something of great importance to say, and it will reflect creditably upon Mr. Watts, I am sure. Mr. Watts saw the heinous side of his offence at once, and sent us post-haste up to the village to head off O'Brien, while he himself ran down the road to stop the boy.

Miss Parmlee. Is this the truth, Mr. Parsons?

Parsons. It is absolutely true, madam.

Finlay. Indeed, Miss Parmlee, what Mr. Parsons says is true. We rushed back to the village, but the boy had started. We retraced our steps—

Miss Parmlee. And got to the bridge just too late, apparently.

Watts. Precisely! They came along after it had all happened. I got there just too late to head off this mercenary young scoundrel, who had consented to jeopardize a young woman's life and limb for the sake of a paltry five-dollar bill.

Miss Parmlee. It seems to me that under the circumstances the less you have to say about the boy's part in this transaction the better.

O'Brien. That's what I think, m'm.

Miss Parmlee. That will do, O'Brien; you may go.

O'Brien. Thank you, m'm, thank you.

[*Exit O'Brien, hastily, C.*]

Miss Parmlee. I hope you feel ashamed of yourself, Mr. Watts. But let me add— (*A knock.*) Come in.

Enter Mary, C., with a telegram, which she hands to Miss Parmlee, and exit, C.

Miss Parmlee (nervously). A telegram for me! Oh, I wonder whom it can be from? How I hate these yellow envelopes! (*Tears open the envelope and reads the message.*) Oh! oh! It is good news! Mrs. Winthrop has sold the Seminary to Dr. Pedagog! Listen: "Have disposed of all interests in the Seminary to Dr. Cicero Pedagog." Good!

Watts (eagerly). Madam, pardon me. This is just where I can be of service to you. I can have anything you want printed in the New York *Daily Howler*. Won't you give me an interview?

Miss Parmlee. Not now. Perhaps, when I have received further particulars.

Mollie (aside to Jessie). Nothing could have put Miss Parmlee in better humor.

Miss Parmlee. What I want you to do now is to go. You must leave at once. If you hurry you can just catch the 4.25 train for the city. If you don't go at once, I shall drive you out. Run, or you will miss your train.

[*Miss Parmlee pushes them toward the windows, the men and the girls shaking hands. Exit the men, R. Miss Parmlee, Mollie, Jessie, and Miriam stand by the windows, waving their handkerchiefs.*]

CURTAIN.



INFERIOR ARTICLES.

MR. GRUMFY. "Bah! why do women always get shoes that are entirely too small for them?"

MRS. GRUMFY (*with a sigh*). "On the same principle that they choose their husbands, I suppose."

A GOLF PROBLEM.

IS IT PROPER TO PUTT WITH A BILLIARD CUE?

Oh, the golfers are out, some ten thousand strong,
And they drive, putt, and foozle the whole day
long;
And then, when the sweet golfing hours are
through,
They discuss, "May we putt with a billiard cue?"

Let us see; 'tis a point of an import great,
And it yet may decide some champion's fate;
It may fill him with joy, may fill him with rue,
If he putts or putts not with a billiard cue.

Suppose that his ball, with a sickening thud,
Flies wild, and lies low in a puddle of mud;
Shall he niblick it out, or else may he snake
That wicked ball forth with a small garden rake?

Suppose that his driving is slicing and vile,
And the hole is a hole of, say, half a mile;
Must he slice and slice on through the broiling
sun,
Or perchance may he drive with a Gatling gun?

Suppose he is stymied six feet from the hole,
And starts in profanely to bless his poor soul;
Shall he play with the club that's meant for the
play,
Or with a small bomb blow it up and away?

Suppose, with a glorious loft through the sky,
It lands in a tree-top some eighty feet high;
Shall the ball be brought down and played without
tax,
Or may the poor wight chop it down with an
axe?

The answer is plain—'tis as clear as can be,
From tee to the hole, from the hole to the tee,
That golf is a game that is easily king,
Since 'tis played with golf clubs, not with any old
thing.

CARLYLE SMITH.

MEDICAL AMENITIES.

IN a small country village, whose name is immaterial, there lived, or rather existed, two physicians. These physicians, whom for convenience we will call Dr. Pills and Dr. Squills, represented rival schools.

The village, which is very healthfully situated, scarcely gave occupation and support to one of the medical profession, not to say two; and Jabez Mole, the only undertaker of the place, had several times threatened to move away if business did not improve.

These two physicians, between whom there existed no very friendly feelings, always maintained an attitude of the strictest politeness toward each other, mixed, however, with occasional shafts of malice.

One morning, meeting on the principal street of the village, each paused to exchange, as usual, the compliments of the season.

"Good-morning, Dr. Squills!"

"Good-morning, Dr. Pills! Charming weather we have been having; so delightful for driving. Your patients must be very well in-

deed, you seem to have so much time for pleasure riding."

"Yes," retorted Dr. Pills; "I'm only sorry yours are not so fortunate. That time when you saw me must have been when I was driving out one of your patients, whom I consider to be in a very critical condition."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," answered his rival. "I wish I could do the same for you, my dear Pills; only, unfortunately for them, Jabez Mole takes most of them out riding."

At this the two physicians abruptly parted, for once forgetting their usual strict code of etiquette.

HE KEPT THE MUTTON.

"ONE of the things that the Colonel under whom I served in the army was particularly down on," said the grizzled and battle-scarred veteran, "was foraging without orders. He said the soldier's place was in camp, not straying off stealing provisions on his own hook, and just as likely as not getting captured or shot while doing so, and he did all he could to discourage the practice, even to the extent of confiscating and turning over to the Commissary Department whatever a soldier was caught bringing into camp.

"But the boys would forage in spite of everything, trusting to luck to run the blockade and safely reach their tent with the captured prize, and I shall never forget the comical excuses some of the poor fellows would offer when they were caught. Sometimes, if the answer was witty enough to strike the Colonel's funny-bone, the offender would get off scot-free, and be allowed to retain his plunder in the bargain. I well remember a case in point. Bob Jackson, a jolly young fellow belonging to my company, was caught one night by the Colonel sneaking into camp with a juicy hind quarter of mutton impaled on his bayonet.

"Where did you get that meat?" demanded the Colonel, sternly.

"Killed it in self-defence," was the unblushing reply.

"In self-defence, eh?"

"Yes, sir. You see, Colonel, the critter flew at me out here in the woods a ways, an' I allowed I wa'n't goin' ter let no wild animal git the best of me while I was fully armed an' able to defend myself, so I—"

"That 'll do; you're excusable this time, young man," said the Colonel, relaxing into a smile; "and, by-the-way, I've got a little errand for you."

"Yes, sir," said Jackson, giving the military salute.

"When you have turned that game over to your messmates you can go and get the other hind quarter and bring it to my tent."

"All right, sir," was the reply; and an hour later the savory odor of roast mutton filled the Colonel's tent as well as the quarters occupied by jolly Bob Jackson and his messmates."

WILL S. GIDLEY.



ON THE VERANDA.

"Well, Mabel dearest, I saw your father, and he has consented."

"He approves of love in a cottage, then?"

"No; but he said that a girl who was out golfing and bicycling all the time, as you are, really doesn't need much of a home."

WHAT HE MADE.

PROFESSOR B——, who conducts the clinic of nervous diseases at —— Medical College, of Chicago, is himself a very nervous and easily irritated man. Recently, at the close of a long clinic, when teacher and students were well tired out, the assistant rushed in and asked to have exhibited a very interesting case which had just arrived.

"Well, be quick about it," said the doctor, and proceeded to emphasize some previous remarks concerning the influence of occupation upon nervous conditions, which point he proposed to illustrate in the case to be presented.

The patient, an awkward Swede, having been hustled into a chair, was now confronted by Professor B——, with the admonition to be brief and accurate in his replies, as time was limited.

"Now, sir, what do you do?" he commenced.

"Aw am not vera well."

"No! I say, *what* do you do?"

"Oh yas. Aw verk."

"Yes, I know; but what kind of work?"

"Oh, eet es hard verk."

"Yes; but do you shovel" (illustrating with gesture), "or drive a car, or work at a machine, or do—"

"Oh yas. Aw verk at a masheen."

"Ah! What kind of a machine?"

"Oh, eet es a big masheen."

By this time the class were grinning broadly and whispering pleasantries, all of which

caused the professor to redden and break into a volley at the poor Swede.

"Now look here, sir; I want no more of this. You answer the questions I ask you, or go home. What do you make on this machine?"

A ray of intelligence lit up the face of the Swede, and, with a confident smile, he said: "Oh, now aw understan' yo'. Yo' vant to know vat aw mak' on the masheen. Eesn't et?"

"Yes, sir; that is it. What do you make?"

"Aw mak' seventeen cents an hour." And he and the class were dismissed.

A PARSON'S STORY.

AN itinerant parson tells that way out "in the backwoods" he came, one day, to a settler's house, and entered to have a talk with its inmates. The old woman of the house became much interested in the preacher's discourse, and requested that he conduct family worship. She also insisted upon hunting up her family Bible, to be used upon the occasion.

She left the room to look up the Bible, but seemed to have hard work finding it. The minutes passed, and she came not. The preacher had time to grow impatient before the old woman reappeared, with a few tattered leaves in her hand.

She handed them over, with an apologetic air. "I'm awful sorry, parson," she explained, "but the fact is, I didn't know I was so near out of Bibles!"



MERELY A SUGGESTION.

INTERESTING STORY. "Mr. Hawkins, do you think it's safe to propose to a girl on horseback?"
HAWKINS. "Of course. Why not?"
INTERESTING STORY. "Oh, nothing. I say, Jennie, is your saddle girth quite tight?"



See "The Great Medicine-Horse."

THE MYSTERY OF THE THUNDER.

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ELIZABETH:ROBINS:PENNEL

I SUPPOSE we—J. and I, that is—had already made a dozen plans for a holiday, when suddenly we found we could not stay away from London long enough to manage the least little tour of them all. It was then the idea came to us to circumcycle London. In the first place, the circular journey could be made in sections. With town for a centre, we could train or wheel to any given point, ride for one day, two days, three days, according to the limits of our leisure, train back, and wait for the next chance to be off again. In the second place, we were sure of as much beauty and variety as if we had travelled half across Europe. For of course our circle was to be very much wider than that taken by either District or Metropolitan Railway. We meant to get beyond the town, beyond its sordid suburbs, into the surrounding country, which, within a twenty or thirty miles radius of Charing Cross, is as lovely as any in England.

On the squally September morning of our start we might have been puzzled to know which direction to take had the Ripley Road, the Appian Way of cycling, left us any choice. I am not sure when the cyclist discovered that it was the best, for scenery and surface alike, leading out of London, and that the village of the name stood by the way-side just where the brisk morning spin from town made him begin to think of dinner. But certainly when I came to London, thirteen summers ago, he had appropriated road and village both; nor have they as yet lost in popularity. From Charing Cross we might have gone over Westminster Bridge—"Earth has not anything to show more fair," Wordsworth thought—and been in South London at once. But the prettier way is by Whitehall, the Mall, Constitution Hill, as far as Kensington, following the line of the parks which Mr. Henry James admires so much for the audacity with which they

make a pastoral landscape under the smoky sky. And hardly had we come into the Kensington High Street, now free from traffic, than it brought us to Holland Park—town already, as Macaulay foretold, encroaching upon its green enclosure. And only a little further on Hammersmith Bridge led us into Barnes, still, in spite of its eligible villas, wearing in places that air of remoteness which probably induced Shaftesbury and Buckingham to choose it for the duel of Pepys's story. To the men who in the past gave it literary fame, to Evelyn driving down to visit the suffering Cowley, to Jacob Tonson building a gallery for his Kit-Cat portraits, to Fielding established on the Common, the future chronicler will have to add Mr. Henley, pointing out his house on the Terrace—the Terrace which in a hundred years has changed little in essentials, save where the railroad throws an ugly bridge across the river.

Already, on the opposite shore, there have been glimpses of Hammersmith, with Kelmscott House showing between the trees, and Chiswick, where Hogarth lived. And after Barnes you go through Mortlake, near the Green turning to climb the hill into Richmond Park. But it seems a pity not to waste some time here, not to go as far as the town of Richmond, to loaf on the high terrace where Thomson traced "the matchless vale of Thames," where you look down upon the wonderful view of the river winding between low shores that Turner painted; that to Titmarsh, from the window of the Star and Garter, seemed "to knock you down with its splendor—the view that has its hair curled like the swaggering waiter"; the view that honest Jeanie Deans disdained on the memorable morning when she drove to Richmond with the Duke of Argyll. "It's braw rich feeding for the cows, and they have a fine breed o' cattle here," was all she had to say; though he, mindful of his own Inverary, could still believe it unrivalled in Scotland—"but I like just as weel to look at the craigs of Arthur's Seat, and the sea coming in ayont them, as at a' thae muckle trees." And isn't this modest little heroine of romance far better remembered than Queen Caroline, to whom she brought her petition, or any of the other princesses who made Richmond their home?

Over a good sound road we flew be-

tween the wide green spaces, deer browsing under the great trees of Richmond Park; and down into Kingston, across its market-place, where you can see the coronation-stone of Saxon kings—one of those landmarks of English history which suddenly confront you at almost every mile; and where, more important, you first come upon the sign "Portsmouth Road"—really the Ripley Road, which does not stop with the cyclist at Ripley. And then we were on the river again, looking back a minute to where the gray bridge, and the tall poplars on the shore, and the boats and sails, and the river road with its cyclists, come together to make one of the prettiest of all the pretty Thames pictures. And soon we were wheeling into Thames Ditton, with the little inn that puts forth the sign of the Angel so boldly on the road-side, and itself sinks so modestly into a corner—though there is not a cyclist in London who has not eaten its dinners and teas; and up by the race-course to Esher, with its green, as decorous and quiet as the village which for years was the home of Jane and Maria Porter, and for a space the retreat of Wolsey, should be; and down into Cobham—not Mr. Pickwick's: there are always several villages of the same name in England to confuse one. And the country was purple with heather. And there were woods perfumed with pines or carpeted with ferns under the silver-trunked beeches. Rabbits scurried across our path, birds sang in the hedges, and a couple of miles beyond Cobham the woodland made space for a lake, dark and still as a forgotten Highland loch, though we were not more than a score of miles from the very heart of London.

We had to dine at Ripley, since apparently Ripley exists for no other purpose than to supply the cyclist with his Sunday dinner. So far as I know, the village, which consists of one wide straggling street, a church, some gables, and a few big houses, never had any history until it undertook to serve this dinner, though for a while it seems to have coquetted with the cricketer. There are the ruins of an old abbey in the meadows close by, and an old mill that Constable might have cared to paint or an English Daudet to live in. But the great thing in Ripley itself is the Anchor, all gables and bow-windows and picturesqueness, only waiting the Izaak Walton of cycling to



KINGSTON, THE ROAD AND THE RIVER.

become a rival to the Thatched House in the literature of sport. To go into its low-ceilinged, heavy-beamed parlors, to climb its atticlike stairs to the bedrooms under the eaves, is to wonder where all the cyclers you passed or who passed you on the road can be stowed away, where there is space to spread the cloth for so many. But a big new dining-hall has been built in the garden. When we went to it we found that the September squall had frightened away the "veterans," so that the one familiar face was that of the friendly landlord at the head of the table. And somehow the dinner did not seem quite the same—more courses, less heartiness. Or is it perhaps that already, in what Thackeray calls the hobby-coach under Time, the silver-wigged charioteer, we too have taken our places with our backs to the horses, and can watch only the receding landscape, where all the mountains are hills, and all the giants pygmies?

But once on one's bicycle one is too busy looking forward to remember the horrible old man with his scythe. All the way between Ripley and Guildford it is pretty, peaceful country, with only the gentlest little ascents; though I overtook more than one woman pushing up her machine, cycling having become the thing so unexpectedly that the new cyclist has not had the time to learn to ride.

Guildford, scrambling up and down hill, is seen at its best when you come thus from the north, wheeling into it where the High Street suddenly drops to the river Wey—Pope's "chalky Wey"—and the old Town Hall holds out a clock by a beautiful piece of wrought-iron work. It is a town where it is well worth while to spend as much of the afternoon as is left after the ride from London. There is an old castle with a keep, up which you can climb and look out over the Hog's Back and the farther Surrey and Sussex hills. And there are old houses and old churches and old hospitals, and in them fine old glass and carvings. And there are old-furniture shops, where you can pay more than in London. And there is so much history that, certain beforehand you can never get to the end of it, you make no effort to begin. And if you know your Martin Tupper, as I do not, you may have for your guide his hero, Stephen Langton, who, I understand, has immortalized the town and all the country round. And you can put up at the very inn, I am told, where Pepys went once in the summer of 1688: "Came at night to Guildford, where the Red Lion was so full of people and a wedding that the master of the house did get us a lodging over the way at a private house, his landlord's, mighty neat and fine, and then supped, and so to bed."

Three days later we made the next stage on our journey, training it to Guildford. A worse wind was blowing than on the first day, for the autumn of 1896 was an autumn of gales. But now we felt the advantage of the circular journey. When we got out of the train, all we had to do was to consult a reliable weather-cock and turn our faces and wheels away from the direction to which it was pointing. The result of our consultation was that we pushed our bicycles a little way up the hill, took the first turn to the right, and started for Dorking. I shall not give our exact route, for two reasons: one is that the rider with plenty of free time had better take a roundabout course by Godalming, a town which deserves the much-abused adjective quaint, or even by Haslemere, where Tennyson had a house, and where, nowadays, everybody who thinks himself anybody lives—a sort of literary and journalistic and hill-topish St. Ives or Newlyn, only ten times more respectable; my second and better reason is that we promptly lost our way. The Englishman apparently objects to sensible sign-posts and labelled towns, after the fashion of France, and thinks himself insulted if he is expected to know his own part of the country. Nine times out of ten he directs you wrong if you appeal to him. However, it did

not so much matter, since our mistake sent us through two or three typical villages, with gables and greens and ducks, we should not otherwise have seen, before we got on the right road, and so into Chilworth, under the great hill crowned by a little church—St. Martha's Chapel, where, in his time, many a Canterbury pilgrim stopped to pray. It never had the distinction of sheltering Chaucer's pilgrims; only those who travelled from Southampton to Canterbury, and who kept so religiously to high ground that the cyclist has no chance to play the anti-quary. I believe along the hills, especially about Dorking and Reigate, their track can be traced by the broken line of yew-trees. But an old forgotten road is no place for a new bicycle, especially when there are pretty lanes winding up and down: past Albury with its great park, past Shere with its little inn, its little church, its little cottages, its little gardens gay with dahlias and late roses, and just beyond, Shere Mill, and Shere Mill Pond that Sir Seymour Haden has made famous by one of his best-known etchings.

It was through the same lanes that Evelyn rode so often in the old days, from Wotton, the big Evelyn place near Dorking, to Albury, which then belonged to the Howards. Now it was to see his brother George married to Mrs. Caldwell,



THE VILLAGE OF RIPLEY.

"heiress of an ancient Lancashire family"; now to look at a portrait, "as big as the life," by Holbein; but most often, as became the author of *Sylva*, the believer in the operation "of the air and genius of gardens upon human spirits towards virtue and sanctity," to visit those which he had designed. I think it must have been because he had learned to know and love the country in his "own sweet county of Surrey" that he was, as he professed himself to Sir Thomas Browne, all for natural as against artificial gardens, which appear like "pasteboard march-pane, and smell more of paint than of flowers and verdure." Still, he did not always disdain the artificial aids to "hortulane pleasure" then in vogue. "To Albury," is the entry in his journal for September 23, 1671, written surely with what Walter Pater has called "the quaintly delightful pen of Evelyn" — "to Albury, to see how the garden proceeded, which I found exactly done to the design and plot I had made, with the crypts through the mountain in the park thirty perches in length. Such a Pausilippe is nowhere in England. The canal was now digging and the vineyard planting."

Had not our time been limited, and our circle drawn rigidly on the map, I do not believe we should ever have got beyond the borders of Surrey, so many were the temptations about here to turn to right or to left—to Deepdene, if only because in its library Disraeli wrote his *Coningsby*; to Juniper Hill and the haunts of the French exiles, among them Madame de Staël and Talleyrand and the M. d'Arblay whom Fanny Burney married; to Camilla Lacy, where part of her life with him was spent and *Camilla* was written; to Burford Bridge, where Keats finished



THE TOWN HALL, GUILDFORD.

his "Endymion." But there is no end to all the old friends who come trooping out to meet you; not one, however, jollier than Tony Weller. What if Dorking does boast the finest fowls in England? What if it was the scene of that battle which was never fought? Is not its chief claim to our affection the fact that in it Tony Weller found his widow, and the snug little bar where Mr. Stiggins came once too often to weep over his "partickler wanity"—"Warm, my dear young friend, with three lumps of sugar to the tumbler." And the funny part of it is that while few are the towns and villages that do not hang out the sign of the "Markiss of Granby," you may hunt for it in vain in Dorking. At least, so I am assured. We had not the chance to look for ourselves. Dorking, usually sleepy and orderly enough, was, for once at least, in a state of chaos. It was the season of the autumn manœuvres. Can one

ever travel by road in autumn and escape an encounter with the military? I have, in my time, with my bicycle, routed and put to flight most of the mounted armies of Europe. But on the road to Dorking the British artillery not only withstood my attack, but forced me to dismount, and J. gallantly waiting for me, we came into Dorking with the soldiers, to find the entire population in the long wide street, the children just let loose from school. Naturally we hurried on to get well ahead, while officers and men were lunching in the town. By the most delightful little byways we rode to Brockham and Betchworth, the white cliffs of Box Hill ever to our left; to Reigate, which begins with old gables and timbers and ends in brand-new villas; to Redhill, as commonplace as a big railway junction can make itself; and thence up a steep hill and straight into a drenching rain. We waited under a tree for I don't know how long. But it was no use. There were rivers of rain, and the nearest shelter was in Redhill. And so, like the King of France with his twenty thousand men, down we marched again—it was too muddy and slippery to ride—most unwillingly, for a moment half inclined to take the first train to London.

For we knew what a rainy afternoon in an English inn meant—we knew the dreariness of the coffee-room with its one daily paper and its time-tables. In a French town there would be a near café, a glass of groseille or grenadine, the illustrated papers, and, if things came to the worst, dominoes. In England are all “the comforts of the home,” so the advertisement says, which turn out to be yesterday's *Telegraph* and a commercial guide. In France the provincial table d'hôte would be an agreeable diversion, offering fresh and often delicious surprises. In England the “meat tea” is the country town's chief resource. Or if in desperate mood, as we were at Redhill, you order dinner, you may be sure it will open with soles, continue with cutlets, and finish with good old English cheese, apt to be mouldy, and coffee certain to be undrinkable. And after dinner there is the time-table again. In the morning it is your privilege to pay a bill extravagant out of all proportion to your entertainment. And when, if you are cycling, you find, as we found at Redhill, that no one has bothered about your bicycles, but

left them to rust comfortably in the stable, and that everybody expects a tip, well—

But when the sun shines, and the country in the early morning is sweet and fresh and green after the rain, the cyclist forgets to grumble. Big white clouds and a swift wind were our fellow-travellers out of Redhill. And so too were the artillery, who, like us, had slept there. But we passed them at the top of the hill and made what speed we could to Bletchingly—the “vile rotten borough of Bletchingly,” it was to Cobbett—and Godstone, quite the most enchanting of all the little villages in England, making you think of Miss Mitford, though of course it was not her village; only you feel that it should have been, as you look at its broad green, where geese go cackling in a white line, and cows are grazing, and a few children playing, and, close to the quiet pool overshadowed by great trees, women perhaps, gossiping as they hang out their clothes to dry. Opposite is the old inn, gabled, low-windowed, timbered, and gay with a fresh coat of yellow paint and flowers at every window—the Clayton Arms—that stood there when the second Richard reigned in England, and the one great Elizabeth, and that must have been known to Evelyn, who rode to Godstone almost as often as to Albury. For it was the home of another branch of the family, and in the church “Sir John Evelyn and his lady lie on a very stately monument at length,” as Evelyn saw them one fine October morning two hundred years and more ago—the ride chronicled in his “Diary.”

Of the trouble that came upon me after Godstone, of my punctured tire, and the long delay in a repair-shop of Oxted—a delay that gave the artillery a chance to get ahead of us again—I shall say nothing. Why dwell on the short interval of misery, when the rest of the long morning has left memories only of great beauty—of sweeping green meadows and fast-flying clouds, of hedges scarlet with hips and haws, of hills long to climb and short to coast, of commons where men played golf with due solemnity, of gabled villages, of shady streams where ducks dived and paddled, of brown-carpeted pine woods. And just here I cannot help explaining again that we were following a definite route, but that a dozen others as delightful are at the service of the cyclist. From Reigate he may wheel



GODSTONE—THE CLAYTON ARMS.

to Tunbridge Wells, to Penshurst, to Canterbury, to the old deserted Cinque Ports, or to many another picturesque town and storied mansion of Kent.

But Rochester was the next important place on our circle, so that we avoided Sevenoaks to turn towards the woods about Ightham and Ightham Moat. The old house, standing some distance off the main road, is easier to miss than to find, but is worth any amount of trouble. It is one of the very few moated houses left in England; thickly crusted with age, weather-stained, towered and battlemented; beautiful, too, within, old tapestries, I believe, still covering the walls. It is none the less lovely because it is not lonely and sad and strange as the weary Mariana's. It commands no "level waste," no "glooming flats," but is well shut in by cheerful woods. And people live in the house, filling it with the stir and noise of every-day life. Doors would not be allowed to creak upon their hinges or mice to shriek unheeded in the mouldering wainscot. I have no doubt that there is a tennis-court somewhere in the garden, and that the summer day, "sloping toward his western bower," would see gay parties drinking tea under a broader shadow than Tennyson's solitary one. Far ever could have the poet known the fact that it is lived in.

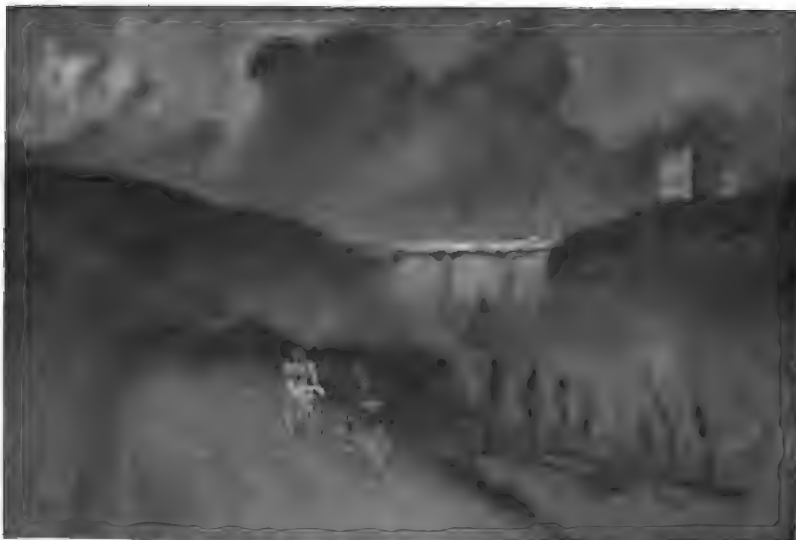
difficulty for the stranger. It is well not to trust to chance, but to leave London with letters of introduction in one's pocket, or some sort of credentials that will open the door.

The woods came to an end with the village of Ightham, where we lunched—on bacon and eggs, the national, the only dish to be had, on which we had already breakfasted—and there were charming byways to carry us across a parklike country, where wide meadows lay open to the sun, and sheep were at pasture, and here and there great elms threw rich blue shadows over the grass. You can no more complain of monotony in English landscape than in English weather. On this particular afternoon I should have cared for less variety really. For just when the beauty of the country had brought with it the perfect moment to which a cycling Faust would cry, "Stay! thou art so fair!" we wheeled from this idyllic land into a horrid, smoky, grimy manufacturing district, with long mean streets and tall smoky chimneys, hopeless in its sordidness; until presently, the houses left behind and the road mounting, we looked down to the sails that marked where, below, the Medway hurried to the sea, and at last, in front of us, white under a dramatically overcast sky, Rochester lifted up its

towers above the river-banks. I had never seen it from this point before, having come on my previous visit by way of Chaucer's and Dickens's road, so that I had not known there was such an impressive aspect to the old town, that seems when you are in it to have gone to sleep, and to have been left slumbering placidly between ugly commercial Strood and uglier military Chatham.

I was glad, when we had wheeled through Strood and over the bridge, that the great black clouds were still low enough to persuade us not to ride further, though it was barely four o'clock. We had not only passed through Rochester, but had slept there on our Canterbury Pilgrimage, and for me the sentiment of that journey, made the first summer we were in England, must ever linger about the town. I doubt if I can see it now just as it is, without the golden glamour of first impressions. And not only this; for every one the real Rochester was long since lost in the Dullborough, the Market Town, the Cloisterham, of Dickens, who is, as Mr. Henry James has said, for our own time at least, the spirit of the place, as, indeed, of all the Kentish country between London and Dover. I do not myself feel sure what he will be to younger generations not brought up on him as we have been; whether the critics of the future

will prove as severe as Mr. Lang on those "who cannot read Dickens"; as enthusiastic as Mr. Henley, to whom Dickens "is always an incarnation of generous and abounding gayety, a type of beneficent earnestness, a great expression of intellectual vigor and emotional vivacity." Perhaps I am doubtful because, to be honest, when it comes to re-reading him, I find my skipping talent of such enormous value. And yet I quite agree with Mr. Lang that we cannot think of our world without the men and women of Dickens. "Children of dreams as they are, they seem more essential than great statesmen, artists, soldiers, who have actually worn flesh and blood, ribbons and orders, gowns and uniforms." And nowhere out of London are so many brought together as in Rochester. To them the town belongs. Not to the shadowy Romans and Danes and Normans who made it; not to the other more substantial shades who haunt it!—Henry Esmond welcoming his unworthy king; Pepys the irrepressible kissing the pretty wife of the plain, silly shopkeeper; Hogarth off on his immortal jaunt; the great Dr. Johnson taking water to Billingsgate—these are not your companions through the dull little town. It is Pip, rather, who is at your side, or Edwin Drood, or Davy Copperfield, or the Seven Poor



"ROCHESTER LIFTED UP ITS TOWERS."

Travellers, or Mr. Pickwick and his friends. There is no getting rid of them if you wanted to. They follow your every turn, dog your every step. You go to the cathedral, perhaps, "small and plain"—that is, for an English cathedral—"hidden away in rather an awkward corner, without a verdant close to set it off." Immediately Jingle's voice is in your ear: "Old Cathedral too—earthy smell—pilgrims' feet worn away the old steps—little Saxon doors—confessionals like money-takers' boxes at theatres—queer customers those monks—Popes and Lord Treasurers, and all sorts of old fellows, with great red faces and broken noses, turning up every day—buff jerkins too—matchlocks—sarcophagus—fine place—old legends too—strange stories; capital." You wait for the service. It is only Jaspar you see in the white-robed procession, only Jaspar you hear singing the anthem. You try the Castle—the great, gray, ivy-draped ruin that presents so noble and barbarous a contrast to the neat little public garden enclosing it. Jingle again is your guide. "A fine place! Glorious pile—frowning walls—tottering arches—dark nooks—crumbling staircases." Or else you stumble upon the brave Mr. Winkle imploring Mr. Snodgrass not to balk him in the matter of the duel. If you lean over the walls of the garden to look to the esplanade below, it is not the girl in a straw hat struggling with a bicycle whom you see, not the big red-sailed barges that beyond are drifting with the tide, but only Edwin Drood and Rosa on their last walk together. If you turn back toward the town, everywhere it is the same; the old friends everywhere: Mrs. Crisparkle and "My Sept" in Minor Canon's Row, with its funny old-fashioned hooded doors and stained and ivied brick walls; Jaspar in each of the old cathedral gateways, so uncertain are you which was his. In the narrow High Street, that seemed a very



THE LEATHER BOTTLE INN, COBHAM.

Regent Street to the boy Dickens, they throng still closer about you. There is the old moon-faced clock the child thought must be the finest in the world; there the gabled Nuns' House, where Rosa and Helena went to school; there, opposite, Mr. Sapsea's dwelling, it too a marvel of gables and bow-windows and overhanging stories and carvings; there the famous lodging of the Six Travellers, now all scraped and cleaned into brand-new neatness, where even the tablet on the wall will not help you to remember that Richard Watts, not Dickens, was the creator of the charity that gives a night's shelter and supper and fourpence to the poor traveller who is neither rogue nor proctor. Go further, and a little way from the High Street in one direction, and you come to where Davy Copperfield spent the night under the cannon during his flight to Dover and Miss Betsy

Trotwood; in another, and you pass the beautiful old house where Pip played to please Miss Havisham, and Estella gave him her cheek to kiss. You may seek refuge from the crowd of persistent ghosts in the inn, and still they are at your heels. For in duty bound you put up at the Bull, which looks so attractive with its old portico and court-yard, just as it was when it sheltered the seventh "Poor Traveller," and Pip, the obsequious Pumblechook in his train, and smiling, spectacled Mr. Pickwick and his Club. With you they all mount the fine square stairway, hung from top to bottom with old paintings and engravings and rare lithographs; and if, as happened to us, presumably because we came on bicycles, you are led higher up than the rooms reserved for the Pickwickians, and are put

have taken their ease in it; because we still smell the lavender in Izaak Walton's honest ale-house. And of all the old inns which we have come to love in books, none is dearer than the Bull at Rochester. There beaming Mr. Pickwick ate the little dinner of "soles, broiled fowl, and mushrooms" ordered by Jingle; there the unfortunate Tupman went to the ball (the ball-room is still to be seen, and, for all I know, wakes occasionally to life); there the meeting between Slammer and Jingle took place on the great stairway; and at its foot a door to the right opens upon the scene of Mr. Winkle's interview with the fiery little doctor. You must admit it was a contrast to come down stairs to a dimly lit coffee-room, its long table covered with a dingy dirty cloth, at one end a commercial read-



CROSSING THE THAMES AT GRAVESEND.

at the back, where your window overlooks a wilderness of roofs, you have the consolation of knowing that you share the fate of Pip when he lost his Great Expectations. I wonder if he found any difference in his bill the next morning? Ours was so lavish, I tremble to think what we might have paid had we slept in a less modest room, and come without a Cyclists' Touring Club ticket, supposed to represent a comfortable discount. It may be that if the English inn is full of disappointment, it is only because we remember so well the good talk of all the men who

ing a Keynote novel over his "meat tea," in the corner a half-tipsy cyeler nodding and snoring over his whiskey and soda. And our steak—the other alternative offered had been a chop—was tough, and the potatoes were tasteless, and Izaak Walton seemed a humbug, and the French *patron* of the provincial hotel an angel, and I burned with a desire to write something that would show up the English inn in its true and dismal light. But now, as I look back, I see, not the commercial traveller, not the tipsy cyeler, not ourselves abusing our dinner, but



WALTHAM CROSS.

Mr. Pickwick. And I forget if I do not forgive.

Dickens was with us again the next morning: on the bridge, where the bad Trabbs boy pursued the transformed Pip with his gibes and jeers; in Strood, where the Uncommercial Traveller knew so well the sign of Crispin and Crispianus; and more than ever when we left the highway that goes by Gadshill, only that we might follow Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass through the lanes to Cobham. It was an exquisite morning, the sun shining, the air brisk, the smell of the earth—after the night's rain—sweet in our nostrils. And our way lay through the woods and park of Cobham Hall. Has not Dickens described their loveliness, which was not less in the early September sunshine than on the pleasant afternoon in June when the party of friends sauntered through the "deep and shady wood, cooled by the light wind which gently rustled the light foliage, and enlivened by the songs of the birds that perched upon the boughs; the ivy and the moss crept in thick clusters over the old trees, and the soft green turf overspread the ground like a silken mat. They emerged upon an open park with an ancient hall, displaying the quaint and picturesque architecture of Elizabeth's time. Long vistas of stately oaks and elms appeared on every side; large herds

of deer were cropping the fresh grass; and occasionally a startled hare scoured along the ground with the speed of the shadows thrown by the light clouds, which swept across a sunny landscape like a passing breath of summer." It is all as Mr. Pickwick saw it. Another Earl of Darnley has died; a new one has succeeded. But house and park and woods are unchanged. A very little further on is the village of Cobham. "Really," said Mr. Pickwick, as he sauntered into it—"really, for a misanthrope's choice, this is one of the prettiest and most desirable places of residence I ever met with." And it is as pretty to-day, with its solitary windmill, its old street, its church full of the famous brasses of the Brookes and Cobhams, "its clean and commodious village ale-house," that swings a Leather Bottle over its door, and has preserved unaltered the long, low-roofed room, "furnished with a large number of high-backed, leather-cushioned chairs of fantastic shapes, and embellished with a great variety of old portraits and roughly colored prints of some antiquity"—the room where Mr. Tupman healed his wounded heart with roast fowl, bacon, and ale: an excellent prescription. There was a fire in the inn not many years ago, but fortunately this room escaped, and, I fancy, nothing has been added since Dickens knew it, except the less ancient engravings and

drawings. Prints that illustrated his books now hang on the panelled walls—originals too, and photographs of this place and that, and of many Dickens celebrities. It was so early that the barmaid apologized, as she showed me in, for the confusion made by the daily cleaning. But I liked it better in its disorder than if it had been arranged for the tourist or the tippler. Why, as it was, I could have imagined these to be Mr. Tupman's crumbs that were being swept away.

From Cobham we got quickly to Gravesend, our feet on the rests most of the time; for whatever gradient there was, as well as whatever wind, went with us. And at Gravesend there was a ferry to take us across the Thames to Tilbury, the dreary seaport, so bare and ugly in its present commercial aspect, and so splendidly romantic in its memories of Armada days. We were now in Essex, and by the time we had wheeled through Grays, and South Ockenden, and North Ockenden, and Horn Church (the cow's head overlooking the East End, the fantastic explanation of the name), and Romford, a big, bustling, unattractive town, where we lunched, Dickens had overtaken us once more. Enthusiasts sometimes set out deliberately to travel through Dickens's land; but the truth is you seldom wander in London and its neighborhood without finding yourself on much the same pilgrimage. Only a few miles of meadow and heath, called by courtesy Hainault Forest, lie between Romford and Chigwell, and at Chigwell we were in the world of Barnaby Rudge—though to all Pennsylvanians the village should be more renowned for the grammar-school where William Penn began his education, and where, as he has recorded, "the Lord first appeared to him." It was raining, and in the wet grayness the place seemed uninteresting, with nothing to notice one way or the other save the perplexing meeting of four roads, that caused us to dismount in the mud and consult our map. But at the best of times the one thing the Dickens lover would like to see at Chigwell has disappeared. The Maypole has gone—"the old building with more gable ends than a lazy man would care to count on a sunny day." In Epping Forest, however—and we were well in it, trees shutting us in on every side—you can go over the roads where Barnaby wandered with his raven; whence Lord

George Gordon rode straight to London and his own mad fate; where Dolly Varden was rescued by Joe Willett on that festive Saturday afternoon; where the mob poured from the city to wreck the Maypole and frighten John Willett into idiocy, all in the name of religion. Did the No-Popery Riots ever extend as far as Chigwell? Who would ask? Who would look in dull history books to make sure? Is it not enough that Dickens has said so?

Epping Forest has a cockney reputation. It is one of the play-grounds into which London empties itself on every holiday, more particularly East London. Perhaps, as Mr. Morrison, who is an authority, thinks, it is not quite so attractive at any time as Wanstead Flats on Whit-Monday. But then it does not limit its resources to a single day, though it has its special seasons—its Easter festival, for instance, when, I believe, boats still sail on wheels from Whitechapel to Fairlop, where, alas! no longer is that great oak which, throughout many centuries, everybody, led by royalty, came to see. But at all other times and in all other parts it is a favorite resort of 'Arry and 'Arriet—a place for donkey-races and cocoanut-shies and swings and merry-go-rounds, so that too often its beauty is not seen because of the people. And yet it is only less beautiful than Fontainebleau or Sherwood, with occasional solitudes as wild as the woods of Broceliande, and trees almost as huge and old as that beneath which the wily Vivien lay at Merlin's feet; among them, it is said, Tennyson's "Talking Oak,"

the fairest-spoken tree
From here to Lizard Point.

And is it not also said that in Epping Forest Tennyson found inspiration for his "Locksley Hall"?

We left the Forest for Waltham Abbey, a town which is a trifle too near London, aggressively suburban, though not without picturesqueness. For the abbey survives as something more than a name; there is an old broken gateway, and an old bridge, and a church dating back, if not quite to the Saxon founder, to his immediate successors, as the early Norman piers and arches testify, and not altogether ruined in its restored condition, as are so many other old churches, but even made beautiful by the stained glass of the modern pre-Raphaelite. A



ON THE LEA, AT WARE.

mile from the abbey, in front of an ancient inn that sets up the Four Swans of its name upon a triumphant sign over the street, is Waltham Cross—"one of the crosses which Edward I. caused to be built for his wife at every town where her corpse rested between Northamptonshire and London," Charles Lamb wrote to Bernard Barton the hot August day when he had strolled from Enfield over to Waltham Cross and had "hit off" a few lines about it. The abbey is in Essex; but at the cross already you are in Hertfordshire, the county of all others dear to Elia: as "heartly, homely, loving Hertfordshire" it figures in his essays; as "pleasant Hertfordshire" in the first sonnet he sent Coleridge for that volume of their verse to which Charles Lloyd was third contributor. He had known it well as a child, more than one holiday sending him to Blakesware, where his grandmother lived. It was natural, later on, that he and Mary Lamb, off for their little outings, should seek the country where they were most at home. "I have but just got your letter," he wrote to Southey in the autumn of 1799, "being returned from Herts, where I have passed a few red-letter days with much pleasure"—red-letter days that everybody has since passed with him in that beautiful paper on "Mackery End." It was many years afterwards that he wrote of his "sundry

little trips from Islington to Ware, Watford, etc., to try how the trout tasted, for a night out or so." But it was always to the first excursions that his thoughts wandered back most kindly.

"Do you remember, Bridget," Elia says in one of the last essays—the one on "Old China"—"do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holiday—holidays and all other fun are gone now we are rich—and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savory cold lamb and salad—and how you would pry about at noontide for some decent house where we might go in and produce our store, only paying for the ale that you must call for, and speculate upon the looks of the landlady and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth—and wish for such another hostess as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a-fishing—and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall?"

That all about here was the haunt of Izaak Walton was another and not the least charm in the eyes of Lamb. He always loved Walton, the praise of the Com-

pleat Angler filling many of his letters. It was between Ware and Waltham, by the banks of the Lea, that Piscator and his scholar and their friends Peter and Coridon walked and talked and fished.

"You are well overtaken, gentlemen," says Piscator, on the first day of all; "a good-morning to you both! I have stretched my legs up Tottenham Hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine fresh May morning."

Hoddesdon with the Thatched House, and Amwell Hill, are all close by. Indeed, from Waltham, follow the "sedgy Lea" instead of the road, and you must come to the very meadows, in May checkered with water-lilies and lady-smocks, where he passed with line and basket; you too may loiter on the primrose bank, where he sat

grew old and began to feel that rest was to be had better out of London, all his longings carried him to Hertfordshire. "I dare not," he wrote to Wordsworth in the early spring of 1822—"I dare not whisper to myself a pension on this side of absolute incapacitation and infirmity till years have sucked me dry. *Otium cum indignitate*. I had thought in a green old age (O green thought) to have retired to Ponder's End (emblematic name how beautiful!) in the Ware Road, there to have made up my accounts with Heaven and the Company, toddling about it between Cheshunt, anon stretching, on some fine Izaak Walton morning, to Hoddesdon or Amwell, careless as a beggar; but walking, walking ever, till I fairly walked myself off my legs—dying walking!" When the release came, not



HATFIELD.

looking down upon those meadows, and thinking of them, as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, "that they were too pleasant to be looked upon but only on holy days." Here is the honey-suckle hedge where he rested to watch the beggars and gypsies and listen to the song, "Bright shines the sun"; and there, the field where the Milkmaid and her mother sang their "old-fashioned poetry."

Another attraction for Lamb was that Lloyd "the metaphysician" lived at Ware, and that Manning, a later but no less dear friend, often staid there. As he

so very long afterward, Enfield was the place he chose; if not actually in Hertfordshire, near enough for all talk to be "of corn and cattle and Waltham markets," as he wrote to Proctor. And then came the years when his chief business was to tramp through the country in all weathers, not only on Izaak Walton mornings, but when the February sky was delusive, the wet ground intolerable, full of quagmires from the night's showers, when, though he was cold-footed and moisture-abhorring as a cat, he could still tramp it to Waltham Cross. Sometimes

he was alone; often Emma Isola was with him. "We have had such a delightful walk to Waltham this morning," she wrote to her friend Maria Fryer one summer day of 1833, "and rested ourselves with biscuits and ginger beer (not so vulgar as you are), and then visited the Abbey."

But, alone or in company, never did he walk so far and so hard as when he had left at home poor Mary Lamb in one of her intervals of madness. It was then the tragically comic little figure, with the beautiful face and smile, was seen most constantly in the lanes and field paths of his "loving Hertfordshire." Do you remember the bitterness of the cry that escaped him once in a letter to Bernard Barton: "What I can do, and do overdo, is to walk; but deadly long are the days, these summer all-day days, with but a half-hour's candle-light and no firelight." Poor Lamb! London may stretch, as it threatens, all across his fields—fresher, as Mr. Pater says, and farther from town, when he knew them—but he will even then need no crosses by the way to keep his memory green!

For the cyclist, the ten miles from Waltham to Ware are mostly ugly suburb. We were almost in Ware before we came out upon the river Lea, which we would call a creek at home, and crossed the bridge into the street where John Gilpin made his sensational entry.

I think something of the Izaak Walton tradition lingers here. The inn was the pleasantest and friendliest to which our ride brought us. It had not the resources of the Thatched House or Theobald's. There was no trout. Indeed, the larder was as empty as the English landlord delights to keep it, and our modest chops had to be fetched from the nearest butcher's. But if we might have expected better meat, we could not have had better usage in any place, and elsewhere we had been treated too churlishly to prove



ST. ALBANS ABBEY.

indifferent here to pleasant smiles and kindly words. As for the town, the scene of Gilpin's exploit, I was glad to find it had not lost its countrified air—that it had not borrowed the stir and bustle of Waltham.

However, we did not see much more of it than Gilpin, and I doubt, now that the famous Bed of Ware has been taken from it, if there is anything to see except the little tea and summer houses on the banks of the Lea, where, like Dutch burghers, the rich brewers seem to pass quiet afternoons. We were off early the next morning. Hertford, but four miles away, we reached in time to see the little Blue Coat boys at play in their school-yard. Lamb never came to the country school, to be sure, but then he too wore the same orange stockings, the same little bands, the same long blue skirts; he too went hatless. We were well out of the suburbs

again, in as peaceful and unspoiled a country as if all England lay between us and town. We left the main road, as we always do when we can, for lanes that ran up and down gentle make-believe hills, past pretty villages and big white inns, between woodland and meadows, until we were skirting the endless brick walls of Hatfield. As I did not go through the beautiful great iron gates on that gay September morning, I do not mean to now in print. I have not space to tell the story of the house here, any more than I had time then to visit its

above the gables; or, half seen between the trees, crowning the shady fields that slope gently from its southern side. The name alone of St. Albans suggests Bacon, whose tomb is in St. Michael's Church. Cowper spent his days of madness in the town, and Savage his school-days. Bleak House stood close by; and Mr. Jarndyce and Leigh-Hunt-Skimpole have sauntered, or hurried, to and fro on the quiet roads that lead in and out of the town. And along the same roads and lanes Bill Sykes went skulking and hiding on that awful night after the murder.



STOKE POGIS CHURCH.

treasures—to cross the threshold would be to plunge deep into history. There is no more beautiful place in England, none where more wonderful and strange and memorable things have happened.

On, then, we rode through the village, which, in my experience, is the most squalid and forlorn in Hertfordshire; on through the fragrant lanes—the same, no doubt, Elia and Bridget, the little basket on her arm, followed on their happy rambles. Before long we had come to St. Albans, where the old abbey, clean and neat and new, is a worse ruin than if its stones lay in a broken heap; fine only from a distance; at a street's end soaring high

Indeed, there is no end of ghostly company to travel with you, if you choose, to Watford, a crowded, unsightly suburb. On its other side we could think of nothing but the infamously muddy roads, and the treachery of a lane that ended abruptly at a fence, and, as one is never willing to turn back in cycling, sent us and our bicycles over a stile, across two or three fields, through a farm-yard, before we could get back to the highway again. Then we found ourselves in Pinner, almost in front of a friend's house. There was no going by the door without knocking; and we knocked to such good purpose that the rest of the afternoon



BURNHAM BEECHES.

was spent in the gardens and lanes of Pinner, and evening saw us in a train bound for London, though a big gap was still to be filled in our circle.

I have written this to explain the unexpected vagaries in our riding that were the result. We could not continue our journey until a week later, when the very worst wind of that windy season would have blown right in our faces had we ridden westward from Pinner. And so we took the train instead to Windsor, where, without stopping to look at the Castle, "bosom'd high in tufted trees," or at Eton, with its antique towers and pinacles, we set out by way of Slough for Stoke Pogis.

Who has not been to Stoke Pogis? What right-minded American, once as far as London on the great tour, would go home without having paid his tribute to the churchyard of the "Elegy." Every one has made the journey to the picturesque church with the wooden spire, which Mr. Gosse thinks so like its rustic copy in a park on the stage that "the traveller almost expects to see the graceful peasantry of an opera, cheerfully habited, make their appearance dancing on the greensward." Every one knows the tombs of the Gray family in the graveyard, the brasses of the Penns in the church, Gray's memorial urn in the field beyond; every one has looked at the stately eighteenth-century classic façade of the

Penn mansion, or at what is left of the older manor-house. The place is as hackneyed as the poem, as chock-full of quotation, and, like the poem, it is none the less perfect for its popularity. Besides, on this windy October morning there were no signs of the tourist. It was all as quiet and silent as on that other October morning, almost one hundred and fifty years ago, when Gray came from Cambridge to visit one of his aunts lying sick of a palsy, and found everything "resounding with the wood-lark and robin, and the voice of the sparrow heard in the land"; as quiet as when he—the "wicked imp they call a poet," as the Rev. Mr. Robert Pult described him—to the great house "went as if the devil drove him," to acknowledge the compliment Lady Cobham and Lady Schaub had paid him by their sudden descent upon West End House, and to begin his long, placid flirtation with Miss Speed.

Through all the lanes, along all the by-paths, hereabouts you may wander, with the pleasant thought that there in his day Gray wandered before you. He knew the country thoroughly. There were years when he lived at the West End House; all his life he kept coming backwards and forwards, until the August day when Brown and one or two of his few relatives laid the dead poet in the vault at the side of "Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful tender mother of many children,"

whom, as the epitaph adds, he had the misfortune to survive. Besides, Eton, his school, is only a few miles away; nearer is Burnham, where many of his holidays were spent with an uncle.

We went on to Burnham, that we might see the Beeches, the monumental trees, as wonderful and beautiful now as when Gray knew and loved them, and far more twisted and riven and fantastically distorted by time. He might be too lazy to go over to Eton, he wrote to Horace Walpole one Long Vacation when he had come from Cambridge; but his escape from his uncle and his uncle's horses and dogs and hunting, his "comfort amidst all this is that I have, at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices—mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliff, but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do

trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do."

The leafy lanes brought us next to Beaconsfield, a village that was the home for a while of Waller and of Burke, and that gave its name to Disraeli. It has the distinction and dignity of appearance that befit its history. Old red-brick mansions line its wide main street; the church stands close to the green, where rustic wooden seats encircle trees as old, I fancy, as Burnham Beeches. And, not the smallest recommendation, in the least pretentious of the two inns that face each other across the street's ample width we were received with open arms—smiles from the landlord, smiles from the fat landlady, smiles from the cheerful maid. If innkeepers only knew what a fine flavor the sauce of cordiality can lend to their cold joint and cheese!

Scarce an hour for lunch, and we were riding on again, the lanes growing leafier

and lonelier with every mile. At the leafiest and loneliest point was Jordans, the seventeenth-century meeting-house and peaceful graveyard where William Penn, both his wives, and their children, Thomas Ellwood, and the Penningtons, lie buried. Great elms form a high green square about this quiet field of the dead, and the low mounds and cluster of plain gravestones are almost hidden in the long grass. The meeting-house is whitewashed within, and the high panel-

ling about the walls, the benches, and galleries are all of unpainted, unvarnished wood. Nothing could be simpler. There is the same feeling of repose about the place that one remembers in the meeting-houses standing behind high walls here and there in Old Philadelphia. But the grandest, the most flamboyant tomb or statue in Westminster could not be as im-



BEACONSFIELD.

may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds. At the foot of one of these squats ME (*il penseroso*), and there I grow to the

pressive as this group of unsculptured gravestones: the work the early Friends did was the monument they raised to themselves. Nor could the mediæval painter give to his "campo santo" a more noble solemnity than that which reigns over the forgotten field enclosed within its rampart of elms. As a good Philadelphian, I am glad that the scheme to remove Penn's body to the town he founded, long since fell through. He belongs here in this tranquil corner of Buckinghamshire, where he came in his youth to pray, and, all unconsciously, strengthen himself for one of the mightiest tasks it has been given to a man to accomplish. Few heroes have been so ill-recognized as he. But those who love the early Quakers, who have read the story of their struggles, who have followed them to Pennsylvania—the first State truly governed by the people for the people—know that William Penn, far more than Heine, has a right to be remembered as a brave warrior in the war of freedom for mankind. In his case the inscription Heine begged for on his tomb is not needed. The silent stone is far more eloquent. Nowhere is Penn's greatness felt so fully as at Jordans, where least effort is made to recall it. Shrink as one may from a show of emotion, from the taint of cheap tourist's sentiment, one cannot resist the spell of his last resting-place. Certainly I, lingering there in the afternoon sunshine, could not but be touched by its sweet and solemn seriousness, until the desire grew strong within me to offer my modest homage to the great man, who from his fellows, for whom he did so much, received little but ingratitude during his life, little but calumny after death.

One does not part from the company of Friends when finally one leaves Jordans. Not more than a couple of miles further is Chalfont St. Giles, where Milton's cottage still turns a gable to the street. Most people when they come to it think only

of Milton and forget the studious Quaker without whom Milton might never have had his home in Chalfont. Ellwood has told the story himself, in a book not half well enough remembered. Recommended by another Friend, Isaac Pennington, he had been received "courteously" by Milton in his London home, and had



WILLIAM PENN'S GRAVE, JORDANS.

gone to him regularly "every day in the afternoon (except on the first day of the week), and sitting by him in his dining-room, read to him such books, in the Latin tongue, as he pleased to hear me read." A friendship had thus been formed between master and student, and it was Ellwood whom Milton later asked to find him a refuge from the plague. "I took," writes Ellwood, "a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited on him and seen him well settled in it." But at this juncture Ellwood, with Isaac Pennington, was thrown into Aylesbury Jail. To Milton, now forever blind, his eye no longer to catch new pleasure in the landscape, it mattered little that the country about Chalfont was very like that which he had known during his happy years of study and preparation at Horton. But here too are the hedge-row elms and hillocks green, the

Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;

here the

Meadows trim, with daisies pied—

here, in a word, all the beautiful land of "L'Allegro," so that but for facts and dates one would think that the poem must have been written in the cottage. However, within its humble walls other great work was done. Ellwood, once free and returned to Chalfont St. Peter, where he was tutor to the Penningtons, called

pence. What would you have? Hero-worship is not to be cultivated on sentiment alone.

Chalfont St. Peter, where the Penningtons lived, where Ellwood watched Guli Springett grow in grace and beauty, where William Penn came to court her, is about a couple of miles further on.



MILTON'S COTTAGE, CHALFONT.

to see his master. Milton gave him the manuscript of "Paradise Lost," and bade him read it at his leisure. When Ellwood brought it back, Milton asked him how he liked it and what he thought of it, "which," Ellwood says, "I modestly but freely told him; and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost; but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then broke off that discourse, and fell upon another subject." Afterwards, when Ellwood waited on Milton in London, "Milton," he says, "showed me his second poem, called 'Paradise Regained,' and in a pleasant tone said to me, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'"

This is the story of the "pretty box" with timbered walls and gabled ends, and garden full of flowers, which, by a conspicuous sign, invites you to enter for six-

Their house has all but disappeared, is barely recognizable. But the village is one of the most old-fashioned in the vicinity of London. A little river flows cheerfully and unchecked across the main street or highroad, and is spanned only by a foot-bridge. Horses and carts splash as best they can through the stream where it is overlooked by a big red-brick inn of coaching days. It is so like what Kate Greenaway and Randolph Caldicott villages try to be that I was not surprised to find three or four photographers photographing it as hard as ever they could.

From Chalfont St. Peter we ought, as you can see by consulting a map, to have kept on to Pinner—perhaps for sentiment's sake through Rickmansworth, where Penn lived after his marriage. But the wind insisted upon another route, driving us to the Bath Road, and then, over its good surface, through Hounslow—a pompous eighteenth-century town—through Hanwell, and Acton, and Shepherd's Bush, among 'buses and hansoms

and carts and all the alarming London traffic, at such a fine pace that we reached Charing Cross in less than an hour and a half after we had pushed our bicycles over the foot-bridge at Chalfont.

If you will trouble once more to glance at the map, you will find that we had but to ride from Windsor to Guildford to add the final green link to our circle about London. The wind, our tyrant from the start, insisted that we should finish the journey, like a snail, backward. This was how it happened that the morning of the last day saw us on the road from Guildford to Aldershot, the home of Tommy Atkins. An endless dreary suburb climbing up a hill, at the top big barracks and parade-grounds, a breezy common beyond, thin red and white and black lines of 'eroes to every side, a tumultuous cloud-swept sky—such was Aldershot as we saw it. And just as we were riding away it was stirred to new spectacular splendor; there was a sound of bugles, from a dip in the common a sudden gleam of sabres, and a regiment of Royal Artillery, the officers gorgeous with gold, rode and rumbled past the equestrian statue of Wellington, set on its

pedestal at the edge of the plain. Compared with most European soldiers, Tommy Atkins keeps so well out of sight when at home that one forgets what a very swagger, very impressive show he can make in his country's service.

The noise and color of Aldershot gave place to the silence of pine woods, the quiet of Farnborough, where French imperial hopes lie buried, the irreproachable decorum of villas enclosed in spacious gardens. The cyclers we met wore elegant costumes, in keeping with the villas, and rode with slow stateliness. The chill cast by the court's shadow was in the atmosphere. It was almost indiscreet to recall Dick Turpin in Bagshot; quite inevitable to pay for meagre fare at Virginia Water the price of a good luncheon at the Hotel Cecil or the Savoy. For now we were on the very threshold of Windsor. Like Hatfield, Windsor Castle is far too big a subject to be disposed of in a couple of paragraphs. But this much I must say, its beauty is fully revealed only to those who approach it, as we did, through the Great Park. Nothing could be lovelier than the broad sweep of the grassy slopes, the long glades with their



WINDSOR FROM THE GREAT PARK.

soft blurred distances, the old majestic trees, the purple shadows, the shifting lights, the mysterious haze hanging over it all like a veil. It is a place for fairies and spirits. By moonlight one would not have to be a Falstaff to believe in them. One begins to forgive Pope's grandiloquence, to understand how, in the midst of such Arcadian scenes, Queen Anne could seem to him no less bright a goddess and chaste a queen than Diana; though it is true that to more honest eyes—those of Henry Esmond—she appeared

the horizon, and above rose height upon height of white crenellated cloud, as in the conventional landscape of an old master. Thus, in his pilgrimage, you fancy Christian must first have seen his House Beautiful.

This was the last, as it was the noblest, of the many way-side pictures along our route. In the streets of Windsor our circle was made complete, our journey was at an end. But not our riding. We wheeled back to town by the river, where it flows round Magna Charta Island,



THE GATEWAY OF HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

on the same slopes as a mere "hot, red-faced woman, not in the least resembling that statue of her which turns its stone back upon St. Paul's and faces the coaches struggling up Ludgate Hill." The loveliness of the Park becomes dramatic when the woodland to your right falls away, to show beyond, high upon its hill, the Castle, with all its towers and walls and battlements and "pompous turrets"—Pope's "Windsor domes," however, I am afraid, are a poetic license. It was shining white in the sunlight as we saw it, while the country below lay in deep shadow; behind, vague blue ridges stretched across

through Staines, over the long monotonous stretch of bumpy road to Hampton Wick, to Hampton Court, where we kept without the princely gateway that is so imposingly guarded by the lion and the unicorn. The Palace is another house that has played too royal a part in history for dismissal in a ten minutes' visit or a line of description. Through Bushey Park we went with the brakes and 'buses; through unknown suburbs with the Windsor coach; a few minutes more, and we had exchanged the country's peace and perfume for the roar and smoke of London.

THE COMING OF THE MUSE.

BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

THE shy Muse, rarely seen, at times
Floats down but will not stay,
But hides her unembodied rhymes
Far, far away.

From out the blank unpeopled page
There shines no vision fair,
And on the poet's noble rage
Broods cold despair.

In vain to toil, in vain to strive,
Efforts and vows are naught;
No favoring impulse comes to drive
The lagging thought.

Then sudden, 'mid the darkling chill,
Dead hope, and strivings vain,
A ghostly radiance seems to fill
His heart and brain.

Far off and thin, translucent, white,
His straining eyeballs trace,
Half-hidden, a phantom of delight,
A sweet veiled face.

And straight, 'tis Life, 'tis Youth, 'tis Spring
That comes his toil to cheer;
Blithe Fancy spreads a joyous wing,
"The Muse is here!"

O'er foam-flowered wave, o'er snow-clad hill
She floats, or vernal grove;
His happy eyes warm tear-drops fill
Of Faith and Love.

Now from the Sunset beckons she,
Now from the Dawn's clear rose,
And sadly now, now joyously
Sings as she goes;

Now through the thick life-laden air
Along the city street
Fleeting she draws divinely fair
His faithful feet;

Now by the Palace, now the Jail;
Lives gilded, lives undone,
Lives laughter-lit, or those that wail,
She hovers on;

And with her takes the poet's mind
And heart and soul and will;
Where'er she leads, a wandering wind,
He follows, follows still!

THE GREAT MEDICINE-HORSE.
AN INDIAN MYTH OF THE THUNDER.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

"**I**TSONEORRATSEAHOO," or Paint, as the white men called him, had the story, and had agreed to tell it to me. His tepee was not far, so "Sun-

Down La Flare" said he would go down and interpret.

Sun-Down was cross-bred, red and white, so he never got mentally in sympathy with either strain of his progenitors. He knew about half as much concerning Indians as they did themselves,

while his knowledge of white men was in the same proportion. I felt little confidence that I should get Paint's mysterious musings transferred to my head without an undue proportion of dregs filtered in from Sun-Down's lack of appreciation. While the latter had his special interest for me, the problem in this case was how to eliminate "Sun-Down" from "Paint." So much for interpreters.

We trudged on through the soft gray-blues of the moonlight, while drawing near to some tepees grouped in the creek bottom. The dogs came yelling; but a charge of Indian dogs always splits before an enemy which does not recoil, and recovers itself in their rear. There they may become dangerous. Sun-Down lifted the little tepee flap, and I crawled through. A little fire of five or six split sticks burned brightly in the centre, illuminating old Paint as he lay back on his resting-mat. He grunted, but did not move; he was smoking. We shook hands, and Sun-Down made our peace-offering to the squaw, who sat at her beading. We reclined about the tepee and rolled cigarettes. There is a solemnity about the social intercourse of old Indian warriors which reminds me of a stroll through a winter forest. Every one knows by this how the interior of an Indian tepee looks, though every one cannot necessarily know how it feels; but most people who have wandered

much have met with fleas. Talk came slow; but that is the Indian of it: they think more than they talk. Sun-Down explained something at length to Paint, and back came the heavy guttural clicking of the old warrior's words, accompanied by much subtle sign language.

"He sais he will tell you 'bout de horse. Now you got for keep still and wait; he'll talk a heap, but you'll get de story eef you don' get uneasy."

"Now, Sun-Down, remember to tell me just what Paint says. I don't care what you think Paint means," I admonished.

"I step right in hees tracks."

Paint loaded his long red sandstone pipe with the utmost deliberation, sat up on his back-rest, and puffed with an exhaust like a small stationary engine. The squaw put two more sticks on the fire, which spitted and fluttered, lighting up the broad brown face of the old Indian, while it put a dot of light in his fierce little left eye. He spoke slowly, with clicking and harsh gutturals, as though he had an ounce of quicksilver in his mouth which he did not want to swallow. After a time Sun-Down raised his hand to enjoin silence.

"He sais dat God—not God, but dat is bess word I know for white man; I have been school, and I know what he want for say ees what you say medicin', but dat ees not right. What he want for say ees de ding what direct heem un hees people what is best for do; et ees de speret what tell de ole men who can see best when dey sleep. Well—anyhow, it was long, long time ago, when hees fader was young man, and 'twas hees fader's fader what it all happened to. The Absarokees deened't have ponies 'nough—de horses ware new in de country—dey used for get 'em out of a lac,* 'way off somewhere—dey come out of de water, and dese Enjun† lay in the bulrush for rope 'em, but dey couldn't get 'nough; besides, de Enjun from up north she use steal 'em from Absarokee. Well—anyhow, de medicin' tole hees fader's fader dat he would get plenty horses eef he go 'way south. So small party went 'long wid heem—dey was on foot—dey was

* Lake.

† Indian.

"HE JUMP FROM HIS PONY TO DEER RED HORSE."



travel for long time, keepin' in de foot-hill. Dey was use for travel nights un lay by daytime, 'cept when dey was hunt for de grub. De country was full up wid deir enemies, but de medicin' hit was strong, and de luck was wid 'em. De medicin' hit keep tellin' 'em for go 'long—go on—on—on—keep goin' long, long time. He's been tellin' me de names of revers dey cross, but you wouldn't know dem plass by what he call 'em. Dey keep spyin' camps, but de medicin' he keep tellin' 'em for go on, go on, un not bodder dem camp, un so dey keep goin'."

Here Sun-Down motioned Paint, and he started his strange high-pitched voice—winking and moving his hands at Sun-Down, who was rolling a cigarette, though keeping his eyes on the old Indian. Presently the talking ceased.

"He sais—dey went on—what he is tryin' for say ees dey went on so far hit was heap hot, un de Enjun dey was deef-erent from what dees Enjun is. He's tryin' for to get so far off dat I don't know for tell you how far he ees."

"Never mind, Sun-Down; you stick to Paint's story," I demanded.

"Well—anyhow—he's got dees outfit hell of a long way from home, un dey met up wid a camp un heap of pony. He was try tell how many pony—like de buffalo use be—more pony dan you see ober, by Gar. Den de medicin' say dey was for tac dose pony eef dey can. Well, den de outfit lay roun' camp wid de wolf-skin on—de white wolf. De Enjun he do jus' same as wolf, un fool de oder Enjun, you see; well, den come one night dey got de herds whar dey wanted 'em, un cut out all dey could drive. Et was terrible big bunch, 'cording as Paint say. Dey drive 'em all night un all nex' day, wid de horse-guides ahead, un de oders behin', floppin' de wolf-robe, un Paint say de grass will nevar grow where dey pass 'long; but I dink, by Gar, Paint ees talk t'ro' hees hat."

"Never mind—I don't want you to think—you just freeze to old Paint's talk, Mr. Sun-Down," I interlarded.

"Well, den—damn 'em, after dey had spoil de grass for 'bout night un day de people what dey had stole from come a-runnin'. Et was hard for drive such beeg bunch fas'—dey ought for have tac whole outfit un put 'em foot; but Paint say—un he's been horse-tief too hisself,

by Gar—he say dey natu'll'y couldn't; but I say—"

"Never mind what you say."

"Well, anyhow, I say—"

"Never mind, Sun-Down!"

"Well, ole Paint he say same t'ing. De oder fellers kim up wid 'em, so just natu'll'y dey went fightin'; but dey had extra horses, un de oder fellers dey didn't, 'cep' what was fall out of bunch, dem bein' slow horses, un horses what was no 'count, noway. Dey went runnin' un fightin' 'way in de night; but de herd split on 'em, un hees fader's fader went wid one bunch, un de oder fellers went wid de 'split,' which no one neber heard of no more. De men what had loss de horses all went after de oder bunch. Hees fader's fader rode all dat night, all nex' day, un den stopped for res'. Dar was only 'bout ten men for look after de herd, which was more horses dan you kin see een dees valley to-day; what ees more horses dan ten men kin wrangle, 'cordin' to me."

"Never mind, Sun-Down."

"Let 'er roll, Paint," said La Flare, beginning a new cigarette.

"He sais," interrupted Sun-Down, "dey was go 'long slowly, slowly—goin' toward de villages—when one day dey was jump by Cheyenne. Dey went runnin' and fightin' till come night, un couldn't drive de herd rightly. Dey loss heap of horses, but as dey come onto divide, dey saw camp right in front of dem. It was 'mos' night, so four or five of hees fader's fader's men dey cut out a beeg bunch, un split hit off down a coulie. De Enjun foller de oder bunch, which ram right eento de village, whar de 'hole outfit went for fight lac hell. Paint's fader's fader she saw dees as she rode ober de hill. Dey was loss heap of men dat day by bein' kill un by run eento dose camp—lesewise none of dem ever show up no more. Well, den, Paint say dey was keep travellin' on up dees way—hit was tac heem d—long story for geet hees fader's fader's outfit back here, wheech ees hall right, seein' he got 'em so far 'way for begin wid."

Then Paint continued his story:

"He sais de Sioux struck 'em one day, un dey was have hell of a fight—runnin' deir pony, shootin' deir arrow. One man he was try mount fresh horse, she stan' steel un buck, buck, buck, un dees man he was not able for geet on; de Sioux dey

come run, run, un dey kiell* heem. You see, when one man he catch fresh horse, he alway' stab hees played-out horse, 'cause he do not want eet for fall eento hand of de Enjun follerin'. Den White Bull's horse she run slow; he 'quirt' heem, but eet was do no good—ze horse was done; de Sioux dey was shoot de horse, un no one know whatever becom' of heem, but I dink he was kiell all right 'nough. Den 'noder man's horse she was stick hees foot in dog-hole, un de Sioux dey shoot las' man 'cept hees fader's fader. Den he was notice a beeg red horse what had alway' led de horse ban' since dey was stole. Dese Enjun had try for rope dees horse plenty times, but dey was never been able, but hees fader's fader was ride up to de head of de ban' un jus' happen for rope de red horse. He jump from hees pony to dees red horse jus' as Sioux was 'bout to run heem down. De big red horse was run—run lact hell—ah! He was run, by Gar, un de Sioux dey was— aah!—de Sioux dey couldn't run wid de big red horse nohow.

"He was gone now half-year, un he deed not know where he find hees people. He was see coyote runnin' 'head, un he was say 'good medicin'.' He foller after leetle wolf—he was find two buffalo what was kiell by lightnin', what show coyote was good medicin'. He was give coyote some meat, un nex' day he was run on some Absarokee, who was tell him whar hees people was, wheech was show how good de coyote was. When he got camp de Enjun was terrible broke up, un dey had nevar before see red horse. All of deir horses was black, gray, spotted, roan, but none of dem was red—so dees horse was tac to de big medicin' in de medicin'-lodge, un he was paint up. He got be strong wid Absarokee, un hees fader's fader was loss horse because he was keep in medicin'-tepee, un look after by big medicin'-chiefs. Dey was give out eef he was loss eet would be bad, bad for Absarokee, un dey was watch out mighty close—by Gar, dey was watch all time dees red horse. When he go out for graze, t'ree warriors was hole hees rope un t'ree was sit on deir pony 'longside. No one was ride heem."

Then, talking alternately, the story came: "He sais de horse of de Absarokee was increase—plenty pony—un de mare he was all red colts; de big horse was strong.

* Kill.

† Like.

De buffalo dey was come right to de camp—by Gar, de horse was good. De Sioux sent Peace Commission for try buy de horse—dey was do beesness for Enjun down whar de summer come from, what want for geet heem back—for he was a medicin'-horse. De Absarokee dey was not sell heem. Den a big band of de Ogallalas, Brulés, Minneconjous, Sans Arcs, Cheyennes, was come for tac de red horse, dey was kiell one village, but dare was one man 'scape, what was come to red horse, un de Absarokee dey was put de red paint on deir forehead. Ah! de Sioux dey was not get de red horse—dey was haf to go 'way. Den some time de beeg medicin'-horse was have hell of a trouble wid de bigges' medicin'-chief, right in de big medicin'-lodge. Dees word medicin' don't mean what de Enjun mean; de tent whar de sperets come for tell de people what for do, ees what dey mean; all same as Fader Lacombe he prance 'roun' when he not speak de French—dat's what dey mean. All right, he have dees trouble wid de head chief, un he keek heem een de head, un he kiell him dead. After dat he was get for be head medicin'-chief hisself, un he tole all de oder medicin'-chief what for do. He was once run 'way from de men what was hol' hees rope when he was graze—dey was scared out of deir life of heem eef dey was mak' heem mad, un he was go out een herd un kiell some horse. No one was dare go after heem. De medicin'-men dey was go out wid de big medicin'—dey was talk come back to heem; but he wouldn't come. Den de virgin woman of de tribe—she was kind of medicin'-man herself—she was go out un make a talk; she was tell red horse to go off—dat's de way for talk to people when deir minds not lac oder people's minds—un de horse she was let heem bring heem back. After dat all de Absarokee women had for behave preety well, or de medicin'-men kiell dem, 'cause dey say de medicin'-horse she was want de woman for be better in de tribe. Be d— good t'ing eef dat horse she 'roun' here now."

"Oh, you reptile! will you never mind this thinking—it is fatal," I sighed.

"Well, anyhow, he sais de woman dey was have many pappoose, un de colts was red, un was not curly hair, un de 'yellow eyes'* was come wid de gun for trade skin. De buffalo she was stay late; de winter was mile; de enemy no steal de

* White men.



THE GOING OF THE MEDICINE-HORSE.

pony, un de Absarokee he tac heap scalp—all dese was medicin'-horse work. But in de moon een which de geese lay deir eggs de great horse he was rise up een de curl of de smoke of de big lodge—he was go plum' t'ro' de smoke-hole. De chief ask him for not go, but he was say he was go to fight de T'under-Bird. He say he would come back. Dey could keep his ghost. So he went 'way, un since den he has nevar come back no more. But Paint say lots of ole men use for see heem go t'ro' air wid de lightnin' comin' out of his nose, de T'under-Bird always runnin' out of hees way; he was always lick de t'under. Paint say dese Enjun have not see de medicin'-horse nowday; eef dey was see heem more, dey see no 'yellow eyes' een dees country. He sais he has seen de medicin'-horse once. He was hunt over een de mountain, but he was not have no luck; he was hungry, un was lay down by leetle fire een cañon. He was see de beeg medicin'-horse go 'long de ridge of de

hill 'gainst de moon—he was beeg lac de new school-house. Paint got up un talked loud to de horse, askin' heem eef he was nevar come back. De horse stop un sais—muffled, lac man talk t'ro' blanket—'Yes, he was come back from speret-land, when he was bring de buffalo plenty; was roll de lan' over de white men; was fight de north wind. He sais he was come back when de Absarokee was not wear pants, was ride widout de saddle; when de women was on de square—un, by Gar, I t'ink he not come varrie soon.'

"What does Paint say?"

"Ah, Paint he sais hit weel all come some day."

"Is that all?"

"Yes—dat ees all," said Sun-Down.

To be sure, there is quite as much Sun-Down in this as Paint—but if you would have more Paint, it will be necessary to acquire the Crow language, and then you might not find Paint's story just as I have told it.

THE MILKWEED.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

THE singular hospitality of our milkweed blossom is nowhere matched among Flora's minions, and would seem occasionally in need of supervision.

Just outside the door here at my country studio, almost in touch of its thresh-old, year after year there blooms a large clump of milkweed (*Asclepias cornuta*), and, what with the fragrance of its purple pompons and the murmurous music of its bees, its fortnight of bloom is not permitted to be forgotten for a moment. Only a moment ago a whiff of more than usual redolence from the open window at which I am sitting reminded me that the flowers were even now in the heyday of their prime, and the loud droning music betokened that the bees were making the most of their opportunities.

Yielding to the temptation, I was soon standing in the midst of the plants. The purple fragrant umbels of bloom hung close about me on all sides, each flower, with its five generous horns of plenty, drained over and over again by the eager sipping swarm.

But the July sun is one thing to a bee and quite another thing to me. I have

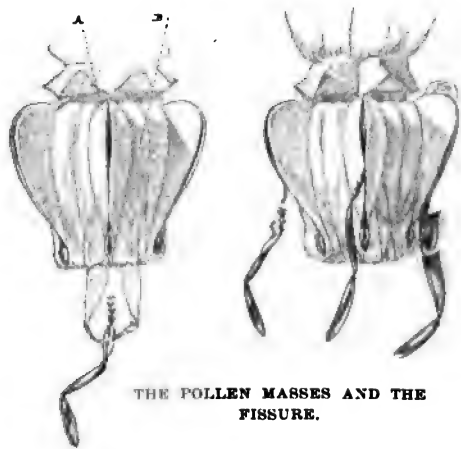
lingered long enough, however, to witness again the beautiful reciprocity, and to realize anew, with awe and reverence, how divinely well the milkweed and the bee understand each other. After a brief search among the blossom clusters I return to my seclusion with a few interesting specimens, which may serve as a text here at my desk by the open window.

Two months hence an occasional silky messenger will float away from the glistening clouds about the open milkweed pods, but who ever thanks the bees of June for them? The flower is but a bright anticipation—an expression of hope in the being of the parent plant. It has but one mission. All its fragrance, all its nectar, all its beauty of form and hue, are but means toward the consummation of the eternal edict of creation—"Increase and multiply." To that end we owe all the infinite forms, designs, tints, decorations, perfumes, mechanisms, and other seemingly inexplicable attributes. Its threshold must bear its own peculiar welcome to its insect, or perhaps to its humming-bird friend, or counterpart; its nectaries must both tempt and

reward his coming, and its petals assist his comfortable tarrying.

Next to the floral orchids, the mechanism of our milkweed blossom is perhaps the most complex and remarkable, and illustrates as perfectly as any of the orchid examples given in Darwin's noble work the absolute divine intention of the dependence of a plant species upon the visits of an insect.

Our milkweed flower is a deeply planned contrivance to insure such an end. It fills the air with enticing fragrance. Its nectaries are stored with sweets, and I fancy each opening bud keenly alert with conscious solicitude for its affinity. Though many other flowers manage imperfectly to perpetuate their kind in the default of insect intervention, the milkweed, like most of the orchids, is helpless and incapable of such resource. Enclose this budded umbel in tarlatan gauze, and it will bloom days after its fellow-blooms have fallen, anticipating its consummation, but no pods will be seen upon this cluster.



THE POLLEN MASSES AND THE FISSURE.

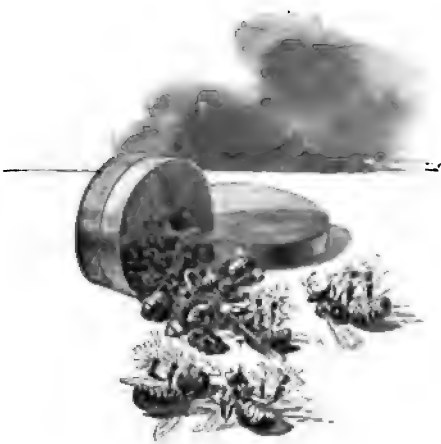
What a singular decree has Nature declared with reference to the milkweed! She says, in plainest terms, "Your pollen must be removed on the leg of an insect, preferably a bee, or your kind shall perish from the face of the earth." And what is the deep-laid plan by which this end is assured? My specimens here on the desk will disclose it all.

Here are three bees, a fly, and a beetle, each hanging dead by its legs from a flower, an extreme sacrificial penalty, which is singularly frequent, but which was certainly not exacted nor contemplated in the design of the flower. A

careful search among almost any good-sized cluster of milkweeds will show us many such prisoners. As in all flowers, the pollen of the milkweed blossom must come in contact with its stigma before fruition is possible. In this peculiar family of plants, however, the pollen is distinct in character, and closely suggests the orchids in its consistency and disposition. The yellow powdery substance with which we are all familiar in ordinary flowers is here absent, the pollen being collected in two club-shaped or, more properly, spatula-shaped masses, linked in pairs at their slender prolonged tips, each of which terminates in a sticky disc-shaped appendage united in V-shape below. These pollen masses are concealed in pockets (B) around the cylindrical centre of the flower, the discs only being exposed at the surface, at five equidistant points around its rim, where they lie in wait for the first unwary foot that shall touch them. A glance at the two views of this central portion of the flower, as it appears through my magnifying-glass—the honey-horns and sepals having been removed—will, I think, indicate its peculiar anatomy or mechanism. No *stigma* is to be seen in the flower, the stigmatic surface which is to receive the pollen being concealed within five compartments, each of which is protected by a raised tent-like covering, cleft along its entire apex by a fine fissure (A). *Outside of each of these, and entirely separated from the stigma in the cavity*, lie the pollen masses within their pockets, each pair uniting at the rim below in V-shape, the union at the lower limit of the fissure.

With this more intimate knowledge of the floral anatomy, let us now visit our milkweed-plant and observe closely.

A bee alights upon the flower—the object of its visit being, of course, the sweets located in the five horn-shaped nectaries. In order to reach this nectar the insect must hang to the bulky blossom. Instantly, and almost of necessity, it would seem, one or more of the feet are seen to enter the upper opening of the fissure, and during the insect's movements are drawn through to the base. The foot is thus conducted directly between the two viscid discs, which immediately cling closer than a brother, and as the foot is finally withdrawn, the pollen is pulled from its cell. The member now released seeks a fresh hold, and the



THE TRAGEDY OF THE BEES.

same result follows, the leg almost inevitably entering the fissure, and this time drawing in the pollen directly against the sticky stigmatic surface within. The five honey-horns have now been drained, and as our bee leaves the flower he is plainly detained by this too hearty "shake" or "grip" of his host, and quite commonly must exert a slight struggle to free himself. As the foot is thus forcibly torn away, the pollen mass is commonly scraped entirely off and retained within the fissure, or perhaps parts at the stalk, leaving the terminal disc clinging on the insect's leg. Occasionally, when more than one leg is entangled, the dangling blossom is tossed and swayed for several seconds by the vigorous pulling and buzzing, and a number of these temporary captives upon a single milkweed-plant are always to be seen.

Not unfrequently the mechanism so well adapted exceeds its functions and proves a veritable trap, as indicated in my specimens. I have found three dead bees thus entrapped in a single umbel of blossoms, having been exhausted in their struggles for escape; and a search among the flowers at any time will show the frequency of this fatality, the victims including gnats, flies, crane-flies, bugs, wasps, beetles, and small butterflies. In every instance this prisoner is found dangling by one or more legs, with the feet firmly held in the grip of the fissure.

Almost any bee which we may catch at random upon a milkweed gives perfect evidence of his surroundings, its toes being decorated with the tiny yellow tags,

each successive flower giving and taking, exchanging compliments, as it were, with his fellows. Ordinarily this fringe can hardly prove more than an embarrassment; but we may frequently discern an individual here and there which for some reason has received more than his share of the milkweed's compliments. His legs are conspicuously fringed with the yellow tags. He rests with a discouraged air upon a neighboring leaf, while honey, and even wings, are seemingly forgotten in his efforts to scrape off the cumbersome handicap.

An interesting incident, apropos of our embarrassed bee, was narrated to me by the late Alphonso Wood, the noted botanist. He had received by mail from California a small box containing a hundred or more dead bees, accompanied by a letter. The writer, an old bee-keeper, had experience, and desired enlightenment and advice. The letter stated that his bees were "dying by thousands from the attacks of a peculiar fungus." The ground around the hive was littered with the victims in all stages of helplessness, and the dead insects were found everywhere at greater distances scattered around his premises. It needed only a casual glance at the encumbered insects to see the nature of the malady. They were laden two or three pairs deep, as it were, with the pollen masses of a milkweed. The botanist wrote immediately to his anxious correspondent, informing him, and suggesting as a remedy the discovery and destruction of the mischievous plants, which must be thriving somewhere



A MOTH CAUGHT BY THE TONGUE IN DOGBANE.

in his neighborhood. A subsequent letter conveyed the thanks of the bee-keeper, stating that the milkweeds—a whole field of them—had been found and destroyed, and the trouble had immediately ceased. I am not aware that Mr. Wood ever ascertained the particular species of milkweed in this case. It is not probable that our Eastern species need ever seriously threaten the apiary, though unquestionably large numbers of bees are annually destroyed by its excessive hospitality. I have repeatedly found honeybees dead beneath the plants, and my cabinet shows a specimen of a large bumblebee which had succumbed to its pollen burden, its feet, and even the hairs upon its body, being fringed deep with the tiny clubs—one of the many specimens which I have discovered as the “grist in the mill” of that wise spider which usually spreads his catch-all beneath the milkweeds.

Allied to the milkweed is another plant, the dogbane (*Apocynum*), which has a similar trick of entrapping its insect friends. Its drooping, fragrant, bell-shaped white flowers and long slender pods will help to recall it. But its method of capture is somewhat similar to the milkweed. The anthers are divided by a V-shaped cavity, into which the insect's tongue is guided as it is withdrawn from the flower, and into which it often becomes so tightly wedged as to render escape impossible. I have found small moths dangling by the tongue, as seen in one of the illustrations.



MILKWEED CAPTIVES.

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY OUTLOOK.

BY A. T. MAHAN.

FINALITY, the close of a life, of a relationship, of an era, even though this be a purely artificial creation of human arrangement, in all cases appeals powerfully to the imagination, and especially to that of a generation self-conscious as our own, a generation which has coined for itself the phrase *fin de siècle* to express its own belief, however superficial and mistaken, that it knows its own exponents and its own tendencies; that, amid the din of its own progress sounding in its ears, it knows not only whence it comes but whither it goes. The nineteenth century is about to die, only to rise again in the twentieth. Whence did it come? how far has it gone? whither is it going?

A full reply to such queries would presume an abridged universal history of the expiring century such as a magazine article, or series of articles, could not contemplate for a moment. The scope proposed to himself by the present writer, itself almost unmanageable within the necessary limits, looks not to the internal conditions of states, to those economical and social tendencies which occupy so large a part of contemporary attention, seeming to many the sole subjects that deserve attention, and that from the most purely material and fleshly point of view. Important as these things are, it may be affirmed at least that they are not everything; and that, great as has been the material progress of the century, the changes in international relations and relative importance, not merely in states of the European family, but among the peoples of the world at large, have been no less striking. It is from this direction that the writer wishes to approach his subject, which, if applied to any particular country, might be said to be that of its external relations; but which, in the broader view that it will be sought to attain, regards rather the general future of the world as indicated by movements already begun and in progress, as well as by tendencies now dimly discernible, which, if not counteracted, are pregnant of further momentous shifting of the political balances, profoundly affecting the welfare of mankind.

It appears a convenient, though doubt-

less very rough, way of prefacing this subject to say that the huge colonizing movements of the eighteenth century were brought to a pause by the American Revolution, which deprived Great Britain of her richest colonies, succeeded, as that almost immediately was, by the French Revolution and the devastating wars of the republic and of Napoleon, which forced the attention of Europe to withdraw from external allurements and to concentrate upon its own internal affairs. The purchase of Louisiana by the United States at the opening of the current century emphasized this conclusion; for it practically eliminated the continent of North America from the catalogue of wild territories available for foreign settlement. Within a decade this was succeeded by the revolt of the Spanish colonies, followed later by the pronouncements of President Monroe and of Mr. Canning, which assured their independence by preventing European interference. The firmness with which the position of the former statesman has ever since been maintained by the great body of the people of the United States, and the developments his doctrine afterwards received, have removed the Spanish-American countries equally from all probable chance of further European colonization, in the political sense of the word.

Thus the century opened. Men's energies still sought scope beyond the sea, doubtless; not, however, in the main, for the founding of new colonies, but for utilizing ground already in political occupation. Even this, however, was subsidiary. The great work of the nineteenth century, from nearly its beginning to nearly its close, has been in the recognition and study of the forces of nature, and the application of them to the purposes of mechanical and physical advance. The means thus placed in men's hands, so startling when first invented, so familiar for the most part to us now, were devoted necessarily, first, to the development of the resources of each country. Everywhere there was a fresh field; for hitherto it had been nowhere possible to man fully to utilize the gifts of nature. Energies everywhere turned inward, for there, in every region, was more than

enough to do. Naturally, therefore, such a period has been in the main one of peace. There have been great wars, certainly; but, nevertheless, external peace has been the general characteristic of that period of development, during which men have been occupied in revolutionizing the face of their own countries by means of the new powers at their disposal.

All such phases pass, however, as does every human thing. Increase of production—the idol of the economist—sought fresh markets, as might have been predicted. The increase of home consumption, through increased ease of living, increased wealth, increased population, did not keep up with the increase of forthputting and the facility of distribution afforded by steam. In the middle of the century China and Japan were forced out of the seclusion of ages, and were compelled, for commercial purposes at least, to enter into relations with the European communities, to buy and to sell with them. Serious attempts on any extensive scale to acquire new political possessions abroad largely ceased. Commerce only sought new footholds, sure that, given the inch, she in the end would have the ell. Moreover, the growth of the United States in population and resources, and the development of the British Australian colonies, contributed to meet the demand, of which the opening of China and Japan was only a single indication. That opening, therefore, was rather an incident of the general industrial development which followed upon the improvement of mechanical processes and the multiplication of communications.

Thus the century passed its meridian and began to decline towards its close. There were wars and there were rumors of wars in the countries of European civilization. Dynasties rose and fell, and nations shifted their places in the scale of political importance, as old-time boys in school went up and down; but, withal, the main characteristic abode, and has become more and more the dominant prepossession of the statesmen who reached their prime at or soon after the times when the century itself culminated. The maintenance of a *status quo*, for purely utilitarian reasons of an economical character, has gradually become an ideal—the *quieta non movere* of Sir

Robert Walpole. The ideal is respectable, certainly; in view of the concert of the powers, in the interest of their own repose, to coerce Greece and the Cretans, we may perhaps refrain from calling it noble. The question remains, how long can it continue respectable in the sense of being practicable of realization—a rational possibility, not an idle dream? Many are now found to say—and among them some of the most bitter of the advocates of universal peace, who are among the bitterest of modern disputants—that when the Czar Nicholas proposed to move the quiet things, half a century ago, and to reconstruct the political map of southeastern Europe in the interest of well-founded quiet, it was he that showed the idealism of rational statesmanship,—the only truly practical statesmanship,—while the defenders of the *status quo* evinced the crude instincts of the mere time-serving politician. That the latter did not insure quiet, even the quiet of desolation, in those unhappy regions we have yearly evidence. How far is it now a practicable object, among the nations of the European family, to continue indefinitely the present realization of peace and plenty,—in themselves good things, but which are advocated largely on the ground that man lives by bread alone,—in view of the changed conditions of the world which the departing nineteenth century leaves with us as its bequest? Is the outlook such that our present civilization, with its benefits, is most likely to be insured by universal disarmament, the clamor for which rises ominously—the word is used advisedly—among our latter-day cries? None shares more heartily than the writer the aspiration for the day when nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; but is European civilization, including America, so situated that it can afford to relax into an artificial peace, resting not upon the working of national consciences, as questions arise, but upon a Permanent Tribunal,—an external, if self-imposed authority,—the realization in modern policy of the ideal of the mediæval Papacy?

The outlook—the signs of the times, what are they? It is not given to human vision, peering into the future, to see more than as through a glass, darkly; men as trees walking, one cannot say certainly whither. Yet signs may be noted,

even if they cannot be fully or precisely interpreted; and among them I should certainly say is to be observed the general outward impulse of all the civilized nations of the first order of greatness—except our own. Bound and swathed in the traditions of our own eighteenth century, when we were as truly external to the European world as we are now a part of it, we, under the specious plea of peace and plenty—fulness of bread—hug an ideal of isolation, and refuse to recognize the solidarity of interest with which the world of European civilization must not only look forward to, but go out to meet, the future that, whether near or remote, seems to await it. I say *we* do so; I should more surely express my thought by saying that the outward impulse already is in the majority of the nation, as shown when particular occasions arouse their attention, but that it is as yet retarded, and may be retarded perilously long, by those whose views of national policy are governed by maxims framed in the infancy of the Republic.

This outward impulse of the European nations, resumed on a large scale after nearly a century of intermission, is not a mere sudden appearance, sporadic, and unrelated to the past. The signs of its coming, though unnoted, were visible soon after the century reached its half-way stage, as was also its great correlative, equally unappreciated then, though obvious enough now, the stirring of the nations of Oriental civilization. It is a curious reminiscence of my own that when in Yokohama, Japan, in 1868, I was asked to translate a Spanish letter from Honolulu, relative to a ship-load of Japanese coolies to be imported into Hawaii. I knew the person engaged to go as physician to the ship, and, unless my memory greatly deceives me, he sailed in this employment while I was still in the port. Similarly, when my service on the station was ended, I went from Yokohama to Hong-kong, prior to returning home by way of Suez. Among my fellow-passengers was an ex-Confederate naval officer, whose business was to negotiate for an immigration of Chinese into, I think, the Southern States—in momentary despair, perhaps, of black labor—but certainly into the United States. We all know what has come in our own country of undertakings which then had attracted little attention.

It is odd to watch the unconscious, resistless movements of nations, and at the same time read the crushing characterization by our teachers of the press of those who, by personal characteristics or by accident, happen to be thrust into the position of leaders, when at the most they only guide to the least harm forces which can no more be resisted permanently than can gravitation. Such would have been the rôle of Nicholas, guiding to a timely end the irresistible course of events in the Balkans, which his opponents sought to withstand, but succeeded only in prolonging and aggravating. He is honored now by those who see folly in the imperial aspirations of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and piracy in Mr. Cecil Rhodes; yet, after all, in his day, what right had he, by the code of strict constructionists of national legal rights, to put Turkey to death because she was sick? Was not Turkey in occupation? Had she not, by strict law, a right to her possessions, and to live; yea, and to administer what she considered justice to those who were legally her subjects? But men are too apt to forget that law is the servant of equity, and that while the world is in its present stage of development equity which cannot be had by law must be had by force, upon which ultimately law rests, not for its sanction, but for its efficacy.

We have been familiar latterly with the term "buffer states"; the pleasant function discharged by Siam between Great Britain and France. Though not strictly analogous, the term conveys an idea of the relations that have hitherto obtained between Eastern and Western civilizations. They have existed apart, each a world of itself; but they are approaching not only in geographical propinquity, a recognized source of danger, but, what is more important, in common ideas of material advantage, without a corresponding sympathy in spiritual ideas. It is not merely that the two are in different stages of development from a common source, as are Russia and Great Britain. They are running as yet on wholly different lines, springing from conceptions radically different. To bring them into correspondence in that, the most important realm of ideas, there is needed on the one side—or on the other—not growth, but conversion. However far it has wandered, and however short of its pattern it has come, the civilization of modern Eu-

rope grew up under the shadow of the Cross, and what is best in it still breathes the spirit of the Crucified. It is to be feared that Eastern thinkers consider it rather an advantage than a detriment that they are appropriating the material progress of Europe unfettered by Christian traditions, as agnostic countries. But, for the present at least, agnosticism with Christian ages behind it is a very different thing from agnosticism which has never known Christianity.

What will be in the future the dominant spiritual ideas of those nations which hitherto have been known as Christian, is scarcely a question of the twentieth century. Whatever variations of faith, in direction or in degree, the close of that century may show, it is not probable that so short a period will reveal the full change of standards and of practice which necessarily must follow ultimately upon a radical change of belief. That the impress of Christianity will remain throughout the coming century is as reasonably certain as that it took centuries of nominal faith to lift Christian standards and practice even to the point they have now reached. Decline, as well as rise, must be gradual; and gradual likewise, granting the utmost possible spread of Christian beliefs among them, will be the approximation of the Eastern nations, as nations, to the principles which powerfully modify, though they cannot control wholly even now, the merely natural impulses of Western peoples. And if, as many now say, faith has departed from among ourselves, and still more will depart in the coming years; if we have no higher sanction to propose for self-restraint and righteousness than enlightened self-interest and the absurdity of war, war—violence—will be absurd just so long as the balance of interest is on that side, and no longer. Those who want will take, if they can, not merely from motives of high policy and as legal opportunity offers, but for the simple reasons that they have not, that they desire, and that they are able. The European world has known that stage already; it has escaped from it only partially by the gradual hallowing of public opinion and its growing weight in the political scale. The Eastern world knows not the same motives, but it is rapidly appreciating the material advantages and the political traditions which have united to confer power

upon the West; and with the appreciation desire has arisen.

Coincident with the long pause which the French Revolution imposed upon the process of external colonial expansion which was so marked a feature of the eighteenth century, there occurred another singular manifestation of national energies, in the creation of the great standing armies of modern days, themselves the outcome of the *levée en masse*, and of the general conscription which the Revolution bequeathed to us along with its expositions of the Rights of Man. Beginning with the birth of the century, perfected during its continuance, its close finds them in full maturity and power, with a development in numbers, in reserve force, in organization, and in material for war over which the economist perpetually wails, whose existence he denounces and whose abolition he demands. As freedom has grown and strengthened, so have they grown and strengthened. Is this singular product of a century, whose gains for political liberty are undeniable, a mere gross perversion of human activities, as is so confidently claimed on many sides? or is there possibly in it also a sign of the times to come, to be studied in connection with other signs, some of which we have noted?

What has been the effect of these great armies? Manifold, doubtless. On the economical side there is the diminution of production, the tax upon men's time and lives, the disadvantages or evils so dinned daily into our ears that there is no need of repeating them here. But is there nothing to the credit side of the account, even perhaps a balance in their favor? Is it nothing, in an age when authority is weakening and restraints are loosening, that the youth of a nation passes through a school in which order, obedience, and reverence are learned, where the body is systematically developed, where ideals of self-surrender, of courage, of manhood, are inculcated, necessarily, because fundamental conditions of military success? Is it nothing that masses of youths out of the fields and the streets are brought together, mingled with others of higher intellectual antecedents, taught to work and to act together, mind in contact with mind, and carrying back into civil life that respect for constituted authority which is urgently needed in these days, when lawlessness

is erected into a religion? It is a suggestive lesson to watch the expression and movements of a number of rustic conscripts undergoing their first drills, and to contrast them with the finished result as seen in the faces and bearing of the soldiers that throng the streets. A military training is not the worst preparation for an active life, any more than the years spent at college are time lost, as another school of utilitarians insists. Is it nothing that wars are less frequent, peace better secured, by the mutual respect of nations for each other's strength; and that, when a convulsion does come, it passes rapidly, leaving the ordinary course of events to resume sooner, and therefore more easily? War now not only occurs more rarely, but has rather the character of an occasional excess, from which recovery is easy. A century or more ago it was a chronic disease. And withal, the military spirit, the preparedness—not merely the willingness, which is a different thing—to fight in a good cause, which is a distinct good, is more widely diffused and more thoroughly possessed than ever it was when the soldier was merely the paid man. It is the nations now that are in arms, and not simply the servants of the king.

It is, then, briefly, in forecasting the future upon these particular signs of the times that I dwell: the arrest of the forward impulse towards political colonization which coincided with the decade immediately preceding the French Revolution; the absorption of the European nations, for the following quarter of a century, with the universal wars, involving questions chiefly political and European; the beginning of the great era of coal and iron, of mechanical and industrial development, which succeeded the peace, and during which it was not aggressive colonization, but the development of colonies already held and of new commercial centres, notably in China and Japan, that was the most prominent feature; finally we have, resumed at the end of the century, the forward movement of political colonization by the mother-countries, powerfully incited thereto, doubtless, by the citizens of the old colonies in different parts of the world. The restlessness of Australia and the Cape Colony has doubtless counted for much in British advances in those regions. Contemporary with all these

movements, from the first to the last, has been the development of great standing armies, or rather of armed nations, in Europe; and, lastly, the stirring of the East, its entrance into the field of Western interests, not merely as a passive something to be impinged upon, but with a vitality of its own, formless yet, but significant, inasmuch as where before there was torpor, if not death, now there is indisputable movement and life. Never again, probably, can there of it be said,

It heard the legions thunder past,
Then plunged in thought again.

Of this the astonishing development of Japan is the most obvious evidence; but in India, though there be no probability of the old mutinies reviving, there are signs enough of the awaking of political intelligence, restlessness under foreign subjection however beneficent, desire for greater play for its own individualities: a movement which, because intellectual and appreciative of the advantages of Western material and political civilization, is less immediately threatening than the former revolt, but much more ominous of great future changes.

Of China we know less; but many observers testify to the immense latent force of the Chinese character. It has shown itself hitherto chiefly in the strength with which it has adhered to stereotyped tradition. But stereotyped traditions have been overthrown already more than once even in this unprogressive people, whose conservatism, due largely to ignorance of better conditions existing in other lands, is closely allied also to the unusual staying powers of the race, to the persistence of purpose, the endurance, and the vitality characteristic of its units. To ambition for individual material improvement they are not insensible. The collapse of the Chinese organization in all its branches during the late war with Japan, though greater than was expected, was not unforeseen. It has not altered the fact that the raw material so miserably utilized is, in point of strength, of the best, is abundant, racially homogeneous, and is multiplying rapidly. Nor, with the recent resuscitation of the Turkish army before men's eyes, can it be thought unlikely that the Chinese may yet obtain the organization by which alone potential force receives adequate military development, the most easily conferred because

the simplest in conception. The Japanese have shown great capacity, but they met little resistance; and it is easier by far to move and to control an island kingdom of forty millions than a vast continental territory containing near tenfold that number of inhabitants. Comparative slowness of evolution may be predicated, but that which for so long has kept China one, amid many diversities, may be counted upon in the future to insure a substantial unity of impulse which, combined with its mass, will give tremendous import to any movement common to the whole.

To assert that a few selected characteristics, such as the above, summarize the entire tendency of a century of teeming human life, and stand alone among the signs that are chiefly to be considered in looking to the future, would be to take an untenable position. It may be said safely, however, that these factors, because the future to which they point is more remote, are less regarded than others which are less important; and further, that those among them which mark our own day are also the factors whose very existence is specially resented, criticised, and condemned by that school of political thought which assumes for itself the title of economical, which attained its maturity, and still lives, amid the ideas of that stage of industrial progress coincident with the middle of the century, and which sees all things from the point of view of production and of internal development. Powerfully exerted throughout the world, nowhere is the influence of this school so unchecked and so injurious as in the United States, because, having no near neighbors to compete with us in point of power, military necessities have been to us not imminent, so that, like all distant dangers, they have received little regard; and also because, with our great resources only partially developed, the instinct to external activities has remained dormant. At the same period and from the same causes that the European world turned its eyes inward from the seaboard, instead of outward, the people of the United States were similarly diverted from the external activities in which at the beginning of the century they had their wealth. This tendency, emphasized on the political side by the civil war, was re-enforced and has been prolonged by well-known natural conditions. A ter-

ritory much larger, far less redeemed from its original wildness, and with perhaps even ampler proportionate resources than the continent of Europe, contained a much smaller number of inhabitants. Hence, despite an immense immigration, we have lagged far behind in the work of completing our internal development, and for that reason have not yet felt the outward impulse that now markedly characterizes the European peoples. That we stand far apart from the general movement of our race calls of itself for consideration.

For the reasons mentioned it has been an easy but a short-sighted policy, wherever it has been found among statesmen or among journalists, to fasten attention purely on internal and economical questions, and to reject, if not to resent, propositions looking towards the organization and maintenance of military force, or contemplating the extension of our national influence beyond our own borders, on the plea that we have enough to do at home—forgetful that no nation, as no man, can live to itself or die to itself. It is a policy in which we are behind our predecessors of two generations ago, men who had not felt the deadening influence of merely economical ideas, because they reached manhood before these attained the preponderance they achieved under politicians of the Manchester school, a preponderance which they still retain because the youths of that time, who grew up under them, have not yet quite passed off the stage. It is the lot of each generation, salutary no doubt, to be ruled by men whose ideas are essentially those of a former day. Breaches of continuity in national action are thus moderated or avoided; but, on the other hand, the tendency of such a condition is to blind men to the spirit of the existing generation, because its rulers have the tone of their own past, and direct affairs in accordance with it. On the very day of this writing there appears in an American journal a slashing contrast between the action of Lord Salisbury in the Cretan business and the spirited letter of Mr. Gladstone upon the failure of the Concert. As a matter of fact, however, both those British statesmen, while belonging to parties traditionally opposed, are imbued above all with the ideas of the middle of the century, and, governed by them, consider the disturbance of quiet the greatest of all evils. It is difficult to

believe that, if Mr. Gladstone were now in his prime, and in power, any object would possess in his eyes an importance at all comparable to that of keeping the peace. He would feel for the Greeks, doubtless, as Lord Salisbury doubtless does; but he would maintain the concert as long as he believed that alone would avoid war. When men in sympathy with the rising generation of Englishmen come on the stage, we will see a change—not before.

The same spirit has dominated in our own country ever since the civil war—a far more real “revolution” in its consequences than the struggle of the thirteen colonies against Great Britain, which in our national speech has received the name—forced our people, both North and South, to withdraw their eyes from external problems, and to concentrate heart and mind with passionate fervor upon an internal strife, in which one party was animated by the inspiring hope of independence, while before the other was exalted the noble ideal of union. That war, however, was directed, on the civil side, by men who belonged to a generation even then passing away. The influence of their own youth reverted with the return of peace, and was to be seen in the ejection—by threat of force—of the third Napoleon from Mexico, in the acquisition of Alaska, and in the negotiations for the purchase of the Danish islands and of Samana Bay. Whatever may have been the wisdom of these latter attempts,—and the writer, while sympathizing with the spirit that suggested them, questions it from a military, or rather naval, stand-point,—they are particularly interesting as indicating the survival in elderly men of the traditions accepted in their youth, but foreign to the generation then rapidly taking possession of the stage, which rejected and frustrated them.

The latter in turn is now disappearing, and its successors, coming and to come, are crowding into its places. Is there any indication of the ideas these bring with them, in their own utterances? or in the spirit of the world at large, which they must needs reflect? or, more important perhaps still, is there any indication in the conditions of the outside world itself which they should heed, and the influence of which they should admit, in modifying and shaping their policies, before these have become hardened into fixed

lines, directive for many years of the future welfare of their people?

To all these questions the writer, as one of the departing generation, would answer yes; but it is to the last that his attention, possibly by constitutional bias, is more naturally directed. It appears to him that in the ebb and flow of human affairs, under those mysterious impulses, the origin of which is sought by some in a personal Providence, by some in laws not yet fully understood, we stand at the opening of a period when the question is to be settled decisively, though the issue may be long delayed, whether Eastern or Western civilization is to dominate throughout the earth and to control its future. The great task now before the world of civilized Christianity, its great mission, which it must fulfil or perish, is to receive into its own bosom and raise to its own ideals those ancient and different civilizations by which it is surrounded and outnumbered—the civilizations at the head of which stand China, India, and Japan. This, to cite the most striking of the many forms in which it is presented to us, is surely the mission which Great Britain, sword ever at hand, has been discharging towards India; but that stands not alone. The history of the present century has been that of a constant increasing pressure of our own civilization upon these older ones, till now, as we cast our eyes in any direction, there is everywhere a stirring, a rousing from sleep, drowsy for the most part, but real, unorganized as yet, but conscious that that which rudely interrupts their dream of centuries possesses over them at least two advantages—power and material prosperity—the things which unspiritual humanity, the world over, most craves.

What the ultimate result will be it would be vain to prophesy; the data for a guess even are not at hand; but it is not equally impossible to note present conditions, and to suggest present considerations, which may shape proximate action, and tend to favor the preponderance of that form of civilization which we cannot but deem the most promising for the future, not of our race only, but of the world at large. We are not living in a perfect world, and we may not expect to deal with imperfect conditions by methods ideally perfect. Time and staying power must be secured for ourselves by that rude and imperfect, but not ignoble,

arbiter, force,—force potential and force organized,—which so far has won, and still secures, the greatest triumphs of good in the checkered history of mankind. Our material advantages, once noted, will be recognized readily and appropriated with avidity; while the spiritual ideas which dominate our thoughts, and are weighty in their influence over action, even with those among us who do not accept historic Christianity or the ordinary creeds of Christendom, will be rejected for long. The eternal law, first that which is natural, afterwards that which is spiritual, will obtain here, as in the individual, and in the long history of our own civilization. Between the two there is an interval, in which force must be ready to redress any threatened disturbance of an equal balance between those who stand on divergent planes of thought, without common standards.

And yet more is this true if, as is commonly said, faith is failing among ourselves, if the progress of our own civilization is towards the loss of those spiritual convictions upon which it was founded, and which in early days were mighty indeed towards the overthrowing of strongholds of evil. What, in such a case, shall play the tremendous part which the Church of the Middle Ages, with all its defects, and with all the shortcomings of its ministers, played amid the ruin of the Roman Empire and the flood of the barbarians? If our own civilization is becoming material only, a thing limited in hope and love to this world, I know not what we have to offer to save ourselves or others; but in either event, whether to go down finally under a flood of outside invasion, or whether to succeed, by our own living faith, in converting to our ideal civilization those who shall thus press upon us—in either event we need time, and time can be gained only by organized material force.

Nor is this view advanced in any spirit of unfriendliness to the other ancient civilizations, whose genius admittedly has been and is foreign to our own. One who believes that God has made of one blood all nations of men who dwell on the face of the whole earth cannot but check and repress, if he ever feels, any instinct of aversion to mankind outside his own race. But it is not necessary to hate Carthage in order to admit that it was well for mankind that Rome triumphed;

and we at this day, and men to all time, may be thankful that a few decades after the Punic Wars the genius of Cæsar so expanded the bounds of the dominions of Rome, so extended, settled, and solidified the outworks of her civilization and polity, that when the fated day came that her power in turn should reel under the shock of conquest, with which she had remodelled the world, and she should go down herself, the time of the final fall was protracted for centuries by these exterior defences. They who began the assault as barbarians entered upon the imperial heritage no longer aliens and foreigners, but impregnated already with the best of Roman ideas, converts to Roman law and to Christian faith.

"When the course of history," says Mommsen, "turns from the miserable monotony of the political selfishness which fought its battles in the Senate House and in the streets of Rome, we may be allowed—on the threshold of an event the effects of which still at the present day influence the destinies of the world—to look round us for a moment, and to indicate the point of view under which the conquest of what is now France by the Romans, and their first contact with the inhabitants of Germany and of Great Britain, are to be regarded in connection with the general history of the world. . . . The fact that the great Celtic people were ruined by the transalpine wars of Cæsar was not the most important result of that grand enterprise—far more momentous than the negative was the positive result. It hardly admits of a doubt that if the rule of the Senate had prolonged its semblance of life for some generations longer, the migration of the peoples, as it is called, would have occurred four hundred years sooner than it did, and would have occurred at a time when the Italian civilization had not become naturalized either in Gaul or on the Danube or in Africa and Spain. Inasmuch as Cæsar with sure glance perceived in the German tribes the rival antagonists of the Romano-Greek world, inasmuch as with firm hand he established the new system of aggressive defence down even to its details, and taught men to protect the frontiers of the empire by rivers or artificial ramparts, to colonize the nearest barbarian tribes along the frontier with the view of warding off the more remote, and to recruit the Roman army by

enlistment from the enemy's country, he gained for the Hellenic-Italian culture the interval necessary to civilize the West, just as it had already civilized the East. . . . Centuries elapsed before men understood that Alexander had not merely erected an ephemeral kingdom in the East, but had carried Hellenism to Asia; centuries again elapsed before men understood that Cæsar had not merely conquered a new province for the Romans, but had laid the foundation for the Romanizing of the regions of the West. It was only a late posterity that perceived the meaning of those expeditions to England and Germany, so inconsiderate in a military point of view, and so barren of immediate result. . . . That there is a bridge connecting the past glory of Hellas and Rome with the prouder fabric of modern history; that western Europe is Romanic, and Germanic Europe classic; that the names of Themistocles and Scipio have to us a very different sound from those of Asoka and Salmanassar; that Homer and Sophocles are not merely like the Vedas and Kalidasa, attractive to the literary botanist, but bloom for us in our own garden—all this is the work of Cæsar."

History at times reveals her foresight concrete in the action of a great individuality like Cæsar's. More often her profounder movements proceed from impulses whose origin and motives cannot be traced, although a succession of steps may be discerned and their results stated. A few names, for instance, emerge amid the obscure movements of the peoples which precipitated the outer peoples upon the Roman Empire, but, with rare exceptions, they are simply exponents, pushed forward and upward by the torrent; at the utmost guides, not controllers, of those whom they represent but do not govern. It is much the same now. The peoples of European civilization, after a period of comparative repose, are again advancing all along the line, to occupy not only the desert places of the earth, but the debatable grounds, the buffer territories, which hitherto have separated them from those ancient nations, with whom they now soon must stand face to face and border to border. But who will say that this vast general movement represents the thought, even the unconscious thought, of any one man, as Cæsar, or of any few men? To whatever cause we may assign it, whether to the simple con-

ception of a personal Divine Monarchy that shapes our ends, or to more complicated ultimate causes, the responsibility rests upon the shoulders of no individual men. Necessity is laid upon the peoples, and they move, like the lemmings of Scandinavia; but to man, being not without understanding like the beasts that perish, it is permitted to ask, "Whither?" and "What shall be the end hereof?" Does this tend to universal peace, general disarmament, and treaties of permanent arbitration? Is it the harbinger of ready mutual understanding, of quick acceptance of, and delight in, opposing traditions and habits of life and thought? Is such quick acceptance found now where East-erns and Westerns impinge? Does contact forebode the speedy disappearance of great armies and navies, and dictate the wisdom of dispensing with that form of organized force which at present is embodied in them?

What, then, will be the actual conditions when these civilizations of diverse origin and radically distinct—because the evolution of racial characteristics radically different—confront each other without the interposition of any neutral belt, by the intervention of which the contrasts, being more remote, are less apparent, and within which distinctions shade one into the other?

There will be seen, on the one hand, a vast preponderance of numbers, and those numbers, however incoherent now in mass, composed of units which in their individual capacity have in no small degree the great elements of strength whereby man prevails over man and the fittest survives. Deficient, apparently, in aptitude for political and social organization, they have failed to evolve the aggregate power and intellectual scope of which as communities they are otherwise capable. This lesson too they may learn, as they already have learned from us much that they have failed themselves to originate; but to the lack of it is chiefly due the inferiority of material development under which, as compared to ourselves, they now labor. But men do not covet less the prosperity which they themselves cannot or do not create—a trait wherein lies the strength of communism as an aggressive social force. Communities which want and cannot have, except by force, will take by force, unless they are restrained by force; nor will it be unprecedented in the history of the

world that the flood of numbers should pour over and sweep away the barriers which intelligent foresight, like Cæsar's, may have erected against them. Still more will this be so if the barriers have ceased to be manned—forsaken or neglected by men in whom the proud combative spirit of their ancestors has given way to the cry for the abandonment of military preparation and to the decay of warlike habits.

Nevertheless, even under such conditions,—which obtained increasingly during the decline of the Roman Empire,—positions suitably chosen, frontiers suitably advanced, will do much to retard and, by gaining time, to modify the disaster to the one party, and to convert the general issue to the benefit of the world. Hence the immense importance of discerning betimes what the real value of positions is, and where occupation should betimes begin. Here, in part at least, is the significance of the great outward movement of the European nations to-day. Consciously or unconsciously they are advancing the outposts of our civilization, and accumulating the line of defences which will permit it to survive, or at the least will insure that it shall not go down till it has leavened the character of the world for a future brighter even than its past, just as the Roman civilization inspired and exalted its Teutonic conquerors, and continues to bless them to this day.

Such is the tendency of movement in that which we in common parlance call the Old World. As the nineteenth century closes, the tide has already turned and the current is flowing strongly. It is not too soon, for vast is the work before it. Contrasted to the outside world in extent and population, the civilization of the European group of families, to which our interests and anxieties, our hopes and fears, are so largely confined, has been as an oasis in a desert. The seat and scene of the loftiest culture, of the highest intellectual activities, it is not in them so much that it has exceeded the rest of the world as in the political development and material prosperity which it has owed to the virile energies of its sons, alike in commerce and in war. To these energies the mechanical and scientific acquirements of the past half-century or more have extended means whereby prosperity has increased manifold, as have the inequalities in material well-being exist-

ing between those within its borders and those without, who have not had the opportunity or the wit to use the same advantages. And along with this pre-eminence in wealth arises the cry to disarm, as though the race, not of Europe only, but of the world, were already run, and the goal of universal peace not only reached but secured. Yet are conditions such, even within our favored borders, that we are ready to disband the particular organized manifestation of physical force which we call the police?

Despite internal jealousies and friction on the continent of Europe, perhaps even because of them, the solidarity of the European family therein contained is shown in this great common movement, the ultimate beneficence of which is beyond all doubt, as evidenced by the British domination in India and Egypt, and to which the habit of arms not only contributes, but is essential. India and Egypt are at present the two most conspicuous, though they are not the sole, illustrations of benefits innumerable and lasting which rest upon the power of the sword in the hands of enlightenment and justice. It is possible, of course, to confuse this conclusion, to obscure the real issue, by dwelling upon details of wrongs at times inflicted, of blunders often made. Any episode in the struggling progress of humanity may be thus perplexed; but, looking at the broad result, it is indisputable that the vast gains to humanity made in the regions named not only once originated, but still rest, upon the exertion and continued maintenance of organized physical force.

The same general solidarity as against the outside world, which is unconsciously manifested in the general resumption of colonizing movements, receives particular conscious expression in the idea of imperial federation, which, amid the many buffets and reverses common to all successful movements, has gained such notable ground in the sentiment of the British people and of their colonists. That immense practical difficulties have to be overcome in realizing the ends towards which such sentiments point is but a commonplace of human experience in all ages and countries. They give rise to the ready sneer of impossible, just as any project of extending the sphere of the United States, by annexation or otherwise, is met by the constitutional lion in the path, which the unwilling or the ap-

prehensive is ever sure to find; yet, to use words of one who never lightly admitted impossibilities, "If a thing is necessary to be done, the more difficulties, the more necessary to try to remove them." As sentiment strengthens, it undermines obstacles, and they crumble before it.

The same tendency is shown in the undeniable disposition of the British people and of British statesmen to cultivate the good-will of the United States, and to draw closer the relations between the two countries. For the disposition underlying such a tendency Mr. Balfour has used an expression, "race patriotism," a phrase which finds its first approximation, doubtless, in the English-speaking family, but which may well extend its embrace, in a time yet distant, to all those who have drawn their present civilization from the same remote sources. The phrase is so pregnant of solution for the problems of the future, as conceived by the writer, that he hopes to see it obtain the currency due to the value of the idea which it formulates. That this disposition on the part of Great Britain, towards her colonies and towards the United States, shows sound policy as well as sentiment may be readily granted; but why should sound policy, the seeking of one's own advantage, if by open and honest means, be imputed as a crime? In democracies, however, policy cannot long dispute the sceptre with sentiment. That there is lukewarm response in the United States is due to that narrow conception which grew up with the middle of the century, whose analogue in Great Britain is the Little England party, and which in our own country would turn all eyes inward, and see no duty save to ourselves. How shall two walk together except they be agreed? How shall there be true sympathy between a nation whose political activities are world-wide, and one that eats out its heart in merely internal political strife? When we begin really to look abroad, and to busy ourselves with our duties to the world at large in our generation—and not before—we shall stretch out our hands to Great Britain, realizing that in unity of heart among the English-speaking races lies the best hope of humanity in the doubtful days ahead.

In the determination of the duties of nations, nearness is the most conspicuous and the most general indication. Con-

sidering the American states as members of the European family, as they are by traditions, institutions, and languages, it is in the Pacific, where the westward course of empire again meets the East, that their relations to the future of the world become most apparent. The Atlantic, bordered on either shore by the European family in the strongest and most advanced types of its political development, no longer severs, but binds together, by all the facilities and abundance of water communications, the once divided children of the same mother; the inheritors of Greece and Rome, and of the Teutonic conquerors of the latter. A limited express or a flying freight may carry a few passengers or a small bulk overland from the Atlantic to the Pacific more rapidly than modern steamers can cross the former ocean, but for the vast amounts in numbers or in quantity which are required for the full fruition of communication, it is the land that divides, and not the sea. On the Pacific coast, severed from their brethren by desert and mountain range, are found the outposts, the exposed pioneers of European civilization, whom it is one of the first duties of the European family to bind more closely to the main body, and to protect, by due foresight over the approaches to them on either side.

It is in this political fact, and not in the weighing of merely commercial advantages, that is to be found the great significance of the future canal across the Central American isthmus, as well as the importance of the Caribbean Sea; for the latter is inseparably intertwined with all international consideration of the isthmus problem. Wherever situated, whether at Panama or at Nicaragua, the fundamental meaning of the canal will be that it advances by thousands of miles the frontiers of European civilization in general, and of the United States in particular; that it knits together the whole system of American states enjoying that civilization as in no other way they can be bound. In the Caribbean Archipelago—the very domain of sea power, if ever region could be called so—are the natural home and centre of those influences by which such a maritime highway as a canal must be controlled, even as the control of the Suez Canal rests in the Mediterranean. Hawaii, too, is an outpost of the canal, as surely as Aden or

Malta is of Suez; or as Malta was of India in the days long before the canal, when Nelson proclaimed that in that point of view chiefly was it important to Great Britain. In the cluster of island fortress-es of the Caribbean is one of the greatest of the nerve centres of the whole body of European civilization; and it is to be regretted that so serious a portion of them now is in hands which not only never have given, but to all appearances never can give, the development which is required by the general interest.

For what awaits us in the future, in common with the states of Europe, is not a mere question of advantage or disadvantage—of more or less. Issues of vital moment are involved. A present generation is trustee for its successors, and may be faithless to its charge quite as truly by inaction as by action, by omission as by commission. Failure to improve opportunity, where just occasion arises, may entail upon posterity problems and difficulties which, if overcome at all—it may then be too late—will be so at the cost of blood and tears that timely foresight might have spared. Such preventive measures, if taken, are in no true sense offensive but defensive. Decadent conditions, such as we observe in Turkey—and not in Turkey alone—cannot be indefinitely prolonged by opportunist counsels or timid procrastination. A time comes in human affairs, as in physical ailments, when heroic measures must be used to save the life of a patient or the welfare of a community; and if that time is allowed to pass, as many now think that it was at the time of the Crimean war, the last state is worse than the first—an opinion which these passing days of the hesitancy of the Concert and the anguish of Greece, not to speak of the Armenian outrages, surely endorse. Europe, advancing in distant regions, still allows to exist in her own side, unexcised, a sore that may yet drain her life-blood; still leaves in recognized dominion over fair regions of great future import a system whose hopelessness of political and social improvement the lapse of time renders continually more certain—an evil augury for the future, if a turning tide shall find it unchanged, an outpost of barbarism ready for alien occupation.

It is essential to our own good, it is yet more essential as part of our duty to

the commonwealth of peoples to which we racially belong, that we look with clear, dispassionate, but resolute eyes upon the fact that civilizations on different planes of material prosperity and progress, with different spiritual ideals, and with very different political capacities, are fast closing together. It is a condition not unprecedented in the history of the world. When it befell a great united empire, enervated by long years of unwarlike habits among its chief citizens, it entailed ruin, but ruin prolonged through centuries, thanks to the provision made beforehand by a great general and statesman. The Saracenic and Turkish invasions, on the contrary, after generations of advance, were first checked, and then rolled back; for they fell upon peoples, disunited indeed by internal discords and strife, like the nations of Europe to-day, but still nations of warriors, ready by training and habit to strike for their rights, and, if need were, to die for them. In the providence of God, along with the immense increase of prosperity, of physical and mental luxury, brought by this century, there has grown up also that counterpoise stigmatized as "militarism," which has converted Europe into a great camp of soldiers prepared for war. The ill-timed cry for disarmament, heedless of the menacing possibilities of the future, breaks idly against a great fact, which finds its sufficient justification in present conditions, but which is, above all, an unconscious preparation for something as yet noted but by few.

On the side of the land, these great armies and the blind outward impulse of the European peoples are the assurance that generations must elapse ere the barriers can be overcome behind which rests the citadel of Christian civilization. On the side of the sea there is no state charged with weightier responsibilities than the United States. In the Caribbean, the sensitive resentment by our people of any supposed fresh encroachment by another state of the European family has been too plainly and too recently manifested to admit of dispute. Such an attitude of itself demands of us to be ready to support it by organized force, exactly as the mutual jealousy of states within the European Continent impose upon them the maintenance of their great armies—destined, we believe, in the fu-

ture, to fulfil a nobler mission. Where we thus exclude others, we accept for ourselves the responsibility for that which is due to the general family of our civilization; and the Caribbean Sea, with its isthmus, is the nexus where will meet the chords binding the East to the West, the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The isthmus, with all that depends upon it—its canal and its approaches on either hand—will link the eastern side of the American continent to the western as no net-work of land communications ever can. In it the United States has asserted a special interest. In the present she can maintain her claim, and in the future perform her duty, only by the creation of that sea power upon which predominance in the Caribbean must ever depend. In short, as the internal jealousies of Europe, and the purely democratic institution of the *levée en masse*—the general enforcement of military training—have prepared the way for great national armies, whose mission seems yet obscure, so the gradual broadening and tightening hold upon the sentiment of American democracy of that conviction loosely characterized as the Monroe doctrine finds its logical, inevitable outcome in a great sea power, the correlative, in connection with that of Great Britain, of those armies which continue to flourish under the most popular institutions, despite the wails of economists and the lamentations of those who wish peace without paying the one price which alone has ever ensured peace—readiness for war.

Thus it was, while readiness for war lasted, that the Teuton was held back until he became civilized, humanized, after the standard of that age, till the root of the matter was in him, sure to bear fruit in due season. He was held back by organized armed force—by armies. Will it be said that that was in a past barbaric age? Barbarism, however, is not in more or less material prosperity, or even political development, but in the inner man, in the spiritual ideal; and the material, which comes first and has in itself no salt of life to save from corruption, must be controlled by other material forces, until the spiritual can find room and time to germinate. We need not fear but that

that which appeals to the senses in our civilization will be appropriated, even though it be necessary to destroy us, if disarmed, in order to obtain it. Our own civilization less its spiritual element is barbarism; and barbarism will be the civilization of those who assimilate its material progress without imbibing the indwelling spirit.

Let us worship peace, indeed, as the goal at which humanity must hope to arrive; but let us not fancy that peace is to be had as a boy wrenches an unripe fruit from a tree. Nor will peace be reached by ignoring the conditions that confront us, or by exaggerating the charms of quiet, of prosperity, of ease, and by contrasting these exclusively with the alarms and horrors of war. Merely utilitarian arguments have never convinced nor converted mankind, and they never will; for mankind knows that there is something better. Its homage will never be commanded by peace, presented as the tutelary deity of the stock-market.

Nothing is more ominous for the future of our race than that tendency, vociferous at present, which refuses to recognize in the profession of arms, in war, that something which inspired Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior," which soothed the dying hours of Henry Lawrence, who framed the ideals of his career on the poet's conception, and so nobly illustrated it in his self-sacrifice; that something which has made the soldier to all ages the type of heroism and of self-denial. When the religion of Christ, of Him who was led as a lamb to the slaughter, seeks to raise before its followers the image of self-control, and of resistance to evil, it is the soldier whom it presents. He Himself, if by office King of Peace, is first of all, in the essence of His Being, King of Righteousness, without which true peace cannot be.

Conflict is the condition of all life, material and spiritual; and it is to the soldier's experience that the spiritual life goes for its most vivid metaphors and its loftiest inspirations. Whatever else the twentieth century may bring us, it will not, from anything now current in the thought of the nineteenth, receive a nobler ideal.

A FLORAL CALENDAR.

BY GRISWALD DICHTER.

Hail and farewell,
Sweet blossom nurtured in the snow,
That doth compel
Thy shape with its star-crystals ere they go!
Thou callest Spring
Back from the sealed sepulchre of earth,
Yet diest witnessing her strange new birth
When the first robins sing
O'er broken shell.
Hail, mayflower! Farewell!

Hail and farewell,
Rich rose that greetest Summer with thy lips!
Thou mayst but tell
Thy passion to the gossip-bee that dips
Deep in thy heart,
When for the Eden where no beauties perish
A mystic Gardener culls thee, to cherish
In that forbidden part
Whence Adam fell.
Hail, rosebud—and farewell!

Hail and farewell,
Prince-prelate of the August wilderness,
That in the dell,
With gorgeous scarlet for thy hat and dress,
Hearest a mass
Said for the soul of Summer by the birds,
Too proud to bend thy head at sacred words,
And signless letting pass
The monstrance bell!
Hail, cardinal! Farewell!

Hail and farewell,
Gold-truncheon'd marshal of the red array!
Thou canst not quell
The rout of leaves along the autumn way
- That erst wore green.
Their squadrons fly before November's van;
The victor wraps them all in shrouds of tan
In dingle and in dene,
On field and fell.
Hail, golden-rod! Farewell!

Hail and farewell,
All blessed saints of floral calendar!
Now in the cell
And catacomb of bitter days ye are,
But pagan frost
Of persecution shall not long prevail.
Winter and Death are Knights who bring the grail
That we need last and most,
Sleep's quick'ning spell.
Hail, flowers—and farewell!

THE KENTUCKIANS.*

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

PART THIRD.

IX.

THE session drew to a close. Several times Anne met Stallard in the street and he spoke merely, lifting his hat now, and passed on. She had asked him once if he expected to come back the following year. His answer was that he didn't know; he would come if he were sent; but that he did not mean to turn his hand over for a renomination. Considering the extraordinary coincidence of their lives, the extraordinary disclosure which linked the present with the past, and the possible fact that in a few weeks he might see her for the last time, his course now was inexplicable. He kept to his seclusion rigidly. She could not believe that his interest in her was impersonal, that he regarded her as a spiritual embodiment of certain conditions that were denied him at birth, that he wanted to attain, and which he believed were beyond him altogether. It was only after much thought that the truth flashed and seared her to the heart. He saw the gulf between them. He believed she thought it impassable, and with his strong sense and sure insight he, too, saw that it was. He was too proud to make an effort to bridge the gulf; too loyal to his own people to cross it alone, if he could. He would walk with them on his own side; and with this resolution he must do as he was doing. She liked his pride, and, for that reason, the hard conditions on which he must uphold it wrung her the more with pity.

Marshall, too, she rarely saw, and she knew the reason. He had not been to the Mansion since the night she and Stallard met him at the bridge. What she heard of the two in the House kept her continually uneasy. No matter came up there in which Stallard and Marshall did not antagonize each other, and Marshall said sharp things which, from Stallard's lips, Anne knew, would bring about trouble.

To many Marshall's bitterness seemed unreasonable, and perhaps there was but one other person than Colton who so

much as suspected that his hostility was not altogether political. That was Katherine Craig. She saw the inner play of his mind, of which Marshall himself was hardly conscious, and she sensibly kept it to herself. Hitherto, Marshall had met his rivals chivalrously, as he would have met them man to man in any conflict, as he would have met Stallard had the mountaineer been a gentleman. He always said that he had never known jealousy—that a common admiration was to him a link of sympathy rather than a cause of hate. To his rivals, then, he was especially courteous, and a foreign lover got from no one a more hospitable welcome than from Marshall. With Stallard it was different. The mountaineer had shown himself a boor by exposing his enmity before ladies and in a drawing-room. War was declared between the two before he had even looked upon Stallard as a possible rival. Not that he seriously saw him in that light yet. Still, he was far too keen not to feel the hold the mountaineer had. It vexed him with Anne, to whom he dared not open his lips, and it gave a surprising force to his feeling against Stallard. The mountaineer had power as an orator. One thing appealed to the girl more—political honor—and that, he knew, Anne believed the mountaineer irresistibly bound to achieve. These would win her admiration, her interest, her respect. That much Stallard already had—yes, he confessed quickly, and more. The mountaineer was, in her eyes, a man with a people behind him; a people who had drifted back towards barbarism through no fault of their own. They were kindred in distress. His mission was to aid, to uplift. Moreover, he was new to her in all ways, and he had not dropped, like the others, at once to her feet. He counted that these could never win Stallard more than deep interest, deep friendship perhaps. The idea of love would be as repugnant to her, he believed, as it was to him. Intellectually, she was quite democratic, and she avowed democracy, but in her exactions and deepest feel-

* Begun in July number, 1897.

ings she was an aristocrat to her heart's core. Thus far Marshall could go; thus far he went. But how Stallard's personal history, his early upward flight, his frank facing of the facts of his birth, his just bitterness that fate should draw the deadline for one man who wanted to cross it and suffer another to be born on the other side and care nothing for the advantage, how the secret inner sorrow that his brother had put upon him stirred her passionate pity—of all that he knew nothing, or he might have been uneasy indeed.

Anne found herself in a curious maze. This brother of Stallard's was, of course, Buck, the young trusty; that was doubtless what he had yet to tell her. Criminals, after conviction, were sent to the penitentiary from all parts of the State; she knew that, but she did not know that moonshiners were not; and in some way she had come to believe that the young trusty's crime was "moonshining," which she had come to regard, through Buck's testimony and Colton's strictures on the revenue service, with much tolerance and a good deal of sympathy. She had quite accustomed herself to thinking of him as the victim of circumstance and of a misdemeanor that was not in itself criminal. Thinking that, she had allowed her interest in him to deepen unreservedly, and had suffered him much liberty of speech. Now Stallard had hinted at something in his brother as dark as crime could be, and she was unsmiling the next time Buck came to work, but full of pity, as she watched him under a newspaper with which she shaded her eyes from the sun. Was it possible that this bright-faced lad, with his careless laughter and his easy chatter, had human blood on his hands?

"Hit's this way, Miz Anne," he was saying. "One o' them wars jus' knocks the fun out'n ever'thing. Somebody gives a party. Thar's Keaton's thar, an' thar's Stallard's thar. Purty soon thar's a row, an' the party is busted up. Folks is afeerd now to have parties. Sometimes a Stallard and a Keaton is a-courtin' the same gal, an' sometimes they both goes to see her the same night. Commonly they makes the gal say which one she likes best, an' t'other one takes his foot in his hand an' lights fer home; but I knowed a case once whar the gal said she jus' didn't plumb know which."

The boy was wily as a fox; he stopped there. Something was wrong that morning—he saw it in Anne's face—and he was trying to get her interested.

"What happened then?" she asked, partly because she wanted to know, partly because he was waiting for the question.

"Well, they jus' stepped out'n doors an' fit. An' when Jim Stallard was agittin' the best o' Tom Keaton, the gal gits to cryin'; an' when Jim gits him down, she runs up an' pulls Jim off by his ha'r; an' Jim says the next time he fights fer a gal he wants to be the feller what's licked."

The girl laughed, when she felt close to tears. Once she thought of asking him outright if he were a brother to Boone Stallard; but it was no longer possible; when the mountaineer wanted her to know, he would himself tell; and Anne went in-doors, much troubled.

That day, to her distress, all her doubt was dissolved.

In the afternoon she took some friends of her father through the prison. Passing through the dust cloud of a room in which prisoners were making laths, her eyes caught the face and shape of a convict who was running a thin plank through one of the circular saws. The jaw of the face was square and strong; the cheek toward her was sunken as though by a bullet or a knife thrust; and while she looked at him the man, as though to answer her gaze, lifted his dusty brows, and the cold evil eyes under them met hers and, dropping at once back to his work, left her shuddering. Almost unconsciously she touched the warden's arm.

"Who is that man?"

The convict fell into a violent fit of coughing as she spoke, and when the warden turned, Buck the trusty was nodding brightly to her, side by side with the man she meant.

"Oh, his name's Stallard—from down in the mountains—one of those feuds—murder. He's a pretty bad fellow; everybody asks about him. He's got a brother in the Legislature," he added to another of the party; but Anne heard him, and was sunk in such sudden wretchedness that she did not repeat her question. She felt her pity deepening for Stallard as she walked home, and when she went to her room that night she was seeking

palliation for the young trusty. It was hard to believe that he was evil in soul—he was so light-hearted, open, frank, and humorously curious. She found herself going back to the time when men exacted a blood penalty for a slain kinsman. She recalled the boy's words:

"S'posin' somebody was to shoot down your brother, an' the law wouldn't tech him—not couldn't now, mind ye—*wouldn't*. What would you do? What would any feller do?"

Then she faced the question, what, under such circumstances, would her own father do? She would learn the details before she judged the boy. No, she must not do even that; Stallard would tell her these when he wanted her to know. No; she—The thread was snapped there. Why was she trying to defend this boy? For his own sake, or through her pity of Stallard? Had the lad appealed to her on his own account? Yes, but, ah!—and just there the white hands slipped from the bright hair they had been loosening, and Anne sank into a chair by the window, looking out with startled eyes into the June night. When she went to bed, she lay there sleepless and a little frightened. She could not put one image outside her vision; now and then, in her half-conscious dreams, the young trusty would displace it; now and then, Marshall; oftenest of the three, the convict with the sunken cheek; but it always swung back before her closed eyes in the darkness, fixed, calm, inscrutable—the face of Stallard the mountaineer.

X.

She did not go down to breakfast next morning. She staid abed, and early in the afternoon Katherine Craig came with disturbing news. Down in the mountains, Colton had told her, Mace Keaton was at his deviltry again. He had elected himself sheriff, and had suffered a Stallard to be shot down within sight of him and had not raised his hand. Both parties were once more armed and organized, and the Keatons had taken to "the brush." The judge who had gone to the county-seat to hold court had been driven from town. Any day there might be a general conflict.

Elsewhere, Katherine had heard more. Marshall meant to bring up that day his old bill to disrupt the county. He would be bitter; and lately Stallard's patience.

it was said, was being worn to an edge. Trouble was feared.

About that time, in the house, Marshall was rising to his feet. He repeated all he had said and more—sneeringly. He addressed himself straight to the gentleman from Roland. Could he deny such and such, and such and such? And Stallard had to sit through it all, white and silent, for Marshall, drinking as he was, took care to state only facts. Still, the spirit of his talk was vindictive. It looked as though he wanted to bring about a mortal quarrel, and Colton, who was watching the mountaineer's face, believed it was going to come. The ticking of the big clock could be heard when the mountaineer rose, but there was no answering invective. Not once did Stallard's tone rise above the level of quiet conversation. He was pale and his eyes were bright, but in no other way did he show unusual emotion. The facts were as the gentleman had stated. He had said much; he had implied a good deal that was irrelevant and unnecessary. It was not the place where those things should be said, discussed, or answered. The gentleman seemed to hold him personally responsible for the lawlessness of his people. Very well, he would accept and bear the responsibility, and he pledged that body that he personally would see that law and order in the end prevailed.

The pressure of affairs—for the term was growing short—and Marshall's manner and condition were already seriously against his bill; Stallard's temperate words defeated it, and Marshall's face, flushed as it was, paled a little. He was standing in the lobby when Colton came out, and a friend had him by the arm and was trying to lead him away. He tried to break loose when Stallard appeared, and Colton saw the mountaineer's mouth tighten and a dangerous light leap from his eyes as he stopped still and waited. Another friend caught Marshall's arm, and Stallard walked on as though he had seen nothing. But he went on with a quickening step over the bridge, and he walked the hills till dark. The animal in him that he had been slowly netting with such care was straining at its cords now. It is never securely bound in a nature as close to earth as Stallard's was; and nothing will make it restive like the kindly eyes and voice of a woman and a rival claim for them.

had turned with leaping fury in Stallard and made him primeval again. Marshall was not fooling him. He knew the true reason for the bitter hostility of that day. Marshall feared him without, as well as within, the legislative chamber. The mountaineer had no traditions of chivalry to hold him in check; and he went on stripping himself, stripping Marshall, until soul to soul the two faced in a mortal fight for mastery. And could Anne have seen his face when the moon rose on it out in the fields, she would have heard her heart beat. Had Marshall been face to face with him in fact as he was in mind, the mountaineer would have killed him, and gone striding on through the fragrant dusk an exultant savage.

It was late when he got back, but the strain of his heart and his brain was eased; and the firm structure that a strong soul builds on religion first, and then on a love of law that is born of a love of people who are in need of restraint, was firm within him again. He got to his room and to his books with the tempest in him calm, and the old, old resolution freshly made to run his course, as he had started, to the end.

He had a hard time with his law that night. Things were always passing between his eyes and the page that blurred the print; and he was glad when the hour came for the walk that was a nightly custom with him after his task was done. Not that he needed exercise that night; but the walk always took him past Anne Bruce's house, and it was for that sole reason that he went now. There was a dim light in the hallway, but the parlor was dark, and so was Anne's room, which he had come to know from seeing her at her window, half screened by maple leaves. As he passed the rear of the hotel, music started through the open windows above him, and he remembered that the last hop of the season was going on that night. Anne was doubtless there—and Marshall. Farther up the street an unusual clinking of glasses came from behind a pair of green shutters, and there was an unusual stir on the portico and in the hallway of the hotel. At the top of the steps stood Colton in evening dress, mopping his face with a handkerchief. Stallard had declined to go that morning when Colton urged him, but he let himself be dragged up stairs now to the door of the ball-room, and there he halted and

stood—a grave, unsmiling statue—looking on. He had never seen waltzing before, and while he watched, his mind was on a dance at home—a log cabin, a fiddle, and a banjo, a puncheon floor, and men in jeans and cowhide boots swinging girls in linsey under low, blackened rafters and through the wavering light of a tallow dip. And the prompting: "Balance all! Swing yer pardners! Cage the bird! Grand right an' *wrong*! Fust lady to the right—*cheat* an' swing." What a contrast! Katherine smiled at him as she whirled past, and, through the dancers, he saw Anne at the other end of the room, and near her Marshall, dark, grave, and faultless in dress and bearing. Already she was gathering up her wraps, and when the dance was over she was moving on Marshall's arm towards the door. She was going home, and Stallard shrank back that she might not see him. As she passed he saw that she was biting her lip under a forced smile, and Marshall was frowning darkly. Something was wrong between the two, and it pleased him savagely.

He did not wait long after they were gone; the brilliant scene thrust him farther and farther from Anne. Even to his eyes she was marked from every other woman in the room by her simple presence, which seemed out of keeping with the rush and whirl of the place. And if she were out of place in these lights, with this music, among these dainty things in white, how would she seem at home? The thought stung him as he turned away; it added to his store of bitterness, but it helped make his purpose firm.

The Mansion was only two blocks distant, and straight on Stallard's way home. The door opened just as he was passing by on the other side of the street, and having stopped unconsciously in the thick shadow of a maple, he feared to move on. Marshall came out with his hat in his hand and Anne stood in the door. It was after midnight and the street was still. Marshall turned and began talking in a low tone and rapidly. Anne leaned in the doorway with her hands behind her. Her attitude was indifferent and her face looked hard. She made no answer as Marshall moved down the steps, and for the second time that day an exultant fire ran through him. She stood a little while just as Marshall had left her, and then she came to the edge of the

porch, looking across through the darkness where he was hungrily watching her. Her eyes seemed almost to be on him as he stood uneasy and noiseless, but she turned and closed the door. He saw the light in the drawing-room and in the hall go out, and a moment later, another appear upstairs; then her face through the leaves at the window, and one hand reaching up for the curtain; and he staid on, just to see her shadow pass now and then, till the room was dark. He started for his room then, little reckoning how the girl lay looking with sleepless eyes into the darkness above her, mystified, perplexed, distressed. It was the first time Marshall had been to the Mansion for a long while, and they had had the worst of their many quarrels. She had heard of the trouble in the House fully, and her sympathies sided resistlessly with Stallard. Marshall was wrong, she tried to argue; it was a matter of justice, she said—as though justice guided a woman's sympathies, she thought, before the words had quite left her lips. Still she had spoken as though Stallard were a stranger to both, and Marshall with one reckless word had made the matter personal. Then was she very plain with him. She rarely tried to hide the truth, even when there was no need for it to be known; for she was fearless of criticism, and especially, just now, of his—for she thought him bitter and unjust. So in her defence of the mountaineer, she indirectly laid bare her interest in him, and Marshall was startled. She feared that in the heat of the moment she had put that interest too strong; then she herself was startled to realize how little she had fallen short of the truth.

A revolution took place that night. Grown reckless at last, Anne faced fact after fact, extraordinary as each was, and finally went to troubled sleep, ceasing to question.

XI.

It was well for the three that the session came to a quick end. Marshall went to his farm; Stallard to the mountains; Anne staid on at the capital; the summer came and gave the three time to think.

Anne saw the leaves grow full, the hills round with beauty, and the flowers go. When the trees got dusty and the hot days came, she too went home. She saw

nothing of Marshall, she heard nothing, and she was not surprised; for she knew his moods and his ways, she thought, beyond the chance of error. Nobody saw Marshall those days. He staid at home, passing his own test of fire. Anne had cut his pride to the quick. The mountaineer had started with nothing, and had accomplished all that human effort could, while he had started with everything, and had done only what his birth and station had driven him to do. That was the blunt burden of the contrast that he had drawn on himself from Anne. In other and plainer words, he was little more than a machine, run by the momentum of forces that were prenatal. He deserved little credit for what he had done, and great censure for not having done more. That was the final courageous interpretation he gave her words, and it was not long before his self-searching honesty began to tell him that it was all true. His humiliation was bitter, but his hurt pride was turned into a power for good, and started a change in him that nothing else had ever been able to effect; for it forged and edged a purpose—started him on a course of grim self-denial and turned him to work.

A century back new life was put into the lazy Virginia blood that fought its way over the Cumberland and along the Wilderness Road to the interior; it needed only antagonism then to give it new strength, and the vigor of that pioneer effort is far from spent. It is the bed-rock of the Kentuckian's character to-day, and a shaft sunk through his easy good-humor rarely fails to rest on it at last. That far down the differences between Marshall and Stallard practically ceased; down there they would meet as granite meets granite, when a great test should come.

Now, thanks to the guidance, since, of an unseen Hand, the mountaineer must fight away from the earth as Marshall must fight back to it; and the love of the same woman was the motive power that led them opposite ways. They were long days that summer, and days of gain to both, but the Hand still bore with unequal weight on the mountaineer. Marshall saw his blue-grass stripped and stored, the grain harvested, the corn turn yellow for the knife. With the first crisp touch of frost he was busy in the hemp-fields. Then came the brooding days of autumn,

the gentle pensive haze of Indian summer, and the drowsy rest of nature filled his mother's heart and brought to Marshall's turbulent spirit an unguessed measure of peace.

Not a word came from the mountaineer. His mountains had swallowed him, as they swallow everything that passes their blue summits. Once Anne saw in a newspaper that the leaders in the Keaton-Stallard feud had met, shaken hands, and signed a truce; and that Boone Stallard had brought the reconciliation about. It was the one fact she heard of him through the autumn, and she thought of him a good deal; for she was living alone; she had much time for speculations and dreams; and, moreover, the way of chance is strange. Had Stallard been an acute student of woman's nature, had he put a life-long study on Anne Bruce's brain and heart, and then have deliberately chosen the way to reach both, it is doubtful whether he could have picked a better part or have played it with better skill. To show his secret with every act and look, and but once—and barely then—with a spoken word; to trouble her with no exactions; to give all, in a word, and ask nothing; to be strong—so strong as to make her feel, with a vague dissatisfaction, that there was in him something stronger even than his love for her, and then to pass out of her life as silently as he came into it—to pass on and out of life altogether for aught she knew—there was hardly a detail left undone. For she read, later, that the truce was broken once more; she saw Buck Stallard's name among the prisoners whose time was done, and that surprised her and gave her great relief; that his crime was complicity in a feud—not murder—and that perplexed her and made her wonder. Then came news of a fight in which Buck had taken part and two Stallards were killed. One of them might have been Boone. Any other than he would have sent her word, if he were alive. Silence in another man would have been inexplicable; it meant nothing in Stallard. He had never so much as said he was coming back. He had said, indeed, that he would not turn over his hand for the chance to return. He had said that—and yet he loved her; he had loved no other; his love, born years ago with a look, had suffered no change, no displacement—all this he had given her to understand as

plainly as he could have put it into words. She would have smiled at such a tale in another man. She hardly wondered at it in Stallard; she simply thought it strange that fate had made it so. Now he was gone—gone for good, as far as she knew. It would have been beyond reason in another man; it meant nothing in an inscrutable enigma like him. He was dead, even, as far as she knew; he might be and she not know; for once she had gone so far as to write Colton, who too had heard not a word. So, day by day, wondering, fearing, thinking—more than was good for her, good as it all was for Stallard's place in her heart—Anne had to wait and be patient till Christmas should come and the new year, when the session would open again. Then she would know, and not till then.

One thing only was there for her to know, that summer, that would have distressed her less than news of his death, and that was the storm and stress of his life. He had told Anne the truth. He had gone home with the resolution not to lift hand or foot to secure his nomination. Apparently no move was necessary; for, by the terms of the truce, Mace Keaton had left the mountains for a year to give the heated blood of both factions time to cool; and without Mace there was no man to oppose him. So Boone Stallard gathered his mother's thin corn in peace, as did other Stallards and Keatons their corn; and it was the first summer in many years that many of either name had worked in the fields without a rifle close at hand and the fear of an enemy lurking near in ambush. It was a time of inner tumult to the mountaineer. It was an old story retold now—his coming back home, his revulsion from its narrow life, the rough talk of his friends in the presence of their daughters and wives, the rustic uncouthness of the young women, the painful pity that attacked him when he newly realized the hard lot of his mother and sister, whose unconsciousness made the pathos of it the more piteous; to know how helpless he was to aid them in more than the simple needs of existence; how beyond him to broaden or uplift them, so crystallized were they in the way of life that had been moulded for them so long. Contrast—it was all bitter, hopeless contrast, when he saw his mother in the cabin at night with her pipe; his sister with hers now; the

neighbors drifting in with hats on and barefooted sometimes—men and women; the talk—it struck him now with ludicrous inconsistency—of homicide and the Bible, the last killing and the doctrine of original sin—from the same lips, with hardly a breath to bridge the chasm between. Even in those days a sullen rebellion against the chains of birth would break loose within him; and now, with Anne's face always looking from water, mist, and moonlight, the rebellion was fierce; and half-crazed sometimes, he would start up the mountain, after his work was done, and climb until there was no leaf between him and the stars. There he would have it out with his own soul, and with the wide heaven that had put him where he was and did not chain him there. But his strong courage upheld him even when he was deepest sunk in helplessness, and he would go down under cover of darkness to look at the old, patient, unembittered face of his mother, and sometimes he would go to bed with a half-born resolution, since he was cast there, to stay there and share their fate, and not try to breathe an air that was thin for him and would stifle them. Then would it come over him, with an awful sense of desolation, how unspeakably absurd were the high-wrought dreams that every thought of Anne once brought him. Where was the place for her? For the delicately nurtured, exquisitely dressed, fastidious girl who, with all the favor she had shown him, yet seemed as distant from the rough background that lay close behind his life as though her home were the clouds and his the earth forever. But it was his second self that spoke in this way—the self that was born of contact with civilization; for whether it be the pride of independence or the complacency of isolation, the mountaineer, recognizing no social chasm, believes deep down in his heart that he is the peer of any and the inferior of none. Even with Stallard this feeling was not dead, and with him, in the end, little that was antagonism counted for more than the weight of a straw when into one cup all his doubts, speculations, and purposes were strained at last—the cup of fatalism, from which he had drunk deep at birth, in his rearing, from the grim mountains that had cradled him—the draught that gave him his strength and drove him forward when, without it, he would have shrunk back

and would have passed from the earth to count for little more on the stage of action than the daily shadow of Black Rock to and fro across the Cumberland. What is to be will be. He was not to blame that his ways were not the ways of his people; his aspirations were not his own—where they came from, God only knew. He had not striven to gain Anne Bruce's favor. He had not asked to take another place than the place to which he was born. He had asked nothing of enemy or friend; he had nothing to ask now. Fate had put him where he was; fate might take him out; very well, he would go. And whether he went or staid, he would do his duty just the same. Such was his final thought; and no man ever watched for the gleam that flashes from within as Boone Stallard hearkened to the inner voice that had but to whisper to be obeyed. The people wanted him to go back to the capital; very well, he would go back. That was what he told the Stallards at the courthouse one Saturday afternoon, and when he started for home his brain swam with the thought of what must come. Responsibility had ceased for him—it was fate pointing the way beyond where he had dared to go. There was no turning back, then, when a little later came the crisis in his mountain life. Mace Keaton appeared one morning against the express terms of the truce—drunk and defiant. More, a little later he announced himself as a candidate to oppose Boone Stallard; more still, day by day the startling rumor that the Keatons meant to uphold his return and support his claim crystallized into certain fact. There was no doubt that Mace Keaton was acting from bitter personal hatred of Boone, and the Stallard leaders watched the latter closely and with fear. Always he had steered his course clear of the bloody run of feudal feeling. His acceptance of the nomination meant open enmity to the Keatons, open arrayal with them; it would make him the Stallard leader for the years to come. And they knew that he knew the penalty of his choice. Apparently he took no time to make up his mind. Straight and clear came his answer at once. He would run: they wanted him; Mace Keaton had violated the bond; so had his friends; the one had no right there; his friends no right to stand by him when he was plainly in the wrong.

It was a jubilee for the Stallards—this

dictum. And all at once the burden of leadership, the responsibility of it and the terrible risk, were shifted in a day from shoulders that had long borne them to shoulders that had been well trained by other burdens to take on more—if more had to be borne. The truce not to take up arms held; and the Keatons felt honor bound to hold the more rigidly to it in other particulars, having so grossly violated it in one. So the conflict began peaceably enough. But the convention was to come, and nobody had a doubt as to what that would bring to pass. Boone Stallard was in the feud at last.

XII.

Christmas passed and the time was nigh. The House was open; new matting had been laid; there were divans in the lobbies; the cloak-rooms and the library were fresh and clean and the flags were newly furled. In the Lower House a good-looking mulatto was tacking to the desks cards that bore the members' names. A portrait of Washington hung above the dingy gold eagle on the Speaker's chair. To his right Daniel Boone sat on a log in a sylvan bower, cocking his rifle—with a vista, cut by the artist, through thick woods to the placid Ohio. To the left was Lafayette, hat in hand, and strolling near a cliff that his preoccupation made perilous. Each picture was ticketed, perhaps to save unwary rustics the mortification that the memories of innocent questions would later bring. A few old members were writing in their seats. A pompous new one was walking around his desk, looking at his own name openly once, then furtively again and again.

Passing the Senate door, one saw the tall portrait of the great commoner, his face smiling but imperious. Visitors were coming up and going down the oval stone stairway. Out on the steps was a "lady candidate" for librarian, with an imitation seal-skin thrown back and a bunch of carnations at her breast—smiling up into the flattered eyes of a very old statesman. Pushing a wheelbarrow towards the old iron gate, was a trusty in stripes—a sullen fellow with a heavy jaw and a disfigured face. Over in the gray hotel of Kentucky marble, a crowd of tobacco-chewing politicians were wrangling about the Speakership for the coming term. The parlor was full of their wives and chil-

dren. Outside the day was clear, cloudless, brilliant, and warm, though along the road the moss was sprinkled with snow, and the hollows in the black haystacks out in the brown fields were plump and white. Out there the hazels were bending, like the trees from the west, bent by the wind that blows ever from the sun. The far distance was hazy, dreamlike, reminiscent, and the mood of the horizon caught Anne when she turned with Katherine, on the hill, to look at the yellow western light, and held her while she walked back to the smoky town. Marshall was back; so was Stallard. No opponent dared to face Marshall in his own party, and the conflict in his county of rock-ribbed Democracy was always, for the other side, a matter merely of form. So far there had never been any need for him to take a thought for his political morrow, and, as usual, he staid quietly at home, and passed, as usual, into his honors without opposition.

It was Colton who had told her about Stallard. He had got the story from Jack Mockaby, a mountain member who had been at the convention in Roland. Stallard stormed through the little courthouse like a mad lion, shaking his finger in Mace Keaton's face, defying him and his clan; and the magnificent audacity of the performance so dazed his adversaries that they finally led Keaton from the courthouse and left the nomination to Stallard, at the cost of a lifetime of peace, at the cost some day of his life, maybe. He was openly the leader of the Stallards now. Pistols were drawn that day after the Keatons came out from the spell of Stallard's cyclonic oratory, and it was all but necessary for Boone to take up a gun for the first time in his life, against his fellow-man. At the last moment, Stallard had even been in doubt about leaving home for the capital, questioning whether his duty were at one place or the other. Any day he might need to go back to a mortal conflict; and then, in the words of the mountain member which were familiar in Anne's memory, "thar'd be Billy-hell to pay when he did." Marshall knew all this. Already it was plain that he and Stallard would be contestants for the Speakership. The old fight for disruption would surely come up again, and before Anne's eyes was nowhere the light of peace. It was a strange wrench from the placid run of her own life to

have her sympathies drawn into such a current of mediæval barbarism. There had been a great deal in the papers about the feud: about the people who took part in it; the method of warfare—ambushing from behind trees, lying in wait along the road-side, calling men to their own doors and shooting them down; worse still, cowards who had a little money paying assassins a petty sum to do their bloody work. Usually, it was said, one faction of the two rarely resorted to these means, and in this feud the Stallards had kept aloof from such hideous practices. That helped check Anne's growing horror, but it was incredible barbarism, and when she went back to the Mansion there appeared, as if to clinch the truth of what she had read, the only figure she had ever seen that might embody such evil. The warden would send over another trusty to take young Buck's place, her father said, and next morning she saw at the gate the sinister face of the convict with the sunken cheek, and Anne was transfixed. He, too, was a mountaineer. Stallard was one possibility of that life; here was another. She had the man told that there was nothing for him to do; and it was on her lips to ask her father then and there just what young Buck had done, but her delicate honor forbade. That, Stallard was going to tell her. Why did he not wrench loose wholly from such a life and from such people? she asked herself passionately. Already he had answered the question: without cowardice and disloyalty he could not. It was not till then that she fully realized the mountaineer's strange predicament: his duty lay where he was; and if he could shake himself free, what then? The instincts that go with birth, the traits of character that grow with the training of childhood, the graces and culture that come with later associations, could never be his. Without them he would always be at a conscious disadvantage, and his pride would allow him no peace. Moreover, for those reasons and one other not yet known, he could not open his lips to her. In other self-made men she had noticed a lurking hatred of the born gentleman, a bitter jealousy of him, a contemptuous disparagement of his high claims and exactions. There was nothing of this in Stallard; his bitterness was that he had not had the chance to be and to become all

that was possible for a man. He was doing his best to make good what had been denied him; he would always do that. But meanwhile he was as helpless in the web of circumstance as a fly in a spider's toils; and it was his own strength that bound him.

Stallard had not come to see her; she did not know that he would come, even if he were not so busy, if the stress of affairs were not so great. Both the men she had seen but once. She was standing on the steps of the Mansion when Marshall appeared on the other side of the street. She expected him to lift his hat and pass on; but to her surprise he had come across and shaken hands with fine control, and had asked that he might have a long talk with her soon. The days of thought and settled purpose had wrought their story that summer in his face, which was brown, ruddy, and firm. Some change had taken place in him which made her wonder; and some change had come over Stallard. Him she had seen from the drawing-room window. He, too, was passing by in deep thought; and the sight of his face choked her—so lean and worn was it. It had a hunted and wary look—Colton had spoken to her of that—the look of a man ever at high tension, on constant guard against an enemy, on guard for his life.

To everybody the change in both was quickly apparent. Marshall had come back with the purpose of being considerate, temperate, and just. Stallard's timidity was gone. He had taken on a new front; he was aggressive at the start; and Marshall, to his surprise and vexation, found himself where he had always held Stallard—on the defensive. On the morning of the first day in the caucus, to decide certain preliminary matters, Marshall's hot temper flared up, and there was a lightning cross-fire between the two men. It was as plain as noonday that a clash would come. Marshall had become a little unpopular; his haughtiness offended some and his wealth others; some were jealous of him. These, with the following upon which Stallard could count, were enough to make the contest of grave doubt to Marshall's friends, and the situation did not help Marshall, who brooked rivalry with great difficulty.

It was an old tale for that day, and one not impossible now. At first Stallard declined to arm himself, though

Mockaby told him to his face that he was a fool to go unarmed. Neither meant to make an attack; both believed an attack possible; both used the plea of self-defence; and when, at the afternoon session, the lie all but passed, each man went armed the next day, and the close friends of each were in an unrest of expectancy. And on that day Anne's life began to be a melodrama which she would have ridiculed had it passed before her on the stage. At noon she heard that trouble was likely, and her father told her that ladies would not be allowed to enter the house that afternoon. So she staid at home and, as women must, lay in a dark room with dry eyes and nothing to do but fear and think.

Meanwhile Marshall had spoken once, briefly and bitterly. Stallard replied briefly in kind, but with a cool moderation that inflamed Marshall more than bitterness could. As Marshall rose again a messenger-boy laid a telegram on the mountaineer's desk. Colton saw him start, quickly break open the yellow envelope—and then every particle of color left his face. There was but one answer for Stallard when Marshall was done, and had the listeners been forced to sit still while a bolt of lightning played under the ceiling, the face of every man could hardly have been more intense, nor would Marshall's, had he known that it was he whom the bolt would strike. There was but one answer to Stallard, too, and Marshall's white silence was an omen that the answer was sure to come. He went out before the session was quite done, and Mockaby, preceding Stallard a step, saw him waiting near one of the gray pillars at the far end of the portico, and gave the mountaineer a nod of warning. Stallard purposely walked towards the other end, and as he stepped down on the brick flagging, Marshall stepped down too, facing him. Men near each of them scurried quickly out of line. The members coming out stopped still about the pillars, and Marshall's voice cut clearly through the sudden quiet.

"Stallard," he called, reaching for his pistol, "we'd as well settle this thing now."

Stallard saw the movement and, mountaineerlike, thought Marshall meant to get the advantage. Like lightning his own weapon flashed, and the two reports struck Mockaby's ear as one. It was

hasty work, and both missed. Marshall's revolver spoke again, as he fired, advancing. Stallard hitched one shoulder slightly and, to Mockaby's terror, looked down at his pistol, his face unmoved. Hearing no other shot, he looked up again quickly, and stood motionless and bewildered, staring at Marshall. Mockaby, too, was staring helplessly. Marshall, seeing the trouble with the mountaineer's pistol, was quietly waiting for him to get ready again.

Stallard reddened and looked shamed; then, with a turn of his wrist, he tossed his weapon aside. It rang on the flagging at Mockaby's feet, and he stooped mechanically to pick it up. When he rose upright he saw Stallard striding towards Marshall with his hand outstretched. Promptly Marshall stepped forward to meet him, shifting his pistol as he came, and, midway, the two men caught hands. It was too much for the on-lookers: the strain of mortal expectancy; the gallant magnanimity of the one, the perfect courage of the other. Mockaby was struck dumb, but a hum of enthusiasm rose behind him. One old Confederate, who had stood at rigid attention against a pillar, was wiping his eyes, and his mouth was twitching; and, as Stallard walked towards the gate, a policeman held it open for him, and touched his corded slouch hat as the mountaineer passed through.

An hour later he was at the post-office eagerly breaking the seal of a letter from home. He read it once, and, leaning against the railing, read it again, with his face quite expressionless. Then he took his hat off and walked bareheaded up the street. The warning clang of a coming train brought him sharply up as he started across the track, and reaching for his watch, found his hat still in his hand. With a shake of his shoulders he hurried to the Governor's office.

In a little while he came out again with a set face and started for his room. At the steps of the Mansion he looked at his watch for the third time on his way that far, and with the hesitation of a moment rang the bell. He told the negro girl who opened the door to say to her mistress that he was going away, and had only a minute in which to say good-by. The girl shrank from him, and Anne, who happened to be starting down stairs, could not tell what he said, and hardly



"HE TOSSED HIS WEAPON ASIDE."

knew his voice. Coming in from the strong light so suddenly he did not see her, and, with a nod to the servant, she let him pass into the drawing-room without calling to him, and stopped an instant at the foot of the stairs, her clasp tightening on the banisters. She had just heard of the all but mortal meeting of the two men. Her eyes were still wet with tears of relief. Marshall had just sent her word that he was coming to the Mansion in an hour, and she was wondering why. Why was Stallard here?

The mountaineer had not sat down when she passed in. He was at the window, and he heard her coming and turned quickly. He did not offer to shake hands—he made no greeting. He stood silent, his body swaying slightly, as it did when he was greatly moved, and he looked as he looked the first time she saw him in the State House, and Anne felt the warning flutter of some new terror and steeled herself.

"I'm going home to-night," he said. "I may not come back very soon . . . I may not come back at all. And I've come to tell you good-by. It's come down in the mountains. They've killed two of my cousins. They've sent me word"—the curious little zigzag streaks of red began to run up and down his cheeks when he stopped to gain self-control—"that they will sell my mother's cattle, and—hire out my sister. Your father says he can't help me. So it all depends on me, and I'm going to-night—in an hour. I don't know that I'll get back . . . the chances are that I sha'n't . . . so there's no need yet to tell you the one thing that I've kept from you . . . that I've kept from everybody . . . here. I shall tell it, if I come back; and then, if you can forgive that, I may have something to ask you. I can't speak the words now, and how I shall ever dare to say them, I don't know. I am crazy now, I think . . . but you know, you *must* know. I am helpless before you—like a child. You have been very good to me, and I have told you all but one thing. I've kept that back . . . from everybody . . . but I shall tell it . . . to you. I'm going now. I have given my word to the people there, and I'm going to keep it. You are the one person on earth to me . . . besides my mother and sister . . . the rest of the world is nothing . . . and if you can forgive one thing more, as you have forgiven so much, I . . . I shall make myself worthy.

How I shall work for that. Good-by . . . if I don't come back . . . you will know why . . . good-by."

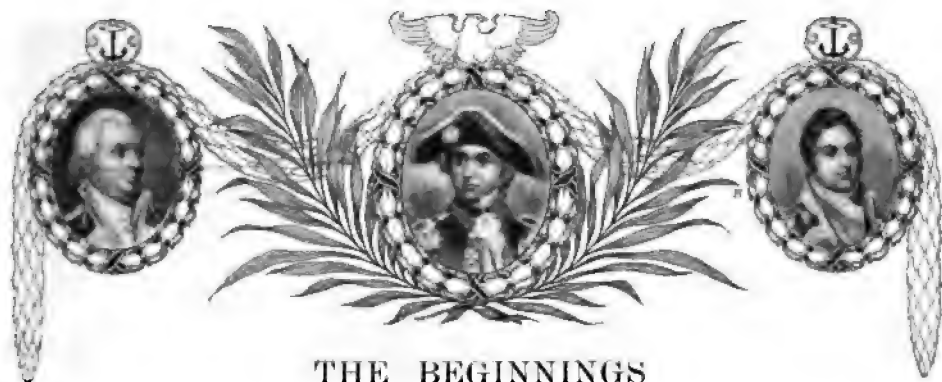
Already he was starting for the door, while the girl stood silent, cold, white. To save her soul she could not utter a word, and, like a statue, she watched him leave with a broken "God bless you" that gave her a throb of pain to hear. She heard the door close, his heavy tread across the porch, and she followed, opening the door and looking down the street where he had disappeared. She saw a figure coming towards her, but not until it had halted at the bottom of the steps was she aware that it was Marshall smiling up at her. It was surprising that he should appear just at that moment; she had forgotten that he was to come, though she still held his note in her hand. She saw a keen, curious look flit through his eyes, and she felt the rush of tears on her face. Then her father spoke from the corner of the steps below. She had not seen him at all.

"You will win to-morrow," he said to Marshall. "Your rival has fled. There's trouble in Roland. Stallard came to me for soldiers. Of course I couldn't help him. Nor could I help approving his plan to take the matter in hand himself. I don't blame him. It looks pretty serious— Why, Anne!"

Then all at once Marshall seemed to understand; for an instant Anne helplessly met his sharp, straight gaze, and before she could speak he was lifting his hat and turning away. She started indoors then, swerving slightly, and her father caught her arm, thinking that she had tripped on something and was about to fall.

Stallard did not appear in the House next morning. Just before the vote for Speaker was cast the chairman read to the astonished members the withdrawal from the race, for reasons to be hereafter explained, of Boone Stallard. There was not a vote against Marshall, and next day the papers made public the reason of Stallard's absence. Mace Keaton had control of Roland with his faction, and was in open defiance. Stallard had sent in to the Governor his resignation from the House, and had then gone down to make good his word that his people could take care of themselves. A desperate fight was imminent any hour.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE BEGINNINGS OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.



BY JAMES BARNES.

WITH few exceptions the important settlements of the British colonies of America were situated on the Atlantic coast, or at least on the inland waters having direct communication with the sea. Thus the early settlers were perforce a seafaring people; their children grew accustomed to the handling of small craft, and took up the oar and tiller as naturally as they took up the scythe and spade.

Within twenty years after the settlement of Plymouth the trade of the shipwright flourished to such an extent that native-built vessels, both open and decked over, were plying a regular trade along the rocky coast of New England or the shores of Long Island and Connecticut, exchanging their wares with the Indians for furs and pelts even before the stumps were removed from the corn-fields at home. Many ships were constructed of sufficient size to make the voyage to the Newfoundland Banks, where they competed with the numerous English, French, and Spanish vessels that sailed their thousands of miles to reach these rich fishing-grounds.

Cooper, in his *Naval History*, states that as early as 1615 the English had 170 vessels engaged in the New England fisheries, and the other maritime nations of Europe, exclusive of the Dutch, had about 300. An added incentive for the American colonist and pioneer to follow the sea for a living may be found in the law

passed in 1639 by the Colony of Massachusetts Bay; by which law the fisherman during the season, and the shipwright at all times, were exempt from military duty —no small privilege when the frequent conflicts with the Indians and the waging of war for the protection of the inland settlements forced almost every able-bodied man to drop his work and take up his sword and matchlock at a moment's notice.

In the year 1641 the first large vessel to be constructed in America was built at Salem by the regicide Hugh Peters. This vessel was 300 tons burden, over twice as large as any that had heretofore been constructed, although a "goodely sized ship" had been built eight years previously. Sad to relate, the ambitious builder and designer was subsequently executed in England for the crime of high treason. The end of his vessel is not told in history.

From the very outset, without exception, the little vessels employed in the coastwise trade were armed with guns of light weight and small calibre to guard against Indian treachery or surprise, and later all those that put to sea were forced to be ready to defend themselves from the pirates that very early began to find much profit in cruising along the coast; their depredations caused much uneasiness, but for a long time few concerted attempts were made for their extermination. They landed and hid their plunder at various

points between Maine and the Carolinas, and small effort was made to stop them. Before the outbreak of hostilities against the Dutch in 1654, however, the colonies of Hartford and New Haven joined together in arming and equipping a small cruiser of ten guns, intended to put a stop to the encroachments of the New-Hollanders along the Sound, and to prevent hostilities between the Narragansett and the Montauk tribes. Her presence seemed to have the desired effect; the Dutch held aloof, and there was no hostile meeting of the Indians. The first conflict between American sailors and an enemy took place on the high seas in 1645, when a small vessel, built at Cambridge, Massachusetts, carrying an armament of fourteen guns and a crew of thirty men, bound for the Canary Islands, fell in with a Barbary corsair, and after a day's fighting beat her off—a rather unusual event.

The peaceful capture of New Netherlands from the Dutch gave to the colonies of England the important port of New Amsterdam, at which they had long cast envious glances. It was just at this time that England was gaining the maritime supremacy of the world, so long divided among the powers of Holland, Spain, and Portugal, and English vessels in ever-increasing numbers sailed to our shores.

But there were in commission in the year 1676 some hundreds of native-built craft ready to compete with them; in the neighborhood of one thousand had been built in Massachusetts alone, and there were in the vicinity of Boston no less than thirty master-shipwrights who were ready to turn out vessels ranging from 10 tons to 250 tons in burden.

There followed a glut of commercial carriers in the harbors. Some ships were begging cargoes and some were seeking other occupations; and alas! it is beyond question that many of the alleged cruisers, privateers fitted out ostensibly against England's enemies, and hailing from American ports, acknowledged little or no allegiance to any power when on the high seas, plundering friend and foe indiscriminately. Piracy was rife; only a vessel that could show the right to fly the flag of England enjoyed immunity.

Slowly legitimate trade increased, however, especially in New England. The whale-fishing industry began to flourish; Nantucket, New Bedford, and the towns on Massachusetts Bay sent many vessels into Northern waters—fine ships manned and outfitted for long and dangerous cruises, built to face ice and stormy weather.

But what have all these early facts and figures to do with the founding of an American navy, may be asked. The reply is simple—they were the beginning of the beginning; for by the descendants of the seamen employed at this time in American ships, and in much the same class of vessels, were the united colonies to make their first venture as a nation against a common enemy. But England before this time arrived had not ignored their aid. During the war of 1739 against Spain, and the war five years later against France, the colonies supplied to the mother-country ships and men that lent important service in helping the vessels and forces of her regular navy. The successful siege of Louisburg, Nova Scotia, in 1745, could never have been brought to so early a conclusion had it not been for the

and so. We are shall think her out of danger of the
 enemies Tending and cutting. Wishing you success
 We are your friends
 John Hancock
 John Adams
 John Alsup
 Richard Henry Lee

THE FIRST SAILING ORDER ISSUED BY THE "NAVAL COMMITTEE."



HUGH PETERS, EXECUTED AT CHARING CROSS 1660.

fleet of twelve vessels armed and made ready solely within the provinces of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New Hampshire. This, the first American fleet, was commanded by Captain Edward Tyng, of the Massachusetts Colonial Marine, a brave and intrepid sailor, who had turned to war from the peaceful course of trade with all a Yankee's adaptability. As an example of the thrift of the New-Englander of that day, Governor Shirley laid great stress, in his written instructions, on an order for these ships to go well provided with cod-lines, in order "to subsist the troops and seamen as much as possible on the products of the sea." Sir Peter Warren was in command of the naval force sent from England, and of course he superseded the colonial commanders.

For bravery during this expedition, after the fall of Louisburg, a number of officers received commissions in the King's service, which many accepted eagerly. But prior to this, and for years afterwards,

many of the sons of prominent Americans entered the English navy as midshipmen.

This article is not intended as a résumé of the help lent to Great Britain by the ships and sailors of New England; all that is an introduction merely, and it is necessary to hasten over the rest of this period and arrive at the time at which the hearts of the colonies were becoming stirred against the mother-country, owing to the short-sightedness of her policy and the enforcement of legislative usurpation. America had learned much during the long years that her affections were bound up with those of England, and it was but slowly that the severance of these ties began.

During the attempts to enforce the Navigation Act many events occurred that should have taught Parliament that the interests of the new country were not to be trifled with. Surely hints to this effect were plentiful. In fact, so usual was the disregard of American skippers for the re-

quirements imposed upon them that they regarded the act that made it necessary for vessels to be furnished with the King's permission to traffic as a dead letter, and any attempt to enforce this high-handed interference with what the colonies considered the rights of freedom was sure to be followed by trouble. The destruction of an English revenue-schooner was the direct result of such an attempt in the year 1772—a year when all the country was arrayed, in sentiment at least, against the aggressions of the government in England, a time when the royalist officials on this side of the water should have used forbearance and exercised much care in handling their powers. The affair referred to took place on the 17th of June, when the schooner *Gaspee* attempted to hold up the Providence packet *Hanna*, in Long Island Sound. As the commander of the latter refused to obey the summons to heave to, he was fired at and hotly chased by the armed vessel, but owing to her light draught the packet escaped over a bar on which the schooner grounded. The rest of the story is too well known to require repeating. The stranded vessel was boarded by a party of volunteers from Providence under cover of night; two of her company were wounded, including the commanding officer; and then, after her people had been set ashore, she was set fire to and blown up—a fine illumination for the folks gathered along the shore.

England exerted every effort to find out who were the perpetrators of this "heinous crime against the crown," offering large rewards for information, but without effect, although it must have been well known that Captain Whipple of Providence was the leader of the Americans, and there were many who could have pointed a directing finger.

The unloading of the tea-ships in Boston Harbor, and the refusal of the merchants in New York to accept the duties on tea, do not belong to naval history, and nothing was done by the Americans at sea during the time that they were busy preparing for the inevitable conflict that was to take place on land. British merchants sent out their cargoes without fear, and all the ports of entry were filled with busy shipping.

There was little to record for the three uneasy years that led up to the commencement of hostilities in which American sea-

men played a part. These were but the times of resistance to oppression, and the idea of actual warfare had not thoroughly taken possession of the American mind.

But the school of preparation from which were graduated many heroes destined to win laurels had been of such use to England that it is strange that she, even in the consciousness of her own tremendous power, did not recognize the fact and heed the warning. She did not appear to realize that the men who had fought so bravely and so willingly in her service on the Canadian coast under Admiral Warren and at Havana under Sir George Pocock would fight quite as bravely, and surely no less willingly, in their own defence. But the idea of ultimate independence was not the first thought of those men who by speech and deed were animating the general public to make resistance to the impositions of the crown. Although blood had been spilt and shots exchanged at Concord and Lexington, there were few so radical or so far-sighted as to dream of carrying the conflict away from the homes they were protecting. To seek to meet Great Britain on the element where she held supreme would have been considered worse than foolish. In fact, it was necessity alone that turned the minds of the leaders of the Continental Congress to the sea.

The young army that was gathering under the command of Washington was in need of arms and powder; other things were scarce enough of a truth, but powder and ball they must have at any price of daring. On the 5th of October, 1775, news was received that two transports had set sail from England for Quebec, loaded with the very things the Americans most needed. Immediately a plot (it was nothing more at first) was laid to take these vessels, and a committee, consisting of Silas Deane, John Langdon, and John Adams (the latter's place was afterwards taken by Christopher Gadsden), was appointed. Authority was given these gentlemen to outfit two fast-sailing vessels, one to carry ten guns and a number of swivels, to be manned by eighty-five men; and the other vessel to carry fourteen guns. The only order their commanders received was to set sail and cruise to the eastward and intercept the expected store-ships. Merchant vessels they were to leave unmolested, and it was not expected of them to give combat to



any of the ships of the regular English service—a rather sensible precaution.

It is a remarkable fact that at this time, and for many months afterwards, the colonies, although in rebellion, yet acknowledged their connection with Great Britain; the man who spoke of anything else was a "hot-head," his utterances were not listened to, for an act of Parliament could have ended the war! But the tem-

per of the coast people was growing to a white heat; their doings proved it. The capture of the British schooner *Margaretta* in the harbor of Machias, Maine, in the early spring was an evidence of this, and although the affair reflects great credit upon the inhabitants of the town, for the gallant way in which they manned a little sloop and captured a vessel larger in force of guns and men than they them-

selves could command or muster, it can hardly be viewed except in the light of an uprising of the people, notwithstanding the fact that it was the first conflict on the water, and has been termed the "Lexington of the sea." The brave fishermen had acted upon an impulse, and had chosen their leader, Jeremiah O'Brien, only on the instant of their embarking on the venture. After the capture of the *Margaretta*, Captain O'Brien took matters into his own hands—transferred his followers to his prize, and later sailed out and took two small English cruisers that it was rumored had been sent expressly to bring *him* in. As a reward for his con-

and about Massachusetts Bay in order to intercept British store-ships, and their efforts were attended with much success; a great deal of powder, small-arms, and a few cannon—the need of which was much felt—were captured and turned over to the army. Ten English merchant vessels that were taken in one of these private foraging expeditions were released, however, on the ground that their seizure might be considered as an "overt act." This delicate distinction is rather amusing if we take into consideration what the probable fate of the Americans would have been had *they* been captured instead.

The burning of the town of Falmouth by Captain Mowat, who acted under the orders of the English Admiral Graves, caused the colony of Massachusetts to grant commissions and direct the seizure of English vessels, thus suppressing the individual efforts that had hitherto been the only way in which America had carried on the war at sea. The indignation caused by Admiral Graves's order also compelled the authorities in Philadelphia to seek for a means of retaliation, and late in November the Continental Congress authorized the capture of any armed vessel employed against the colonies, or any carrying munitions of war for the British army or navy. But it was not long before it was recognized that something more was necessary. After much deliberation a naval committee was formed to take charge of matters, to prepare plans, and ascertain the resources of the country. The difficulties that beset the committee were great and many.

The organization of the various departments of an army to be built up from farmers, tradespeople, and mechanics, and welded into a composite whole, was no easy task; but all this was as nothing compared to that of forming an organized naval force. For officers they had but the merchant marine to draw from, and although there were many brave commanders, and the temper of the seafaring people was well known, yet there was none that had experience in maritime warfare. The idea of discipline, of the strict obedience to orders and the adherence to duty that comes from the traditions of long service, did not exist.

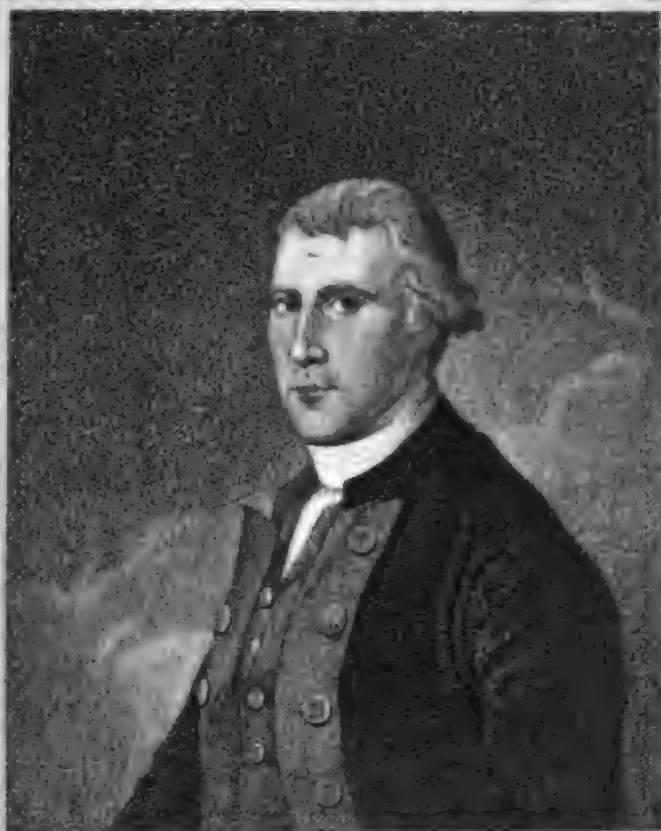
The construction of the vessels which were required demanded the expenditure of much money, and there was little of it



Abraham Whipple

duct he was made a captain in the marine of the colony, and given sailing orders to do about what he pleased—a commission he accepted.

These were but a few of many similar adventures; but, as has been previously stated, no official act was promulgated until October of the year 1775. General Washington had granted permission and issued commissions on his own account, however, to several vessels to cruise in



Painted by J. M. W. Turner

CAPT. NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

to answer this demand. Nevertheless, on the 13th of December Congress passed a law authorizing the building of thirteen cruisers, varying in force from ten to thirty-two guns. The estimated expense was in the neighborhood of \$900,000, and the vessels were to be divided among the colonies in the following proportions: Massachusetts, two; New York, two; Pennsylvania, four; Rhode Island, two;

Connecticut, one; New Hampshire, one; and Maryland, one.

Searching about for officers, the choice of Congress settled upon Esek* Hopkins, "a brave and gallant seaman," to whom was given the title of Commander-in-Chief. Under him we find the names of Dudley Saltonstall, Abraham Whipple,

* The old print which we reproduce on p. 557 erroneously calls him *Robert* Hopkins.

Nicholas Biddle, John Burroughs Hopkins, as captains; and heading the list of first lieutenants the name of John Paul Jones. The Commander-in-Chief was to receive the munificent sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month; the captain of a ship of twenty guns and upwards received sixty dollars; lieutenant, thirty dollars; master, thirty dollars; surgeon, twenty-five dollars; chaplain, twenty dollars; midshipmen, twelve dollars; gunner, fifteen dollars; and seamen, eight. Officers of smaller ships received still less, with the exception of midshipmen and seamen, whose pay remained unchanged.

Before the act authorizing the construction of this miniature navy, which, by-the-way, was expected to be finished by the following April, Congress had resolved to recruit two battalions of marines to be enlisted and commissioned to serve during the war, independently of the army.

Now followed a period of great confusion, of which there is little record, owing to the various boards and committees that had control of the construction and finances. Private subscriptions began to come in; shipwrights and artisans were found ready to begin their work as soon as sufficient timber should be collected; volunteers came forward offering their services as workmen. In Philadelphia gentlemen of leisure, shopkeepers, and tradesfolk of all kinds reported at the ship-yard eager to help. This was the first evidence of the intention of the country at large to do anything for a naval service. Up to this time the colonial navy had done for itself, and had subsisted on what it could pick up.

In making a summary of the uses, results, and influence of the American naval forces during the war of the Revolution, it will be found necessary for the best understanding to divide the years during which hostilities were taking place into three periods, each slowly growing in with the other; yet every period, so far as the animus that moulded it and the methods used in carrying on its operations are concerned, stands out distinct and separate from the rest.

The guerilla warfare that was carried on by the 'longshore folk merged into the time when it was found necessary to organize a system of sea-robbery in order to continue armed resistance on the land. But in the conception of the plan to ob-

tain the necessary sustenance for fighting, private property was respected. There was no intention of harassment by destroying the commercial shipping of a hostile nation. The American cruisers were brigand ships sent out for a purpose—to relieve a certain class of vessels of a certain class of wealth. They were to do this as peaceably as possible. Profit was not to be taken into account. Peaceful trade was left to sail the highways in safety.

But with the growth of the idea of independence came the years during which the American flag in various forms was flown from all sorts of craft, armed in all sorts of ways, cruising not only along our shores, but in far latitudes and distant seas.

The 23d day of March, 1776, was the date on which Congress had changed the complexion of matters by issuing letters of marque, and stating that henceforward all public and private cruisers of the colonies were authorized to capture any vessel, armed or unarmed, sailing under the British flag. This gave an immediate impetus to a naval war. Many of the vessels that had been lying idle in the shallow harbors and inlets along the coast were hastily manned with fishermen and merchantmen who had been forced into idleness by the embargo on American commerce. Armed with any sort of cannon that could be procured, helter-skelter they put to sea. Before the month was over the success of these privateers caused better-appointed vessels to be sent out, and their history would make a volume of fine reading.

Flying the Pine Tree flag, or the Rattle Snake with the motto "Don't tread on me," they made with all haste for the highways of Great Britain's ship-trade. There for some years was a rich harvest to be reaped. The value of the operations of these privateers cannot be overestimated. It must be borne in mind that none of the colonies had a regularly armed vessel at its disposal, nor for some time had the Congressional government; but yet it must also be remembered that at the commencement of the year 1775 the colonial merchant marine consisted of little short of 200,000 tons of shipping, giving employment to over fifteen thousand American sailors. The ship-builders of Massachusetts and Connecticut had turned out of their ship-yards vessels that



JOHN BARRY.

could outsail any of their tonnage built in Europe. This came because of some modification in their lines and sail plans. The use of live-oak for their timbers had increased their seaworthiness and powers of resistance to weather, and, incidentally, to round shot. Thus it is seen the moment that Congress decided to issue letters of marque and reprisal, a use was found for the Yankee ships and the men who formerly had sailed in them. But arrayed against this merchant navy was an overwhelming force—if we take mere numbers into consideration. Great Britain possessed in her regular service three hundred and fifty-six vessels of all classes, one hundred and forty of which were of the line; but evidently the English Parlia-

ment had begun to recognize the "influence of sea power," and as it is to-day so it was then, not only did England's glory, but her very existence, depend upon her navy. The year 1776 saw great preparations for extending every branch of naval service in Great Britain. It cannot be claimed that the war with the colonies alone was responsible for this, but doubtless it bore some weight. In addition to the vessels already in commission, sixteen sail of the line were ordered to be put in readiness. Press warrants were issued, and by royal proclamation a bounty was offered to all seamen who should enter the navy. During this one year 21,000 seamen and 6665 marines were voted for the naval service. On the coast of North America by the 1st

of July, 1776, the English had stationed seventy-eight men-of-war, mounting 2078 guns. The American navy at the same time consisted of but twenty-five cruisers, mounting 422 guns; but six of these vessels had been built for war purposes. The others were merchantmen, purchased and fitted out for the occasion; the largest of them could be classed only as second-class frigates. Strange to say, at no time during the war were there more than twenty-five regularly commissioned Congressional vessels sailing the sea at the same time; and their primary object was to intercept the enemy's transports.

Thus, during this second period into which we have divided the war, the national vessels were mere adjuncts of the army and supply-ships to Washington and his generals. In the earlier years their encounters with the British men-of-war redounded much more to the credit of the latter than to themselves. This is true with a few notable exceptions that could be counted almost upon the fingers of one's hands. In the first two years the English were winning almost all the actions. But the private cruisers were rendering good accounts of themselves, and in speaking of the naval forces of the United States during the Revolution the privateers must not be excluded. English testimony to this effect is not wanting, for on February 6, 1778, Mr. Woodbridge, M. P., testified at the bar of the House of Lords as follows: "The number of ships lost by capture or destroyed by American privateers since the commencement of the war is 733, of which, deducting for those retaken and restored, there remain 559, the value of which, including the ships, cargoes, etc., amounted, upon a very moderate calculation, to 1,800,633 pounds sterling."

The insurance to the West Indies, America, and Africa had increased from two and a half per cent. to fifteen per cent., unless the ship was one of very superior force.

The privateers daringly conducted their operations off the coasts of Great Britain, and the English government was obliged to furnish convoys for the Irish coast trade! The West Indian colonies of Great Britain suffered from the outset, and complained to the home authorities. The inhabitants, depending a great deal upon English commodities, actually feared that they would have to undergo the terrors

of starvation. It is impossible in such an article as this to recount the details of the single actions of the war, or to do more than refer to conflicts where American vessels engaged those of England. The first cruise of the fleet under Commodore Hopkins was so disastrous that the commodore was censured and relieved from his command for allowing the *Glasgow*, a twenty-gun English ship, to escape him after she had sailed through his fleet of five sail and engaged three of his vessels in succession. But the doings of the *Alfred*, of 24 guns, the *Columbus*, of 20 guns, the *Lexington*, of 16 guns, the *Randolph*, of 32 guns, and the *Raleigh*, of 32 guns, have handed their names down to history.

A short chronological list, giving a few of the more important actions that took place after the issuance of the letters of marque, is not amiss in this connection. On May 17, 1776, a British ship, the *Hope*, laden with supplies, was captured in Boston Bay and brought safely into port. On June 17, six American privateers (mere 'longshore craft) captured the *George* and the *Arabella* in Boston Bay; 320 prisoners were taken. On July 7, 1777, the United States frigate *Hancock* was captured by a British squadron; and on March 14 of the following year the American frigate *Alfred* was captured by the British ships *Ariadne* and *Ceres*; and three days later came the tragic end of brave Biddle in the *Randolph*, that blew up with 305 men while engaged with the *Yarmouth*, a British ship almost twice the *Randolph's* size—four men only were saved. This is a sad chapter in recounting the doings of American vessels in home waters.

The arrival of the French fleet in America under the Count d'Estaing might be said to begin a separate history of naval operations, but although of great service to the cause of liberty, and one that should be acknowledged with gratitude, the doings of the French, their losses and victories, can hardly be treated of in an article pertaining to American naval history. They acted independently of Congressional authority, and seldom in connection with any naval force of the United States.

The third period, which began in the year 1777, shows a more aggressive spirit and a complete change of temper in the committees and authorities who had charge of the conduct of naval affairs. Conyngham's cruise in the *Surprise*, and the ap-



pearance of the American flag on national vessels armed and equipped in Europe, opened a new field for adventure and conquest, and brought before the eyes of the world the most romantic and picturesque character, perhaps, in all sea history—a man more maligned, perhaps more overrated, less understood, than any Yankee commander, and in whose defence or condemnation more volumes have been

written than in that of any other seafarer—John Paul Jones.

The success of his cruise in the *Ranger*, a vessel that he described as exceedingly crank and of trifling force, is almost unparalleled. He sailed from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the 1st of November, 1777, and arrived in Nantes on the 2d of December, capturing two prizes on the passage over. From Quiberon Bay, to

which he had convoyed a number of American merchantmen, Jones wrote (in referring to the returning of his salute by the French admiral) to the American commissioners in Paris, "I am happy to have it in my power to congratulate you on my having seen the American flag for the first time recognized in the fullest and completest manner by the flag of France." The colors he refers to were the stars and stripes that had been adopted by Congress on June 14 of this same year.

Refitting at Brest, the *Ranger* sailed on that remarkable cruise around the west coast of Ireland, returning through the Irish Channel, after having captured the British sloop of war *Drake* off the town of Carrickfergus, and having threatened the town of Whitehaven in Cumberland, where Jones set fire to the ships in the harbor and frightened the inhabitants back into the country. The story of his landing in the Isle of St. Mary, and the taking of the Earl of Selkirk's plate, with its subsequent return, is interesting as showing the peculiar character of this complex individual.

The second cruise Jones made in June of 1779, in the *Bonhomme Richard* (an aged Indiaman), a most remarkable war vessel, boasting the most remarkable crew ever raked together. The terror that his name spread along the coast of England was long remembered, and his action off Flamborough Head with the British two-decker *Serapis* is one of the most hotly contested and bloody battles in the annals of the sea. England, enraged at the humiliation she suffered by the total defeat of one of her best frigates, insisted that Jones held no commission from his country, that he was but a pirate, and as if to prove the disdain in which he was held, the King knighted Captain Pearson, the commander of the *Serapis*. When told of this, Jones is said to have remarked, "Never mind; if I meet him again, I'll make a lord of him."

Several separate actions occurred during the next three years that are worth the mention. On June 1, 1780, the American privateer *General Pickering* captured the English ship *Golden Eagle*; on April 2, 1781, the United States frigate *Alliance*, Captain Barry, took the British frigate *Mars* and the sloop *Minerva*. On the 28th of the following month, in the same vessel, Captain Barry captured the sloops of war *Atalanta* and *Trepassy*. On

August 11 the United States frigate *Trumbull* was carried by the British into New York. On September 6 the privateer *Congress* captured the sloop of war *Savage*, 20 guns. On September 7 occurred the sea fight off Cape Henry between the British fleet under Graves and the French fleet under de Grasse. Three days later d'Estaing took two British frigates in the Chesapeake. In April of 1782 occurred one of the most brilliant actions of the war, when the American ship *Hyder Ally*, 16 guns, after a severe fight, captured the British ship *General Monk*, 29 guns. Several minor actions occurred, and the United States frigate *Charleston* was lost to the enemy off the capes of the Delaware, striking her flag to two English ships of war, the *Diomedé* and the *Quebec*. On April 19, 1783, to the great relief and joy of the country, the cessation of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States was proclaimed by General Washington.

The results of the naval operations of the Revolutionary war can be told in figures perhaps better than by any other method. Unfortunately it cannot be said that the government profited greatly by the teachings it had derived. It is rather surprising that the American people, descended from the greatest of maritime nations, and so shortly having finished a conflict with the elder country, should not have profited more than they did by her example in establishing a naval force on a peace footing.

America lost by capture, wreck, etc., but twenty-four regularly armed vessels during the war, while the British lost of the same class one hundred and two, carrying in all two thousand six hundred and twenty guns. About eight hundred vessels of all kinds were captured by the American cruisers and privateers. Not a single Yankee cruiser was taken by the privateers of England; yet sixteen English cruisers were captured by American privateers! The value of the cargoes of English vessels sent to the United States amounted to over ten millions of dollars; and it is stated in an English gazetteer that of two hundred ships employed in the African trade at the commencement of the war, only forty remained at the close of the year 1777.

So quickly did the American navy dwindle away upon the restoration of peace, and so soon were the ships that had

THE RANGER AND DRAKE ACTION.



been captured sold or broken up by the United States, that a competent authority states that when the *Alliance*, the last of these vessels, was sold on the 3d of June, 1785, the United States once more did not own a single vessel of war capable of putting to sea. There was nothing in the Constitution about maintaining a navy on a peace footing; the expense frightened the people, and it required the trouble with the Barbary States in 1790 to bring attention once more to the uses of a naval marine.

The frigates and armed vessels that had been left in the stocks were not finished, and but one, called the *America*, originally rated as a 74, but subsequently changed to a 56, was completed in 1781. John Paul Jones was appointed by Congress to command her, but she was never put into commission; and on the 3d of September, the year following her launching, she was presented to His Most Christian Majesty the King of France, "in testimony of the sense entertained by Congress of his generous exertions in behalf

of the United States, and to replace the *Magnifique*, of 74 guns, lost in the harbor of Boston."

The navy during the Revolution had kept alive the army, and caused respect to be felt for the flag of a new country. The foundations were laid upon which were built the American successes of 1812, and from the example and teachings of the first generation of Yankee commanders, the second profited. The art of ship-building took a new start that resulted in the producing of such noble vessels as the *Constitution*, the *President*, and the *United States* — frigates that were spoken of as "line-of-battle ships in disguise." Even the wellnigh fatal gunboat policy of Mr. Jefferson could not kill the spirit that was aroused in the seaboard States, and the American sailor was all ready to assert himself when called to man the ships. The fast-sailing craft of Yankee pine and live-oak needed but armaments to turn from peaceful trade to warlike enterprise.



PAUL JONES.

"WHOM GOD HATH JOINED."

BY FIONA MACLEOD.

BROTHER and Sister, wanderers they
 Out of the golden Yesterday;
 Thro' the dusty Now, and the dim To-morrow,
 Hand in hand go Joy and Sorrow.

HER MAJESTY.

MARION MANVILLE POPE.

WE gave her that title the second time we ever saw her. The first time was in the dining-room of the Mannisquet. It was the height of the season, and the place was crowded with people worth knowing—and other people who really wanted to know them. My wife declares that the Mannisquet is the only properly appointed summer hotel in America. If you know it (as you probably do), you will agree with her that the napery is finer, the flat ware better plated, and the china and glass equal to that in most of our best New York hotels; and you will also agree with me, if you are the head of a family and intimate with the bills, that we pay for it—without the privilege of taking it home at the end of the season.

I remember that we were half through dinner when Her Majesty entered. Her party had evidently arrived on a late afternoon train, and comprised only two people beside herself. We did not take special note of the others until the next day, but that first evening my wife said to me in a tone I have learned to know,

"Jackson, look!"

I looked, and at first I saw only the head waiter piloting a party down in our direction. We have had a great deal of fun quietly among ourselves over that head waiter. He is a philosopher, a unique in his way, and he has arranged the dining-room at the Mannisquet so that the tables may be said to stand in order of merit, in rows of excellence—not in point of *cuisine*, oh, dear, no!—all are alike as to that. But he knows just who his guests are, and seats them accordingly. Those whom he does not know he sizes up by eye and instinct, and he seldom errs. The rows nearest the door he reserves for the uninteresting people, who, not being distinguished themselves, are vitally interested in those persons who are. By so doing he accomplishes a double purpose, for he leads past them (the length or half the length of the dining-room, according to social, military, monetary, hereditary, or political register) the distinguished guests of the house, which is sometimes gratifying to them, and is always satisfactory to those who are usually more eager to see than the

exhibited ones are to be seen. Army officers he seats according to rank, beginning at the third row with lieutenants, and working on up to generals, although he discriminates delicately here, for there are generals and generals. Congressmen, though common, are entitled to the fourth row, Senators to the fifth, Governors of States to the sixth, and Presidents, ex-Presidents, foreign noblemen, and millionaires to the seventh. There are seven rows of tables in the dining-room, which, as an Irishman would say, is wider than it is long, and so the few of us who have been familiar with the ways of the head waiter for successive seasons have come to designate the last as the Seventh Heaven. That particular evening as I saw him approaching, I was struck by the beatific expression upon his countenance. He always adjusted his expression to the dignity of the parties he was conducting, and I at once concluded he must at least have the President or a nobleman of some variety behind him. He walked like the drum-major before the band.

"All he needs is the mace," said my wife, smiling.

But as we looked and wondered we were aware that every one else was looking and wondering. The place was crowded, as I have said, and every guest had been talking a moment before. But moving with the head waiter and his party there seemed to be a sort of wave of silence. The room became as quiet as it had previously been noisy, and a discord from the band playing softly in the balcony overhead made me inclined to believe some one had looked off his notes inadvertently and failed to find them again. No one could blame him.

"Did you ever see such a majestic-looking woman?" exclaimed my wife, with a quick indrawing of breath.

"No," I replied, "I never have." I looked at the stranger once more, and then I added, "And I never expect to again."

It is my firm belief that every soul in the dining-room that night uttered or felt the same conviction. And while we were uttering it or feeling it the local functionary had seated her with a flour-

ish, and with the table-waiter was bowing obsequiously around her. We caught our breaths and went on with the dinner, but not as we had been doing before. There was a Presence with us.

I cannot describe her. She was a woman of heroic size and exceptionally fine outline, but not young. Her hair was simply dressed, her clothing was of rich material (always black, as we afterward found) and plainly though stylishly made. The few jewels she wore were magnificent. Your interest in the woman compelled you to note these details afterward, but you were always, like herself, unconscious of them. They were accessories, like gloves or shoes or hair-pins. It sometimes happens that one takes note of handsome jewels and gowns first, and a personality afterward, but that would have been impossible with Her Majesty.

I have seen two coronations in my day, and each time the crowned has seemed only an incident of the crown—a kind of perishable flower to adorn the occasion that would wither away while the vase remained—a person in a position that was independent of the person. A hundred people had perhaps occupied it before; another hundred might yet occupy it in time to come. It therefore seemed altogether separated from personality. And in the same way, only in the opposite respect of being greater than any place could make her, that woman seemed separated from whatever position may have been hers. She was remote and apart from it as the sun is remote from the sunbeam upon your hand. I suppose there were a dozen women, perhaps twenty, in the dining-room that night who were more richly dressed, wore magnificent jewels, and were women of fine presence. But when you looked at their expressions you saw something that repelled you; it may have been vanity or consciousness of worldly importance, or the mere paltry self-satisfaction of a worldly woman who makes the mistake of estimating herself and her circumstances too highly—a small social asteroid whirling in a little orbit, but believing she is a great fixed star around which suns and moons revolve.

The head waiter had seated her in the Seventh Heaven. My wife turned to me with a sigh. There were tears in her eyes.

"Jackson," she said, "what is it? I

never experienced such a feeling before. I felt when she went by as if there was something holy passing. She ought to be a notable, but I suppose, according to the contrariety of fate, she is not."

I knew to what she referred. We had previously enjoyed an amusing incident at Colombo during the visit of a Grand-Duke, I won't say from where, although, as he is still alive, and enjoying excellent health, it will be a perfectly safe way to refer to him as the Grand-Duke from Where. Well, he was at Colombo and so were we, and he came out one evening to enjoy the sea-breeze and a fish dinner at Mount Lavinia. If you are ever at Colombo, and desire to fortify yourself against future Oriental hotels, or to recuperate from past ditto by improving the only opportunity to get something good to eat, shun the G. O. H., and flee as a bird to Mount Lavinia. This was what the Duke had done, and his board was spread on the lawn just below our windows. It was a small dinner, only five covers, and as we looked at his Royal Highness my wife grew enthusiastic.

"He is every inch a Grand-Duke!" she exclaimed at first sight. "Look at his massive head! Isn't it fit for a crown? And his shoulders, broad enough to bear the weight of an empire! Well, *he* is not disappointing, certainly."

We paid no attention to the other four men in the party, and so it chances that to this day we do not know how the Grand-Duke of Where looks, for we were admiring the aide-de-camp all the time. The Duke, we were afterward informed, was a small dark man, and we then remembered there had been a dull individual answering to that description sitting at the royal table. Whereupon we resolved never to trust to appearances: there is often a sort of Napoleonic personal insignificance about greatness that would pass unobserved save for the conspicuousness of its position.

But that woman was majestic. We thought about her that night, and I inquired at the office, and learned that her name was Brockhurst. My wife is familiar with the genealogy of every family worth knowing in the country, and she gave me a detailed account of every branch of Brockhursts, which might have enabled us to place her husband, but certainly did not throw any light upon her. We did not care who her husband was or

had been. We felt that she had been born, not made by circumstance. I found out at the office that she had a son with her, and that the elderly woman was a companion and nearly stone-deaf.

The next morning our first waking thoughts were of her, and when we came to compare notes we ascertained that this had been the experience of nearly every one we knew. Then we saw her in the daylight, and she was not disappointing. And that was the time we gave her the title; it was like giving a crown by acclamation.

As I have said, she was not young. She was certainly forty, perhaps forty-five, but her face was singularly smooth and free from those lines which manifest themselves in middle life. I have seen pretty much of the world during sixty years of leisure, and in that time, or, to speak precisely, the last forty-five years of it, I think I may say that I have seen (and in many cases formed the acquaintance of) two generations of beautiful women on the Continent and here. Some were professional beauties, some were celebrated in society or in artistic careers, some were unknown outside their little circle—which was a pity, and a loss to the world. But none among them affected me as Her Majesty did. In fact you could not have used any of the adjectives which would have applied to them to describe her. My wife summed her up best when she said,

"She has the body of a Brunhild and the head of a Mary Mother."

I think all of the desirable people at the Mannisquet formed her acquaintance the first day after her arrival—all but one young woman, who was a very remarkable girl in her way. She did not. She said to us: "I cannot. I do not dare. She has to use common speech, like the rest of us, but if I heard her saying she was pleased to meet me, or asking if I was enjoying the season, I should feel—I should feel"—she stopped for a moment to search for a simile—"as if I had seen the archangel Michael using a tooth-brush or paying a cabman. There are some things that have to be worshipped afar off. That is why we have deities and the elements of worship in us. It would be sacrilege to be familiar with her. But her son!"—she waxed indignant—"he is an affront to me! He has no business to be that grand creature's child!"

It was one of the singular things concerning Her Majesty that the unanimity of opinion expressed regarding herself extended with the same unbroken voice to her son. We had not noticed him at all at first, as I have said. But the second day we saw that he was a dapper little fellow who wore the broadest collars and widest cuffs made by man, and carried sticks nearly as large as himself. He was a typical "chappie." And when we came to talk with him we found that he had a certain proficiency of mind that we afterward knew to be altogether separated from morals. His manners were as immaculate as his shirt fronts, and he drawled in several different languages, each of which he spoke with absolute precision and perfection, as he did his own. He might have been any age from fifteen to fifty, but we concluded he was probably under twenty-five. He gained a certain favor with the ladies by his deference to his mother, and curiously enough he always spoke of her as Her Majesty. He said he did not remember when he had first heard her called that; it was a title that seemed to go with her everywhere. We concluded that while we could not claim to be original, we might at least take credit for the spontaneity with which we had risen to the acceptance of established usage without tutorage, and we wondered if in other places there had also been the same spontaneous inspiration which had prompted us to dub him the Cub. The men all called him that. Some of the women, my wife among them, said it was not showing sufficient reverence to Her Majesty, and they spoke of him as young Brockhurst. There was no old Brockhurst. It transpired that he had been dead many years; but even plain, common, unennobling Mister seemed too much of a title for the Cub.

Day by day my wife reported to me concerning the progress of her acquaintance with Her Majesty. It was in a measure disappointing.

"Jackson," she said, solemnly, in the beginning of her analysis, "that woman has given me charity for the heathen. It's as Miss Van Glider said, one must not be too intimate with the gods; they must be worshipped afar off. But we sit around her as devotees sit around a shrine or an image, and when she says anything commonplace—and everything she says is

commonplace—we look at each other and think she is speaking words of wisdom. It's the way she says them, and she does not say much. Her speech seems to be precious. When we get out of the circle and near the door, we think she has adapted her conversation to our comprehension. But when we pass the door and are out of sight of her, away from the influence of her grand personality, we try to recall what she has said, and behold it is all commonplace. It is true and earnest, and she is full of broader charity than most of us, but, after all, it seems as if she has said only what we would have said ourselves. Is that the way we judge everything in this world and the next, the way we separate right from wrong, by realizing that it is in our own minds or hearts?"

I told her I thought it was; that truth was like a friend—had to be known to be appreciated, and then it seemed as if we had always known it—as if it had never been new. Another day she came to me—Her Majesty absorbed us all—and said:

"That woman is like the Sphinx. You sit and look at her long enough, and you begin to think, if you have sufficient imagination, that she is thinking, when it is only you yourself. She is inspiring and noble, and yet I sometimes wonder whether she is really divine, or only bovine in ruminating calm that is tremendous in its impressiveness. But I begin to sympathize with the Hindoo. I know now why he worships the Ganges, and the Egyptian worships the Nile, and why other peoples worship the sun. All are symbolical of fecundity; of the reproduction of species; of the perpetuation of kind; and Her Majesty seems like the incarnation of maternity, of motherhood. A sort of vast, universal, comprehending, natural mother. She is like the sun: it restores; it gives life; it is a visible god. But it's awful to be familiar with gods. It's like Benjamin Franklin and his kite. Suppose the lightning had hit him! That—that—" she gathered her breath for an explosion of wordy scorn—"that *boy* is like one of the servants around Olympus; he is so familiar with Junos and Minervas; he has heard their voices and lived; he has felt the wind from their wings so often and not been annihilated by it that he has got it into his head that he can perform base offices through eternity and cheat the powers and not be found out. When I look at

him, when I see him kiss her, I have a feeling that he is playing in front of a cyclone, in the path of some devastating, world-upheaving, man-obliterating force of nature; and that he and his playthings are going to be caught up together some day and swept into space and lost in chaos. And the ruin thereof will never be uncovered."

The two of them gave us a great deal to think about that summer. We had to readjust many of our ideas to fix the relationship between them. I recalled to mind the friends of mine and of my father's—great men, grand men, men with wonderful brains—whose progeny had been puppets jerking on the string pulled by the big paternal hand. They had come into the world placarded, and that placard had saved them by bestowing an unearned name that conveyed hereditary greatness with it. Hereditary greatness had been their salvation; it had washed the black sheep whiter than snow and put them in a flock where they had never herded save by such accident.

So I reasoned that if great minds, grand minds, were not a matter of inheritance, why should grand bodies and souls and godlike attributes be handed down from father—or mother—to son? And, on the other hand, what could be more puzzling to the student of heredity than the brilliant offspring of unknown sires? Wonders were the balancing-poles of Nature by means of which she kept her equilibrium on the slack rope of the commonplace. Yes, the Cub was probably legitimate offspring to Her Majesty.

But she was certainly a physical wonder. No one ever got near enough to her in point of intimacy to ascertain just what her mental status was. But whatever lack there may have been (mind, I do not admit there was a lack; I said "may have been"—the deficiency was only suppositional) was more than compensated for by the mental understanding she aroused in us. She broadened our ideas of things abstract and things personal. She made the meaning of words plain to us. I have never before seen any human being to whom the word calm, for instance, seemed to apply. We read of calm-eyed goddesses, and look at calm stars, and talk about calm nights and days and seas, and big, vast, far-off or far-reaching things whose quiet or sleep we cannot under-

stand, and so we call it calm. And now and then I have seen a dead face to which that word might be applied with appropriateness; a passive, still face that has passed the mysteries, and turns towards us for a moment with the knowledge of them hidden behind its lowered lids. It was so with Her Majesty. She was not indolently still as other women are in repose; she sat in brooding calms, and when you saw her thus you thought of great problems, and believed she knew them as familiars.

No one ever found out very much about her life. Her husband had died in Rome, and her son had been educated here and there in various capitals of Europe. He had picked up their languages, together with other things not so desirable; but that was not the fault of the cities. It is folly to blame a city for a man's downfall. If he comes into the world with a tainted soul, he is going to find ways for wickedness, or make them, in the remotest little hamlet on the footstool. And, on the other hand, if he is clean of mind and morals by nature, he will walk through the thick of temptation like St. Andrew.

But the Cub had come tainted. We laid that at the door of the unknown and dead father, for it was impossible to associate anything degraded or depraved with Her Majesty. We may have wronged the dead, but when it comes to a question of right and wrong between the dead and the living, it is humane to give the living the benefit of the doubt, for doubt and trust are one to the dead. So we privately concluded that the father had been a Blade in his day, and we looked upon the son as the natural descendant of a Blade. Some men are born bad, like those said to be born great, and others acquire badness. I suppose sometimes it may be thrust upon a man if he is born in a charity ward, brought up in a reform school, and graduated into an almshouse or a prison. It is never safe to judge our fellows; it would be like hanging a picture on the line or condemning it to an attic on the strength of having seen one corner painted.

So it pleased us to feel that the Cub was a sort of moral mollusk, and that any one in Europe or America who wanted to spit him would find no resisting shell. We felt as if he could not help this, not having been born with any

shell-making material in him, but we blamed him just as if he could. That is the inconsistency of human nature. And so when it became noised around in the hotel that he was going a pace, no one was surprised or disappointed. And no one was very angry, until one day my wife visited Her Majesty in her room. She told us afterward that some things, brushes and combs and the like, were upon a colossal scale, but we expected that. It was natural for Jove to play with thunderbolts. If any one could prove to us he ever played with marbles, even in infancy, we would cease to respect him.

My wife told us that the Cub slept next his mother in a room at the east of hers, while the deaf old companion occupied one on the west. We never took note of the companion or wondered who she was. She was only a shadow of greatness; to be seen and ignored; to be noticed but not inquired into. But it seemed that my wife had some way arrived at the knowledge that regularly at eleven o'clock—Her Majesty did not draw the line too tight—the Cub retired; was put to bed, kissed, perhaps prayed over—we never knew—at any rate, metaphorically speaking, he was tucked up and supposed to say, "Now I lay me."

But we men about the hotel—men find out those things—knew that about an hour after that the Cub arose, attired himself, and started out for the night. He had a wonderful constitution. It would have been interesting from a physiological stand-point to see how many years he could have lived in the course of what might have been called an unnaturally natural life with only an average of from three to four hours sleep each night. We used to wonder how long he could keep it up. And the women found out—women are like detectives for getting at details—that Her Majesty had not a suspicion of this double life her son was leading. We used to watch him talking to her, and her looking at him with those tender, benignant, encompassing mother-eyes, and we used to want to kick him, and were glad it was not polite to kick cubs around shrines and in front of goddesses.

One night Johns-Brown—Johns-Brown was a bit of a Blade himself—told me that as he was coming in at two o'clock in the morning he had passed him in the corridor, and the Cub, full of confidence and champagne, had confided to him that he

had just come home for a minute to change his collar. There was a cab waiting for him, and the significance of two o'clock-in-the-morning cabs and clean collars was inferential.

But, as usual with women, whether wives or mothers, Her Majesty went on with the placid composure of ignorance, while every one else, wise in his day, was talking things she never heard: rank heresies that broke far off from the shrine, and only lapped around it in little meaningless waves. But we all felt that the Cub's pace could not go on forever, and it did not.

I suppose that during his last days at the Mannisquet I was the only friend the boy had among his own sex. Under ordinary circumstances there would have been many to smoke with him and drink with him, and shut their eyes to his shortcomings the better to open their mouths concerning his long-goings afterward. He had money, and the man who has it is not liable to lack fair-weather protestations of however hollow nature. But in the Cub's case there was the image of Her Majesty in the way, and even Johns-Brown, who was not hypercritical upon social questions, resented the Cub's deception to her, although he treated him civilly. I know I felt a great deal of sympathy for the boy mingled with my contempt for him, and I tried to advise him once or twice. I was old enough to be his father, and he listened to me with the politest deference to my superior years, which was annoying in the extreme, and then he puffed my words away with a laugh and a bit of Continental sophistry so familiar to me that I could not argue against it. But he rewarded me by borrowing money of me, which, I suppose, was the mark of his highest confidence. Her Majesty was rich and generous, but the Cub had ways for money she did not calculate on when she itemized his allowance.

We predicted all manner of things, but never the one that finally happened. People never do prophesy correctly except in books. It happened one night.

I do not generally retire before twelve, and often later. That night in particular I had been enjoying a game of chess with Johns-Brown—he is an excellent player—and at one o'clock we called the game a draw. After that we smoked and talked a little before I went to my room. Even

then I did not retire immediately, feeling unaccountably wakeful, and so it chanced that I had just taken off my coat when there came a knock at the door, and I heard Johns-Brown calling me very softly, but with excitement in his voice.

"Come along quickly," he said. "Something has happened to young Brockhurst."

I hurried my coat on again, and we went down the stairs and out on to the street. We did not stop for hats. At the door we were met by a coarse-featured, white-faced, frightened man, who told us there had been an accidental shooting at his place, and Brockhurst had been hit.

"He told me to get you two gents," he said, "but not let his mother know just yet."

"Where is he hit?" I asked.

"In the lung, I should say, though I didn't stop to look very close. I'm afraid he's pretty bad off."

"Did you call a doctor?"

"No, sir; he wouldn't let us."

"What's he got to do with it?" asked Johns-Brown savagely. "You run for the nearest surgeon you know of."

But the man kept doggedly before us.

"You'd better see him first, sir," he said. "He's not anxious to have the cops get on to it."

It was not far from the hotel, and at the pace we went we covered the distance while we were holding this conversation. And there we found the Cub. The keeper of the brothel was right; he was pretty badly off. They had bolstered him up in the midst of a group of gaudily dressed, bold-eyed women, and they were working and weeping over him after the manner of their sex. Sympathy is not a matter of morals. One or two young fellows in evening dress stood about, sobered and conscience-stricken, ashamed to go and yet afraid to stay. Save for the sobbing of the women and the heavy, rattling breathing of the wounded boy, there was no sound in the room. He looked up as we entered, and smiled a ghastly, tortured smile; but we saw in it, and in the set determination of his face, that the Cub had risen to the final occasion of his life and was dying game.

"It's awfully kind of you to come," he said, speaking with the utmost difficulty. "Thanks, very much. I told these people not to call a surgeon. I knew it was no use. If you two gentlemen could contrive—to get me out of this—and over to

the hotel—I should be a thousand times obliged. I'm—awfully sorry to trouble you—but it's such—such a deuced awkward case—don't you know."

His manners were admirable, as they had always been, and for the first time in his life the Cub himself was worthy of admiration. He must have been suffering terribly, but he nerved himself to go on, and he did not cut out a word.

"I desire to state—before I go," he said, looking around, "that no one here is to blame. I was fooling with the pistol, and it—it was accidentally discharged. I inflicted the wound myself—but not intentionally. I should esteem it a great favor," addressing Johns-Brown and myself. "if you would witness this statement—in case it should become—necessary—afterward. And if you could devise some story—pardon me for the suggestion to gentlemen—by means of which Her Majesty—might be—spared—the—the—details of this night—I assure you I should always remember it."

Poor Cub! Short shift had you for memories. Something of this thought crossing our minds must have suggested itself to him, for he added:

"If I had a chance to—in this world or the next—if there is a next world."

One of the women cried out in a hysterical voice at this: "Oh yes! oh yes! There is a next world! God forgive us for the sins of this!"

"We must try to spare Her Majesty," he went on, ignoring the interruption. Oh, late-come glimmering of responsibility—the responsibility of a beloved child to an adoring mother! "Of course she will know—that I have deceived her. What a mother I have had! And oh!"—for the first time he groaned, wiping the blood from his white lips with a trembling hand—"what a son she has had!"

He recovered himself immediately, and looked at Johns-Brown and myself apologetically.

"I regret it very much, gentlemen—but I fear—I shall have to ask you—to hurry. I should like to see—Her Majesty—before—before—it is—too late."

They had improvised a litter while we stood there, and we lifted him on to it as tenderly as we could. Poor misguided boy! That heroic death should have been set at the end of a better life.

We carried him out into the night,

praying that the policeman might be asleep on his beat as usual—and he evidently was, for we reached the hotel unseen. On the way the boy had struggled to lift himself on to his elbow; he was probably choking, and in so doing he had lightly struck my hand as I walked at the right of his head, carrying the shutter or whatever it was.

"I beg your pardon!" he said, thickly, stammeringly, and fell heavily back.

When we reached the hotel and carried him into the office he was dead. He had died out there in the night, an apology for a trifle upon his lips, politely considerate of strangers in his death-agony, but, oh, so morally regardless of graver duties to those who loved him through all his short life!

We sent for the house physician, but he only confirmed what we knew. Then some one said, "Call his mother."

This was easier said than done. No one wanted to hurl that thunder-bolt into her life. But while we stood there hesitating, each declining the message, and yet each feeling that it must be done by some of us, I looked up and saw her upon the stairs. There is a broad, shallow-stepped flight coming down into the office of the Mannisquet, and these wide wooden stairs creaked under her weight. We supposed that she must have been awakened by some unusual sound, some voice; perhaps some unaccountable instinct warned her that something was wrong; but at any rate, whatever it was, she had probably gone to her son's room, found him missing, opened her door to look for him along the corridor, heard our footsteps or our voices, and the wonder and surprise in her mother-heart had grown into a great fear that guided her feet to her child.

She stood on the stairway in her long white robes, stopping for a moment to look down; and standing above us as we looked up, she might have been an archangel come to convey the spirit of the boy away. We had laid him down on one of the broad office tables, and the electric light, always ghastly and ghostly enough on flesh and blood, was doubly ghastly and ghostly on the bloodless flesh of the dead. He lay there in his evening suit, with the scarlet stain on his otherwise immaculate linen, but with a certain dignity and nobility on his white face that I had never seen there before. And then she came down. Not swiftly. We

heard the creak of each stair under her heavy, slow steps, and we shrank away as she reached the floor and approached the table. But we might have remained. She did not see us at all at first. She walked up to that table with its ghastly burden on it like a woman walking in her sleep. Her eyes were fixed and staring, and her face was as white as his under that goblin lamp.

For a moment she stood thus gazing down at the dead with a shrinking terror—a horror of repulsion and yet compulsion. Yes, it was he—her son. Then she picked up one of the limp hands and pressed it against her broad breast. The office was a big, high, long room, but the next moment it was filled with the sound of sobs—great, hoarse, rending, tearless sobs, wrenched out of the agony in a mother's heart. Johns-Brown dropped into a chair and hid his face in his hands. The night clerk hurried in behind his office counter, put his arms on it, and dropped his head into them. I saw his clinched hands as he tried to shut out those sounds. They turned me sick and faint, and for a moment the office and that great figure in its straight white robe, and the long table with the dead face looking up from it, swam before my eyes. Then I saw my wife and Miss Van Glider—the girl who had not wanted to know Her Majesty—hurrying down. As they came those awful sobs were dying away, and giving place to little tender, tremulous, sighing mother-sounds—faint and inarticulate noises, brooding and voiceless, but, oh, so miserable in their love and sorrow. Cub, Cub, was your life worth the heart-break of your death?

Presently she looked around at us and spoke. "Was he trying to save some one?" she asked.

Oh, Cub! who had not even tried to save yourself, let alone any one else, why could you not have deserved that confidence? No one answered. Johns-Brown and I looked at each other and thought of his words, "We must try to spare Her Majesty," and we wondered how we were going to do it. And as we were wondering there came an unexpected deliverance.

She had not waited for an answer, but had returned to her tender, sorrowful sighs, stroking the unresponsive hand and pressing it against her heaving breast. And as if drawn by the magnet of sorrow, or perhaps (who knows?) true love,

we were for the first time aware that one of the women from the place where he had met his death had followed us and crept in, near the table, like a dog who was faithful but afraid. It was the little, bleached-haired Liliith who had cried "Oh yes! oh yes! There is a next world! God forgive us for the sins of this!"

There she stood in her dress of flaming scarlet cut indecently low, with her painted face and her frowzy hair all glaring under the light, and standing thus, shrinking, timid, yet compelled by some unknown power, she had answered that question of the mother's, so full of its pitiful faith in a fallen idol, with a high-pitched sob. And at that unexpected sound of other grief than her own Her Majesty had looked up, looked at her. We saw that great figure which had been bent and bowed straighten up suddenly, rigid and stiff like the body of a criminal in the electric chair when the deadly current is turned on. She looked at the little painted face, and a great comprehension came into her eyes.

"Was he with—you—when—when it came?"

The woman before her bowed her face and covered it, ashamed before the great search-lights of those eyes.

Her Majesty laid down the hand she had been fondling, crossing it with the other composedly over the breast. She had grown suddenly calm. We felt that the second death of the boy was worse than the first. The first was of the flesh, of the body—natural; but the second was of the spirit, of faith, of trust, the death of disgrace. She did not look at any of us after that. Miss Van Glider stood leaning against the wall with her back to the room. The stillness of the grave in which the Cub has lain these ten years has never been any more profound than the stillness of that place from human sound for the next few moments. Then it was broken. The young woman who had said you must not be too familiar with the gods turned her face away from the wall and then hid it again. Her Majesty was stooping over the table as if it had been a cradle, and she was gathering the boy in her arms as a mother lifts a sleeping child. She raised him easily, tenderly, and laid his pallid, blood-stained face on her shoulder. She held his whole weight on that strong right arm, and then she turned, holding him thus, and put out her

hand to the shivering, haggard little creature on the other side of the table.

"Come," she said.

The woman looked at her uncomprehendingly for a moment, and then, hiding her rouged face that was neither young nor old in the curve of an arm, she sidled shrinkingly around the barrier as a child who was contrite and ashamed and afraid, but yet trusting, would have done, and dropped her little morally soiled hand into the outstretched palm of universal motherhood. Then Her Majesty turned silently away, carrying the one and leading the other, and we sat or stood mute while the big office clock ticked and the stairs creaked under her feet as she went up and up and vanished from our view.

That was the last we ever saw of Her Majesty.

We did what we could the day following the tragedy; every one offered aid, naturally, and we all tried to make things as easy as possible for her. Johns-Brown and I rather expected she might want to question us; but she sat alone with her dead and shame and made no sign. Late in the afternoon I determined to tell her that the boy had died bravely, and that his last thought was of her, and his last penitence had been expressed for her sake. So I wrote her a note. It was the only way I knew of comforting her. In a little while after, the deaf old companion knocked at our door with a message of gratitude from Her Majesty—a message that was a benediction.

It was about three o'clock the next morning when my wife and I, wakeful and miserable with sympathy, heard the sound of footsteps in the corridor, the slow, shuffling steps of men who bear an awkward and heavy burden, and we knew they were carrying the boy away. I have always thought better of human nature because of the fact that not one single key was turned in the lock of any door opening along that hall, though every occupant of every room must have known what was taking place. But the night clerk told us that Her Majesty had followed the simple, plain coffin, walking between two figures who leaned upon her, and that the three black-robed shapes with their veiled faces had passed out into the night as wordless and silent as the sister Fates.

I ought to stop here. My story is done. But there is an after-word to say; for we

have heard of Her Majesty since then, and what we have heard will interest you as it has us.

For two years afterward she seemed to have vanished into the world as absolutely as the Cub had into the grave. Then my wife and I were in Paris; and at a dinner one evening some one spoke of the reappearance in that city of the Mother Saviour, and of the work she was doing. And as every one was interested and many questions were asked, it transpired that the mysterious being whom no one knew, but whom every one called the Mother Saviour, was a big, magnificent woman who was always accompanied by a little, thin-faced creature with a young-old look, and that the two devoted their lives to the moral redemption of men and women. Especially did they search for boys, and so extraordinary was the influence exerted by the woman called the Mother Saviour that many people declared she possessed divine powers.

"It is Her Majesty!" exclaimed my wife.

They were described as clothed in sad-colored, nun-fashioned gowns, and they never lacked for means. They were associated with no society, no church; but all societies and all churches acknowledged the good they did. They were as creedless as Christ, and as comprehensive in their charity.

We heard of them after that, always in different capitals, always together, always in dull robes, always seeking to save. And my wife and I have reasoned it out, and this sorrowful quest is plain to us. The great, grand woman, feeling that she had some way failed in her duty of motherhood, had some way lacked the power to direct her own in the right paths, had set herself to the task of saving the sons of other mothers from the fate her own had met. And so she wanders on in the work of redemption, restless as the sea or a striving soul, going especially to those cities where she believes the boy lost his bearings, and she searches and saves. God help her!

We have hoped we might see her again, but we never have. Perhaps we shall some time. But when we think of her we always imagine her yet toiling slowly up and up, as we saw her last, with the dead boy on her arm and the little shrinking, gaudily dressed figure with the hidden face climbing sorrowfully beside.

THE GRACIOUS FAILURE.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

A SWEETER voice than the honey-seeker has
Is in the murmur of the summer grass ;
In brooding woodlands, when the thrush is done,
Wanders an utterance by no songster won ;

The constant sky has colors lovelier far
Than any gleaming in the evening star ;
The gentle heart, deep in its secret place,
Has beauty never lent the fairest face.

So in the poet's world, shamed is his art
Before the vibrant silence at his heart.
And well it is that, spurning perfect speech,
Plays the wild beauty always out of reach ;

Were once by some god-poet caught and bound
The wavering light, the subtile pulse of sound,
That ere it come is gone,—what singer, then,
Would ever dare to lift his voice again !

THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS.*

BY

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XV.

THE AUTOMATIC SHELL.

IN a large building not far from the lens-house in which Roland Clewe had pursued the experiments which had come to such a disappointing conclusion, there was a piece of mechanism which interested its inventor more than any other of his works, excepting, of course, the photic borer.

This was an enormous projectile, the peculiarity of which was that its motive power was contained within itself, very much as a rocket contains the explosives which send it upward. It differed, however, from the rocket or any other similar projectile, and many of its features were entirely original with Roland Clewe.

This extraordinary piece of mechanism, which was called the automatic shell, was of cylindrical form, eighteen feet in length and four feet in diameter. The forward end was conical and not solid, being formed of a number of flat steel rings, decreasing in size as they approached the point of the cone. When not in operation these rings did not touch each other, but they could be forced together by pressure on the point of the cone. This shell might contain explosives or not, as might be considered desirable, and it was not intended to fire it from a cannon, but to start it on its course from a long semicylindrical trough, which would be used simply to give it the desired direction. After it had been started by a ram worked by an engine at the

* Begun in June number, 1897.

rear end of the trough, it immediately began to propel itself by means of the mechanism contained within it.

But the great value of this shell lay in the fact that the moment it encountered a solid substance or obstruction of any kind its propelling power became increased. The rings which formed the cone on its forward end were pressed together, the electric motive power was increased in proportion to the pressure, and thus the greater the resistance to this projectile, the greater became its velocity and power of progression, and its onward course continued until its self-containing force had been exhausted.

The power of explosives had reached, at this period, to so high a point that it was unnecessary to devise any increase in their enormous energy, and the only problems before the students of artillery practice related to methods of getting their projectiles to the points desired. Progress in this branch of the science had proceeded so far that an attack upon a fortified port by armored vessels was now considered as a thing of the past, and although there had been no naval wars of late years, it was believed that never again would there be a combat between vessels of iron or steel.

The recently invented magnetic shell made artillery practice against all vessels of iron a mere mechanical process, demanding no skill whatever. When one of these magnetic shells was thrown anywhere in the vicinity of an iron ship, the powerful magnetism developed within it instantly attracted it to the vessel, which was destroyed by the ensuing contact and explosion. Two ironclads meeting on the ocean need each fire but one shell to be both destroyed. The inability of iron battle-ships to withstand this improvement in artillery had already set the naval architects of the world upon the work of constructing war-ships which would not attract the magnetic shell—which was effective even when laid on the bottoms of harbors—and Roland Clewe had been engaged in making plans and experiments for the construction of a paper man-of-war, which he believed would meet the requirements of the situation.

When Clewe determined to follow Margaret Raleigh's advice and give up for a time his work with the Artesian ray, his thoughts naturally turned to his auto-

matic shell. Work upon this invention was now almost completed, but the great difficulty which its inventor expected to meet with was that of inducing his government to make a trial of it. Such a trial would be extremely expensive, involving probably the destruction of the shell, and he did not feel able or willing to experiment with it without governmental aid.

The shell was intended for use on land as well as at sea, against cities and great fortified structures, and Clewe believed that the automatic shell might be brought within fifty miles of a city, set up with its trough and ram, and projected in a level line towards its object, to which it would impel itself with irresistible power and velocity, through forests, hills, buildings, and everything, gaining strength from every opposition which stood in the direct line of its progress. Attacking fortifications from the sea, the vessel carrying this great projectile could operate at a distance beyond the reach of the magnetic shell.

Now that the automatic shell itself was finished, and nothing remained to be done but to complete the great steel trough in which it would lie, Roland Clewe found himself confronted with business which was very hard and very distasteful to him. He must induce other people to do what he was not able to do himself. Unless his shell was put to a practical trial, it could be of no value to the world or to himself.

In one of the many conversations on the subject Margaret had suggested something which rapidly grew and developed in Roland's mind.

"It would be an admirable thing to tunnel mountains with," said she. "Of course I mean a large one, as thick through as a tunnel ought to be."

In less than a day Clewe had perfected an idea which he believed might be of practical service. For some time there had been talk of a new railroad in this part of the State, but one of the difficulties in the way was the necessity of making a tunnel or a deep cut through a small mountain. To go around this mountain would be objectionable for many reasons, and to go through it would be enormously expensive. Clewe knew the country well, and his soul glowed within him as he thought that here, perhaps, was an opportunity for him to demonstrate the

value of his invention, not only as an agent in warfare, but as a wonderful assistant in the peaceful progress of the world.

There was no reason why such shells should not be constructed for the express purpose of making tunnels. Nothing could be better adapted for an experiment of this kind than the low mountain in question. If the shell passed through it at the desired point, there would be nothing beyond which could be injured, and it would then enter the end of a small chain of mountains, and might pass onward, as far as its motive power would carry it, without doing any damage whatever. Moreover, its course could be followed and it could be recovered.

Both Roland and Margaret were very enthusiastic in favor of this trial of the automatic shell, and they determined that if the railroad company would pay them a fair price if they should succeed in tunnelling the mountain, they would charge nothing should their experiment be a failure. Of course the tunnel the shell would make, if everything worked properly, would not be large enough for any practical use; but explosives might be placed along its length, which, if desired, would blow out that portion of the mountain which lay immediately above the tunnel, and this great cut could readily be enlarged to any desired dimensions.

Clewe would have gone immediately to confer with the secretary of the railroad company, with whom he was acquainted, but that gentleman was at the sea-side, and the business was necessarily postponed.

"Now," said Clewe to Margaret, "if I could do it, I'd like to take a run up to the polar sea and see for myself what they have discovered. Judging from Sammy's infrequent despatches, the party in general must be getting a little tired of Mr. Gibbs's experiments and soundings; but I should be intensely interested in them."

"I don't wonder," answered Margaret, "that they are getting tired; they have found the pole, and they want to come home. That is natural enough. But, for my part, I am very glad we can't run up there. Even if we had another *Dipsey* I should decidedly oppose it. I might agree that we should go to Cape Tariff, but I would not agree to anything more. You may discover poles if you want to, but you must do it by proxy."

At this moment an awful crash was heard. It came from the building containing the automatic shell. Clewe and Margaret started to their feet. They glanced at each other, and then both ran from the office at the top of their speed. Other people were running from various parts of the works. There was no smoke; there was no dust. There had been no explosion, as Clewe had feared in his first alarm.

When they entered the building, Clewe and Margaret stood aghast. There were workmen shouting or standing with open mouths; others were running in. The massive scaffolding, twenty feet in height, on which the shell had been raised so that the steel trough might be run under it, lay in splinters upon the ground. The great automatic shell itself had entirely disappeared.

For some moments no one said anything; all stood astounded, looking at the space where the shell had been. Then Clewe hurried forward. In the ground, amid the wreck of the scaffolding, was a circular hole about four feet in diameter. Claspings the hand of a man near him, he cautiously peered over the edge and looked down. It was dark and deep; he saw nothing.

Roland Clewe stepped back; he put his hands over his eyes and thought. Now he comprehended everything clearly. The weight of the shell had been too great for its supports. The forward part, which contained the propelling mechanism, was much heavier than the other end, and had gone down first, so that the shell had turned over and had fallen perpendicularly, striking the ground with the point of the cone. Then its tremendous propelling energy, infinitely more powerful than any dynamic force dreamed of in the preceding century, was instantly generated. The inconceivably rapid motion which forced it forward like a screw must have then commenced, and it had bored itself down deep into the solid earth.

"Roland, dear," said Margaret, stepping quietly up to him, tears on her pale countenance, "don't you think it can be hoisted up again?"

"I hope not," said he.

"Why do you say that?" she asked, astonished.

"Because," he answered, "if it has not penetrated far enough into the earth to



THE AUTOMATIC SHELL.

make it utterly out of our power to get it again, the thing is a failure."

"More than that," thought Margaret; "if it has gone down entirely out of our reach, the thing is a failure all the same, for I don't believe he can ever be induced to make another."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TRACK OF THE SHELL.

DURING the course of his inventive life Roland Clewe had become accustomed to disappointments; he was very much afraid, indeed, that he was beginning to expect them. If that really happened, there would be an end to his career.

But when he spoke in this way to Margaret, she almost scolded him.

"How utterly absurd it is," she said, "for a man who has just discovered the north pole to sit down in an arm-chair and talk in that way!"

"I didn't discover it," he said; "it was Sammy and Gibbs who found the pole. As for me—I don't suppose I shall ever see it."

"I am not so sure of that," she said. "We may yet invent a telescope which shall curve its reflected rays over the roundness of the earth and above the highest icebergs, so that you and I may sit here and look at the waters of the pole gently splashing around the great buoy."

"And charge a dollar apiece to all other people who would like to look at the pole, and so we might make much money," said he. "But I must really go and do something; I shall go crazy if I sit here idle."

Margaret knew that the loss of the shell was the greatest blow that Roland had ever yet received. His ambitions as a scientific inventor were varied, but she was well aware that for some years he had considered it of great importance to

do something which would bring him in money enough to go on with his investigations and labors without depending entirely upon her for the necessary capital. If he could have tunnelled a mountain with this shell, or if he had but partially succeeded in so doing, money would have come to him. He would have made his first pecuniary success of any importance.

"What are you going to do, Roland?" said she, as he rose to leave the room.

"I am going to find the depth of the hole that shell has made. It ought to be filled up, and I must calculate how many loads of earth and stones it will take to do it."

That afternoon he came to Mrs. Raleigh's house.

"Margaret," he exclaimed, "I have lowered a lead into that hole with all the line attached which we have got on the place, and we can touch no bottom. I have telegraphed for a lot of sounding-wire, and I must wait until it shall arrive before I do anything more."

"You must be very, very careful, Roland, when you are doing that work," said Margaret. "Suppose you should fall in!"

"I have provided against that," said he. "I have laid a floor over the hole, with only a small opening in it, so there is no danger. And another curious thing I must tell you—our line is not wet: we have struck no water!"

When Margaret visited the works the next day, she found Roland Clewe and a number of workmen surrounding the flooring which had been laid over the hole. They were sounding with a windlass which carried an immense reel of wire. The wire was extremely thin, but the weight of that portion of it which had already been unwound was so great that four men were at the handles of the windlass.

Roland came to meet Margaret as she entered.

"The lead has gone down six miles," he said, in a low voice, "and we have not touched the bottom yet."

"Impossible!" she cried. "Roland, it cannot be! The wire must be coiling itself up somewhere. It is incredible! The lead cannot have gone down so far!"

"Leads have gone down as far as that before this," said he. "Soundings of more than six miles have been obtained at sea."

She went with him and stood near the

windlass. For an hour she remained by his side, and still the reel turned steadily and the wire descended into the hole.

"Shall you surely know when it gets to the bottom?" said she.

"Yes," he answered. "When the electric button under the lead shall touch anything solid, or even anything fluid, this bell up here will ring."

She staid until she could stay no longer. She knew it would be of no use to urge Roland to leave the windlass. Very early the next morning a note was brought to her before she was up, and on it was written,

"We have touched bottom at a depth of fourteen and an eighth miles."

When Roland came to Mrs. Raleigh's house, about nine o'clock that morning, his face was pale and his whole form trembled.

"Margaret," he cried, "what are we going to do about it? It is wonderful; I cannot appreciate it. I have had all the men up in the office this morning and pledged them to secrecy. Of course they won't keep their promises, but it was all that I could do. I can think of no particular damage which would come to me if this thing were known, but I cannot bear that the public should get hold of it until I know something myself. Margaret, I don't know anything."

"Have you had your breakfast?" she asked.

"No," he said; "I haven't thought of it."

"Did you eat anything last night?"

"I don't remember," he answered.

"Now I want you to come into the dining-room," said she. "I had a light breakfast some time ago, and I am going to eat another with you. I want you to tell me something. There was a man here the other day with a patent machine for making button-holes—you know the old-fashioned button-holes are coming in again—and if this is a good invention it ought to sell, for nearly everybody has forgotten how to make button-holes in the old way."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Roland. "How can you talk of such things? I can't take my mind—"

"I know you can't," she interrupted. "You are all the time thinking of that everlasting old hole in the ground. Well, I am tired of it; do let us talk of something else."

Margaret Raleigh was much more than tired of that phenomenal hole in the earth which had been made by the automatic shell; she was frightened by it. It was something terrible to her; she had scarcely slept that night, and she needed breakfast and change of thought as much as Roland.

But it was not long before she found that it was impossible to turn his thoughts from that all-absorbing subject. All she could do was to endeavor to guide them into quiet channels.

"What are you going to do this morning?" she asked, towards the close of the breakfast.

"I am going to try to take the temperature of that shaft at various points," said he.

"That will be an excellent thing," she answered; "you may make valuable discoveries; but I should think the heat at that great depth would be enough to melt your thermometers."

"It did not melt my lead or my sounding-wire," said he. And as he said these words her heart fell.

The temperature of this great perforation was taken at many points, and when Roland brought to Margaret the statement of the height of the mercury at the very bottom, she was astounded and shocked to find that it was only eighty-three degrees.

"This is terrible!" she ejaculated.

"What do you mean?" he asked in surprise. "That is not hot. Why, it is only summer weather."

But she did not think it terrible because it was so hot; the fact that it was so cool had shocked her. In such temperature one could live! A great source of trust and hope had been taken from her.

"**Roland,**" she said, sinking into a chair, "I don't understand **this at all**. I always thought that it became hotter and hotter as one went down into the earth; and I once read that at twenty miles below the surface, if the heat increased in **proportion as** it increased in a mine, the

temperature must be over a thousand degrees Fahrenheit. Your instrument could not have registered properly; perhaps it never went all the way down; and perhaps it is all a mistake. It may be that the lead did not go down so far as you think."



THE FALL OF THE SHELL.

He smiled; he was becoming calmer now, for he was doing something: he was obtaining results.

"Those ideas about increasing heat at increasing depths are old-fashioned, Margaret," he said. "Recent science has given us better theories. It is known that there is great heat in the interior of the earth, and it is also known that the transmission of this heat towards the surface depends upon the conductivity of the rocks in particular locations. In some **places** the heat comes very near the surface, and in others it is very, very far down. More than that, the temperature may rise as we go down into the earth and afterward fall again. There may be

a stratum of close-grained rock, possibly containing metal, coming up from the interior in an oblique direction and bringing the heat towards the surface; then below that there may be vast regions of other rocks which do not readily conduct heat, and which do not originate in heated portions of the earth's interior. When we reach these, we must find the temperature lower, as a matter of course. Now I have really done this. A little over five miles down my thermometer registered ninety-one, and after that it began to fall a little. But the rocks under us are poor conductors of heat; and, moreover, it is highly probable that they have no near communication with the source of internal heat."

"I thought these things were more exact and regular," said she; "I supposed if you went down a mile in one place, you would find it as hot as you would in another."

"Oh no," said he. "There is nothing regular or exact in nature; even our earth is not a perfect sphere. Nature is never mathematically correct. You must always allow for variations. In some parts of the earth its heated core, or whatever it is, must be very, very far down."

At this moment a happy thought struck Margaret.

"How easy it would be, Roland, for you to examine this great hole! I can do it; anybody can do it. It's perfectly amazing when you think of it. All you have to do is to take your Artesian-ray machine into that building and set it over the hole; then you can light the whole interior, all the way down to the bottom, and with a telescope you can see everything that is in it."

"Yes," said he; "but I think I can do it better than that. It would be very difficult to transfer the photic borer to the other building, and I can light up the interior perfectly well by means of electric lights. I can even lower a camera down to the very bottom and take photographs of the interior."

"Why, that would be perfectly glorious!" cried Margaret, springing to her feet, an immense relief coming to her mind that to examine this actual shaft it would not be necessary for anybody to go down into it.

"I should go to work at that immediately," said he, "but I must have a different sort of windlass—one that shall

be moved by an engine. I will rig up the big telescopes too, so that we can look down when we have lighted up the bottom."

It required days to do all that Roland Clewe had planned. A great deal of the necessary work was done in his own establishment, and much machinery besides was sent from New York. When all was ready many experiments were made with the electric lights and camera, and photographs of inexpressible value and interest were taken at various points on the sides of this wonderful perpendicular tunnel.

At last Clewe was prepared to photograph the lower portion of the shaft. With a peculiar camera and a powerful light five photographs were taken of the very bottom of the great shaft—four in horizontal directions and one immediately below the camera. When these photographs were printed by the improved methods then in vogue, Clewe seized the pictures and examined them with eager haste. For some moments he stood silent, his eyes fixed upon the photographs as if there was nothing else in this world; but all he saw on each was an irregular patch of light. He thrust the prints aside, and in a loud sharp voice he gave orders to bring the great telescope and set it up above the hole. The light was still at the bottom, and the instant the telescope was in position Clewe mounted the stepladder and directed the instrument downward. In a few moments he gave an exclamation, and then he came down from the ladder so rapidly that he barely missed falling. He went into his office and sent for Margaret. When she came he showed her the photographs.

"See!" he said. "What I have found is nothing; even a camera shows nothing, and when I look down through the glass I see nothing. It is just what the Artesian ray showed me; it is nothing at all!"

"I should think," said she, speaking very slowly, "that if your sounding-lead had gone down into nothing, it would have continued to go down indefinitely. What was there to stop it if there is nothing there?"

"Margaret," said he, "I don't know anything about it. That is the crushing truth. I can find out nothing at all. When I look down through the earth by means of the Artesian ray I reach a certain depth and then I see a void; when I look down through a perfectly open

passage to the same depth, I still see a void."

"But, Roland," said Margaret, holding in her hand the view taken of the bottom of the shaft, "what is this in the middle of the proof? It is darker than the rest, but it seems to be all covered up with mistiness. Have you a magnifying-glass?"

Roland found a glass, and seized the photograph. He had forgotten his usual courtesy.

"Margaret," he cried, "that dark thing is my automatic shell! It is lying on its side. I can see the greater part of it. It is not in the hole it made itself; it is in a cavity. It has turned over, and lies horizontally; it has bored down into a cave, Margaret—into a cave—a cave with a solid bottom—a cave made of light!"

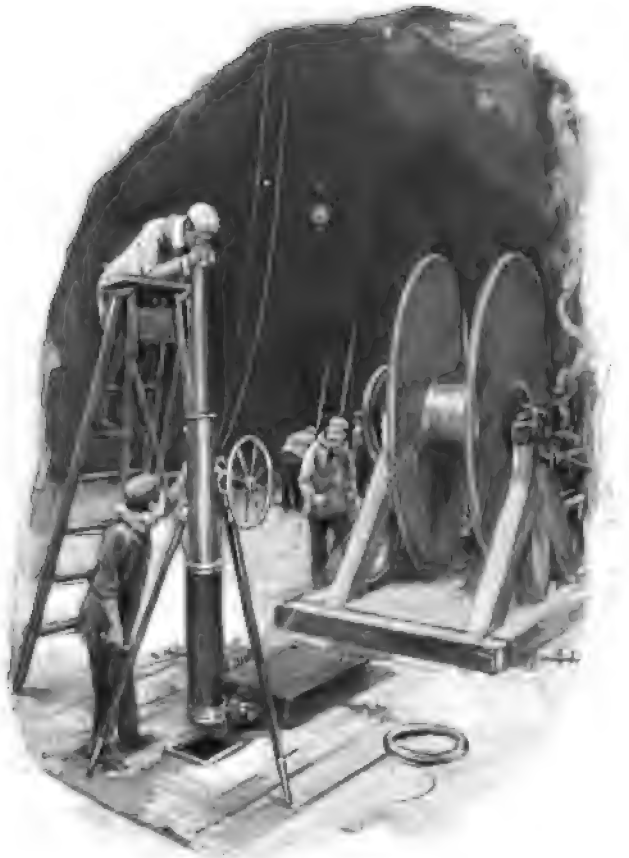
"Nonsense!" said Margaret. "Caves cannot be made of light; the light that you see comes from your electric lamp."

"Not at all!" he cried. "If there was anything there, the light of my lamp would show it. During the whole depth of the shaft the light showed everything and the camera showed everything; you can see the very texture of the rocks; but when the camera goes to the bottom, when it enters this space into which the shaft plainly leads, it shows nothing at all, except what I may be said to have put there. I see only my great shell surrounded by light, resting on light!"

"Roland," said Margaret, "you are crazy! Perhaps it is water which fills that cave, or whatever it is."

"Not at all," said Roland. "It presents no appearance of water, and when the camera came up it was not wet. No; it is a cave of light."

He sat for some minutes silently gazing



"CLEWE MOUNTED THE STEPLADDER."

out of the window. Margaret drew her chair closer to him. She took one of his hands in both of hers.

"Look at me, Roland," she said. "What are you thinking about?"

He turned his face upon her, but said nothing. She looked straight into his eyes, and she needed no Artesian ray to enable her to see through them into his innermost brain. She saw what was filling that brain; it was one great overpowering desire to go down to the bottom of that hole, to find out what it was that he had discovered.

"Margaret, you hurt me!" he exclaimed, suddenly. In the intensity of the emotion excited by what she had discovered, her finger-nails had nearly penetrated through his skin. She had felt as

if she would hold him and hold him forever, but she released his hand.

"We haven't talked about that button-hole machine," she said. "I want your opinion of it." To her surprise, Roland began immediately to discuss the new invention of which she had spoken, and asked her to describe it. He was not at all anxious now to tell Margaret what he was thinking of in connection with the track of the shell.

CHAPTER XVII.

CAPTAIN HUBBELL DECLINES TO GO WHALING.

THE most impatient person on board the *Dipsey* was Captain Jim Hubbell. Sarah Block was also very anxious to go home as soon as matters could be arranged for the return journey, and she talked a great deal of the terrible fate which would be sure to overtake them if they should be so unfortunate as to stay until the season of the arctic night; but, after all, she was not as impatient as Captain Hubbell. She simply wanted to go home; but he not only greatly desired to return to his wife and family, but he wanted to do something else before he started south: he wanted to go whaling. He considered himself the only man in the whole world who had a chance to go whaling, and he chafed as he thought of the hinderances which Mr. Gibbs was continually placing in the way of this, the grandest of all sports.

Mr. Gibbs was a mild man, and rather a quiet one; but he thoroughly understood the importance of the investigations he was pursuing in the polar sea, and placed full value upon the opportunity which had come to him of examining the wonders of a region hitherto locked up from civilized man. Captain Hubbell was astonished to find that Mr. Gibbs was as hard and unyielding as an iceberg during his explorations and soundings. It was of no use to talk to him of whaling; he had work before him, and he must do it.

But the time came when Mr. Gibbs relented. The *Dipsey* had sailed around the whole boundary of the polar sea; observations, surveys, and maps had been made, and the general geography of the region had been fairly well determined. There still remained some weeks of the arctic day, and it was desirable that they should begin their return journey during that time; so Mr. Gibbs informed Captain

Jim that if he wanted to do a little whaling, he would like him to lose no time.

Almost from the time of their arrival in the polar sea the subject of whales had greatly interested everybody on the *Dipsey*. Even Rovinski, who had been released from his confinement after a few days, because he had really committed no actual crime except that of indulging in overleaping ambition—had spent every available minute of leisure in looking for whales. It was strange that nothing in this northern region interested the people on the *Dipsey* (with the sole exception of Mr. Gibbs) so much as these great fish, which seemed to be the only visible inhabitants of the polar solitudes. There were probably white bears somewhere on the icy shores about them, but they never showed themselves; and if birds were there, they did not fly over that sea.

There were reasons to suppose that there were a good many whales in the polar sea. Wherever our party sailed, lay to, or anchored for a time, they were very sure, before long, to see a whale curving his shining black back into the light, or sending two beautiful jets of water up into the air. Whenever a whale was seen, somebody on board was sure to remark that these creatures in this part of the world seemed to be very tame. It was not at all uncommon to see one disport himself at no great distance from the vessel for an hour or more.

"If I could get among a school of whales anywhere around Nantucket and find 'em as tame as these fellers," said Captain Jim, "I'd give a boom to the whale-oil business that it hasn't had for forty years."

But not long before Mr. Gibbs told the Captain that he might go whaling if he felt like it, the old sailor had experienced a change of mind. He had become a most ardent student of whales. In his very circumscribed experience when a young man he had seen whales, but they had generally been a long way off; and as the old-fashioned method of rowing after them in boats had even then been abandoned in favor of killing them by means of the rifled cannon, Captain Hubbell had not seen very much of these creatures until they had been towed alongside. But now he could study whales at his leisure. It was seldom that he had to wait very long before he would see one near enough for him to examine it with

a glass, and he never failed to avail himself of such opportunities.

The consequence of this constant and careful inspection was the conclusion in Captain Hubbell's mind that there was only one whale in the polar sea. He had noticed, and others had noticed, that they never saw two at once, and the Captain had used his glass so often and so well that one morning he stamped his foot upon the deck and said to Sammy:

"I believe that's the same whale over and over and over agin. I know him like a book; he has his ways and his manners, and it isn't reasonable to suppose that every whale has the same ways and manners. He comes just so near the vessel, and then he stops and blows. Then he suns his back for a while, and then he throws up his flukes and sounds. He does that as regular as if he was a polar clock. I know the very shape of his flukes; and two or three days ago, as he was soundin', I thought that the tip of the upper one looked as if it had been damaged—as if he had broken it floppin' about in some tight place; and ever since, when I have seen a whale, I have looked for the tip of that upper fluke, and there's that same old break. Every time I have looked I have found it. It can't be that there are a lot o' whales in here and each one of 'em with a battered fluke."

"That does look sort o' queer," said Sammy, reflectively.

"Sammy Block," said Captain Jim, impressively, "it's my opinion that there's only one whale in this here polar sea; an' more than that, it's my opinion that there's only one whale in this world, an' that that feller we've seen is the one! Samuel Block, he's the last whale in the whole world! Now you know that I wanted to go a-whalin'—that's natural enough; but since Mr. Gibbs has got through, and has said that I could take this vessel an' go a-whalin' if I wanted to—which would be easy enough, for we have got guns aboard which would kill any right-whale—I don't want to go. I don't want to lay on my dyin' bed an' think that I'm the man that killed the last whale in the world. I'm commandin' this vessel, and I sail it wherever Mr. Gibbs tells me to sail it; but if he wants the bones of a whale to take home as a curiosity, an' tells me to sail this vessel after that whale, I won't do it."

"I'm with you there," said Sammy. "I have been thinkin' while you was

talkin', an' it's my opinion that it's not only the last whale in the world, but it's purty nigh tame. I believe it's so glad to see some other movin' creature in this lonely sea that it wants to keep company with us all the time. No, sir, I wouldn't have anything to do with killin' that fish!"

The opinions of the Captain and Sammy were now communicated to the rest of the company on board, and nearly all of them thought that they had had such an idea themselves. The whale certainly looked very familiar every time he showed himself.

To Mr. Gibbs this lonely creature, if he were such, now became an object of intense interest. It was evidently a specimen of the right-whale, once common in the northern seas, skeletons of which could be seen in many museums. Nothing would be gained to science by his capture, and Mr. Gibbs agreed with the others that it would be a pity to harm this, the last of his race.

In thinking and talking over the matter Mr. Gibbs formed a theory which he thought would explain the presence of this solitary whale in the polar sea. He thought it very likely that it had gotten under the ice and had pursued its northern journey very much as the *Dipsey* had pursued hers, and had at last emerged, as she had, into the polar sea at a place perhaps as shallow as that where the submarine vessel came out from under the ice.

"And if that's the case," said Captain Hubbell, "it is ten to one that he has not been able to get out again, and has found himself here caught just as if he was in a trap. Fishes don't like to swim into tight places. They may do it once, but they don't want to do it again. It is this disposition that makes 'em easy to catch in traps. I believe you are right, Mr. Gibbs. I believe this whale has got in here and can't get out—or at least he thinks he can't—and nobody knows how long it's been since he first got in. It may have been a hundred years ago. There's plenty o' little fish in these waters for him to eat, and he's the only one there is to feed."

The thought that in this polar sea with themselves was a great whale which was probably here simply because he could not get out had a depressing effect upon the minds of the party on the *Dipsey*. There

was perhaps no real reason why they should fear the fate of the great fish, but, after all, this subject was one which should be very seriously considered. The latter part of their passage under the ice had been very hazardous. Had they struck a sharp rock below them, or had they been pierced by a jagged mass of ice above them, there probably would have been a speedy end of the expedition; and now, having come safely out of that dangerous shallow water, they shrank from going into it again.

It was the general opinion that if they would sail a considerable distance to the

felt chilly, but the freezin' air is beginnin' to go into my very bones like needles; and if winter is comin' on, and it's goin' to be worse than this, New Jersey is the place for me. But there's one thing that chills my blood clammier than even the cold weather, and that is the thought of that whale follerin' us. If we get down into those shaller places under the ice an' he takes it into his head to come along, he'll be worse than a bull in a china-shop. I don't mean to say that I think he'll want to do us any harm, for he has never shown any sign of such a feelin', but if he takes to bouncin' and thrashin' when he scratches himself on any rocks, it 'll be a bad box for us to be in."

None of the others shared these special fears of Mrs. Block, but they were all as much disinclined as she was to begin another submarine voyage in the shallow waters which they had been so glad to leave.

It was believed, from the general contour of the surrounding region, that if the ice were all melted away it would be seen that a cape projected from the American continent eastward at the point where they had entered the polar sea, and that it was in crossing the submerged continuation of this cape that they had found the shallow water. Beyond and southward they knew that the water was deep and safe. If they could reach that portion of the sea without crossing the shallow point, they would have no fears regarding their return voyage. They knew how far south it was that that deep water lay, and the questions before them related to the best means of reaching it.

At a general council of officers, Sammy and Captain Hubbell both declared that they were not willing to take any other path homeward except one which led along the seventieth line of longitude. That had brought them safely up, and it would take them safely down. If they went under the ice at some point eastward, how were they to find the seventieth line of longitude? They could not take observations down there; and they might have to go south on some



Photo. H. C. 2

"THE LITTLE TELEGRAPH-HOUSE."

eastward they could not fail to find a deep channel by which the waters of this sea communicated with Baffin's Bay; but in this case they would be obliged to leave the line of longitude by which they had safely travelled from Cape Tariff to the pole and seek another route southward, along some other line, which would end their journey they knew not where.

"I am cold," said Sarah Block. "At first I got along all right, with all these furs, and goin' down stairs every time I

other line, which would take them nobody knew where. Mr. Gibbs said little, but he believed that it would be well to go back the way they came.

At last a plan was proposed by Mr. Marcy, and adopted without dissent. The whole country which lay in the direction they wished to travel seemed to be an immense plain of ice and snow, with mountains looming up towards the west and in the far southeast. In places great slabs of ice seemed to be piled up into craggy masses, but in general the surface of the country was quite level, indicating underlying water. In fact, a little east of the point where they had entered the polar

sea great cracks and reefs, some of them extending nearly a mile inward, broke up the shore line. The party on the *Dipsey* were fully able to travel over smooth ice and frozen snow, for this contingency had been thought of and provided for; but to take the *Dipsey* on an overland journey would of course be impossible. By Mr. Marcy's plan, however, it was thought that it would be quite feasible for the *Dipsey* to sail inland until she had reached a point where they were sure the deep sea lay serenely beneath the ice around them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. MARCY'S CANAL.

THE twelve men and the one woman on board the *Dipsey*, now lying at anchor in the polar sea, were filled with a warming and cheering ardor as they began their preparations for the homeward journey, although these preparations included what was to all of them a very painful piece of work. It was found that it would be absolutely necessary to disengage themselves from the electric cord which in all their voyaging in these desolate arctic regions, under water and

above water, had connected them with the works of Roland Clewe at Sardis, New Jersey. A sufficient length of this cord, almost too slight to be called cable, to reach from Cape Tariff to the pole, with a margin adequate for all probable emergencies, had been placed on board the *Dipsey*, and it was expected that on

her return these slender but immensely strong wires would be wound up, instead of being let out, and so still connect the vessel with Mr. Clewe's office.

But the *Dipsey* had sailed in such devious ways and in so many directions that she had laid a great deal of the cable upon the bottom of the polar sea, and it

would be difficult, or perhaps impossible, to sail back over her previous tracks and take it up again; and there was not enough of it left for her to proceed southward very far and still keep up her telegraphic communication. Consequently it was considered best, upon starting southward, that they should cut loose from all connection with their friends and the rest of the world. They would have to do this anyway in a short time. If they left the end of the wire in some suitable position on the coast of the polar sea, it might prove of subsequent advantage to science, whereas if they cut loose when they were submerged in the ocean, this cable from Cape Tariff to the pole must always be absolutely valueless. It was therefore determined to build a little house, for which they had the material, and place therein a telegraph instrument connected with the wire, and provided with one of the Collison batteries, which would remain in working order with a charge sufficient to last for forty years, and this, with a ground-wire run down through the ice to the solid earth, might make telegraphic communication possible to some subsequent visitor to the pole.

But apart from the necessity of giving



"A SORT OF GIGANTIC ADIEU."



SARAH BLOCK ON THE MOTOR SLEDGE.

Mr. Marcy's plan was a very simple one. The *Dipsey* carried a great store of explosive appliances of various patterns and of the most improved kinds, and some of them of immense power, and Mr. Marcy proposed that a long line of these should be laid over the level ice and then exploded. The ice below them would be shattered into atoms, and he believed that an open channel might thus be made, through which the *Dipsey* might easily proceed. Then another line of explosives would be laid ahead of the vessel, and the length of the canal increased. This would be a slow method of proceeding, but it was considered a sure one.

As to the progress over the snow and

up connection with Sardis, the journey did not seem like such a strange and solemn progress through unknown regions as the northern voyage had been. If they could get themselves well down into the deep sea at a point on the seventieth line of longitude, they would sail directly south with every confidence of emerging safely into Baffin's Bay.

The latest telegrams between Sardis and the polar sea were composed mostly of messages of the warmest friendship and encouragement. If Mr. Clewe and Mrs. Raleigh felt any fears as to the success of the first part of the return journey, they showed no signs of them, and Sammy never made any reference to his wife's frequently expressed opinion that there was good reason to believe that the end of this thing would be that the *Dipsey*, with everybody on board of her, would suddenly, by one of those mishaps which nobody can prevent, be blown into fine dust.

ice of those who were to lay the lines of shells, that would be easy enough. It had been supposed that it might be necessary for the party to make overland trips, and for this purpose twenty or more electric-motor sledges had been provided. These sledges were far superior to any drawn by dogs or reindeer; each one of them, mounted on broad runners of aluminium, was provided with a small engine charged at the vessel with electricity enough to last a week, and was propelled by means of a light metal wheel with sharp points upon its outer rim. This wheel was under the fore part of the sledge, and, revolving rapidly, its points caught in the ice or frozen snow, and propelled the sledge at a good rate of speed. The wheel could be raised or lowered, so that its points should take more or less hold of the ice, according as circumstances demanded. In descending a declivity it could be raised entirely, so that the person on the sledge might

coast, and it could at any time be brought down hard to act as a brake.

As soon as it was possible to get everything in order, a party of six men, on electric sledges, headed by Mr. Marcy, started southward over the level ice, carrying with them a number of shells, which were placed in a long line, and connected by an electric wire with the *Dipsey*. When the party had returned and the shells were exploded, the most sanguine anticipations of Mr. Marcy were realized. A magnificent canal three miles long lay open to the south.

Now the anchor of the *Dipsey* was weighed, and our party bade farewell to the polar sea. The great ball buoy, with its tall pole and weather-vane, floated proudly over the northern end of the earth's axis. The little telegraph-house was all in order, and made as secure as possible, and under it the *Dipsey* people made a "cache" of provisions, leaving a note in several languages to show what they had done.

"If the whale wants to come ashore to get somethin' to eat and send a message, why, here's his chance!" said Sammy; "but it strikes me that if any human beings ever reach this pole again, they won't come the way we came, and they'll not see this little house, for it won't take many snowstorms—even if they are no worse than some of those we have seen—to cover it up out o' sight."

"I don't believe the slightest good will ever result on account of leaving this instrument here," said Mr. Gibbs; "but it seemed the right thing to do, and I would not be satisfied to go away and leave the useless end of the cable in these regions. We will set up the highest rod we have by the little house, and then we can do no more."

When the *Dipsey* started, everybody on board

looked over the stern to see if they could catch a glimpse of their old companion, the whale. Nearly all of them were sorry that it was necessary to go away and desert this living being in his lonely solitude. They had not entered the canal when they saw the whale. Two tall farewell spouts rose into the air, and then his tail with its damaged fluke was lifted aloft and waved in a sort of gigantic adieu. Cheers and shouts of good-by came from the *Dipsey*, and the whale disappeared from their sight.

"I hope he won't come up under us," said Mrs. Block. "But I don't believe he will do that. He always kept at a respectful distance, and as long as we are goin' to sail in a canal, I wouldn't mind in the least if he followed us. But as for goin' under water with him—I don't want anybody to speak of it."



"THEY CEASED OPERATIONS."

Our exploring party now found their arctic life much more interesting than it had lately been, for from time to time they were all enabled to leave the vessel and travel, if not upon solid land, upon very solid ice. The *Dipsey* carried several small boats, and even Sarah Block frequently landed and took a trip upon a motor sledge. Sometimes the ice was rough, or the frozen snow was piled up into hillocks, and in such cases it was easy enough to walk and draw the light sledges; but as a general thing the people on the sledges were able to travel rapidly and pleasantly. The scenery was

rather monotonous, with its everlasting stretches of ice and snow, but in the far distance the mountains loomed up in the beautiful colors given them by an arctic atmosphere, and the rays of the sun still brightened the landscape at all hours. Occasionally animals, supposed to be arctic foxes, were seen at a great distance, and there were those in the company who declared that they had caught sight of a bear. But hunting was not encouraged. The party had no need of fresh meat, and there was important work to be done which should not be interfered with by sporting expeditions.

There were days of slow progress, but of varied and often exciting experiences, for sometimes the line of Mr. Marcy's canal lay through high masses of ice, and here the necessary blasting was often of a very startling character. They expected to cease their overland journey before they reached the mountains, which on the south and west were piled up much nearer to them than those in other quarters, but they were surprised to find their way stopped much sooner than they had expected it would be by masses of icebergs, which stood up in front of them out of the snowy plain.

When they were within a few miles of these glittering eminences they ceased further operations and held a council. It was perfectly possible to blow a great hole in the ice and descend into the sea at this point, but they would have preferred going farther south before beginning their submarine voyage. To the eastward of the icebergs they could see with their glasses great patches of open water, and this would have prevented the making of a canal around the icebergs, for it would have been impossible to survey the route on sledges or to lay the line of bombs.

A good deal of discussion followed, during which Captain Hubbell strongly urged the plan of breaking a path to the open water, and finding out what could be done in the way of sailing south in regular nautical fashion. If the *Dipsey* could continue her voyage above water he was in favor of her doing it, but even Captain Jim Hubbell could give no good reason for believing that if the vessel got into the open water the party would not be obliged to go into winter quarters in these icy regions; for in a very few weeks the arctic winter would be upon



A PERILOUS FEAT.

them. Once under the water they would not care whether it was light or dark, but in the upper air it would be quite another thing.

So Captain Hubbell's plan was given up, but it was generally agreed that it would be a very wise thing, before they took any further steps, to ascend one of the icebergs in front of them and see what was on the other side.

The mountain-climbing party consisted of Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Marcy, and three of the most active of the men. Sammy Block wanted to go with them, but his wife would not allow him to do it.

"You can take possession of poles, Sammy," said she, "for that is the thing you are good at, but when it comes to slidin' down icebergs on the small of your back, you are out of place; and if I get that house that Mr. Clewe lives in now, but which he is goin' to give up when he gets married, I don't want to live there alone. I can't think of nothin' dolefuler than a widow with a polar rheumatism, and that's what I'm pretty sure I'm goin' to have."

The ascent of the nearest iceberg was not such a difficult piece of work as it would have been in the days when Sammy Block and Captain Hubbell were boys. The climbers wore ice-shoes with leather suckers on the soles, such as the feet of flies are furnished with, so that it was almost impossible for them to slip; and when they came to a sloping surface, where it was too steep for them to climb, they made use of a motor sledge furnished with a wheel different from the others. Instead of points, this wheel had on its outer rim a series of suckers, similar to those upon the soles of the shoes of

the party. As the wheel, which was of extraordinary strength, revolved, it held its rim tightly to whatever surface it was pressed against, without reference to the angle of said surface. In 1941, with such a sledge, Martin Gallinet, a Swiss guide, ascended seventy-five feet of a perpendicular rock face on Monte Rosa. The sledge, slowly propelled by its wheel, went up the face of the rock as if it had

been a fly climbing up a pane of glass, and Gallinet, suspended below this sledge by a strap under his arms, was hauled to the top of the precipice.

It was not necessary to climb any such precipices in ascending an iceberg, but there were some steep slopes, and up these the party were safely carried, one by one, by what they called their Fly-Foot Sledge.

After an hour or two of climbing, our party safely reached the topmost point of the iceberg, and began to gaze

about them. They soon found that beyond them there were other peaks and pinnacles, and that it would have been difficult to make a circuit which would enable them to continue Mr. Marcy's plan of a canal along the level ice. Far beyond them, to the south, ice hills and ice mountains were scattered here and there.

Suddenly Mr. Gibbs gave a shout of surprise.

"I have been here before," said he.

"Of course you have," replied Mr. Marcy. "This is Lake Shiver. Don't you see, away over there on the other side of the open water below us, that little dark spot in the icy wall? That is the frozen polar bear. Take your glass and see if it isn't."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



LAKE SHIVER REDISCOVERED.



BY M. URQUHART.

I.

ONE street in New York is crossed by a bridge. That street is called the East River—although, of course, it is not a river. It is so much wider than any other street in New York or Brooklyn that those who buy or sell may come in ocean steamers, as elsewhere they may go in carriages.

A strange thing about this bridge is that so many people going over it, passing each other, do not know that, in merely passing by, they influence character and life.

II.

From the top of the Marble Arch in Washington Square you might send a pistol-ball through one of the windows of Carolina's Little House of Guests; but I am sure you will not. No; you will pacifically go on foot until you stand in front of it.

Look out for your hat, sir, if you have worn a high one. The entrance is low, at the bottom of this narrow descent of stone steps. . . . And now through a door that is easily opened but less easily closed behind you; and now—no, not on the right hand, for there is the good Car-

olina's kitchen: through this door at the left, please, for here the tables are spread—here is the basement dining-room. And here we have a pleasant sense of freedom, as though we were expected and smoothly welcomed; yet scarcely so beyond this room. The Spanish and Italian familiars of this little hotel know its upper stories; but we, coming from another world—the world above the Marble Arch—are conscious that here is life in reserve, separate and distinct; and this distinction is emphasized by the fact that in Carolina's dining-room one large table is for "the family" only, while the other large table is for Americans. Level rays from an open fire in winter ardently fill the space that intervenes between the family table and the other.

So at the other table is bohemia, where sit all the ungroomed talents, with a sprinkling of genius—the kind of genius that proves its existence by offering in-

contestable evidence of certain faults that are commonly ascribed to genius—the kind of genius that dearly loves perversion. Author, editor, critic, and illustrator rub elbows, pass wrynecked Chianti bottles, and grated cheese for the soup. They have had losses and they have hopes; still they care to know whether Madilena will bring them the big dishes of Spanish rice—or is it to be spaghetti this evening? At this moment you may hear a guest saying: “How lucky it is that art is long and life is brief. Art is the only good thing: then let it be long. Life is beastly: there’s nothing in it except when you’re employed in cutting it short.” And let this saying introduce the speaker, Mr. Merton, who, striving to forget himself, for an hour at a time will keep every one laughing at his stories, imitations, topical songs; and then suddenly, and gravely, remember that in his waistcoat pocket (the watch-pocket, where there is no watch) he has a little bottle of morphine pills. His face, sketched boldly in white and black (and then the drawing rubbed a little, to give a thought of gray to both skin and hair), is devilish enough to fascinate some of the women who are present, and who straightway complain, in *asides*, that Mr. Merton’s devilry is too aggressive.

For there are women at this bohemian table, drawn hither by curiosity, or friends, or the foreign taste of the food, or (last as well as first) by curiosity; and among them are sweet faces, so doubly sweet in these surroundings that one says, I don’t see the opening in heaven where you came through. And without reproof you may pay such compliments here; and perhaps in bohemia you may sometimes, at rare intervals, win the finer pleasures—as though a *prima donna* who had been speaking should find words to be inadequate, and unexpectedly, delicately sing her meaning; or as though in an environment of sordid motives and mean little distresses you should suddenly catch the flavor of an exquisite life. You may tell which is the *prima donna* now by observing that one of the two quietly dressed gentlewomen has just changed her seat to avoid a draught; and her companion is her guest from the country, who is said to have passed through much suffering before attaining her present age, which may be forty; and is not her blond comeliness in charming relief against that background of outlived unhappiness?

At the family table you may see Spanish zest poured together with Italian smoothness in fascinating confusion; and after their modest glass or two of wine this Italian smoothness does seem smooth indeed. Body of Bacchus! are they not happy then—and gently, benevolently, sensitively happy?—so sensitively (Merton will assure you, or warn you) that a word of reproach would fall as a snowflake falls upon the upturned, innocent, grieved, shocked face of a pansy; but, on the other hand, if a visitor is in sympathy with them, and if he wishes honestly to make love to any one at first sight—certainly! It would seem to be impolite to refuse to a stranger any favor; and the greater the favor asked the more impolite would be a refusal.

Why?

Well, you must notice a peculiar and not wholly pleasant quality in the women’s voices. You will hardly say it is a huskiness or roughness of voice, but that it is a quality as though some vaguely discordant undertone from the entire body accompanied the purely vocal sounds. The greatest Italian actress has it; the women of southern France and Spain have it. It is a kind of a secret.

And so is their reason for a quick response to admiration a kind of a secret.

Just at present the fun, and the noises that pass for fun, are all made at the bohemian table. Sitting among the Americans, one says, “How quiet those foreign people are.”

But it is the proximity of Americans, whom they suspect of curious or critical designs, that makes these Italians silent. Among themselves it is quite different, and you might have seen the change come over them one evening when the Bristly Man arrived. There were few guests that evening, and the Bristly Man came alone. He was not a bad sort, that Bristly Man, but keen and censorious; and he had either neglected to shave for several weeks or just had his beard cropped unduly, for his face, like his spirit, was thick-set with fretful quills. He scarcely spoke, yet somehow his censoriousness was pervasive, and, as though in response to it, presently quarrel filled all the room. And since that evening his name has been fastened upon all others who say that, for their parts, *they* do not see any evidence of Italian smoothness.



EVENING ON THE BRIDGE.

III.

Merton, whom we saw at Carolina's Little House of Guests, lived in an apartment-house near the Marble Arch, where fashion in architecture draws its skirts from the muck of Greene and Bleeker streets, and shrinks away, ascending daintily. When Merton came in one morning, a shamefaced hall-boy who liked him handed him a paper known to lawyers and small debtors as a "Three Days' Notice to Tenant."

This paper began with the statement (underscored with red ink) that in the State of New York, County of New York, Chas. S. Bruce, Landlord's Agent, was against Henry Merton, Tenant; and then in ornate capitals Merton was adjured to Take Notice that he was justly indebted in the sum of Thirty-nine $\frac{1}{100}$ Dollars for Rent of Room No. 31, in The Ashton, from June 1st to July 31st, which he was required to pay on or before the expiration of three days from the day of the service of the Notice, or surrender up the possession of the said premises; in default of which Chas. S. Bruce would proceed under the statute to recover the possession thereof.

And it disturbed Merton, because he was not hardened on that side. He went out again and took the Sixth Avenue elevated to Chambers Street, and was presently in Mr. Bruce's office, holding the uncivil bit of paper in his hand. It was not the agent himself whom he saw, however, but a subordinate having especial charge of the apartment-house in which was the "Room No. 31," for which Merton had been paying rent with more or less regularity during the year. The subordinate was ready to threaten and fawn by turns. He replied impudently to Merton's questions, saying, "Yes, the notice meant just what it said, and the furniture would be put into the street if the rent wasn't paid by twelve o'clock on the day mentioned." Merton found it rather hard to be polite to him, yet actually was polite, and (now came the hottest part of a mid-June day in New York) went about trying to raise the money. Broadway was like a hot mouth, and where a building had been demolished, Merton feigned that one of Broadway's teeth had been drawn.

A minor magazine, having its publication office downtown, owed him twenty-five dollars for drawings, and he got that

easily enough, although the editor told him it was not his custom to pay before publication; and then he remembered a newspaper artist who had borrowed ten dollars one evening when they had gone the round of concert-halls together. His companion had proposed that excursion, promising to show Merton a lot of good subjects for sketches; "and would Merton mind letting him have a little money until to-morrow?" It was too early in the day to catch a newspaper man in Park Row, so Merton went up town to one of the less expensive hotels near Madison Square, wondering somewhat how his unique debtor managed to live at a hotel—even a cheap hotel—in such a good part of town.

"Yes," said the hotel clerk, "Mr. — lives here, but he's not in now. I believe he's gone to represent his paper at the Gordon murder trial. May be back next week."

It was but a few steps further to Twenty-third Street, and crossing this, Merton turned into one of the paths that lead pleasantly under the trees of Madison Square. It was a familiar path, for at the further end of it was the University Club, which had at one time been his favorite loafing-place; and this direction supplied him with the next suggestion as he went along thoughtfully, asking himself what he should do. His very prosperous relative might be in town, and if so would probably be stopping at the club. It would be all right to get the money from him; he had so much to spare and was such a good fellow.

But the very prosperous relative was not in town.

Somehow the sight of the substantial furnishings in the club, the waiters whom he knew by name—and who remembered infringements of the house rule against gratuities—and the sense of being in the waiting-room there, instead of being at home there, vexed him more than the other incidents of the day. His thoughts went back to the house-agent's vulgar clerk, and that injurious manner the man had assumed. Had it been quite necessary to be so polite to him? His irritation made the answer doubtful for the moment. At any rate, he felt that he was decidedly overheated, and sat down on a bench in the square, until a polychromatic young woman came along and chose the next seat for her accommodation, while

she made her lunch from a bag of peanuts. How ugly the streets and people looked to Merton as he moved away! Many of the faces wore malicious expressions, he fancied; and (the heat was becoming almost intolerable at that hour) he reflected that he had nothing left to pawn or sell—that some of the pawn-tickets in his pocket were for keepsakes and other things that had seemed quite precious to him a good while ago. There was a little remorseful sound made by the tongue against the roof of the mouth. He thought of a good many old friends whom he had not cared to look up since he had come to be less prosperous. . . . No, he would not let them know how matters stood with him—that was out of the question. They must suppose he was doing very well, for he had held good positions and done a number of brilliant things. He was expected to have a brighter future than theirs (the prosperous beasts!). And he would still! At least he would not let them know—yet.

Then he thought of John. John knew already—Merton felt quite sure of that. John was so shrewd and sceptical, and had never accepted the general valuation of Merton's abilities; for John was not only very rich, but possessed of those qualities which go to the making and keeping of riches. John reduced everything—talents, friends, and all—to terms of money, and had inherited the instinct to know how much a friend was worth. Yes, John would be sure to know; so Merton did not so much mind telling John.

That errand took Merton down town once more by the elevated road that hurtles offence into the eyes of the buildings it passes; and then, by an elevator that travelled like a rocket, to the top of a high building that John owned.

In the office was a tall young man leaning over John, who was short, as the two stood talking together. John's manner was simply businesslike; the other young man, whose features were rather unusually firm, with indications of some regular intellectual occupation, was earnestly requesting his landlord to allow more time for the payment of rent. That being the subject under discussion, Merton was naturally attentive, and sympathetically observing landlord and tenant, became aware of a look in the eyes of the latter that struck him as singularly out of place there. The look was not defiant or

bitter or humbly appealing; it was a tender expression, as though the tall young man had been begging John not to feel distressed. It did not seem to suit either the circumstances in which the tall young man was placed at that moment or his manly and resolute face. But presently a word was dropped that served as a hint: something was said about "the family," and then Merton could understand that look. It was the look that had grown habitual with the tall young man when speaking with his wife and comforting her—so habitual, so inveterate, that his face took that look when the same subject was being discussed even with his hard creditor.

He got an unfavorable answer from John, who caught sight of Merton, and left the debtor to greet the old friend. "He had just come back from lunch," he said. "The first day that week he'd had time to go out. He'd taken Tom's little boy (Tom was a friend of both) to lunch. He was feeling first rate, and glad to see Merton looking so well. It was a pity about that young man who'd just left. He was a hard worker, and straight enough, no doubt, but somehow didn't seem to get on." In a word, John was geniality itself, making it easy for Merton to come to the point, and then saying, "Why, certainly," as he took out a twenty-dollar bill. "Don't you want any more? There's plenty in the safe."

Merton did want more, but would take only the twenty dollars, as perhaps others in similar need would have done, for this form of shortsightedness seems to be not uncommon among the people to whom small sums of money have become precious. When he was leaving, John had the friendly impulse to keep him longer and make him talk about himself, and so asked: "What are you doing now?" But Merton would only answer, with a laugh: "Oh, a man's not doing anything when you've to ask *what* he is doing."

Having a little more than the amount of the bill for rent, Merton went away not only contented but gratified, feeling kindly toward John, and wondering if it is always necessary to be hard in one quarter in order that one may be helpful in another; and so he proceeded at ease toward his reconquered room, stopping on the way at a French restaurant, where fifty cents—or a little more—purchased an omelet, half a bottle of

ordinary red wine, black coffee, and the good-will of the waiter. A back number of the *Petit Journal* was lying on the table, and while waiting for his lunch Merton read in it the story (by Moreau Vautier) of a common soldier and the daughter of a Parisian laundress; and how poverty kept the young people apart, to their great distress; and how the mother said to them, comfortingly, "Tears make happiness, as water makes the linen white." It seemed so true, so homely, so sincere to him then; it made the thin red wine taste genuine; it doubled the waiter's tip.

And when he reached his apartment the hall-boy again had something for him, but this was of another kind altogether. It was a note that had taken all day to come from another borough of the city:

"DEAR HARRY,—Just a little line before I go out this morning, to tell you how happy you have made me. Yesterday was the beginning of my life—the first day that I can really say I have ever lived!

"Dearest, *this* is just where I had to kiss the cold white paper because I couldn't you.

"Will you be at Carolina's this evening?
NANCY."

IV.

Is it not much easier to let one's hair grow long than to become a genius in any other way? Look at the men at Carolina's.

You see they have that facile distinction; but as I am sure you would not have come to the Little House of Guests at all unless coming in a sympathetic mood, so I think you will find they have wits that would not all tumble at a snip of the barber's shears—that the portrait of Garibaldi on the wall, mediating so grimly between the smiles of fond Queen Margherita and King Humbert, looks down upon some men whom Garibaldi himself would have liked for their pluck and their original force, and their good stiff will to fight for their own ideas as against any oppressive system whatever.

Both Humbert and Margherita, I venture to say, as (in these old-fashioned portraits) they are so much in love with each other, look from their frames with most interest at the women who are present,

and at those men who seem to sustain tender relations with one or more of the women. And the long table loaded with the feast has more than a sprinkling of women: it has women enough unless two or three of the men who have come alone decide, each privately deciding on rubbing elbows with another man, that there are one, two, or three men too many. Then perhaps these become adventurous, and proffer compliments less delicately shaded than they might otherwise be, inasmuch as the flattering words must have force enough to carry their sense across the table. Some of the women are married and are here with their husbands, although not constantly side by side; while more constantly side by side are the people who have come together not being married; and it is not very hard to discriminate, for at a glance one sees that those are married who do not appear to be, and that those are not married who do appear to be. If we were not at Carolina's—if we were in a less genial and overheated atmosphere—we might hear some one say that a wife is a woman one has married because one did not just know what else to do with her. But no one does say this—no malicious saying or thought is in place here; still, let the little black daub stay on the canvas to show by contrast how warm all the colors are.

The colors are warmest, perhaps, where Nancy and Merton are sitting together. She has just been saying, "There was something very familiar in your face the first time I saw you"; and he has replied, "You must be used to seeing admiration of yourself in the faces of the people you meet; and wasn't that the familiar thing you found in my face?"

To which she has not made any rejoinder as yet; and you do not care how long it may be before the next words come, for it is such a pleasant thing to watch her swimming eyes that have a promise of ready laughter in them, even at the most intense moments; and you have just seen how her lips do not meet easily, and the under lip flutters when the *r* in "very" comes with difficulty from her tongue; and her cheeks, you see, are like a peach—with that roundness, and a few little red moles, and the blond down that one has to rub off before biting the peach. She came in late, after the others had wellnigh finished dinner; and now the courses of the meal are reaching her at unequal inter-

vals. I warrant she is hungry, too, after a long day's work in the heart of the city; but she is taking thought for her full-fed neighbors at table. "Has Mr. Merton had his coffee yet?" she asks, before she herself has had her entrée; and it was she who had distributed the sweets (her soup growing cold meanwhile), the waiter happening to place the dish within her reach. In fine, she is the kind of girl to help a man out of difficulties (including those she may make) simply by being nice herself. The compliments of her neighbor; his nearness to her, which is delicious still—their sympathies being new; and no doubt a glass or two of the strong Italian wine that foams, although it is a dark red—these things help to explain her contentment with the straggling, lukewarm dishes; for the rest, she is unspoiled, because she has not always been pretty.

Nancy had for years a wart on her eyelid that disfigured her incredibly. She had been over-sensitive about it. To be sure, her hair was glorious, but that big thing growing at the very window of her mind! Once she had a lovely picture taken—of the other side of her face. When she was with men, unwillingly entertaining the friends natural to her age, she would keep them on that other side—the picture side. So she had averted her face from the world, and the world averted its face in turn. A year before her meeting with Henry Merton she went into retirement for two weeks, and learned how very light a surgeon's hand may be; and next she learned how clear her eyes were! How she loved them herself, and wanted others now to look into them! What greed of admiration; and now, expecting love, how much she received! What a year it had been—perilously full of happiness; yet you will not fail to notice the little economies that are evident in her dress. For example, there are marks of a pin in her bodice just below the collar, where she used to wear an ornament. The ornament is gone; the punctures remain. Perhaps she decided that she should not wear a pin there at all.

A resolutely musical body is of the company. When making ready to sing, his nose becomes tense, his eyes become set, and then he will quaver forth the most delicious melodies. He is ready to begin now, but cannot, for now Carolina

is making her little speech (in Italian, which a guest translates), welcoming all to her restaurant, and expressing the hope that they will be pleased with her, and will come often. Her strong gums are shown in the embarrassed smile that draws her usually firm close lips far apart; her eyes are on the floor; she plucks at her gown until the nearest guests take her hands familiarly. So the speech-making begins, and presently a fat Italian whose round face is like the moon (not a cold moon, but tinted to suit the taste of southern Europe, as though the moon should be sunburnt) is called upon. For years he has been engaged in the composition of an opera, the theme of which is the Conquest of Peru. That is his true life-work; it is to be a very grand opera, he is sure; and he measures his own merits by the standard of that opera's excellence. Meantime he plays the flute in the orchestra of a Broadway theatre. His father had kept a small grocery-store in South Fifth Avenue. He speaks, as an artist, about the insolence of tradespeople. "We let the tradespeople bully us," he says, among other things. "The rascal who charges us twenty-five dollars for an ornament we cannot easily sell or pawn for five can make our lives miserable if we delay payment. There used to be privileges attached to the title and quality of gentleman; but now all our laws and usages are framed for the benefit of tradespeople. If I say to one, 'You're not a gentleman, sir,' he may well answer: 'No, thank heaven! Are *you*, poor man?' The gentlemen of old, whose characters gave the name its flavor, were ready fighters, liberal with their kicks and cuffs."

V.

An hour or so later Nancy and Merton took the Sixth Avenue elevated at Bleecker Street, and together made the trip that Merton had made alone in the morning, for she was staying in Brooklyn; and quite naturally Merton told her about his visit to the house-agent. Perhaps this confession of distress made her manner more gentle, if possible; but really it mattered little to them then what they said to each other, or in what direction they fared—it was enough that they were speaking to each other and making the way together—until they had left the train and crossed City Hall Park and were at the Bridge. Then both remembered that

he would have to turn back at the door of her hotel, and that they would reach it too soon if they took the Bridge cars; so they walked across slowly, slowly, and often stopping to look down from the Bridge upon the street of the ebbing and flowing pavement; the street in whose shops huge ocean steamers lie at rest; of this New World the noblest busy street. . .

There may be use in the inaccuracy that has given the name "East River" to this street of water passing between the cities of New York and Brooklyn and beneath the Brooklyn Bridge. Plodding over on foot or whisked across in the Bridge cars, there may be one or two persons who, saying to themselves that it is not a river at all—down there far below them, so broad, with such a liberal sweep—will fall to wondering what it is; and then, with a very pleasant thrill, perhaps, will realize that they can care more for it because they have found out that it is a street. So much as this one may see by daylight; but night, showing less crudely, reveals more in similitude.

Look, now, how the surface cars, the ferry-boats, run across this street from side to side, so wide it is; and how their paddle-wheels are still beating the immemorial beaten tracks. See the colossal farmers and the cyclopean shepherds, dressed in stanch oaken planks and acres of canvas, that have floated in still weather or breezily have swum into this street from coast, canal, and inland lake—meeting here the merchantmen of steel from Scotland, of teak-wood from India, of Norway spruce. And do not the other streets now look mere lanes and alleys? And surely there is one noblest part and quality in the whole world—to do humble service for all, always, quietly and brightly. Look now at the majestic street that makes life wholesome for crowded millions of people.

Well, perhaps the idea will not bear close examination; but to Merton and Nancy it seemed a discovery that they had made that night, and delighted them more than the human beauty of other city scenes.

I hardly think they could have seen these things so clearly at another time. The evening had put its arms around those two people. Even the persons who passed seemed to be all friendly persons; in fact, Merton and Nancy began to take

especial notice of the passers-by, and were on the point of making another discovery, namely, that people who went by night from New York to Brooklyn or from Brooklyn to New York were most uncommonly amiable and interesting in appearance, when Merton caught sight of the tall young man he had seen in John's office.

"There goes a man I envy," said Merton.

Nancy asked "Why?" rather incredulously.

"Oh, I don't know. Because—because I don't know him, perhaps. Say, there's a sentence Hawthorne wrote. Probably you know it better than I. It must be fifteen years since I read it, but it's something like this,"—and he repeated the words: "In chaste and warm affections, humble wishes, and honest toil for some useful end, there is health for the mind and quiet for the heart, the prospect of a happy life, and the fairest hope of heaven."

"It is very beautiful," said Nancy.

"Well, you know, that man, from the look in his face I saw this morning at John's office, has something—I can't just express it—has a feeling—has a way of feeling—that's better than prosperity, better than any amount of fun; so much better—so much better than anything in bohemia; and somehow he makes me think of what Hawthorne said. . . . 'In chaste and warm affections is health for the mind'. . . . Somehow I envy him."

Nancy had taken his arm, and they walked along without speaking for several minutes, it seemed.

"Say," said Merton, abruptly, "let's get married."

Nancy laughed aloud. "You! Harry Merton! You marry any one!"

But the laugh ended in a little choking sound. She took her hand away from his arm; and again they walked along without speaking. She seemed to want to be farther away from him than is natural when two are walking together across the Bridge at night—and she was ashamed. Presently she came to his side timidly, and put her hand on his hand, and said, "Aren't you foolish to offer to marry me?"

"I've been so many different kinds of fool," said Merton, "that if this were folly, it would seem more familiar."

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

BY HENRY JAMES.

I SHOULD perhaps feel I had known George du Maurier almost too late in life—too late, I mean, for dividing unequally with some older friends the right to speak of him—were it not for two or three circumstances that somewhat correct the fear. One of these—I mention it first—is simply that I knew him, after all, for a number of years that might, alas, but too well have been bettered, yet that has still left me a sense of attachment and reminiscence greater than the space at my command. Another resides in the fact of his having, very late, precisely—so late as to constitute a case quite apart—become the subject of the adventure that was to give him his largest and most dramatic identity for his largest and most candid public. His greater renown began with his commencing novelist, and our acquaintance dated, I am happy to say, from long before that. The main reason, however, for the charming impression of going back with him personally and to a distance is just the one that was to prove the key to half the sympathy that pressed round the final extension of his field: his frank, communicative interest in his own experience, his past, present and future, as a ground of intercourse, and his happy gift for calling up a response to it. He was the man in the world as to whom one could most feel, even as, in some degree, a junior, that not having known him all one's own did not in the least prevent one's having known him all *his* life. Of the so many pleasant things his friendship consisted of none was pleasanter, for a man of imagination in particular, than this constant beguiled admission, through his talk, his habits of remembrance, his genius for recollection and evocation, to the succession of his other days—to the peopled, pictured previous time that was already a little the historic and pathetic past, that one had, at any rate, for one's self, just somewhat ruefully missed, but that he still held, as it were, in his disengaged hand. When the wonder at last came of his putting forth *Trilby* and its companions my own surprise—or that of any intimate—could shade off into the consciousness of having always known him as a story-teller and a master of the special touch that

those works were to make triumphant. He had always, in walks and talks, at dinner, at supper, at every easy hour and in every trusted association, been a novelist for his friends, a delightful producer of *Trilbys*.

If there were but one word to be sounded about him, none would in every particular play so well the part of key-note as the word *personal*; it would so completely cover all the ground of all his sympathies and aptitudes. Its general application to them needs of course to be explained—which I may not despair, presently, of attempting: specifically, at any rate, it helps to express the degree in which all converse with him was concretely animated and, as I have called it, peopled—peopled like a “crush,” a big London party; say even, as the closest possible comparison, the one fullest of the particular echoes most haunting his talk, the particular signs most marking his perceptions and tastes, like some *soirée*, heterogeneous, universal, and as such the least bit bohemian, of an æsthetic, a not too primly academic, Institution. He was, frankly, not critical; he positively disliked criticism—and not with the common dislike of possible exposure to depreciation. He disliked the “earnest” attitude, and we often disagreed (it only made us more intimate,) about what it does for enjoyment; I regarding it as the very gate or gustatory mouth of pleasure, and he willing enough indeed to take it for a door, but a door closed in one's face. However, no man could have liked more to like or more not to, and we often came out by roads of very different adventure at the very same finger-post. His sense of things had always been, and had essentially to be, some lively emotion about them—just this love or just this hate; and he was full of accumulated, inspiring experience because he was full of feelings, admirations, affections, repulsions. The world was, very simply, divided for him into what was beautiful and what was ugly, and especially into what *looked* so, and so far as these divisions were—with everything they opened out to—a complete account of the matter, nothing could be more vivid than his view, or more interesting. It was a view for the expres-

sion of which, from his earliest time, he had had the happiness of finding a medium close to his hand: he had begun to draw because all life overflowed, for him, with forms and figures; then he had gone on seeing all life in forms and figures because that ministered infinitely to his craft. If ever a man fully found his expression it was, I think, Du Maurier; a truth really confirmed by the informal nature of his eventual literary manner, which rendered all the better because it was loose and whimsical the thing he cared most to render, the free play of sensibility in the presence of the human envelope. His forty years of pictorial work form not merely a representation, or a collection, of so many images given him by so many "subjects," but come as near, probably, as an artist's outward total, that scanty sign of the inward sum, ever, at the best, does come to a complete discharge of obligations. His particular chance was that if there was still, for the observer—the observer, I mean, of his inspiration—to be any mistake, he achieved a practical summary of it afresh, at the last, with the aid of another art; abounding again in the affirmation of sensibilities and humors and moods, of the personal, the beautiful, the ugly, abounding in all immediate perceptions and surrenders, the downright loves and hates, the natural gayeties and glooms that were to make the unprecedented fortune of an unpremeditated stroke and be answerable for a trio of books which, as he lived them, as it were, so much more than wrote them, gave others also the rare and charming sense of their being more lived than read.

I.

The origin of my acquaintance with him has, in the oddest way in the world, become so blurred by subsequent coats of color that I am only clear about its reaching down from some nineteen years back and from one of those multitudinous private parties of the early days of the Grosvenor Gallery, then in its pristine lustre and resoundingly original, which have not since, so far as I have been able to observe, been equalled as a medium or a motive for varied observation and easy converse. Yet I am also fondly and confusedly conscious that we first met on the ground of the happy accident of an injury received on either side in connection with his having consented to make draw-

ings for a short novel that I had constructed in a crude defiance of the illustrator. He had everything, in that way, to forgive me, and I had to forgive him a series of monthly moments of which nothing would induce me at this time to supply the dates. I must add, indeed, that if our mutual confidence sprang, full-armed, from this small disaster, I should not leave out of account that other source of it, on my own side, which had been fed by all the happy years of his work in *Punch*, of work previous to *Punch*, the first lively impression of a new and exquisite hand in those little artistries of the early sixties and the old *Once A Week* that come back to me now like the sound of bird-notes in a summer dawn. This initiation, however, I doubtless, years ago, sufficiently recorded in an appreciation devoted to the same name as these pages and in respect to which there is a pleasure in some vagueness of memory, some sense that at present I care not greatly whether it was an effect or a cause of the first stage of our acquaintance: recollection being satisfied with the mere after-taste of the contribution. He lived in those years and for long afterwards at Hampstead; and my only puzzle is a failure to recall or focus any first occasion of my climbing his long and delectable hill and swearing an eternal friendship. I have lost the beginning, but this simply proves how possessed I was to become, in the repeated years, of the long sequel and the happy custom. What is to the point of my story, at all events, is not my own part in these occasions; or my own part only so far as that was a matter of my impression of his personal existence—a temperament and a situation in which the elements had been so happily commingled and the securities so deeply interwoven that, to make them strike you almost as a lesson in the art of living, the needed accent was literally given by the glimpse of the sword of Damocles, the cloud in the quarter in which, for a man of his craft, disaster was necessarily grave. If I were writing more copiously and intimately than, even with the fullest license, I can do here, I should speak of this side of the matter—the charm of circumstances close to him—with more dots on the i's and more lights in the windows. I must not, however, smother him under a mountain of memory or prick him with analysis till he bleeds.

It is enough that I got the impression, at that first period, that those were his happiest and steadiest years, the time of an artist's life when his tide is high and his gatherings-in are many. These things were all so present in his talk that, for the particular sort of inquiring animal one might happen to be, it had a high and constant value: a value that sprang from the source I have already glanced at, his admirably sociable habit of abounding in the sense of his own history and his own feelings, his memories, sympathies, contacts, observations, adventures. I recall this idiosyncrasy to remind myself of the elements of biography—if there were room to treat them—that it yielded; but what most appears in it, I think, as I look back, is the perception of a matter that was to do more than any one other to make a felicity of intercourse. This was nothing less than the rare chance of meeting a temperament in which the French strain was intermixed with the English in a manner so capricious and so curious and yet so calculated to keep its savor to the end. I say the French with the English as I might say the English with the French: there was at any rate as much in the case of mystification as of refreshment. There would indeed be a great deal more than this to say in the event of following up the scent of all that the question holds out. I can follow it only a part of the way—the course has too many obstructions. As I turn over, none the less, this particular memory of our friend it protrudes there, his lively duality, as almost by itself a possible little peg to hang a complete portrait. One of the things for which the way is barred, I fear, would be a confession of the degree to which, on the part of one of his friends, free and close communication really found indispensable that possession of the window that looked over the Channel, the French initiation, the French side to the mind and the French habit to the tongue. Born in Paris, in 1834, of a French father and an English mother—on March 6, to be exact, and in a house, in the old Champs Élysées, that has long since disappeared—he spent in France the early time as to which, in his latest years, he was to take us so vividly, so sentimentally into his confidence; with a charm of detail, in truth, that has completely, in advance, baffled all biography. The story

of his childhood and his youth is wholly in his three novels, and expressed with a sincerity for the beauty of which no other record whatever would have had a substitute to offer. The far-off French years remained for him the romantic time, the treasure of memory, the inexhaustible “grab-bag” into which he could always thrust a hand for a pleasure or a pang. His life, from the time he began to work in earnest, was the result of a migration, and the air and the things of France became to him as foreign as they could possibly be to a man for whose own little corner of foreignness they had originally been responsible, and in whom, for making themselves felt, they had just that *point d'appui*.

A part of the interest of knowing him in France might have come from the aid to a point of view that the Englishman in him would certainly have been prompt to lend; in England, at any rate, the good Englishman that he was more than excellently resigned to be was not a little lighted by the torch that the Frenchman in him could hold up. I have never known, I think—and in these days we know many—an international mixture less susceptible of analysis save on some basis of saying, in summary fashion, that all impulse, in him, was of one race, and all reflection of another. But that simplifies too much, even with an attempt to remain subtle by leaving the mystified reader to put the signs on the right sides. We at all events encounter the international mixture mainly in the form of the cosmopolite, which is the last term in the world to be applied to Du Maurier. In the cosmopolite we much more effectually separate the parts; the successive coats come off—with a good stiff pull at least—like the successive disguises of a prestidigitator. We find Paris under London, and Florence under Paris, and Petersburg under Florence, and very little—it is, no doubt, often brought home to us—under anything. Du Maurier's French accent was, in the oddest way in the world, the result of an almost passionate acceptance of the insular. To be mild with him I used to tell him he could afford that; and to be severe I used to tell him he had sacrificed his birthright. By just so much as it was a luxury—or, for complete *rapprochement*, a necessity—to feel in all converse all that was annexed and included, by so much did it inveni-

tably enter into the general geniality of the business to denounce such a sacrifice as impious and of a nature really to expose him to the wrath of the gods. It could minister easily enough to the exchange between us of something that in this retrospect must pass muster as a flow of ideas to have made the penalty he had incurred figure constantly as that of the *spretæ injuria formæ*—a menace without terrors for a man delighted to have arrived at the English form instead, the form that, in some of its physical manifestations, he thought the most beautiful in the world and as to his cultivation of which so much of his work (all his years of *Punch*, indeed,) so triumphantly justifies him. He could never admit himself to have been a loser by an evolution that had given him a country in which, if beautiful folk have to submit, of course, to the law that rules the globe, that of their being at the best in a minority dimly small, they yet come nearer, as it were, than elsewhere to achieving an effect as of quantity rising superior to number.

He was ever accessible to pleasantry on the subject—on what subject, indeed, was he not?—of this question of quantity, of his liking a great amount at once, so to speak, of the type and the *physique* he thought the right ones. He liked them, frankly, in either sex, gigantic, and had all the courage of his opinion in respect to the stature of women. The English form, at any rate, to his imagination, was above all a great length and a great straightness, a towering brightness which owed none of its charm to sinuosity, though possibly owing much of it to good-humor. If one had to have but a sole type, this was doubtless the type in which most peace was to be found and from which most was to be derived; a peace that we both still tasted even after discussion of the more troubled bliss that might be drawn from a shifting scale. It is noticeable throughout his work—as to which I observe that I am moved freely to confound picture with text and text with picture—that it is almost only the ugly people who are small and the small people who are ugly. Allow him the total scale and he achieves the fullest variety of type; in other words he beautifully masters the innumerable different ways that our poor humanity has worked out of receiving the stamp of other forces than fine parents. It was his idiosyn-

crazy that he recognized perhaps but a single way of dodging the multifold impress. This one was so magnificent, however, and he had, in detail, so followed it up, that I profess myself one of those whom it completely convinces and prostrates. Trilby and the Duchess, Taffy and Barty and Peter, to say nothing of Leah Gibson and Julia Royce, and the long procession, longer than any frieze on any temple of Greece (to which one would like to compare it,) of the colossally fair that marched through thirty years of *Punch*, are quite the most beautiful friends I have ever had or that I expect ever to have. He adored the beauty of children, which he rendered with rare success; yet he could scarce keep even his children small, and the animal, as well, that he loved best was the animal that was hugest. Let me add, in justice to the perfect good-humor, the sense of fair play with which he could entertain a prejudice, that I never knew him to return from a run across the Channel without emphatically professing that some prejudices were all nonsense, and that he had seen quite as many handsome people "over there" as a reasonable man could expect to see anywhere. He never went "over there" without a refreshment, most beneficial, I thought, as it was also most consenting, of all his perceptions, his humorous surrenders, his loyalties of memory and of fancy; yet my last word on the matter, since I have touched it at all, may be that the Englishman in him was usually in possession of the scene at the expense—in a degree that it might offer an attaching critical problem to express—of the fellow-lodger sometimes encountered on the stairs and familiarly enough greeted and elbowed. Better still for this, perhaps, the image—as it would have amused him—of an apple presented by the little French boy (with the characteristic courtesy, say, of his race,) to the little English boy for the first bite. The little English boy, with those large, strong English teeth to which the author of *Trilby* appears on the whole in that work to yield a preference, achieves a bite so big that the little French boy is left with but an insignificant fraction of the fruit; left also, however, perhaps, with the not less characteristic ingenuity of his nation; so that he may possibly decide that his residuary morsel makes up in intensity of savor for what it lacks in magnitude.

II.

He saw, then, as a friend could accuse him, a beauty in every bush—that is if we reckon the bushes mainly as the vegetation of his dreams. The representation of these was what, after all, his work really came to in its long, fullest time, the time during which its regularity and serenity, all made up of the free play of all his feelings, rendered his company delightful and his contentment contagious—things as to which my participation is full of remembered hours and pleasant pictures. What he by no means least communicated was the love of the place that had its own contribution to make, the soothing, amusing, simplifying, sanitary Hampstead, so dull but so desirable, so near but so far, that enriched the prosperous middle years with its Bank Holidays and its sunsets. I see it mainly in the light of Sunday afternoons, a friendly glow that sinks to a rosy west and draws out long shadows of walkers on the Heath. It is a jumble of recollections of old talkative wanderings, of old square houses in old high-walled gardens, of great trees and great views, of objects consecrated by every kind of repetition, that of the recurrent pilgrimage and of my companion's inexhaustible use of them. The Hampstead scenery made, in *Punch*, his mountains and valleys, his backgrounds and foregrounds, a surprising deal, at all times, of his variously local color. I like, for this reason, as well as for others, the little round pond where the hill is highest, the folds of the rusty Heath, the dips and dells and ridges, the scattered nooks and precious bits, the old red walls and jealous gates, the old benches in the right places and even the young couples in the wrong. Nothing was so completely in the right place as the group of Scotch firs that in many a *Punch* had produced for August or September a semblance of the social deer-forest, unless it might be the dome of St. Paul's, which loomed, far away, through the brown breath of London. But if I speak of the part played in this intercourse by frequencies of strolling wherever the strollable turned up, no passages are pleasanter or more numerous than those of the seasons in which, year after year—with a year sometimes ruefully omitted—he had, for three months, a house in London, and a Sunday or, as in town it was likely to be, a week-day re-

union took the form of an adventure so mild that we needed the whole of a particular matter to make it often, at the same time, so rich: a vague and slow peregrination of that Bayswater region which served as well as any other our turn for speculation and gossip, and about his beguiled attachment to which—with visions of the “old Bayswater families”—he was always ready to joke. It was a feature of this joking that, as a chapter of experience for a benighted suburban, he made a great circumstance of the spectacle of the Bayswater Road and of finding whenever he could a house that showed him all that passed there.

The particular matter I refer to as helping all objects and all neighborhoods to minister and stimulate was simply that love of life, as a spectacle and a study, which was the largest result of his passion for what I have called the personal, and on which, on my own side, equally an observer and a victim, I could meet him in unbounded intimacy. This was much of the ground of an intimacy that for many years was in its way a peculiar luxury; the good fortune of an associated play of mind—over the mystery, the reality, the drollery, the irony of things—with a man who, by a happy chance, was neither a stock-broker, nor a banker, nor a lawyer, nor a politician, nor a parson, nor a horse-breaker, nor a golfer, nor a journalist, nor even, and above all, of my own especial craft, from some of the members of which, in the line of play of mind, I had fondly expected much only to find they had least to give and were in fact almost more *boutonné* than any one else. I scarce know if I can express better the pleasure and profit of this long and easy commerce than by saying that of all familiar friends George du Maurier was quite the least *boutonné*. There was nothing that belonged to life and character and the passions and predicaments of men that didn't interest him and that he was not ready to look at either as frankly or as fancifully as the mood or the occasion might require. It was not in this quarter, quite swept clear, of course, of the conventional, that it was most inevitable to see him as the Englishman undefiled. He had all a Frenchman's love of speculation and reflection, and I scarce remember, in all the years of this kind of converse with him, any twist or turn—certainly on any wholly human matter—

that could bring me, as I was not exempt from memories of having been brought in other cases, with my nose against a wall. And all this agility of spirit, of curiosity and response, was mixed with an acceptance, for himself, of the actual and the possible which helped perhaps more than anything else to present him as singularly amiable. I do not exaggerate, I need scarcely say, the merit of his patience; I only try to characterize the charm of his particularly private side. His acceptance of his own actual was as personal a thing as all the rest, and was indeed not so much an acceptance as an espousal, an allegiance, in every direction, of the serenest and tenderest sort. Nothing was more easy to understand than how, from far back, his career, in following the simple straight line of the earnest and ingenious workman—the line of beauty *that*, of a truth, of all the lines on earth!—he had also followed that of the paterfamilias, the absolute domestic pelican, who, as he was never weary of explaining apropos of everything, was *capable de tout*. If the governing note of his abundant art was, in fact, the obsession of the beautiful presence and the anxiety, almost, for the “good looks” of every one, it is only discretion that keeps me from obscurely hinting at the examples and reminders that, literally in successive generations, delightfully closed him in. I remember well as one of the things, if not the very principal thing, in the light of which his acquaintance was first to be made, a deepened interest in the question of the sources, of every kind, from which he drew—so much of it was drawn so directly—the inspiration of the felicities of *Punch*. If it turned out that the main source was, after all, just his particular imagination of the world, which asked only for the opportunities the most usual and familiar, finding them close at hand and amplifying and refining them, it was not the less discoverable that an influence had greatly helped and that, on the very face of it, he had had no traitors in the camp. If, in other words, the pursuit of good looks had led him from one thing to another, from France to England, one might say, from Hampstead to London, from London to Whitby or the Isle of Wight or the coast of Normandy; if it had led him from chemistry to painting, from painting to *Punch*, from *Punch* to Peter Ibbetson

and the Duchess and Barty and Leah, and from them to the other visions that he had hoped still to embody: there was, from an early time, always a spot where it let him rest and where it appeared to have been, by some mystic rule, pre-established that harmony should reign and the right note be struck. Everything on the spot in question—all the earlier and later grace—was a direct implication or explanation of the pictorial habit.

He was endlessly amusing as to how this habit, in all the *Punch* time, had to be fed, and how the Bayswater Road, for instance, and all the immediate public things of London could feed it. It was fed from the windows of his house, from the top of his omnibuses (which he adored), from the stories of his friends, from his strolls in the Park, of which he never tired, and from the parties he sometimes went to and of which he tired directly. Touching to me always was the obligation that lay upon him, as a constant memento, to keep supplied, and supplied with an idea, with a gayety, with a composition—or rather with two ideas, with two gayeties, with two compositions—the insatiable little mouth that gaped every Wednesday. It was in connection with this when, between six and eight, before the lamp-lit meal, we took a turn together and the afternoons, at the winter's end, grew longer, but still with dusk enough for the lighted shop-fronts to lend a romantic charm to Westbourne Grove and for houses in devious by-streets to show dimly as haunts remembered and extinct, that I perceived, almost with gratulations, how few secrets against him, after all, the accident of his youth had built up. His sight was beyond any other I had known, and, whatever it had lost, what it had kept was surprising. He had been turned out originally with a wondrous apparatus, an organ worthy of one of those heroes whom he delighted to endow with superfine senses: this never ceased to strike me in all companionship. He had, in a word, not half, but double or quadruple the optical reach of other people. I always thought I valued the use of my eyes and that I noticed and observed; but the manner in which, when out with him, I mainly exercised my faculty was by remarking how constantly and how easily his own surpassed it. I recall a hundred examples of this which are a part of the pleasantness of memory

—echoes of sociable saunterings in those airy, grassy, mossy Hampstead conditions which, as they recede and fade, take more and more of the charm of the irrecoverable, of the last word and the closed book. Nothing was more present on such occasions than the intimacy of his relation to his work and, for a companion, the amusement to be drawn from such passages of the history of it as bore, as well, upon another relation, that of the individual artist with editor and colleague; his anecdotal picture of the vicissitudes of which, the ups and downs, the better and worse, made the names and the aspects of Mark Lemon and John Leech, of Tom Taylor and Shirley Brooks, a part of the satisfaction of that curiosity felt, in the first years especially, by an inquirer not yet wholly domesticated and always ready, perhaps, to think absent figures rather more wonderful than present. Du Maurier was vivid about every one, and with the vividness, essentially, of the sharp sympathy and the sharp antipathy, and I found a panorama in his remembrance of a hundred people who seemed to pass, in the twilight of a dusky, smoky, shabby London glamour, between obscurity and eminence. No allusion he ever made to them lacked the *coup de pousse* of the happy impressionism in which, though his drawing, comparatively, was classic and almost academic, his talk with tongue or with pen equally abounded. It had been impossible to him, fortunately, to have his appreciation of things without having also, by the same law, his acceptance; without acceding in imagination as well as in system not only to the summons to be both "funny" and beautiful twice a week, but to be so, year after year, on lines a good deal prescribed. Immemorial custom had imposed on the regular pair of *Punch* pictures an inspiration essentially domestic. I recall his often telling me—and my envying him as well as pitying him a little for the definite, familiar rigor of it—that it was vain for him to go, for holidays and absences, to places that didn't yield him subjects, and that the British background was, save for an occasional fling across the border, practically indispensable to the joke. Something was to be got, of course, from the Briton in difficulties abroad, but that was a note to be subordinated and economized.

His great resignation was that from an early time, the time of his taking up the

succession of Leech, he had seen, as a whole, and close at hand, his subject and his chance—and seen it indeed as differently as possible both from that admirable humorist, whom he immensely valued, and from the wonderful English artist with whom he so long worked side by side and whom, in the roll of his admirations, he placed, I think, directly after John Millais and Frederick Walker. He found, in time, an opportunity, to which I shall refer, to testify to the two former of these enthusiasms, which had grounds quite distinct; but by one of them, meanwhile—it had been the first to glow—plenty of light was thrown upon his view of what he himself attempted. He could attach a high importance to Leech in spite of his full recognition of the infirmities of a habit of drawing which, in a manner so opposed to his own, dispensed entirely with the model; he could speak of him as a great artist—or something approaching; he loved him for having felt and shown, even with so much queer drawing, so much of English life, all the national and individual character and all the types and points and jokes, all the comedy, the farce and the fun. It was Leech's greater variety of observation and intention that made Du Maurier hold he had covered more ground than Keene, to whom—as I understood it—it was difficult to forgive so consistent an indifference to the facial charm, or indeed to any other, of woman. Leech at least had his suspicion, his conception of every charm, and struck the note of it, though with such rough and imperfect signs. Over the perfection of the signs of Keene's genius our friend delighted to expatiate, as well as over the mystery of the limitations of vision and of sentiment which closed to him half the book of English life. Where was English life, where was *any* life, without the beauty?—where was any picture without the relations and differences? Where, at any rate, were the tall people, the fine women, the fine men, the pretty girls, and also not less the sophistications and monstrosities that make for total truth? Where, under this last head, were the social distinctions that offer to the light and shade of pictorial irony a field as of golden grain brushed this way and that by the breeze? He found in Keene, as he found later, with enthusiasm, in Phil May and Bernard Partridge, the amusement—his own word

for his own technical tricks or those of others—of an endless ingenuity and vitality of stroke; but he himself was happiest when, after whatever hours spent upon it, he sailed away from that question on the bosom of a real scheme of illustration, the effort that was continuous in him to give, week by week, an exhibition of English society of which the items should, at the end of years, build up a pictorial chronicle not unworthy of the subject. The felicity of his relation to the subject lay in his seeing it as a draughtsman scarcely less in quest of poetry than in quest of comedy. The poetry is in the study of grotesqueness as well as in the pursuit of grace, and in both directions it makes his peculiar distinction. If anything more were needed for this result, something more might be found in the blankness, for us, as yet, of a horizon void of all symptoms of the advent of a younger talent animated by "knowledge of the world." When I see how far off a successor appears to remain, and what a danger of commonness lurks in his non-arrival, I feel afresh that Du Maurier's gift was more rare than might be inferred from the omnipresence, in the public prints, of a certain facility of caricature. It had behind it a deep sense of life, a passion for a hundred secrets for which the caricaturist has in general no *flair*. The matter was of the broadest and the manner of the acutest, and if there were directions in which the adventure might have gone further a moderate acquaintance with some of the prejudices of the British public will easily suggest how often there was a lion in the path. Du Maurier might sigh for the freedom of a Gavarni; he could, at any rate, show as much of what Gavarni, in his abundance, didn't show as Gavarni liberally showed of what nobody in England ever, ever mentions.

III.

Wherever I turn, in recollection, I find some fresh instance of the truth on which any coherent account of him must rest, the truth of his having been moved almost only by impressions that could come to him in a personal form and as to which his reaction could have the personal pitch. If he loved even the art of a painter like Millais the more because Millais was handsome, fine in the way in which he liked best that a man should be, so the observer

of even a little of his production would soon see with what varying vivacities he could regard in general the musical organism. His *Punch* drawings really furnish, I fear, something of a monument to a sensibility frequently outraged. I should leave a great hole in my portrait if I failed to touch on the part that music had played in his life and that it was always liable to play in his talk. It may be, perhaps, because so much of that was a sealed book to me that I was predominantly struck with its having melted for him too into the great general beauty-question, the question, in regard to people, of their particular power of song, their power to excite his adoration of the musical voice. He had had that voice in a high degree himself by rich paternal heredity, and his novels convey a sufficient image of forty years of free surrender to it. Those years had passed when I knew him—I had never heard him sing; but it was still given to me to gather from him more of the secrets of song than one of the disinherited could well know what to do with. I come here, however, upon something as to which his novels begin promptly to recall to me how much it belongs to a region that those pages must yield a livelier glimpse of than these. They are full of his music and of the music of others, and of all the joys and sorrows that, for his special sense, sprang from the associations of the matter. An independent volume might be gathered from those of his illustrations that cluster about the piano and, in their portrayal of pleasure and pain, exemplify some of the concomitants of the power of sound, some of the attitudes engendered alike in the agent and the recipient. None of his types are more observed and felt than his musical and vocal types, and by no encounters had his fancy been fertilized with more whimsicalities of attraction and repulsion. He saw, with a creative intensity, every facial and corporeal queeriness, all the signs of temperament and character that abide in the composing and performing race—all the obesities and aquilinities, all the redundancies of hair and eye, the unmistakabilities of origin, complexion and accent. It seemed to me that he almost *saw* the voice, as he saw the features and limbs, and quite as if this had been but one of the subtler secrets of his impaired vision. He talked of it ever as if he could draw it and would particularly like to; as if, certainly, he would gladly have

drawn the wonderful passage—when the passage was, like some object of Ruskinian preference, “wholly right”—through which proper “production” came forth. Did he not, in fact, practically delineate these irresistible adjuncts to the universal ravage of *Trilby*? It was at any rate not for want of intention that he didn’t endow her with an organ that he could have stroked with his pencil as tenderly as you might have felt it with your hand.

It is something of a clew in something of a labyrinth—a complexity, I mean, of impression and reminiscence—to find almost any path of commemoration that I can follow losing itself in the general image of his surrender to what I have called the great beauty-question. Every road led him to Rome—to some more assured and assuaged outlook upon something that could feed more and more his particular perception of the lovable and the admirable, a faculty that I scarce know how to describe but as a positive tenderness of the visual sense. It was in nothing more striking than in its marked increase as he grew older, an increase beautifully independent of the perturbed conditions of sight accompanying his last few years and his latest pictorial work, and vividly enough indicated, I think, in every chapter of *The Martian*. The difficulty is that to refer to the preoccupations and circumstances of his final time is to refer to matters as to which, from the moment he began to write, he put himself, in the field, in advance of any other reporter. I have, for instance, no friendlier notes, as I may call them, than sundry remembrances of that deeply delectable *Whitby* to which he returned with a frequency that was half a cry of fondness and half a confession of despair, until, in the last summer of his life, he found himself braving once too often, on a pious theory of its perfection, its interminable hills and its immitigable blasts. He has spoken of these things and others in the book in which, of the series, he speaks, I think—and most intimately and irrepressibly—of the greatest number; so that I can only come afterwards with a brief and ineffectual stroke. Therefore I glance but for a moment at the perpetual service they rendered, in *Punch*, to his summer and autumn work, which, from long before, had given me betimes all needed foretaste and sympathy. In detail, if detail were possible, there is nothing I

should like more to speak of than the occasional and delightful presence there of a man of equal distinction in two countries and of nearly equal dearness to us both, who was at moments supremely intermixed with walks and talks, until the sad day of his participating only as an inextinguishable ghost. Too many things, and too charming ones, alas, were intermixed; it is all sweetness and sadness, and pleasure and regret, and life and death—a retrospect in which I go back to Lowell’s liveliest and easiest rustications, his humorous hospitalities and witty sociabilities, certain excursions rich in color and sacred to memory, certain little friendly dinners on windy September nights: always in the setting and with the background of the many admirable objects, the happy combination of picturesque things that make it impossible, in any mention of the place, its great cold cliffs and its great cold sea, its great warm moors and its big brown fishing-quarter, all clustered and huddled at its brave river-mouth, to resist the sketcher’s or the story-teller’s impulse to circle and hover. I see Du Maurier still on the big, bleak breakwater that he loved, the long, wide sea-wall, with its twinkling light-house at the end, which, late in the afternoon, offered so attaching a view of a drama never overdone, the stage that had as back-scene the ruddy, smoky, smelly mass of the old water-side town, and as foreground the channel of egress to the windy waters, under canvas as rich in tone as the battered bronze of faces and “hands,” for the long procession of fishing-boats—each, as it met the bar and the coming night, a thorough master of its part. It was a play in many acts, that he never wearied of watching, that always gave a chance for wonder if the effect were greater of the start or of the return, and that he was quite willing to rest upon regarding as the most beautiful thing he knew. Were I to go into details that, I repeat, I mainly neglect, I should hint at the way the sight of the charming, patient renunciation of terms of strained comparison begotten in him by the need, through long years, to do his work at home, used to permit an imaginative friend to wish for him, some season, as an extension, a glimpse of argosies with golden sails, an hour of sunset, say, in Venetian waters, an exposure to the great composition such hours and such waters unroll.

I see him as well, perhaps, indeed, on a very different platform in a very different place; as to which, however, a connection with the great beauty-question is none the less traceable for being roundabout. This was the rostrum at Prince's Hall, a pleasant Piccadilly eminence where I remember, one evening of the late spring, when London was distracted with engagements, sitting, uplifted and exposed, in the company of several of his distinguished friends, behind a not imperceptibly bored and even pathetic figure—a figure representing for the hour familiarly, sociably, quite in the manner of the books that had begun to come, though not yet to show what they could do, both one of the faculties as to which he had ever left us least in doubt and another that we might, later on, quite have felt foolish for not having, on that occasion, seen in the fulness of its reach. The occasion was that of his delivering in London—where it was heard, I believe, but two or three times—a lecture on the general subject of his connection with *Punch*, an entertainment that he had constructed in conformity with that deep and admirable sense, beautiful and touching, as I have already said, in its constant ingenuities and patiences, for the stones, no matter how heavy, the *père de famille* must never leave unturned. There come back to me, in respect to this episode, reflections not a few, but only one of which, however, I shall permit myself fully to articulate. He had, like most people in the world, his reasons for wishing to make money, to make it on a scale larger than a flow of fortune, long established, which could still be an object of envy to workers in a drier soil; and at that time his eyes were inevitably dim to eventual monstrosities of "circulation." *Peter Ibbetson*, if I mistake not, was already out; but *Peter Ibbetson* had of course felt the mysterious decree that a man's most charming work shall never, vulgarly speaking, be his most remunerative. This exquisite production had naturally not taken the measure of the foot of the Anglo-Saxon colossus, though that robust member was to try afterwards, in the attitude of the proud sisters in the tale of the glass slipper, to get it on by a good deal of pulling. He loved his lecture, I think, as little as possible; but it was taken up, about the place, by agents and committees; and through repeating it, for a couple

of winters, with a good deal of frequency and a good deal of anguish, he finally squeezed out of it a justification by which, on hearing of the grand total, I was, I remember, sufficiently impressed to entertain, for a fleeting and mercenary moment, a desperate dream of emulation. I remember, as well, his picture of the dreadful dreariness of his first appearance on any platform—some dusky midwinter pilgrimage to smoky midlands where, but for a companionship that, through life, had unfailingly sustained him (as you may read vividly enough between the lines of Barty Josselin's perfection of a marriage,) he would have perished in the very flower of a new incarnation. That is distinctly the name to give to the manner the *père de famille* had finally lighted on of addressing the many-headed monster; and the point I just noted as indispensable to make is that the essence of this felicity was all, that evening at Prince's Hall, under my nose without my in the least knowing it. If it was exactly, however, in the very man as he stood there and irresponsibly communicated, there is some extenuation in the fact that he knew it himself as little. He had just simply found his tone, and his tone was what was to resound over the globe; yet we none of us faintly knew it, least of all the good people who, on the benches, were all unconscious of their doom. As this tone, I repeat, was essentially what the lecture gave, the best description of it is the familiar carried to a point to which, for *nous autres*, the printed page had never yet carried it. The printed page was actually there, but the question was to be supremely settled by another application of it. It is the particular application of the force that, in any case, most makes the mass (as we know the mass,) to vibrate; and Trilby still lurked unseen behind the tall pair that *Ibbetson* had placed so tremendously upright. The note of prophecy, all the same, had been sounded; and if Du Maurier himself, as yet, was as innocent as a child playing with fire, I profess that an auditor holding opinions on the privileges of criticism ought to have been less dense. The game had really begun, and in the lecture the ball took the bound that I imperfectly indicate. Yet it was not till the first instalment of *Trilby* appeared that we really sat up.

IV.

There is clearly in the three books some warrant of fact and of memory for everything he gives; so that this constant veracity leads us to read him personally, at every turn, straight into the story, or certainly into the margin, and so cultivate with peculiar success the art of interlining. We can perfectly make out the detail of the annals of his early time with the aid of the history of Peter—perfectly, at least, save in so far as the history of Barty and the history of Trilby's young man (that is, of the principal one,) constitute a rich re-enforcement. I have read with even more reflection than the author perhaps desired to provoke the volume devoted by Mr. Felix Moscheles* to their common experience of Flanders and Germany; as to which, again, what most strikes me is the way in which our friend himself has been beforehand with any gleaner. There is more of the matter in question in *The Martian* than resides even in the sketches reproduced by Mr. Moscheles; a period from the two records of which, at any rate, and with side-lights from *Peter* and *Trilby*, we reconstruct an image pathetic enough, though bristling with jokes, of the impecunious and stricken young man of genius who at that time didn't know if he were English or French, a chemist or a painter, possible or impossible, blind or seeing, alive or dead: putting it all, too, in the setting of the little old thrifty, empty, sketchable Flemish town—for I glance at Malines in particular—with the grass-grown, empty streets, the priests, the monks, the bells and the *beguinages* that, seen in a twilight of uncertainty and dread, were to hang in his gallery, for the remaining years, a series of sharp vignettes. I have no space to follow these footsteps; but in reading over the novels I am none the less struck with the degree in which the author is personally all there. Everything in him, everything one remembers him by and knew him by and most liked him for, is literally, is intensely there; every sign of his taste and his temper, every note of his experience and his talk. His talk is so much the whole of the matter that the books come as near as possible to reading as if a report of it had been taken down at various times by an emissary behind the door, some herald of that interviewing race at whose hands he was finally

* In *Bohemia with Du Maurier*, London, 1897.

to suffer the extremity of woe. I had in each of them the sense of knowing them more or less already, a sense which operated not in the least as an injury to either work, but, on the contrary, with a sort of retroactive enhancement of old desultory converse. His early childhood is specifically in the first of the trio, his later boyhood in the third, and in the second his *Wanderjahre*, his free apprenticeship, the initiations of the prime; with a good deal, indeed, in each, of his trick of running over the scale of association as if it were the keyboard of a piano. It had been practically his marriage, or rather the prospect of it, that brought him to England to strike his roots so deep; and from the time of that event, in 1863—with a preliminary straightening-out, on a London footing, of mild bohemian laxities—his history is all his happiness and his active production.

Let me not now, however, after an emphatic assertion of the former of these features of it, appear to pretend to speak with any closeness of criticism of the other. I have re-read the three novels with exactly the consequence I looked for—a fresh enjoyment of everything in them that is air and color and contact, and a fresh revival of the great puzzlement by which the bewildered author himself, with whom it was a frequent pleasure to discuss it, was the first to be overtaken and overwhelmed. Why did the public pounce on its prey with a spring so much more than elephantine? Why, as the object of such circumgyrations, was he singled out as no man had ever been? The charm his work might offer was not less conceivable to himself than to others, but he passed away, I think, with a sigh that was a practical relinquishment of the vain effort to probe the mystery of its "success." The charm was one thing and the success quite another, and the number of links missing between the two was greater than his tired spirit could cast about for. The case remains, however; it is one of the most curious of our time; and there might be some profit in carrying on an inquiry which could only lead him, at the last, in silence, to turn his face to the wall. But I may not go further in speculation than I may go in attempting to utter the response that rises again as I finger the books. The first of them remains my most particular pleasure, for it seems to me to conform most

to that idea of an author's Best of which the sign is ever his having most expressed his subject. For many people, I know, such expression is, in general, a circumstance irrelevant, whether for some reason of which the pursuit would delay us too long, or simply because for some minds a subject has other ways of asserting itself than by getting itself rendered, strange analogies with the kind of animal that declines to flourish in captivity. The fact remains, essentially, that, in spite of this and that reader's preference, no three books proceeding from three separate germs can ever have had, on the whole, more of the *air de famille*. They are so intimately alike in face, form, accent, dress, movement, that it is hard to see why, from the first, the fortune of all should not have been the fortune of either—as, for that matter, it may in the long-run very sufficiently become: this, moreover, without detriment to twenty minor questions, each with its agreeable mystification, suggested by a rapid review. It is a mystification, for instance, that in going over *Trilby* in the first English edition, the three volumes from which the illustrations were excluded, I have found it a positive comfort to be left alone with the text; and quite in spite of my fully recognizing all that, in the particular conditions, was done for it by the pictures and all that it did in turn for these. I fear I can solve the riddle only by some confession of general jealousy of any pictorial aid rendered to fiction from outside; jealousy on behalf of a form prized precisely because, so much more than any other, it can get on by itself. *Trilby*, at all events, becomes without the illustrations distinctly more serious; which is just, by-the-way, I know, what the author would not have particularly wished us to be able to say: his peculiar satisfaction—any he avowedly felt in the spectacle of what his drawings contributed—being quite directly involved in a pleased feeling that nothing in the whole job, as he might have put it, could square with any solemnity of frame or tradition already established. He had no positive consenting sympathy with any technical propriety that he might have been commended for having observed or taunted with having defied.

I check myself again, of necessity, in the impulse to analyze and linger, to do anything but re-echo indiscriminately two

or three of the things in which, on renewed acquaintance, the general distinction of *Trilby*, *Peter* and *The Martian* abides. These things bring me back to the key-note, to an iteration that may be thought excessive of the personal explanation. I can only cling to it, assuredly, till a better is offered. The whole performance is a string of moods and feelings, of contacts and sights and sounds. It is the voice of an individual, and individuals move to the voice, and the triumph is that they all together produce an impression, the impression that completely predominates, of the lovable, the sociable, of inordinate beauty and yet of inordinate reality. Nothing so extravagantly colloquial was ever so exact a means to an end. The beauty of body and soul is the great thing, and the great bribe is the natural art with which it is made an immediate presence. In this presence, with the friendliest hand, the author places us and leaves us—leaves us, with all the confidence in the world, or with only an occasional affectionate pat of encouragement and sympathy. No doubt, however, it is quite to this simplicity and intensity of evocation that we owe the sense so fortunate, so charming, so completing, of something, as Wordsworth says, still more deeply interfused, the element of sadness that is the inevitable secondary effect of the full surrender to any beauty, the inevitable reaction from it, and that is the source of most of the poetry of most of Du Maurier's pages. We find ourselves constantly in contact with the beautiful unhappy young; a circumstance from which, for my own part, I extract an irresistible charm. They are happy, of course, at the start; there would else be no chance for the finer complication. He does with the lightest brush both sides of their consciousness; but I think I like best his touch for the pains and the penalties. His feeling for life and fate arrives at a bright, free, sensitive, melancholy utterance; to which his imagination gives a lift by showing us most the portion of the perpetual sacrifice that is offered up in admirable forms, in beautiful young men and young women—most even, perhaps, in beautiful young men. Nothing could be more contagious—he had an unerring hand for it—than the tenderness with which he surrounds these prepossessing unfortunates. They are so satisfactorily handsome—I can't

otherwise express it; so fair, so detailed, so faultless, and, except the little painter in *Trilby*, so humiliatingly high, that—well, that it's a joy to live with them and immensely improves the society in which we move. Splendid and stricken each one of them then, and stricken, with the exception again perhaps of *Trilby*, not only by the outward blow, but by fine tragic perceptions, on their own part, which make them still more appealing. Peter Ibbetson is stricken, and stricken in all her inches the lovely companion of his dreams. The victim of *Trilby* is stricken, and *Trilby*, the admirable, the absolutely felicitous, most of all herself. The wonderful Barty is stricken, and also, in a manner, through this catastrophe and his assistance at it, the adoring biographer, though the latter fails of the good looks that would expose him to the finest strokes. Stricken severely is the hovering Martian, first with her passion for Barty and then with the evil that is fatal to the child in whose nature she takes refuge. Delicate and rare, throughout, I find Du Maurier's presentation of the tenderness, the generosity of pure passion, and it is because the subject of *Peter* gives most of a chance for this that the book seems to me to enjoy most prospect of an assured life. It is a love-story of exquisite intensity and fantasy. Nothing could be more exempt from failure where the least false note would have produced it, the least lapse from an instinctive tact, than the chronicle of the supersensuous nightly intercourse of the young man and his Duchess. With *Ibbetson*, moreover, it doesn't occur to me, as I have mentioned its doing in the case of the pictureless *Trilby*, that any concentration, in the interest of vivid prose, would ensue upon an omission of the drawings. They are a part of the delicacy of the book and unique as an example of illustration at its happiest; not one's own idea, or somebody else's, of how somebody looked and moved or some image was constituted, but the lovely mysterious fact itself, precedent to interpretation and independent of it. The text might have been supplied to account for them, and they melt—I speak now of their office in all the books equally—into their place in the extraordinary general form, the form that is to be described as almost anything, almost everything but a written one. I remember having encountered occasion

to speak of it in another place as talked, rather, and sung, joked and smoked, eaten and drunk, dressed and undressed, danced and boxed, loved and loathed, and, as a result of all this, in relation to its matter, made abnormally, triumphantly expressive.

V.

To speak of the close of Du Maurier's life is, frankly, I think, to speak almost altogether of some of the strange consequences of such a triumph. They came to be, as a whole, so much beyond any sane calculation that they laid a heavy hand on his sense of beauty and proportion. He had let loose the elements, and they did violence to his nerves. To see much of him at this time was to receive the impression of assisting at an unsurpassable example of what publicity organized in the perfection to which our age has brought it can do and can undo. It was indeed a drama—of prodigious strides—in which all the effects of all the causes went on merrily enough. For a familiar friend, indeed, the play had begun far back, begun in the old easy moments of one's first conversational glimpse of the pleasant fabulosesities that he carried in his head and that it diverted him—with no suspicion of their value—to offer as harmless specimens of wool-gathering. No companion of his walks and talks can have failed to be struck with the number of stories that he had, as it were, put by; none either can have failed to urge him to take them down from the shelf, to take down especially two or three which will never be taken down now. The fantastic was much in them all, and, speaking quite for myself, they dazzled me with the note of invention. He had worked them out in such detail that they were ready in many a case to be served as they stood. That was peculiarly true of a wonderful history that occupied, at Hampstead, I remember, years ago, on a summer day, the whole of an afternoon ramble. It may be because the absent, as I have hinted, is apt, for some dispositions, to have a merit beyond the present; I can at any rate scarce help thinking that with this intricate little romance he would have supremely "scored." A title would not have been obvious, but there would have been food for wonder in the career of a pair of lovers who had been changed into Albatrosses, and the idea of whose romantic adventures in the double consciousness

struck me, I remember, as a real *trou-vaille* of the touching. They are separated; they lose each other, in all the wide world; they are shot at and wounded; and though, after years, I recall the matter confusedly, one of them appears, by the operation of the oddities among which the story moves, to have had to re-assume the human shape and wait and watch in vain for the wandering and distracted other. There comes back to me a passage in some old crowded German market-place, under a sky full of gables and towers, and in spite of the dimness of these gleams I retain the conviction that the plan at least, to which years of nursing of it had brought a high finish, was a little masterpiece of the weird, of the Hoffmannesque. Years of nursing, I say, because what I almost best remember is the author's mention of the quite early period of life—the beginning of his connection with *Punch*—at which he had, one evening, in a company of men met at dinner, been led to tell his tale. "But write it, in the name of wonder write it!" they had with one voice exclaimed; to which he had been obliged to object alas, the plea of more pressing play for his pen. He was never to write it, for he was not, till too late, to be sure. He wrote in the long interval only the legends attached to his designs, which have more composition than always immediately meets the eye, and the occasional pieces of verse, embroideries of his own or of a borrowed thought, that, from time to time—he interspaced them with high discretion—gave him a subject more pictorial than the great Mrs. Ponsonby. I allude to his English verse, for on the question of French prosody, which much preoccupied him, he privately cultivated a heresy or two that I lacked wisdom to approve. The scattered published lyrics, all genuine and charming, it would be a pleasure to see collected.

It was strange enough and sad enough that his vitality began to fail at the very hour at which his situation expanded; and I say this without imputing to him any want of lucidity as to what, as he often said, it all meant. I must not overdo the coincidence of his diminished relish for life and his unprecedented "boom," but as I see them together I find small difficulty in seeing them rather painfully related. What I see certainly is that no such violence of publicity can

leave untroubled and unadulterated the sources of the production in which it may have found its pretext. The whole phenomenon grew and grew till it became, at any rate for this particular victim, a fountain of gloom and a portent of woe; it darkened all his sky with a hugeness of vulgarity. It became a mere immensity of sound, the senseless hum of a million of newspapers and the irresponsible chatter of ten millions of gossips. The pleasant sense of having done well was deprived of all sweetness, all privacy, all sanctity. The American frenzy was naturally the loudest and seemed to reveal monstrosities of organization: it appeared to present him, to a continent peopled with seventy millions, as an object of such homage as no genius had yet elicited. The demonstrations and revelations encircled him like a *ronde infernale*. He found himself sunk in a landslide of obsessions, of inane, incongruous letters, of interviewers, intruders, invaders, some of them innocent enough, but only the more maddening, others with axes to grind that might have made him call at once, to have it over, for the headsman and the block. Was it only a chance that reverberation had come too late, come, in its perverse way, as if the maleficent fairy of nursery-tales had said, in the far past, at his cradle: "Oh yes, you shall have it to the full, you shall have it till you stop your ears; but you shall have it long after it may bring you any joy, you shall have it when your spirits have left you and your nerves are exposed, you shall have it in a form from which you will turn for refuge—where?" He appears to me to have turned for refuge to the only quarter where peace is deep, for if the fact, so presented, sounds overstated, the element of the portentous was not less a reality. It consisted not solely of the huge botheration—the word in which he most vented his sense of the preposterous ado. It consisted, in its degree, of an unappeasable alarm at the strange fate of being taken so much more seriously than one had proposed or had dreamed; indeed in a general terror of the temper of the many-headed monster. To have pleased—that came back—would have been a joy, the joy that carries off bravely all usual rewards; but where was the joy of any relation to an attitude unfathomable? To what, great heaven, was one committed by assenting to such a po-

sition, and to what, on taking it up *de gaieté de cœur*, did the mighty multitude commit itself? To what did it not, rather, might well have been asked of a public with no mind apparently to reflect on the prodigious keeping up, on one side and the other, that such terms as these implied. A spell recognized on such a scale could only be a spell that would hold its army together and hold it at concert pitch. What might become of the army and what might become of the pitch was a question competent to trouble even the dreams of a wizard; but the anxiety that haunted him most bore upon the possible future of the spell. Was the faculty that produced it not then of a kind to take care of itself? Were not, as mere perception of character and force, such acclamations a fund to draw upon again and again? Unless they meant everything, what did they mean at all? They meant nothing, in short, unless they meant a guarantee. They would therefore always be there; but where, to meet them, would a poor author at all calculably be?—a poor author into whose account no such assumption of responsibility had for a moment entered.

Du Maurier felt so much, in a word, in the whole business, the want of proportion between effect and cause that he could only shake his head sadly under the obvious suggestion of a friend that he had simply to impose on the public the same charge as the public imposed. Were it not for a fear of making it sound like the spirit of observation gone mad, I should venture to remark that no one of my regrets in the face of the event is greater, perhaps, than for the loss of the spectacle of his chance to watch the success of such an effort. We talked of these things in the first months, talked of them till the conditions quite oppressively changed and the best way to treat them appeared much rather by talking of quite other things. I think of him then as silent about many altogether, and also as, from the beginning of this complication of indifference and pressure, of weariness and fame, more characteristically and humorously mild. He was never so gentle as in all the irritating time. The collapse of his strength seemed, at the last, sudden, and yet there had been signs enough, on looking back, of an ebbing tide. I have no kinder memory of the charming superseded Hampstead than, on

the clear, cool nights, the gradual shrinkage, half tacit, half discussed, of his old friendly custom of seeing me down the hill. The hill, for our parting, was long enough to make a series of stages that became a sort of deprecated register of what he could do no more; and it was inveterate enough that I wanted to reascend with him rather than go my way and let him pass alone into the night. Each of us might have, I suppose, at the back of his head, a sense, in all this, of something symbolic and even vaguely ominous. Rather than let him pass alone into the night I would, assuredly, when the real time came, gladly have taken with him whatever other course might have been the equivalent of remounting the hill into the air of better days. The moment arrived indeed when he came down, as it were, altogether: his death was preceded by the longest stretch of "real" London that he had attempted for a quarter of a century—a troubled, inconsequent year, in which the clock of his new period kept striking a different hour from the clock of his old spirit. He only wanted to simplify, but there were more forces to reckon with than could be disposed of in the shortening span. He simplified, none the less, to the utmost, and in the way, after all, never really closed to the artist; looking as much as ever, in a kind of resistant placidity, a stoicism of fidelity, at the things he had always loved, turning away more than ever from those he never had, and cultivating, above all, as a refuge from the great botheration, the sight of the London immersions from the summit of the London road-cars. This was the serenest eminence of all, and a source alike of suggestion and of philosophy; yet I reflect that in speaking of it as the last entrenchment I do injustice to the spark, burning still and intense, of his life-long, indefeasible passion for seeing his work through. No conditions, least of all those of its being run away with, could divert him from the nursing attitude. That was always a chamber of peace, and it was the chamber in which, to the utmost, in the multiplication of other obsessions, he shut himself up, at the last, with *The Martian*. The other books had come and gone—so far as execution was concerned—in a flash; on the studio table, with no harm meant and no offence taken, and with friendly music in his ears and friend-

ly confidence all around. To his latest novel, on the other hand, he gave his greatest care; it was a labor of many months, and he went over it again and again. There was nothing indeed that, as the light faded, he did not more intensely go over. Though there are signs of this fading light in those parts of all his concluding illustrative work that were currently reproduced, there is evidence, touching in amount, of his having, in the matter of sketches and studies, during his two or three last years, closed with his idea more ingeniously than ever. He practised, repeated, rehearsed to the very end, and the experiments in question, all

preliminary and in pencil, have, to my sense, in comparison with their companions, the charm of being nearer the source. He was happy in that, as in most other things—happy, I mean, in the fact that, throughout, he was justified of every interest, every affection and every trust. It was the completest, securest, most rounded artistic and personal life; and if I hesitate to sum it up by saying that he had achieved what he wished and enjoyed what he wanted, that is only because of an impression which, if it be too whimsical, will, I hope, be forgiven me—the impression that he had both enjoyed and achieved even a good deal more.

THE LOST BALL.

BY W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

"SPEAKING of extraordinary happenings at golf," said the *Ancient and Honorable*, reflectively, "there was the great midnight match between Mayne Rivers and Jimmy Traphagen. And it was pretty golf, too, in spite of the fact that it took two men to play it and a woman to lose it."

There was an instant and expectant silence in the group around the smoking-room fire, for the *Ancient* was the oldest member of the Marion County Golf Club, and his reminiscences always commanded respectful attention. Even the *Fiend*, who was practising stymies into a gingerale tumbler, looked up inquiringly.

"I fancy that it was before our day," spoke up Alderson, "but if you don't mind, sir, we'd like to have the story."

"It was a long, long time ago," began the *Ancient*, slowly; "but it was a great match, gentlemen; we don't see such golf nowadays, nor for such a stake, either. But we'll get to the story all the quicker if we *chercher la femme* without wasting any more words.

"And a charming creature she was, Mrs. Edna Severn Chase by name, somewhere in the 'truth and twenties,' and a widow without encumbrances. I dare say she's 'fib and forty' now, and perhaps the 'willowy' is inclining a trifle to the 'billowy,' but she's a fine woman yet. I saw her only yesterday driving in the Park, and I'm not above confessing that I looked back as she passed. And you would have done the same had you been with me.

"All this, remember, was back in the year one (at the Marion County Club we always used the golfing calendar, and dated everything back to the first national amateur tournament)—in the year one, I say, when golf and Mrs. Chase were the very latest sensations in Lauriston. You should have seen her then, standing at the first tee with the rest of us, fighting for front places in the 'gallery.' Of course she couldn't play golf; but shall I ever forget those frocks? Dear me! It was twenty years ago, and half the members didn't know the difference between 'one off two' and a 'rub of the green.'

"For all that, we enjoyed our sensations, the foozling that went for golf, and the always fascinating society of Mrs. Edna Severn Chase; Mayne Rivers, in particular, and also Jimmy Traphagen—good fellows both of them, and golfers too, if you'll believe it of twenty years ago. It used to be neck and neck between them for the possession of the Hong-kong Medal; first one would win it and then the other; but they remained fast friends through it all—at least until Mrs. Chase appeared on the scene.

"It was not that she gave either of them any marked encouragement; in fact, that was just where the trouble came in. And none of us suspected that the delightful widow was at the bottom of the rather strained rivalry that gradually grew up between them. Ostensibly they chose to differ along golfing lines, and the chaffing invariably ended in the making up of some ridiculous match with a pretty stiff stake

to back it. Traphagen would play one club against Rivers's bagful, or Rivers would take a handicap of ten strokes and bind himself to get into every recognized hazard on the course. The rest of us used to find this 'gymkhana golf' very good fun, and we never dreamed of the deadly earnestness that lay behind it all.

"Finally the climax came. There had been a discussion in the smoking-room upon the value of good eyesight in golf-playing, and, as usual, Rivers and Traphagen took opposite sides. The talk grew pretty warm, and at last Rivers intimated bluntly that Traphagen's eyesight must be particularly defective in that he never could see where he wasn't wanted. Jimmy retorted in kind, and the upshot was a match between them for two hundred and fifty dollars a side, and to be played at midnight on the coming Thursday, when the moon would be down. It was to be a match by holes over the long course, and it was stipulated that no forecaddies were to be employed. Each man might have a friend to carry for him and advise him, but these assistants would be obliged to keep behind the ball. It was tacitly understood that sharp practice would be largely in evidence, though any detected violation of the rules would, of course, incur the usual penalties. They asked me to referee, and I consented, warning each contestant that I should certainly uphold the rigor of the game, and should decide each point upon its merits. And so it was arranged.

"I need hardly say that the real wager between the two men involved something more than the money that was at stake. The private understanding was that the loser should take the money and use it in buying railway transportation out of Lauriston and to the farthest point of the United States for which it would pay, allowing, of course, for hotel bills and for the return trip. During this enforced absence of the loser the winner would have a clear field with the fascinating Mrs. Chase, and might reasonably be expected to bring his unhampered suit to a favorable issue. It was furthermore agreed that the defeated contestant should leave Lauriston immediately after the match, without attempting any explanation of his extraordinary conduct to the fair one in dispute. It should be the privilege of the winner to interpret this cruel and mysterious action on the part

of the absent one to his own best advantage with the lovely widow, and it would be strange indeed if he could not succeed in turning it to good account. For all practical purposes the loser would be once and forever out of the running. Very clever and ingenious reasoning, as you must admit, but it had one fatal and unsuspected weakness—the logic was all from the masculine stand-point; Mrs. Edna Severn Chase, in her feminine capacity, had been entirely overlooked by Messrs. Rivers and Traphagen.

"Now don't ask me to explain how she came to know all about it—that is a prerogative of her sex, involving psychology and telepathy and a lot of other things which lie quite outside of match play at golf, and are therefore incomprehensible to the masculine mind. It is enough to say that she did know, and she took her measures accordingly, as we shall see. The rest of us accepted the match on its exoteric side, and went in simply for the fun of the thing. Dick Edwards opened a book for the accommodation of the sporting element, and the midnight match quickly became the sole and all-absorbing topic of conversation.

"Thursday night came, and it was a dark one, sure enough. Not a star was visible, the sky was overcast with low-lying clouds, and as one stood at the tee it was like looking into a bag of black cats. Both principals were on the ground early, and each appeared quietly confident of success. Of course Mrs. Chase was among the spectators, and just here Rivers scored a point by asking her to caddie for him. Traphagen looked glum at this, but as he had already engaged the services of the resident professional, he could have no objections to offer.

"Midnight struck from the town clock, and I called play. Traphagen won the toss and advanced to the tee. It was a most remarkable-looking ball that he proceeded to address, and the 'gallery' applauded vigorously—or at least that portion of it who were backing him to win. It was of an ordinary make, but it had been skilfully coated with a phosphorescent paint, so that it glowed all over with a pale shiftily fire, and presented an excellent mark. Jimmy swung through, and away it soared into the gloom, leaving behind it a luminous track by which its flight could be easily followed. It fell full one hundred and seventy yards down

the course, and lay there distinctly visible, an incandescent point that could not be mistaken or overlooked.

"Rivers did not appear at all disconcerted by this *coup*, and immediately proceeded to drive in turn. But, to the disappointment of the crowd, there was nothing unusual about his ball. He made a tremendous swipe, and it disappeared into the darkness. It sounded as though the drive had been horribly sliced, but Rivers, who had been intently gazing in the direction of the hole, quickly announced himself satisfied as to his ball's whereabouts, and the procession moved on. 'Think you've marked it, eh?' said Traphagen, with an ill-disguised sneer. 'Certainly,' returned Rivers, promptly; 'it's just ten yards in front of yours, and on a line with the hole.'

"Well, we came up with Jimmy's ball, and Rivers walked on a few steps. 'Here it is,' he called back, and, sure enough, there lay his ball exactly as he had marked it down. Traphagen muttered something about miracles being barred, but there was no going behind the returns, and he was obliged to play the odd. It was some sixty yards to the hole, and his approach shot was wild. Rivers followed, and although nobody could see where the ball went, he confidently proclaimed that it was lying dead at the hole. Jimmy played up, but as the other ball was actually on the rim of the cup, he lost the hole, and Rivers was one up.

"Rivers had the honor, and drove a screecher off into space. I could have sworn that the ball had been pulled clear off the course, but Rivers insisted that he had marked it down in the direct line. Traphagen followed, and it was beautiful to watch his ball whiz through the air like a veritable shooting-star, and fall, a living coal of fire, into the short grass of the fair green. There was certainly no shadow of a doubt as to *its* whereabouts. But, to the confusion of the sceptics, Rivers's remarkable powers of vision were again triumphantly demonstrated. He found his ball without an instant's hesitation, and it was full twenty yards inside of his adversary's. This was truly magnificent golf. However, Traphagen made a fine approach, while Rivers fozzled. In spite of that, the drive had taken him to the very edge of the green, and he was therefore enabled to hole out in even figures, and so retain his lead.

"The third hole was a short one, and both men used their cleeks. 'Right on the green,' announced Rivers. Traphagen ground his teeth, played wildly, and followed it up with a worse one. Score, two up for Rivers; and I fancied that Mrs. Chase looked pleased.

"Another short hole followed, and this time every one could see that Traphagen's ball was lying on the green. 'Where are you?' he inquired of Rivers, as we walked on. 'Right alongside of you,' responded that gentleman, coolly. 'Indeed it was my impression that you had topped, and, by Jove, I'm right, for here you are in the bunker.'

"It was Rivers's turn to look disconcerted, but there was the ball, and he had to play it. Three or four fruitless strokes with the niblick, and he lifted, and gave up the hole. 'I gave you a chance there,' said Traphagen, as we walked over to the next tee; 'it would have been a lost ball but for my stumbling upon it.' Rivers returned thanks, as in duty bound, but it struck me that his acknowledgments were distinctly wanting in heartiness.

"Traphagen got his ball away in fine style at the next hole, but he had to play the odd, all the same, for Rivers lay fully forty yards nearer the green. Each played a brassie, and Rivers again got the inside place, and finally the hole. He kept up his good work by taking the sixth and seventh in easy margins, and his score was now four up. It was truly marvelous, the way in which he managed to keep track of his ball in that Egyptian darkness. He would bang away at it with the most perfect unconcern, and with every ounce of power that he could put into the stroke, but somehow he always contrived to keep on the line, and he got in some tremendous carries. After all, good eyesight *did* count for something in golf.

"As for Traphagen, he was playing in fair form, but he had poor luck in his lies, and was getting nervous. The phosphorescent ball was his strong card, and he had evidently counted upon Rivers's losing several holes through inability to find his ball. To be disappointed in this reasonable expectation was very irritating, and I couldn't help sympathizing with him. And more than that, I put in some hard thinking.

"At the eighth hole each man had taken three shots, and Traphagen's ball

was on the edge of the green. According to Rivers, his ball was also on the green just back of the hole, and he started ahead to verify his assertion. I was standing slightly to one side, and as he passed between me and the crowd I distinctly saw a small white object roll from his trousers leg and settle quietly some fifteen inches from the hole. And then I understood the ingenious nature of the game that he had been playing so successfully under our very noses. It was evident that the rascal had his coat pockets stuffed with balls, and he could drop one wherever he pleased through the simple agency of a hole in his trousers pocket. Of course on the close range of the putting-greens he was obliged to hole out fairly, but with one or two odd always in hand, he could easily afford to miss a short putt now and then. No wonder that he had played with such amazing confidence and dash off the tees and through the green! What difference did it make where the ball went to so long as he had another ready to take its place?

"Well, it was clear enough that Rivers had lost an average of at least two balls at every hole, and that instead of being four up he was really seven down. But what was to be done about it? It was none of my business to interfere, and as referee I could only pronounce upon the facts as they were brought before me. Somehow I fancied that Mrs. Chase had also penetrated the mystery, and I tried the experiment of a comprehensive wink in that direction, receiving in return a cold frosty stare that was not encouraging to confidence. Was it possible that she was really hoodwinked with the rest of the crowd, or could it be that her feelings in the matter were other than I had supposed? I gave it up and turned my attention to the game again; decidedly it was getting interesting.

"Now Rivers should have won this eighth hole hands down, but what did he do but miss two short putts, while Traphagen holed out from the edge of the green. The score was now Rivers three up, with ten to play, and Jimmy was evidently encouraged by his unexpected success in snatching a hole out of the fire. He won the ninth, tenth, and eleventh by good golf, Rivers putting atrociously, and the match was square.

"By this time the 'gallery' had caught on to Mr. Rivers and his little game, and

they enjoyed the situation immensely. Every phenomenal shot by Rivers was greeted with a laughing applause that made Jimmy furious, and caused him to miss some of the easiest of chances. Indeed the match would have been decided at the fifteenth hole had not Rivers showed such lamentable weakness on the putting-greens. This was Traphagen's strong point, and his putting enabled him to win enough holes to square the match again at the seventeenth. Of course this was the official score. If Traphagen and his caddie between them could not see what was perfectly apparent to everybody else, they deserved to lose. A man who was seventeen holes up and didn't know it had no business to be playing golf at all.

"The old home hole, as some of you may remember, was the longest on the course, over six hundred yards in all, and well protected by hazards. Traphagen had the honor and led off with a moderately good drive. Rivers did not do so well—in fact we all distinctly heard the fatal splash that indicated that he had pulled into the pond that served as a side hazard to the course. It seemed impossible that Traphagen should not have heard it too, but to my astonishment he made no sign. Such obtuseness was wellnigh incredible. Rivers muttered something about his ball being a hundred and fifty yards or so down the course, and still Traphagen never said a word. Rivers brightened up, and, with a reckless audacity born of success, ventured upon a yet bolder stroke. In such a long hole he had his enemy at his mercy, and he would enjoy the pleasure of playing with him; he would draw out the agony with the cold-blooded ferocity of the red Indian who has his victim securely at the stake.

"The procession had moved on for about a hundred yards, when Rivers suddenly signalled a halt.

"'I declare,' he said, with admirably feigned coolness, 'I didn't drive quite so far as I thought! Here's my ball now!' and he skilfully dropped one of his extra balls squarely into the most formidable hazard on the course, a bunker which I am ashamed to say was colloquially known as my particular grave. It was a piece of sublime impudence, and I trembled for him, but apparently Traphagen had no suspicions. He and the professional came up and looked carefully at the ball, which lay in the most impracticable of cups.



THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE TELLING HIS STORY.

'Too bad,' said Jimmy, with a genuine note of solicitude in his pleasant voice. Heavens and earth! he was actually sympathizing with that rascal Rivers, and for the moment I was touched—I think we all were. It really *was* too bad; Jimmy was a good fellow, and I felt ashamed of myself and for Rivers. Of course he would own up now—it would be the least that he could do; and we would have a hearty laugh over the match, and have it declared off.

"But Mr. Rivers did nothing of the kind. With unblushing effrontery he accepted Traphagen's condolences on his hard luck, and proceeded to play the odd. There was a tremendous shower of sand as the niblick ploughed into the ground, but I could see that the ball was still in the bunker. Without an instant's hesitation Rivers buried it in the sand underneath his heel, and announced in a tone of relief that he had made a fairly good shot out of the difficulty, if he did say it himself.

"'Fairly good shot!' echoed the infatuated Traphagen. 'Why, man, it was a beauty, the finest thing I ever saw! You got out of that hole in great shape! It was really superb.'

"Well, as I have said before, it was too bad. I never felt so small in my life; but Rivers only grinned; it was despicable of him.

"The play went on. Rivers had taken the opportunity of dropping a new ball in a convenient place while Traphagen was playing up, and this time he gave himself a good shot.

"'By Jove! but you are the luckiest beggar!' remarked Traphagen, as he looked at the excellent lie of his adversary's ball. 'Did you ever see anything like that, McPherson?' he continued, beckoning to his caddie to come up.

"'Na doot but it's verra fine gowlf,' responded that gentleman, approvingly. 'The mair so that he's no by ordinar wi' the sand-iron, is Mr. Rivers. He'll be keeping his e'e on the ba' fine, I'm thinking.'

"Here Rivers had the audacity to wink at me, but I fell back upon an official non-committalism, and made no response. I thought his attitude distinctly unchivalrous.

"There were several exchanges of shots after this, for Traphagen made some very poor ones, and Rivers, in pursuance of his cat-and-mouse policy, contented himself

with a bare advantage. Of course he continued to perform his wonders with the ball (or rather balls, for it was more like juggling than golf), and after each miracle Traphagen and McPherson made it a point to come up and pass some admiring comment upon his incredible skill and luck. It was all very gentlemanly and sportsmanlike, and I felt sorry that Rivers should be so lost to all sense of decency as to persist in his indefensible course of action. A gentleman would have put his antagonist out of misery as quickly as possible, and even sharp practice in a midnight golf-match may have its limits.

"The score by strokes now stood: Traphagen nine, and Rivers six, and both were lying some seventy yards short of the hole. Traphagen, with a nicely calculated iron-shot, laid his ball well up on the green, and indeed within six inches of the cup. Rivers, out of pure bravado, had dropped his ball into a shallow sand bunker, and he was now to play one off four. With consummate coolness he took his driver—the driver of all clubs!—and banged away. The ball bounded off a flat stone, cleared the bunker face, and skimmed like a swallow low over the turf and straight for the hole. It was a fool's shot, but a very lucky one, and of course it had its due applause.

"'That leaves me three for the hole, I believe,' said Rivers, jauntily, and as referee I was bound to assent, although it did go against the grain.

"Rivers started forward and then suddenly halted; his face changed; evidently something was wrong. I guessed the trouble in an instant—his supply of extra balls was exhausted. He had played his reckless game just once too often, and now his folly was about to cost him hole and match at this the last moment.

"Of course the Nemesis that had overtaken him was one that he had richly deserved, but such is the inconsistency of human nature that I found myself actually sympathizing with the villain about to be hoist by his own petard. I even felt tempted to help him out of the difficulty by smuggling a spare ball of my own into his hand. But I discovered that I had none with me, and perhaps it was just as well, for the act would have been a most unbecoming one, considering my official position as referee.

"As it turned out, I might have saved



"WE ALL DISTINCTLY HEARD THE FATAL SPLASH."

my sympathies for a worthier cause; the artful Rivers was by no means at the end of his rope. Suddenly his face cleared and the ring came back to his voice.

"'Ah! there's my ball, just off the farther edge of the green,' he said, in a tone of relief. 'I was afraid that it might have gone on into the hazard.'

"Well, what luck that fellow did have, to be sure, and how little he really deserved it! I began to sympathize again with Jimmy.

"'May I ask, Mr. Referee,' continued Rivers, 'that everybody be kept back ten yards from the green, including Mr. Traphagen and his caddie? I can't do myself justice in putting if there is anybody near me.'

"Now of course he had not the shadow of a right to exclude his adversary from the putting-green, and I was about to say as much, when, to my surprise, Traphagen interposed with a courteous assent. Well, whom the gods would destroy they first make mad; and the farce might as well end as quickly as possible. Accordingly, I ordered everybody back, and Rivers walked over to where his ball was supposed to be lying. With careful deliberation he made the address and played. The putter-head swung through, but I would have sworn before a jury of my fellow-golfers that there was no answer-

ing click of 'gutter' to iron, nor could I see that the ball was anywhere on the green.

"'Dead at the hole, but it's still my turn to play,' sung out Rivers, as he followed up his imaginary ball. 'Keep back, you people, till I hole out.'

"Well, it was matchless impudence, but it seemed impossible that it could be really successful. Was Traphagen blind or crazy, or must I doubt the evidence of my own senses? Before I could settle the question, Rivers made as though he had played a short putt, and announced that he was 'down in nine.'

"There was a lot of hand-clapping from the 'gallery,' and we all pressed forward to the green. Mrs. Chase was in the lead, and before any one could say a word, she had walked over to the cup and looked in.

"'Why, there's no ball here,' she said, in a clear, silvery voice; and Rivers turned absolutely green.

"'Eh? you don't say so?' said Traphagen, in a tone of well-affected astonishment. But of course Mrs. Chase was right, and the cup was really empty. Poor Rivers! he was the picture of despair; and there stood Mrs. Chase looking at him, with her pretty lips parted, in a quizzical, mocking smile. I never realized before how cruel a lovely woman may

be in her own soft, feminine way. Rivers started to mumble something about mistaking a fallen leaf for his ball, but for once even his colossal nerve failed him. He stammered, grew confused, and ended lamely. It was really painful.

"'Lost ball is lost hole and match,' said one of Traphagen's backers, and Rivers writhed impotently.

"'Your ball may have gone on into the hazard, old man,' said Traphagen, kindly. 'Let's have a look for it;' and he led the way into a dreadful brier hazard that lay immediately back of the hole.

"Now this was really very decent of Jimmy, for he was under no sort of obligation to aid his rival, even at so desperate a juncture. But Jimmy always was a gentleman, and I couldn't help thinking that Rivers must be feeling pretty mean—that is, if he had any sense of decency left in him.

"Well, we ploughed in and through that abominable place, getting ourselves all torn and scratched up, until the five minutes had just about expired. Suddenly Traphagen sung out, 'Here she is!' and we all hurried up to have a look. There lay the little white sphere, half out of sight, and in the most impossible of cuppy lies. I bent down to have a closer look, and there, plainly stamped upon it in red ink, were the letters 'J. T.'

"It didn't take much penetration to see through Jimmy Traphagen's pretended benevolence. He was simply going to torture his enemy in his turn, for the ball was practically unplayable. I changed my opinion of his gentlemanly character at once; this was a low and despicable trick, to which only a cadger could have descended. But there was no use in exposing it. The time was up, and if Rivers did not play this ball his own would have to be adjudged as lost. It was a desperate chance, but it was his only one.

"'Of course those two putts of mine don't count,' said Rivers, coolly. 'There can't be any shot when there isn't any ball upon which to play. They were only for practice.'

"Indeed! but this put quite another face on the matter! If these inutile strokes were not to be counted, the score would stand, Traphagen ten, and Rivers seven; and the latter, with three to spare, might easily manage to get the ball out

of the hazard, and halve, if not win, the hole. Traphagen looked thunderstruck, and Rivers smiled in quiet triumph. I was disgusted with Rivers; this sort of thing was for sea-lawyers rather than for golfers. But the argument was plausible.

"'According to Rule 4, any movement of the club which is *intended* to strike the ball is a stroke.' It was Mrs. Chase who spoke, and the silence was profound. 'It makes no difference,' she went on, 'that the ball in question is one inch or a mile away from the player. Mr. Rivers's intention was clearly evident, and the strokes must stand.'

"It was a Portia come to judgment, and we all gasped. I could not look at Rivers. I felt that this last blow must have completely crushed him. There could no longer be any question as to the direction in which the fair widow's sympathies leaned; Traphagen was undoubtedly the favored man.

"But the reasoning was incontrovertible, and I gave my decision in accordance with it. 'The strokes must stand. Traphagen ten, and Rivers nine.' The latter had still one for the hole and match (for Traphagen was not yet down), but the chance was of the slimmest. Rivers's ball, as I have said, was twenty yards from the green, and it looked as though nothing short of a dynamite cartridge could dislodge it. Perhaps, if fortune favored him, he might possibly play out to the edge of the green, and then with a long and lucky putt for a half—but oh, those ifs!

"Well, I couldn't help admiring Rivers as he pulled himself together for this last forlorn hope. He was indeed a man among men, and would die game.

"His face was firm and set as he took his stance and played. *Mirabile dictu!* the ball popped up out of that hopeless pocket, sailed in a gentle curve to the green, ran over it to the hole, and disappeared down the cup. It was the one shot out of a thousand years of golf, and, as though moved by a common impulse of reverence, every man pulled off his hat and bowed his head in silence. Rivers was down in ten, winning match and hole by one stroke. The eighth wonder of the world had actually occurred right here on the home green of the Marion County Golf Club. It was intoxicating, miraculous, sublime.



MRS. CHASE WITH THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

"It was Traphagen who first recovered his senses. What a cool, wary, calculating, cold-blooded demon that man really was at heart! I blushed for my sex as he began to speak.

"Before the match is awarded to Mr. Rivers," said this scurvy fellow, "I should like to call your attention, Mr. Referee, to the following memoranda of the play for this last hole. According to my notes, whose correctness will be vouched for by McPherson, my caddie, Mr. Rivers teed a *Henley* ball for his drive. He made his second shot with a *Silvertown*, and used an *O.K.* for his third. The fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh were made respectively with a *Thornton*, a *Woodley Flier*, a *Melford*, and a *Tom Morris*, and I dare say that the one now in the cup is of still another make, possibly a *Musselburgh*. I submit that Mr. Rivers has lost at least half a dozen balls in playing the hole, and I therefore claim hole and match, according to the rules of golf."

"Gracious heavens! Rivers had plainly neglected the obvious precaution of providing himself with only one make of balls, and his folly made the proof of his harmless deception only too easy. This, then, explained the careful examination that Traphagen had made of his adversary's ball before each shot. No doubt he was right, but how contemptible this underhand, cowardly espionage seemed now in the light of that last brilliant, glorious stroke by which Rivers had redeemed himself! My decision was quickly made; I would not allow low cunning to triumph over genius. I briefly pointed out that objections of this nature must be made immediately upon the discovery of the offence. Had Mr. Traphagen called my attention at the time to any one of these surreptitiously introduced balls, I should, of course, have awarded him the match. But there could be no *ex post facto* evidence introduced.

By his previous silence the plaintiff had lost his right to protest.

"But that last ball that Mr. Rivers played was a spare one of my own," said Traphagen, with suppressed fury; "a *Musselburgh*, stamped with my initials. I dropped it myself in the hazard."

"Then you gave the misinformation yourself," I retorted, calmly, "and by Rule 27 Mr. Rivers cannot be held responsible. The ball now in the hole wins the match for the player who put it there, and it is the only evidence that I can accept."

"And then, if you will believe it, a doubt, sudden, horrible, sickening, came over me. I ran to the cup and looked in. *The hole was empty; the ball had disappeared.*

"That settled it, of course. It made no difference that we had all distinctly seen the ball as it ran into the hole. It certainly was not there now, and the absolute proof

was wanting that it had really ever been there. It was a fitting *dénouement* to the extraordinary incidents of an extraordinary match. I could not go back upon my own words, and with a heavy heart I formally awarded the match to Traphagen. Just then I noticed that Mrs. Chase had disappeared. She had vanished as completely as the lost ball. Was it a coincidence?

"I saw Traphagen take Rivers to one side and slip a roll of bills into his hand. His triumphal expression was indescribably odious to me, and my heart went out to Rivers. The latter turned away to his trap without a word, and I followed and

jumped in with him. I would stick by him to the last.

"On the way to the station Rivers told me briefly of the real nature of the wager that had been at stake. I could but press his hand in silent sympathy. Of Mrs. Chase I would not trust myself to speak.



AVERTING AN EXPLOSION.

"We drove up to the station, and the hackman shouldered Rivers's portmanteau—each man, you see, had been obliged to prepare himself for the worst. In silence we entered the dreary, ill-lighted waiting-room, and there stood Mrs. Edna Severn Chase, looking particularly fit in her neat travelling suit, and behind her the effulgent face of old Judge Brown, justice of the peace for Marion County.

"We have just five minutes before the train is due,' remarked Mrs. Chase, coolly, 'and so, Mr. Rivers, if you are still of the same mind, and would like to have me accompany you, Mr. Brown is ready to oblige. And, by-the-way,' turning to me and holding out a small round object, 'you might give this to Mr. Traphagen, with my compliments.' I took it, and it was a *Musselburgh* golf-ball stamped with the initials J. T.

"Then it was you—you,' stammered Rivers.

"Certainly. I took it out of the cup and carried it away while you all were disputing over those stupid rules.'

"But I don't see yet—' began Rivers.

"Why, you foolish boy, if you hadn't lost the match we shouldn't have had Mr. Traphagen's two hundred and fifty dollars upon which to enjoy a wedding-trip. You haven't the most distant notions about economy. Do be reasonable, and if you really want me—'

"Well, I should have married her myself at that instant, she looked so adorable, and Rivers at last managed to rise to the situation. Justice Brown tied the knot with his accustomed skill, and then the north-bound express thundered in, and I helped the bride up the steps of the sleeping-car, and stood alone watching the red end lights as they disappeared in the darkness."



"THIS IS ALL ON ME."

The *Ancient* stopped, and pulled reflectively at his pipe. The *Man-in-the-Corner* spoke up:

"What did Mr. James Traphagen say when you gave him the ball?"

"What did he say! What did he say!" snorted the *Ancient*. "I don't think that you ought to ask such a question, young man. His language was not intended for publication. But I'll tell you what he did. He took his Philp putter, the only genuine one that ever came to this county, went out on the railway embankment, and bashed rock ballast with it all afternoon. But perhaps it was just as well, for otherwise he might have exploded in here and damaged the clubhouse."

"This is all on me," said the *Man-in-the-Corner*, softly, as Peter came in with the order card.

THE LOTUS LAND OF THE PACIFIC.

BY JOHN HARRISON WAGNER.

THE fierce noonday sun blazed upon the roofs of the straggling line of houses that fringes the beach and forms the township of Apia. In the harbor a couple of small trading-schooners lay idly at anchor. Farther out to sea the tiny canoe of a solitary fisherman, restlessly rising and falling just inside the line of breakers that marks the edge of the outer reef, was the only sign of life and motion visible through the hot, palpitating air. I sat on the veranda of the hotel, gazing idly seaward, thinking of the ten days



THE MAIL STEAMER.

yet to be endured ere the mail-steamer should call and take me back to civilization and cooler weather, and wondering how I should kill the time.

"Why don't you go on a *malanga*?"* said the owner of one of the trading-schooners, who had dropped in to refresh himself with a tepid brandy and soda. "Go and see something of the natives and native life. You'll enjoy the trip, and you'll find the people very different from the Samoans you see round about Apia."

The mere idea of any change from the deadly dullness of the town inspired me with energy, and having made a few inquiries, I engaged a young half-caste as interpreter and guide, and a boat and crew of three Samoans. The rest of the day was spent in fitting out with the necessary provisions and a goodly store of "trade," tobacco, cloth, etc., to be given as presents at the various stopping-places, and soon all was ready for an early start on the morrow.

Early next morning, a light favorable breeze springing up, we pushed off from the pier, and were soon gliding along through the calm shallows between reef

* Pleasure trip.

and shore, under an almost cloudless sky. High and dry upon the edge of the inner reef of the harbor lies the skeleton of the German war-ship *Adler*, the *Little Murderer*, as the natives with justice called her, cast there in the disastrous hurricane of 1889. We passed close under her stern, and saw myriads of brilliantly colored fishes darting in and out among the shallow pools on the ledge of rock upon which she lies, her gaunt frame-work, from which all the valuable metal and timbers have long ago been stripped, standing out against the sunny sky, a grim memento of man's impotence and the power of the angry sea.

Our way lay due west along the coast of the island of Upolu for about sixteen miles, and then across to Apolima, which is about four miles from the extreme western end of the island. It would be hard indeed to imagine a more pleasant journey than ours that day, travelling lazily along midway between the coast and the line of reef, past a succession of beautiful stretches of scenery, with here and there little villages nestling in among the waving palms and glorious tropical foliage that fringe the silvery sand. Groups of natives sat chatting and smoking among the trees or bathing in the crystal pools that mark the spot where some tiny stream empties itself into the sea. Behind lay the dark green mountain range of Upolu, rising some two thousand feet, and forming a beautiful background to the brighter coloring of the coast-line. On the other hand was the open sea, the great sullen-looking rollers breaking into a dazzling line of white along the reef, and subsiding into the calm clear lagoon through which we were sailing. Looking down into the water, one could see alternately patches of golden sand and miniature forests of



THE SKELETON OF THE "LITTLE MURDERER."

the wondrous submarine growths peculiar to these coral reefs—dark waving patches of rich green sea-weed, or masses of coral, fantastic in outline and of every shade of color, in and out of which brilliant-hued fish, blue, purple, golden—some with all the tints of the rainbow—dart here and there like the variegated denizens of some tropical forest.

Sometimes, as we rounded one of the countless points that jut out from the shore, we would come upon a merry party of laughing girls, knee-deep in the water, filling their baskets with dainty edible mussels and other kinds of shell-fish. From these damsels we never failed to get a smiling greeting, and after many interchanges of compliments, through the medium of Tialli, the half-caste boy (who proved to be a most accomplished orator, with an inexhaustible flow of flowery language), and when the girls had partaken, not without many giggling protestations, of a mild brew of claret and water, we would pass on our way, they kissing their hands and calling after us "To-fa"* till we were out of hearing.

About three o'clock in the afternoon I landed, and having sent the boat on, took Tialli with me and sauntered along the road which skirts the beach and forms the main highway round the island. At intervals of every half-mile or so we passed through little villages, each with its neat white church and open thatched houses, where the women sat making mats or weaving garlands of flowers, and the men lay about smoking and talking, languidly brushing away the flies, and only looking up to give us a kindly greeting or an invitation to step in and rest and drink the friendly kava. As I was anxious to reach Apolima before night, these invitations had to be declined, with a promise, in most cases, that we would stop if possible on our return.

The spot from which we were to cross is an outlying trading-station belonging to a German firm with an utterly unpronounceable name. Here the gentleman in charge insisted on my halting for refreshment, and in his charming little cottage presently produced cool foaming lager-beer in genuine old stone tankards, the sight of which brought back to me memories of the "Drei Raben" at Dres-

* Good-by.



GATHERING MUSSELS.

den, the "Hofbrau Haus" at Munich, and many a pleasant "Gasthaus" by the banks of the Rhine. As we smoked and chatted and drank our lager, we were waited on by two pretty nut-brown maidens, each clad in a single flowing garment of softest muslin, while a chubby brown urchin stood behind each chair, with fan and flapper, to drive away the flies that lazily buzzed about the room.

The time sped so pleasantly that I had almost forgotten the four-mile row yet before us and the difficult passages between the reefs, which would be more safely made at daylight. But Tialli arrived to say that it was time to start, and that he had induced an old chief, a noted pilot, to make the passage with us. So bidding my kind host good-by, I went down to the boat, where our pilot, Lekéli, a handsome white-haired old gentleman, was already at the tiller.

By this time a heavy bank of clouds had begun to form away to the east; there was a choppy ripple on the now leaden-colored sea, and every indication of an approaching storm. Ere we had gone a mile, down came the rain in bucketfuls, drenching us to the skin, while the choppy ripple swelled into ugly white-capped rollers that rendered it difficult to find the passages and avoid the sunken rocks. Our ancient mariner evidently knew his business well, and we dodged about in and out of the breakers, making slow but steady progress, till, ere we were within a mile of our destination, darkness was upon us.

Before long, from the sound of waves breaking upon the shore, and from the indistinct outline of a black wall of rock dimly looming out of the darkness, I knew that we were skirting close to the side of the island. Suddenly there appeared to be a break in the huge mass of rock, a number of twinkling lights appeared, towards which, with a shout of warning to the rowers, Lekéli brought the boat's head sharp round. In a moment we appeared to sink deep down into the trough of an immense wave, while right behind us in the murky gloom a wall of water seemed about to fall upon and overwhelm us. Half a dozen quick strokes with the oars; for an instant the boat remained stationary; the mass of water from behind came hissing and gurgling round us; we were lifted, poised high in air; then, at a yell from our helmsman, another half-dozen quick oar-strokes, and we were in smooth water within a few yards of the shore.

Soon dusky figures came hurrying down to the beach, and by the time we had grounded our boat the whole village had turned out to welcome us. After much chattering, and an explanation by Tialli, I was presented to the chief of the village, who promptly despatched men and girls to prepare the guest-house for our reception.

The Samoan house consists of one large oval-shaped apartment, from twenty-five to thirty-five feet long by twenty broad, formed by a thatched roof resembling an immense beehive, which is supported by two or three large posts in the centre, and a number of short posts placed round the side about four or five feet apart. In the spaces between these outer posts are cunningly contrived shutters made of plaited palm leaves, which are let down only in bad weather, the house ordinarily being open on all sides. The floor, which is raised five or six inches, is paved with smooth round pebbles, upon which are laid long strips of coarse cocoanut matting. Over these are placed here and there a finer species of mat, woven out of the fibre of the pandanus leaf; and both paving and matting, and, in fact, everything in the interior, is kept scrupulously clean. In many of the houses a number of cords stretched across from the rafters support mosquito-nets, which are rolled up in the daytime, and at night let down, so as to form a series of tents.

Under one of these I promptly retired to put on some dry clothing, while our hosts prepared a meal.

After the meal we sat and smoked, and a few visitors dropped in to welcome the stranger. I learned from the chief that times had sadly changed on the once happy island of Apolima. In 1888, during the late war, the island was shelled by that same *Adler* whose skeleton we passed on leaving Apia, many houses were burnt, and the larger number of their bread-fruit and banana trees, the main source of their food-supply, destroyed. This act of barbarity had forced the greater number of the inhabitants gradually to migrate to the larger islands, there being indeed barely sufficient food for the few who were left behind. Consequently, said my host, they had but sorry entertainment to offer me, and he sadly recalled the days when the little island was a very paradise, where want and care were unknown, and the coming of the stranger was the occasion for feasting and enjoyment. They made up, however, for the lack of material offerings by their courtesy and cheerful kindness, the girls in particular being full of fun, and evidently delighted with this break in the monotony of their lives.

By-and-by the visitors, one by one, retired to their houses, and at about ten o'clock, the rain by this time having ceased, and the moon coming out in all her splendor, the girls suggested a bath. So off we started, singing, laughing, and chattering like children just released from school, till down by the beach we came to a miniature fresh-water lagoon. Each girl as she reached the water's edge untwisted the *lava lava*, or linen waist-cloth, that formed her only garment, and as it fell to her feet, dived into the pool. Having improvised a bathing-suit with a towel, I followed, and there in the moonlight we splashed about and dived and swam, the girls with their lithe, graceful figures, and dripping, gleaming locks, looking like a band of dusky water-nymphs from some old pagan paradise. After the bath the girls ran races, and I was initiated into the mysteries of a game that was the Samoan equivalent of the old English kiss-in-the-ring. All went merrily, till the shouting and laughter brought an angry old gentleman on the scene, who informed us that it was quite time that all decent people, Samoan or

otherwise, were asleep. Not altogether sorry to take the hint, I retired under my mosquito-nets, while the girls stretched themselves out on the mats around the house, and soon we were all asleep.

At daybreak next morning I was up and off to bathe in the surf, and then for the first time realized the danger of our landing of the night before. The little island is a horseshoe-shaped volcanic hill, about a mile in circumference, which rises sheer from the water, part of the precipitous wall of rock having in some by-gone age been broken down by the molten lava rushing to the sea. This break in the rock, the open portion of the horseshoe, forms a tiny harbor, guarded by a black, ugly-looking reef, in which, as the tide was now running out, I could see a long narrow passage, through which we had come the night before; and truly it was a wondrous feat of skill to bring us safely through in the darkness, for the opening is in places only a few yards wide, and even in daytime and with a favorable tide there is danger in entering it with a large boat. Sometimes when a heavy sea is running the passage is closed for weeks, and the natives, thus cut off from the sea and from communication with the other islands, suffer great privation, as they depend largely upon the outside fishing for their food-supply.

The inner portion of the horseshoe, the crater of the volcano, is a gently sloping plateau, divided by a little stream, on either side of which are the fifteen or twenty houses that form the village. Here and there are cultivated patches of taro and the kava-plant, and a few bread-fruit and banana trees, while the steep sloping sides of the crater are covered with dense tropical undergrowth. The little plateau is aptly described by its name, *Apolima*, which means "the hollow of the hand."

After a dip in the surf, a light breakfast, and a stroll round the summit of the volcano, I decided to make for Manono, where I was sure of a great reception,

having a recommendation to the chief from a trader in Apia who is deservedly popular with the natives all through the group. So, having said good-by to our kind friends and distributed a good store of biscuits, tinned meats, tobacco, and cloth, with a few little knickknacks for the girls, we made a start. All the villagers came to the beach to see us off, and two sturdy fellows volunteered to help us



"'VAVÉ!' SCREAMS LEKÉLI."

over the barrier and through the passage. They waded out to the bar, one taking the bow and one the stern, and then, the men being ready at the oars, we put her head to the breakers and waited for the word. Suddenly an immense wave comes in, lapping and curling round the boat, and just covering the huge rock we have to cross. "Vavé!"* screams Lekéli, and with a shout our friends push us off, the keel grates heavily over the reef, and we plunge down into the seething, boiling caldron, and are in the narrow channel. The boys bend to the oars and we shoot ahead. In comes another tremendous roller, that buffets us back almost to the rocks; we are stationary an instant; and then, as the waves rush swirling out through the channel, away go the oars; we shoot ahead, and are clear of the reef and safe on the open sea. I had wanted to give our two kind helpers some tobacco, but in the excitement had neglected to do so, so I now held up a large foot-long twist of the peculiar black leaf that the Samoan dearly

* Quick!

loves. In an instant one of the men, a big, powerful fellow, jumped off into the breakers, which would assuredly have dashed any ordinary swimmer in pieces on the rocks, and diving through the waves as he met them, soon reached the boat, grabbed the tobacco, and with a quick "Fafetai lava,"* swam back with his prize, smiling and happy. A shout of "To-fa," a farewell wave from the watchers on the beach, then a few oar-strokes, and the wall of rock shuts them and the village from our sight; and before us lies beautiful Manono, the garden island of Samoa, and the nearest approach to the ideal lotus land to be found even in these Southern seas, where all nature is at its loveliest.

Manono is about three miles in circumference, is surrounded by the usual barrier-reef of coral, and fringed with a ribbon-like strip of white sand, from which the ground slopes up in gentle undulations to a tiny hill in the centre. Bananas, palms, cocoanut and bread-fruit trees grow in profusion, while the flaming hibiscus and the trailing passion-flower give brilliant touches of color here and there, and the magnolia, lemon, wild orange, and a hundred aromatic shrubs and flowers steep the drowsy languorous air with perfume. Down among the ferns and mosses tiny springs bubble up from the cool depths and trickle to the sea, while here and there beneath the palms are shady bathing-pools hollowed out among the smooth round stones, with clean sandy bottoms and fairylike vine-trellised grottoes that tempt one to plunge in and seek shelter from the heat of the tropical noonday.

We landed at a village on the eastern side of the island, and I was presented to the chief, Falatta, a tall and handsome man of about forty, who received me with a stately courtesy and dignified bearing

* Many thanks.

that in these degenerate days is seldom met with save in these happy islands. A large house was dedicated to my use, snowy mats were spread, messengers were sent about to announce the arrival of a visitor, and I was welcomed with an invitation to drink kava. On reaching the house I was presented to the chief's daughter, Faké, the "Taupo," or "Maid of the Village," of Manono, and her three attendant maidens, and was told that these damsels would take charge of me and see to my comfort and amusement during our stay.

The "Taupo" is always a young and good-looking girl, generally the daughter or adopted daughter of the chief. She is chosen as "Maid of the Village," and maintained by contributions levied from all the inhabitants, who supply her with food, clothing (the latter not a heavy or expensive item), and a large, well-built house, in which she is expected to dispense

hospitality to all important visitors. Three or four attendants are always with her, whose duty it is not only to serve her, but to keep a watchful eye upon her and see that she never strays from the path of propriety, she being destined eventually to wed some great chief. On the ceremony taking place, the village to which the bridegroom belongs must make an offering of valuable mats, large quantities of food, and various kinds of property to the village of which she is the Maid; so that, apart from any considerations of abstract morality, she is

looked upon as a valuable asset, and is guarded accordingly. Should she, however, yield to the fascinations of some handsome young *manai'a*,* her hair is cropped short, she is stripped of her simple finery, and degraded to the post of attendant on the more prudent virgin who may be chosen as her successor. On the other hand, the young "blood" plumes himself

* Dandy.



"THE MERRIEST, SAUCIEST LITTLE MAID."

on his conquest, and the more adventures of the kind he can boast of, the more highly he is considered. Thus, though the less culpable of the two, the woman has to make all the sacrifice and bear all the punishment; so that in this matter at least the savage is quite in touch with the humane sentiments of civilization.

Faké was a tall slight girl, with long wavy black hair, clear-cut features, and a pleasant though somewhat sedate expression. Sassa, one of her attendant maids, was plump and pleasing, the very picture of health and happiness; Epinessa, who was rather short and sturdy, with an air of bustling activity unusual in a Polynesian, was evidently the working partner of the firm; while prettiest of them all was laughing, bright-eyed Maua, the merriest, sauciest, and most mischievous little sixteen-year-old maid that ever poet sang or dreamed of. They soon had my things stowed away and everything in order, when a message came bidding us to the chief's house for the ceremony of the kava-drinking.

Here were assembled Falatta himself and a number of old men and chiefs, prominent among whom were the "talking-man," or public orator of the village, and an extraordinary-looking individual named Peisano, the chief's jester. They were all seated in a semicircle round the floor, cross-legged in that peculiar attitude only possible to the supple-jointed Polynesian. In the centre sat the two girls who were to prepare the kava. Having first carefully rinsed their mouths and washed their hands with water brought to them by an attendant, they proceeded

solemnly to chew pieces of the kava-root cut up and handed to them by one of the men. When the mass had been thoroughly masticated it was placed in a large four-legged wooden bowl, which stood between the girls. Water was poured upon it from the coconut shells always kept hanging in the cool shade of the thatch, and they proceeded to knead and squeeze it till all the juice was extracted. They then strained and skimmed it with long wisps of delicate pandanus fibre, till at last the bowl was filled with a liquor that in appearance was not unlike *café au lait*.

All being ready, one of the girls clapped her hands twice, while the other dipped a polished cocoanut-shell cup into the bowl and filled it to the brim. The "talking-man" now stood up and called "Ooatenah," which was the nearest approach a Samoan could make to the pronunciation of my name. The Maid of the Village took the cup, and advancing slowly, with bended head, to where I sat, bowed to the ground and handed it to me. Having first turned aside, and, in correct Samoan fashion, spilled a little on the threshold as a libation, I looked towards the chief, said, "Manuia,"* to which they all replied, "Manuia lava,"† drained the bowl, and handed it back to the Maid. The talking-man now called the name of Falatta, the cup was handed to the chief, and the same routine gone through; and so on until each man, in his turn, according to his rank or seniority, had been served. The whole ceremony, from the commence-



A SAMOAN STREAM.

* Good health to you.

† Very good health to you.

ment of the preparation of the kava to the drinking of the last cupful, was conducted with the utmost solemnity, as the Samoan looks upon it almost as a religious function, the libation being always poured out as a propitiatory offering to the household gods. The method of preparation is apt, at first, to rather shock a European, but one soon grows accustomed to it, many white men becoming very fond of the liquor, which has a peculiar bitter flavor, and is extremely refreshing. A red-pepper pod is sometimes crushed and mixed with the kava to give it an extra "bite," and is, indeed, a great improvement. When taken in great quantities it is said to be intoxicating, but in all my travels through the islands the only drunkenness I have seen has been among the whites—the Samoan, though invariably a great eater, being in other respects extremely temperate.

The kava-bowl having been removed, the girls made us each a *sului*, or cigarette. A few tiny shreds of tobacco are first carefully dried with a piece of live charcoal, then rolled in a strip of dry banana leaf, lighted, and handed to each in turn. While we enjoyed our smoke, Tiali went round with the whiskey-flask and gave each a "wee drappie." The *kava papalagi** was pronounced a great success, and one stout old gentleman in the corner cast his eyes to heaven and rubbed his stomach with an air of such supreme beatitude that I felt bound to invite him to "wet the other eye," which he promptly did, in spite of much good-natured chaff from the others, who seemed to look upon this as rather a breach of etiquette.

In the mean time a feast had been prepared, and we now adjourned to the guest-house. Down the centre of the floor were laid long strips of green banana leaf, and on these were piled all sorts of edibles, conspicuous among which a couple of small roast pigs held the place of honor. Fowls, fish, bread-fruit, taro, yams, and bananas were mingled with the contributions from our store in the shape of biscuits, tinned meats, salmon, sardines, and jam, for which last the Polynesian has the true child's love. We all took our places on the mats, and the chief proceeded to chop the pigs into enormous portions, which were distributed among the guests. A wooden trough of clean

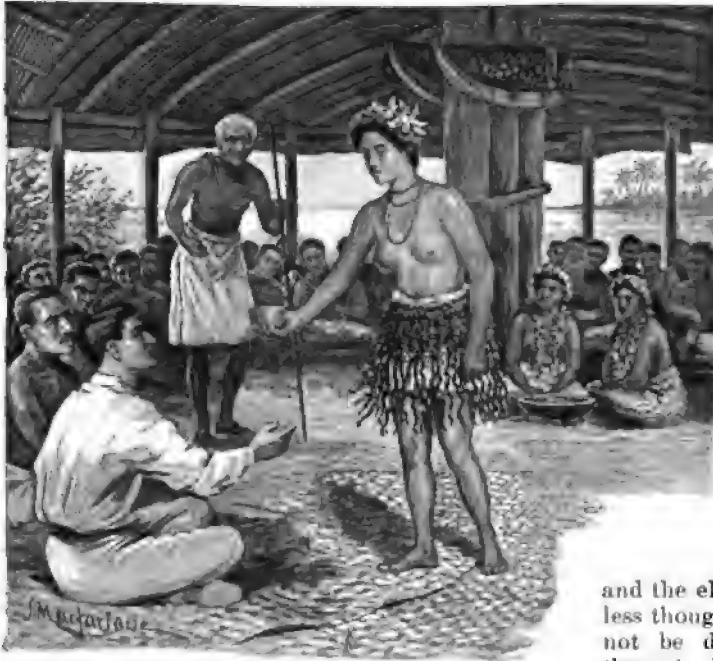
water was passed round, in which each one rinsed his hands, and then proceeded to fall to, though not until it was seen that the stranger had been served with the noblest portion; for the Samoan, though he dearly loves the pleasures of the table, is the personification of true hospitality. A clean, freshly cut bread-fruit leaf served each man as a plate, fingers took the place of knives and forks, and soon the pile of good things began to disappear in wondrous fashion. Outside the house sleek, well-fed dogs prowled, on the lookout for the bone or scrap of meat which was thrown to them from time to time, and in a corner a group of children feasted on the portion that had been set aside for them. And surely nowhere out of fairyland are there such children as these happy, laughing, crowing little savages, with their chubby round bodies, smooth shining skins, and heads close shaven, save for the fantastic tufts of hair left growing, sometimes on the top and sometimes on the side of the skull. The girls sat round me, heaping my plate with the choicest morsels, one offering in her dainty fingers a piece of snow-white fish, another a slice of the soft and delicious inner pulp of the bread-fruit, while the laughing Maua held a freshly gathered cocoanut full of the cool milky liquor, that, tempered with a thimbleful of gin or brandy, makes a delightful drink. All sorts of strange delicacies were produced from various little bags made of bread-fruit leaves, drawn together at the four corners and tied with pieces of fibre. There was raw "beche-de-mer" cut in pieces, and a delicious mixture called *pālo sāmī*, made of the young green tops of the taro-plant cooked in salt water and flavored with the soft creamlike kernel of the cocoanut, and many other artfully concocted dishes, fit to tickle the jaded palate of the most fastidious epicure. At length the feast came to an end, hands were again dipped into the trough of water, and after a smoke and chat the guests dispersed to their several houses for the siesta which invariably follows the Polynesian meal.

The hospitable Faké, ever thoughtful of my comfort, was anxious that I should experience what she called the "lomi lomi." A pile of soft mats was laid, and on it was placed one of their curious pillows, formed of a piece of bamboo about three feet long, which is raised about six

* White man's kava.

inches from the mat by a short pair of legs placed at each end. I stretched myself out, one of the girls seating herself at my head and one on either side of me. The former deftly ran her fingers through my hair and over my face and neck,

themselves on one side, and proceeded to beat a sort of wooden drum, at the sound of which the guests began to assemble. Neither the chief nor the old men showed themselves, as the *siva* is looked upon with great disfavor by the missionaries,



KAVA-DRINKING.

while the others rubbed, kneaded, and punched my back, chest, arms, and legs with a skill and lightness of touch that no professional "masseur" could imitate. By-and-by I began to feel as if charged with electricity, and glowed and tingled from head to foot, till gradually a delicious drowsy feeling stole over me and I dropped off to sleep.

The girls having announced that they would give a *siva** that night, after a short interval of rest, spent the remainder of the afternoon weaving wreaths of flowers and dressing their hair. When night came the guest-house was lighted with two or three lamps placed upon the floor, and a screen was arranged at the far end, behind which the girls retired to make their preparations. Four musicians seated

* Dance.

place. The house was soon filled with the young men and girls, who sat chatting, laughing, and smoking, and facing a clear place left in the centre for the performers.

The musicians beat a sharp tattoo on the drums, and, at a great round of applause and clapping of hands, the four girls appear from behind the screen and take their places in the open space. Their handsome brown bodies glisten with coconut oil, their hair is decorated with shells and white and scarlet flowers, and each is clad in a very short *lava lava* of about the size of a large pocket-handkerchief. Over this is a fringed and tasseled girdle made of pandanus fibre and dyed in brilliant colors, and each wears round the neck and falling over the breasts a wreath of strongly scented flowers.

and the elders doubtless thought it would not be decorous of them to be present, though they gave me to understand that they had no objection to the dance taking



THE SIVA.

The lamps are now placed upon the edge of the mats, and the girls seat themselves in a line facing them. One begins singing in a shrill high-pitched voice, and the others in turn take up the strain, the four voices blending in a weird sort of harmony, to which the beating of the drums and the deep bass voices of the musicians make an effective accompaniment. As the girls sing, their bodies sway from side to side, the arms wave gracefully in perfect time, while the music, which commences slowly, gradually quickens, until arms, bodies, and voices are going at lightning speed; then they gradually slow down again, and the song dies away in a soft, tender whisper.

After more applause, and loud shouts

of "Lelei! lelei!"* the girls stand up, the music starts again, and they begin to dance the real Samoan *siva*, the *anathema maranatha* of the missionary, and the chief delight of the pleasure-loving islander. The brown bodies, glistening in the fitful light, sway from the hips in dreamy languorous motion, while the arms are waved from side to side, quivering, rising, and falling like the rippling of water when the breeze kisses its surface; the air is heavy with the sensuous odor of the wreaths and the scented oil with which their bodies are anointed; the limpid brown eyes gleam with strange light, and are veiled again by the drooping lids. Again the music quickens, and is intermingled with quaint barbaric discords; the drums give forth a louder, harsher note, and the voluptuous swaying motion gives place to quick leaps high in the air, wild gestures, and tempestuous tossing of the

limbs; the wreaths and girdles whirl and twist, the eyes that were so soft and dreamy now gleam and sparkle like burning coals; louder still sounds the shouting and the drums, quicker speeds the dance, till at length with one wild cry it ceases, and the girls sink on the mats, panting and quivering with excitement and exhaustion.

After an interval of rest, the four musicians come forward and perform a war-dance, while the girls take their places at the drums. The men wear loin-cloths, and are tattooed from the waist to the knee. They go through all sorts of dramatic gestures with imaginary spear and club, and give a realistic representation

* Good! good!

of savage warfare, the music gradually working them up to a state of frenzy, till they too desist from sheer exhaustion.

At this stage there were loud cries of "Peisano! Peisano!" and the jester came forward and took his place upon the mat. He was a long, lean, three-cornered-looking creature, with a small conical-shaped head, little twinkling reddish eyes, an enormous mouth, and extraordinarily elastic features, which he could twist and contort into every conceivable variety of expression. He produced from the folds of his loin-cloth a small mouth-organ, fitted it into the capacious chasm that seemed to stretch almost from ear to ear, and by blowing hard, and at the same time keeping up a vigorous lateral movement of the lower jaw, succeeded in producing a series of hideous sounds, not unlike an exaggerated form of the effect obtained by the small boy with a piece of tissue-paper and a comb. He kept time to this discord by waving his arms, snapping his fingers, slapping his chest and thighs, and jumping, writhing, and twisting in strange serpentlike contortions. These antics were received by the audience with yells of laughter and huge delight, they evidently regarding him as an artist of no ordinary ability. Finally he was greeted with a burst of applause, which he acknowledged with a stately bow, and then looking towards me, said, "Now Peisano go dead!"

From the enthusiasm aroused by this announcement I concluded that he was about to give us the gem of his *répertoire*; and certainly the performance which followed was, in its way, the most marvellous piece of acting I have ever seen. The musicians softly beat the drums and broke into a lugubrious chant, repeating over and over again, with every variety of mournful expression, a few words in their language, which were translated to me as: "Poor Peisano's going to die! Oh, poor Peisano!" Meanwhile Peisano himself stood bolt-upright on the mat, his arms hanging rigidly at his sides, his stomach drawn in and his ribs protruding, till, in the uncertain, fitful light, he seemed but a mass of skin and bone. The red eyes grew dull and fishlike, the cheeks were sunken in, and save for an occasional shiver from head to foot, a short gasp, and a motion with the mouth exactly like that of a fish

when taken from the water, he seemed lifeless. First one eyelid dropped, and then the other, the gasping grew almost imperceptible, till at last the head bent forward, the jaw dropped horribly upon the chest, and he was to all appearances a corpse. The dirgelike music had now died away to an awful whisper of "Poor Peisano's dead! Oh, poor Peisano!" Suddenly the corpse lifts an eyelid, gives a short gasp, and begins to show gradually increasing signs of returning animation, working up by degrees to a wild dance, in which arms and legs swing loosely here and there as though jerked by invisible wires, while the song has changed to a joyful shout of "Peisano's come to life!"

After this there was more singing and dancing, and the fun was kept up till far into the small hours. At last I was glad to turn into my mosquito-nets, but only to dream of a wild carnival, in which fierce warriors and laughing brown-eyed maidens were jostled by hideous skeletons with grinning, sightless skulls, to the music of a ghostly drummer playing with a pair of cross-bones on a coffin lid.

Next morning I was awakened by the sound of singing, and looking out from my tent, found the whole household on their knees. They were facing the east, where the first flush of dawn appeared behind Upolu, and all in unison were chanting a strange morning hymn. After the hymn one of the old men began a long, rambling prayer, during which Peisano looked over at me, winked, and proceeded for my amusement to put his mobile features through some of their lightning changes. Little Maua, happening to look up, at once burst into a fit of giggling, whereupon the old gentleman, checking for the moment his flood of eloquence, solemnly gave her a sounding whack over the head that sent her howling from the room. While this little passage of arms was taking place, the villain Peisano had cast his eyes heavenwards and assumed a seraphic and intensely devotional expression.

The days passed away, the happy hours speeding all too quickly. We swam in the surf, fished on the reef, sailed round the island in canoes, strolled among the perfume-laden trees, or lounged through the heat of the day in the cool shade of the houses, till the time came for me to return to Apia to catch the mail-steamer.

WITHOUT INCUMBRANCE.

BY EMERSON GIFFORD TAYLOR.

A COASTING schooner is the best for the purpose, of course; but a capable fishing-vessel will answer almost as well. One of the two you must own if you seek for social eminence in South Port; and this is a principle so well established that to question it will only bring ridicule and silent scorn on the head of the doubter. The minister, the doctor, and—to a less degree—the postmaster are all sure of their positions in society; such offices at once mark out their incumbents as being of a race superior to the rest of the villagers, and naturally only very few can aspire to such heights. The majority are compelled to use this one means of elevation in the scale, and great is the triumph of him who finally succeeds. His schooner becomes a kind of state barge, a Bucentaur, anything, in which he is borne gloriously before the eyes of his townsmen—the doctor's buggy is nothing in comparison. There was a lawyer once in South Port, who made absurd pretences, based on "the dignity of the profession to which *he'd* been called," but he soon was shown his error, and one day his office was closed forever. They say he complained bitterly all the way to the Centre, where he took the Boston train, and his blue-eyed wife cried a good deal. But South Port laughed grimly, and the fishermen's wives said "they'd jest like to see any minx like that a-puttin' on airs afore *them*."

The lucky ones who do own their schooners affect cigars and wear shiny white waistcoats on Sunday. They criticise the sermons, too, showing their equality with the minister; and in South Port only a very few would think of such a thing. And every year the schooners go off shore—not as far as the Gloucester craft, but only to Nantucket Shoals and up toward Pollock Rip—after bluefish in summer and mackerel in winter, creeping back all stained and greasy, but piled high amidships with barrels and boxes, each of which means a good many pennies to be stored away in the bank at Harwich.

To Carl Bent the sight of these vessels going and coming, every trip adding to the glory and profit of their owners, was a continuous source of unrighteous envy.

It made his own operations with cat-boat and dory seem extremely insignificant; his loads of sprawling lobsters cut a sorry figure beside the rows of carefully iced bluefish-crates that the shippers handled so carefully and quickly. Although his grandfather had been captain of a great tea-ship, and his wonderful silks and other treasures which he had brought home and symmetrically arranged in the Bents' best room had shed great lustre on the name, yet Carl felt that their influence had waned perceptibly—that little by little the family, as represented by himself, had slipped from its lofty position in the Port's society, relegated to the rearmost ranks.

"Tain't that I care so much fer myself," he would say to intimate friends in bursts of confidence at the "tarvern," "but it do seem kinder too bad to let things slip so—jest on account of th' name. It makes me plumb mad to see fellers like Cy Green or John Wetherbee swellin' round big's all out-doors, who ten year ago was wadin' round diggin' up scallops with their toes at low water fer a livin', while I scratch along 'n' feel pretty good 'f they say 'howdy' when I've sold some lawbsters. 'Tain't right, 'n' I'm a-goin' to change it."

"What ye goin' to do, Carl? Buy a schooner?"

"Waal, you can't always tell. I might 'f I see jest the one I wanted."

This was a joke that always raised a laugh, though deep down in his heart it made Carl feel both angry and ashamed.

A poor man, especially if he is shiftless, has but little chance of being respected and helped in South Port, as elsewhere. Day after day he would leave for his lobster-pots at daybreak, and coming home about noon, would spend the rest of the day lying in the short warm heather on the sand dunes behind the beach, brooding over the decadence in the position of his family, and laying countless plans for its restoration. If he only had a little extra money! The income from his lobstering was scarce enough to pay the interest on the mortgages that covered the old house, and beyond that there was nothing. He did not want it for himself; nothing was farther from his thoughts than that. It was his

dream to walk up the aisle of the church to the seat where some Bent of early days had carved his coat-armor, and nod pleasantly to the minister as he rose for the invocation. Once let him accomplish that, let him redeem the old place, and he would be content. Then he looked down at his ragged trousers and well-patched boots, and his laughter was unpleasant.

One day, on going to the store for some rope, his attention was attracted to the crowd which was eagerly reading a notice freshly pasted up on the bulletin outside. Occurrences are rare in South Port—the arrival of the mail, and perhaps a big haul of lobsters are the principal happenings from day to day—and so when Zeph Doane appeared, carrying his paste-pot in one hand and a sheaf of brown and green bills over his arm, everybody thought it worth while to drop his work and saunter with an air of affected leisure to the store steps, where the greater part of the posters were arranged. And this is what they read:

“For sale, by auction, to close out the estate of C. B. Hatch, the schooner *Governor Ross*, all complete, with dories, nets, two anchors, and an extra suit of sails included. Is three years old, and sound as a nut. Can be seen any day or hour at Snow’s Wharf, where the sale will be effected next Tuesday, the 18th. No incumbrances.”

Carl gasped, and read the notice a second time. This was the chance he had longed for; but now that it had come, of course his pockets were emptier than ever. A thousand schemes to raise some money came to him. To sell his cat-boat, to lay another mortgage, to borrow from the bankers—all these things he thought of; but to-day was Thursday, and the sale was on Tuesday. Four days is too short a time to do any such big business in, and he turned away, his brain in a whirl. He could have cried from sheer vexation.

The crowd was grouped in front of the store now, some perched on coils of rope or boxes of Kennedy biscuit, others leaning against the railing and dirty posts of the “platform.” The men were discussing the schooner as Carl strolled up.

“What do you think of her, Tom? You’ve sailed in her more’n once, hain’t ye?” Tom Derrick straightened himself, secretly pleased that the appeal was made to him directly.

“Oh, she’ll do, I guess,” he answered, balancing a straw across his finger, which he examined critically. “I’m afeared she ain’t jest what she used to be, though. Got strained a good deal lawst October in that saouteast storm, I guess; ‘n’ then there’s—other things.” He looked narrowly out of the corners of his eyes at his audience, and it struck Carl that there was something strange in his expression. “He wants her for himself, I reckon,” he thought, “‘n’ don’t want nobody to bid against him.”

“You goin’ to try fer her?” he asked Tom, aloud.

“Why, I don’t know. I’m much obliged fer your interest in my own affairs, Bent. P’raps you’ve bought her a’ready?”

This turned the laugh on Carl, and he felt angry with himself as he jingled the keys in his trousers pockets. It would do no good to quarrel, though. Derrick held part of the mortgage on the Bent house, and was an influential man anyway; and though Carl had always hated him, and had tacitly vowed to get even after Derrick attached his boat and nets for a trifling debt he had forgotten all about, he choked down the angry words that rose to his lips, and strode away down the lane that led towards his house. The artists who come to South Port in the summer had often told him how really beautiful the old structure was, and a good many of them had copied minutely the doorway, with its fan-light and side windows, as well as the little pillars in the railing around the porch.

“Th’ old place’s pretty good yet,” he said, halting to admire the glow of the sun on the windows. “My word, but it’s hard I can’t do nothin’ to keep it up same’s it orter be! What ‘d grand’ther say ‘f he’d seen it the way it is now? He’d be surprised some I guess—hey, dog?” This last to the lean terrier that stood by the door eying him suspiciously.

He tried to work, but his mind was too full of what he had seen at the store. Everything conspired to distract and torment him. The few nets spread to dry in the yard made him guess at the value of those stowed in the *Governor Ross’s* hold; and the ancient figure-head stuck up in the garden quite forgot its identity as a scarecrow, and suggested nothing but the slim cutwater and pole bowsprit that gave the schooner such a yachtlike appearance. His efforts to straighten out

long-neglected accounts with the firm who bought his lobsters only resulted in a careful estimate of the probable cost of a trip to the Block Island sword-fish grounds for a crew of six hands, all eating three square meals a day.

Finally he gave up all attempts at work, went in and washed up, and then strolled down to Snow's wharf to have a look at the schooner himself. She was apparently a little smaller than when he had last seen her; but nevertheless of about the right size—perhaps sixty feet over all. He noticed she had been newly coppered, and her canvas, except the foresail, looked fresh and white, as if just from the loft. Amidships were neatly piled four big new dories, while from davits on the starboard side hung a dingy for the happy owner and captain—"to make party calls in," a grizzled fisherman once said. Her foremast was a little sprung, and the paint was dingy, but that could be fixed easily enough. He knew she was sound, for he had seen her on the ways only a month before.

Carl made a hurried calculation: "Three years old, coppered, new boats, good goer. Needs a new mast and some gen'ral overhaulin'. Three thousand 'd do it, sure; mebbe two. And th' bluefish jest strikin' in!"

He looked up in despair. The whole thing was impossible: he was desperately poor. There was nobody to whom he could apply for help; and anyway the time was too short to raise any money in, even if he dared ask for a loan. Then a vision arose of Tom Derrick, the ex-cranberry-picker, buying the vessel and sailing away to the Banks, returning to appear in the very front seat of church, and to receive his mail before any one else, possibly going to the Legislature. While he, a Bent, hauled lobster-pots, and laughed feebly at the cheap jokes about his hat and his patched dory from the wits at Wetherbee's store.

Carl sprang to his feet with an imprecation. They swear infrequently in South Port, but in an original and awful way. And Carl was very angry and disappointed.

"'Without incumbrance,' too! Won't never have such a chance agin, neither. I might jest as well go home, I guess, agin to-morrer's lawbsterin'."

"Without incumbrance"—the phrase haunted him as he followed the tiny path

across the lots. The cows have worn it as they come home from their pasturage up by the windmill, where they or their ancestors have passed their days from time immemorial. Carl walked slowly, pausing often to look back regretfully at the masts of the schooner as they showed over the roof of the wharf-house. The glory of the summer afternoon was all lost on him. The sea, grumbling drowsily as it tossed and tumbled on its rocky pillow out by the ledges, the dull scent of the poppies, the droning of a stupid bee who had tumbled out of his flowery bed—everything about him urged him to be sleepy and comfortable and careless, just as he used to be. At another time Carl would have gladly yielded to the opportunities of his old acquaintances, but to-day he could only stretch out his hands to the little pennant on the maintopmast-head, which flapped desperately in its efforts to call him back; he only noticed that the soft breath of the ocean was in exactly the right quarter to fetch by Harding's Beach without a hitch, from whence the course lay straight to the fish-grounds off the Vineyard.

This path by the fields was really his longest way home, but lately he had grown into the habit of choosing it in preference to any other.

"It kinder rests you," he would unblushingly explain when taxed. "Seems good to stretch your laigs a little arter you've been cramped up in a pesky cat-boat all day sence daylight."

Carl craftily forgot to say that he usually stopped at Miss Hitchcock's house—she had it from her father, an India trader—where he was always sure of a warm welcome, and sometimes a glass of milk or slice of gingerbread. However, South Port gossip is easily started, and it was not long before Carl had a new joke to answer to whenever he appeared uptown. Carl Bent a "company-keeper" indeed!

Miss Hitchcock always could expect him about six o'clock, and at that hour never failed to be dressed in rustling black, with her father's gold watch ticking loudly on her ample bosom, thus lending a certain desirable air of formality and state to her reception. All of which was clever in Miss Hitchcock, for the splendor never failed to impress her caller very forcibly indeed. In the watch's majestic presence his own remarks soon

dwindled to mere punctuation marks to its arrogant, monotonous ticking. It was a fact also, though he never confessed it till long afterwards, that, whenever the lady moved, her dress crackled so it frightened him sadly, and he would edge nearer the door as a measure of safety.

He had climbed almost the whole length of the steep path, when a great and magnificent thought surged through his brain. He glanced up to the house, and then sat suddenly down in the grass, hugging his arms across his lean chest, and suppressing an impulse to yell.

"I'll do it, anyhow," he said, chuckling, and rocking to and fro in delight. "Why didn't I think of that long ago? She ain't so very good-lookin', but ther—"

He recalled a conversation he had held with Miss Hitchcock a few days before, when she had said, in answer to his cautiously worded questions:

"Yes, 'tis sorter lonely here long winter evenin's. Sence Katie went away there ain't any one I kin depend upon; though, you know," she added, with fascinating confidence in him, "I ain't what the Port'd call poor, if I do say it as oughtn't to."

"Waal," he answered, slyly, "you ain't the kind to stay single *much* longer."

He meant this as a compliment, but later consideration made him thank his stars she did not take it amiss. She might have been angry.

Strengthened by the remembrance, Carl rose briskly to his feet, brushing the dust from his boots with his red handkerchief.

"Yes, sir," he said aloud; "I guess I'll jest stop fer a second, so's to see how the land lays, anyhow. She'll be pleased, most prob'ly; and—waa, p'raps old Derrick ain't a-goin' to buy that thar schooner after all."

The evening came on, and the darkness of the streets was made the more intense by the dim yellow glare that came from an occasional window where some fisherman was staying up beyond the usual hours; but if he had been abroad to see, the Oldest Inhabitant would have been startled by the curious figure which went dancing and leaping along the lane that leads from Wetherbee's corner down to the old house on the downs. It was a silent figure, but it skipped and tried uncouth waltz steps, snapping its fingers, and occasionally stopping to cast its hat into the still night air. Rapidly it hasten-

ed down the narrow road, striking at the shadowy nettles and corn-flowers by the side; and only when it reached the house and burst in at the door could the observer recognize Carl Bent in the dishevelled but smiling individual that seized the old dog and whirled him about in a mad reel before sinking down on the sofa, breathless from his exertions, and laughing, as it were, triumphantly.

Next day he disappeared, clad in his best clothes; and nobody in all South Port knew that the minister had called at the Hitchcock house that afternoon for another purpose than a mere parochial visit. When Carl came back he was calm, and could consider rationally the step he had taken; he was dimly sure that it would impose certain obligations as well as confer inestimable privileges. To Buffer, the terrier, he spoke long and feelingly:

"If she was only better-lookin', dog, it'd make all the difference in the world. Them Hitchcocks never was much on looks, anyhow; Mary's"—with a blush—"father was about the homeliest man I ever see, 'n' all the children favored him rather'n their ma. Wonder 'f she's the scoldin' kind? I seen her ketch up that boy who helps with the cows pretty lively; 'n' they say she used to sometimes lick little Katie like git out. Shame that gal went off that way she did; it nigh killed Mary with worryin'."

He shivered slightly, and stroked the rough head beside him. Buffer never answered, but sat looking earnestly across the heather-tops; and Carl, following his friend's gaze, caught a glimpse of a little white hull that showed clear against the griminess of Snow's Wharf.

"That's it; that's what'll make everything right, dog. Don't you worry. Jest let me get that schooner, 'n' we'll chance the rest. I didn't tell ye what she told me, did I, after the parson had got his five dollars and was gone? It's all a secret, anyhow."

"'Carl,' says she, takin' me by th' hand, 'you know, dear, that ev'rything I've got is yours now.' 'You don't say so!' says I, fer I reelly was kinder struck dumb fer a second. 'Yes,' she answered. 'If you want to buy that schooner, go ahead.' 'Waal,' says I, cool like—fer you don't never want to show no submission—I guess I will; I'm gettin' too old fer lawbsters.'"

And then Carl and Buffer built themselves a great many air-castles. They sold the cat-boat and burned the despised lobster-pots; the mortgage was paid, the house repainted, and, greatest triumph of all, the Chinese vases and the ivory chess-board came to light again, and were set up in the places old Captain Bent chose for them when he came home for the last time. Which was a very pleasant way of passing an evening, and insured pleasant dreams to master and dog alike.

Auctions are of rare occurrence in South Port; transfers of property are usually effected more quietly and slowly—it is considered much better to sit down on the bench on Signal Hill, for instance, and do business without excitement or interruption. But as everybody likes to see such a proceeding as an auction, even if he does not care to bid himself, Wetherbee closed his store—a sure sign of a holiday in town—and the village people went to Snow's Wharf. Not hurriedly, of course, or showing any especial eagerness for good positions, for that would be undignified, and ill befits men of property and leading citizens. You can accomplish that end easily enough by starting early; at six o'clock in the morning there were a good many already assembled. Last of all came Tom Derrick, heavy with his importance as chief bidder. He concealed his interest in the proceedings very well, however, as every one remarked who saw him, and sat down on a pile of lumber to wait for the fun to begin.

The auctioneer, a Weymouth man, mounted upon a pile of salt-boxes and took out his handkerchief. He looked fondly at the schooner beside him, sighed as if he were about to part with a bit of cherished personal property, and then began to speak:

"Gentlemen, I am here to sell the schooner *Governor Ross* to the highest bidder among you. You all see her; you can examine her from keelson to truck, from taffrail to jib-stay, if you wish, but she must be sold at any price, and 'without incumbrance.'" He lingered over the phrase as if he had invented it, cast a look over the crowd, and asked for a bid.

A friend said, "One hundred dollars," and then disappeared, but came back looking unconcerned when Tom Derrick said, slowly, "One fifty."

The auctioneer repeated it, and began to try some persuasion, and his gestures were

very expressive. Then a Harwich man—Captain Snelgrow—bid two hundred, and Dr. Badgely raised it to two hundred and fifty. He laughed as he bid it, though, and the crowd laughed too. Derrick bid another fifty, and Snelgrow raised it to four hundred at a jump. Plainly here was a rival to the South Port man, and people began to crowd in closer. The auctioneer took it as a good sign, and rubbed his hands, urging on the buyers with threats and persuasion, until both became angry and the crowd began to laugh. Derrick was red in the face, and kept clicking his tongue against his teeth: he had saved carefully for a long time, and the fifteen hundred dollars that he was prepared to spend represented more sleepless nights and buffetings with icy seas than any one realized. He looked eagerly for some sign of weakening in the Harwich man as he shot up the bid to a thousand. Snelgrow gasped, and whispered hurriedly with his brother. He nodded to the auctioneer. "Eleven hundred."

The crowd howled then, and all looked at Derrick, who smiled a little, and said, bravely, "Eleven twenty-five." The man on the boxes stormed and waved his hands, entreating the Harwich man to raise a little more. Snelgrow said, "Thirteen hundred," and, with an oath, turned away.

"Tain't worth another cent," he said, angrily. "I wouldn't give no more—if I had it," he added, in a low tone.

Derrick smiled again, and mopped his face; he was sure of his prey now, and his wife's scoldings would be hushed at last. In an instant he would cease to be an ex-cranberry-picker and become a gentleman. He felt easy enough to shake hands with the doctor as he called out, easily,

"I'll raise that to thirteen fifty, Jake."

The auctioneer bowed his congratulations, but said, just as a matter of form, as he buttoned up his coat:

"Gentlemen, are there any other bidders? If not, I shall say going, going to—"

"Fourteen hundred."

Jake stopped short. "Did I hear fourteen? Will the gentleman please step forward?"

There was a stir in the crowd, and then a buzz of surprise, which ended in a roar of laughter, as Carl pushed his way

to the front. He was without his hat, and breathless from excitement, but looked happy nevertheless, and only grinned in answer to the questions and jokes that were rained upon him; perhaps he had grown so used to them that he did not care. The auctioneer came to his aid, and asked if he was the one who made the last bid.

"That's what I said," answered Carl, steadily. "Fourteen hundred."

"Fourteen fifty," from Derrick. He had sat down, slowly breaking a sliver of pine into tiny bits.

"Fifteen hundred—and fifty."

Carl had recovered his breath now, and the crowd listened in stupefied fascination. Carl Bent was going to get the schooner, after all, and Derrick was probably out of the race.

The auctioneer caught a whiff of the general feeling, and smiled rather disagreeably. "This is a cash sale, of course," he said, carelessly. "Are there any further bids? Mr. Derrick, any more? Captain Snelgrow?"

"I reckon not," said Carl Bent, against all propriety. "The schooner's mine, I guess, at fifteen fifty." He jingled his keys, and suddenly felt ashamed of what he had done.

Poor Tom Derrick! The little gavel came down with a bang on the salt-boxes.

"Sold to Mr. Bent," cried the auctioneer. "I congratulate you."

But Carl never heard him; he only saw Derrick's disappointment, and he went over to him.

"I hope there ain't any hard feelin', Tom; but, you see, I'd planned to buy her,

'n' I hated to lose her. I'm gittin' tired of lawbsterin'," he added, wistfully.

To the crowd who came up to shake his hand he was serenely affable.

"How'd I do it?" he answered, when questioned. "Oh, I guess if Parson Dabney hadn't been along t' help me out, I couldn't never 've done it. But now," he added, rubbing his hands somewhat boastfully, "I've got the best schooner on Cape Cod; and, what's more, she's a-comin' to me 'without incumbrance'—at least I hope so."

Whether this last statement was true or not, is still a matter of conjecture; but when Squire Bent is rowed out to his white schooner in a cedar dingy, or drives up to church on Sunday and hands his wife into the old family pew with the red cushions, South Port is very sorry that it was ever rude to him, and never notices that the Squire is crowded into the corner against the pillar and has no hymn-book, but that Mrs. Bent follows the service for both her husband and herself.

Only Buffer has his doubts on the subject. His master has been known to whisper to him, as they sit together up on Signal Hill or lie in the short grass of the sand dunes, just as in the old days:

"I wouldn't say it to everybody, dog; 'n' I wouldn't have Mary know it fer the world, but I ain't always sure that the feller who wrote them brown an' green bills told the truth; or p'raps he didn't know the nature of an incumbrance. Anyway, I don't think that schooner was worth *quite* all we gave fer her—do you?"

A RETREAT.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A PLACE I know, the haunt of dreams,
A quiet space, deep hidden away,
Where softened fall the noonday gleams,
Where one might go alone to pray.

There little winds are whispering round;
One sometimes hears the hermit-thrush;
The passing foot awakes no sound.
In that sweet sanctuary's hush.

I, who to-day must toil and spin,
Near the great city's throbbing heart,
Unto that white peace enter in,
Of that pure silence am a part.

"NAY, LIPS SO SWEET."

BY ALICE ARCHER SEWALL

NAY, lips so sweet, ye must not be so red.
Else were all roses for your sake but dead.
Would you rob us of summer for your sake?
Our pittance of dear Paradise, would take
And lock it in the garden of your smile,
Where our bereavement charmed is awhile?
Nay, lips so sweet, ye must not be so red.

Nay, eyes so clear, ye must not be so blue.
Else were all heaven entranced down to you.
Would you absorb our skies that we may know
How sweet for sunshine to yourselves to go?
And set your premium on the blessed day,
Knowing so well we cannot choose but pay?
Nay, eyes so clear, ye must not be so blue.



I.

PERSONALITY is something of a mystery. In what does it consist? Is it in the body? That changes—not only from youth to age, but from year to year, from day to day. The change is not only in substance, a momentary change, but in actual appearance, more slowly. Is the personal identity preserved in the mind? No doubt every person is conscious that he is somehow "himself" from the beginning to the end. Yet he is conscious that his mind has changed quite as much as his body. His thoughts are not the same; his convictions are not the same; above all, his tastes are different. That which pleased him once does not delight him now, and he comes to do things calmly and without inward protest that once were abhorrent to him. It may even go so far that the world does not recognize him, in his actions, for the person it formerly knew. It says, "That is not like him." He even may be surprised, if he uses his remaining consciousness to inspect himself, to find how different he has become in his desires, his affiliations, his loves and hates, his hopes. It seems

as if the very quality of his mind had changed as completely as the substance of his body. The process in both cases has been so slow that he seems to himself the same person, and he preserves also to those constantly intimate with him the same appearance and a continuous mental identity. Those daily in contact with him do not see that he visibly grows old, or that his mind has undergone an almost entire transformation. There are rare characters who carry into old age the physical alertness of youth and the spirit of the boy.

It happened this last summer that a college class held its first and only class meeting in forty-six years. Of the twenty-two surviving members, only ten, from various parts of the world, responded to the call. Not one of those who went was an old man, but all those he met had evidently been getting on in life during the period of nearly half a century since they had met face to face. This is not a matter of public concern, but it furnishes an apt illustration of the topic in hand. For the most part this remnant of a class met as strangers. They would not have known

each other in any casual encounter, and now that they stood face to face, in the expectation of seeing the boy companions, they could not call each other's names. It was as pathetic as life itself. Two or three who had been accustomed to meet in the interim since graduation did not look so old or so changed to each other. But for the others, when names were spoken, they scanned the features in vain to recall the boy of the past. It was hardly conceivable that persons could be so transformed. The thin lad had become stout; the chubby boy was tall and spare. The curly brown hair was white; the black hair was gray; the smooth face had a thick beard; there was baldness where once grew hyacinthine locks. Of all the features perhaps the eyes retained most of the youthful look, and those not at first, but only after some hours of renewed acquaintance. And there were some gestures, some use of the hands—doubtless hereditary—that recalled the boy. That which was least changed, when you became accustomed to it, was the voice. The tones were the same. Nature, while disporting herself in the most freaky way with the rest of the body, seemed to have left the larynx alone, perhaps because that harp possesses some musical quality that is most expressive of the soul. And there is authority for saying that "the voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

What had become of the class of 1851? If the physical characteristics were gone, where should we look for the boys of that day? Had they preserved the former dispositions, the former tastes? There was a time when they were united in their pursuits, in their prejudices, in their aspirations. They shared each other's secrets; they understood each other; they looked at life with pretty much the same eyes. How did the world seem to them now; what had become their conception of life? Had they come to know themselves any better? They were transparent to their comrades then. Had they learned any better to hide themselves from the observation of the world? It is my impression that everybody would be astonished to learn how accurately the world gauges him and his powers, and that if he is self-deceived by vanity or obscured by modesty, how surely he is known by those who come in contact

with him. There is such a divergence often between a man's newspaper reputation and the real estimation in which he is held. This meeting class, so united once in their pursuits, in their confidences, had diverged in every possible way. Their pursuits were unlike, their experiences, their reading, their associations, their habits of living, their methods of thought. Their acquirements were different each from the other; their ways of interpreting accepted facts were not the same. Were their minds, then, any more recognizable to each other than their physical appearances? Were they the same minds, or had not only the quality, but the woof and warp—if the mind can be considered to have such consistency—changed also?

I suppose, notwithstanding visible evidence to the contrary, that they were the same persons. Not to suppose that would be to give up the notion of identity entirely, and leave us less stable than the growing trees and the annual flowers in the fields. And in spite of appearances, there was, on acquaintance, much evidence of identity. I am not sure but it lies in the will power to keep young, and even to return to a feeling of youth after a long lapse into age. A restoration of early associations also helps. By recalling the time long ago, these men of the end of the century did in a manner become the boys of the middle of the century, and then they were able to see in each other those traits and characteristics that were once so familiar and now found on recovery to be so dear. The comradeship was re-established, for the day at least, and the unselfish liking of boys for boys came back. The recall was not altogether sad. It could not be sad to find that youth, after all, endured, and drinking at the fountain of youth seemed not wholly a fable.

The brief biographies of these survivors, which were imparted at the last supper, would not interest the public, yet they were in a way typical of American life. No career was what the boy had expected it would be. Many things had been tried before the man had settled into success or failure. The good fortune was generally as unexpected as the evil. That which seemed to promise nothing led to a fair amount of success, and the shining promise ended in disappointment. On the whole, it seemed as if an overruling fate

had made the careers. Except in one respect—and this was a most encouraging revelation—that in all the chances and changes there had been a purpose of integrity, an intention of duty and decency, that had kept the men above the chances of fate. And so it happened that while the records were spotted with defeats and failures, on the whole the men had succeeded, and the individual testimony was that the life had been a happy one. There was not much talk about money or position—these seemed accidents in the presence of these boys. The curiosity of the group was to see what sort of men they had become, rather than to learn whether they had acquired money or notoriety. Any mean or dishonest action or sharp practice revealed to this little tribunal would have seemed very offensive. I do not know that this standard of success is generally accepted, but keeping the good name of boyhood through all the allurements of life, and travelling in the middle path of unostentatious duty, is our main reliance in American society.

II.

Great grief heroically borne always commands respect, nor does the world resent any reasonable solace of suffering. I saw in a railway station recently a widow chewing gum! It was not to be denied that the heavy mourning, the dark crape veil, the general habiliments of woe, gave a certain dignity to this operation. It was the last touch of hopelessness united to vitality. The slow-moving jaws closing upon a yielding and yet semielastic substance, which there was no hope of reducing to a powder or masticating into the character of food, added something to the pathos of bereavement. To be left alone in the world chewing gum! There has been no use made of this in literature. Even the ingenious De Quincey thought of no such solace for his Lady of Sorrows. The best the poets could do before this American invention was to set their heroines to chewing the perfectly intangible conception known as the bitter cud of memory. This was becoming as an attitude, but it had nothing in it to allay grief. Here is a new field for investigation. What is the underlying philosophy of the habit of the ruminant animals? What has this pleasing process to do with the acknowledged amicable and equable disposition of the cow?

Could she support at the same time the loss of a relative and the loss of her cud? In finding a physical origin for all our emotions, it is certainly to be expected that we may be on the track of remedies for the alleviation of many distressing states of mind; and I confess that I have the same sort of hope in the gum-cure that I have in the mind-cure, and perhaps more in the cure of the mind by the action of the gums than I have for the cure of gums by the action of the mind. Certain it is that a widespread American habit ought to be turned to some account.

We have had occasion once before to explain this American habit—and explanation is sometimes justification—but we have never defended it. The time has come, however, in the light of this new use, to consider it more seriously. Taking into account the amount of money invested in the production of this substance for keeping the jaws of our population hopelessly active, and the money spent in advertising the health-giving nature of the different ingredients composing it, it is strange that none of the promoters and dealers have considered its possible service in diverting the mind from the pain of bereavement, or of putting it forward as a consolation in grief. Among the many sorts advertised and commended as having peculiar virtues, I have not seen a Widow's Chewing-Gum! This is the more surprising because the manufacturers must be aware of this great field open to them, and that persons in grief frequently do not know where to turn for consolation.

This so-called American habit is a puzzle to our foreign critics, who would, however, find fault with us whether we open our mouths or keep our mouths shut. The puzzle is that a practical people will persist in a habit which has no profit in it. Other nations, more or less civilized, chew the betel-nut or the coca, but always for the purpose of stimulation, in order to enable them to endure fatigue. Spruce gum has in it no element of intoxication, and unless it operates, as hinted above, upon the emotions, it cannot be defended as a resource. The habit is also beginning to be attacked by home critics. One of the sisters, anxious for the well-being of her sex, has published an appeal to riders of bicycles not to chew gum when they ride. The ground of protest seems to be that the energy needed for pedalling is wasted

in keeping the jaws in active movement, and that this tends to distract the attention from the perils of the way. This critic evidently misunderstands the motive of the gum-chewing rider. To the spectator there is a sort of harmony between the action of the lower limbs and the vigorous motion of the jaws. And I do not believe that any woman who cannot chew gum and at the same time ride a bicycle should be trusted on a bicycle at all. There used to be going around an old definition of a stupid man that he did not know enough to chew gum and look off! But this does not apply to an expert gum-chewer and an expert bicycle-rider. The real reason for combining these two operations is the observation that the riding of the bicycle is producing what is known as the bicycle face, or bicycle expression—that set look of anxiety and determination which is hardening into a facial habit. It is to break up this expression by keeping the jaws in motion that young women make this public exhibition of themselves to which their sister objects. It has nothing to do with the conservation of energy, but with the conservation of a pleasing feminine expression. It may not be effective. But if it is not, there is no use in chewing gum at all. For I confess that I have not much faith in it as a prophylactic for sorrow. The world is very old, and sorrow has been so long our companion that I have small expectation of seeing it much mitigated by the process of opening and closing the mouth upon a substance that has no stimulating properties.

III.

The susceptibility of Americans to new ideas is a notable element in the prosperity of the country. The people are willing to try anything that is new. This is specially true of the West, where the enterprising inhabitants are always seeking short-cuts to wealth and to knowledge. This adventurous spirit often leads to superficiality, but it has also been very fruitful of new methods of school education. The kindergarten idea was taken up and developed in the West. There manual training was first tried on a large scale with satisfactory results. And it was teachers in the West who first brought about the introduction of "literature" in the lower grades as the best means of interesting undeveloped minds.

In fact, they demonstrated the truth that it is better for the child to feed upon ideas, upon thought, upon real stories, and the lives of real people, and the stimulating sentiments of all the ages, than upon the inane sentences and jejune and successful effort to be childish of the reading-books.

Our susceptibility to new ideas has caused great progress in educational methods within the last ten years. I believe that the beneficent changes are mostly due to the teachers themselves, and certainly to those who have had practical experience in education. Naturally those changes are more pronounced in the city schools than in the country districts. But another trait of our people has come in to limit the effect and to misdirect these improvements. And that is our disposition to take for granted that a thing is well done when it is once started, and to trust in machine-work. We have a facility for being deceived by appearances, and to think that when we have set going a promising machine there is no need of inspection and of individual effort. There is consequently a strong tendency to make our schools mechanical, adhering to the forms of education and neglecting its substance. Under a mechanical system the qualifications of the teacher are not enough insisted on; it requires only average intelligence to "tend" a text-book machine, yet everybody knows that the teacher is the one indispensable element in any system of education, and that the ordinary mind can only be developed by contact with another mind that is superior and has a sympathetic stimulating influence. Not only is it true that knowledge begets knowledge, but it is a maxim as old as the race that the strongest influence in life is an inspiring personality.

This is illustrated in the working of the kindergarten as a part of our educational system. Philosophically the kindergarten needs no defence, for the real education of children—that is, the awakening of the mind and self-control—cannot begin too young. Especially is it necessary in a country where home life is degrading or unstimulating, and without any suggestions of a higher life. There is no training that can take the place of that in a well-ordered intellectual home, but where such a home for children does not exist some substitute must be found for it. But admirable as the system of

Fröbel is, the last word has not been said of it as applied in this country. As a mere machine for passing the time it does not accomplish what its advocates have a right to expect. It is discovered that almost everything depends upon the teacher, her knowledge of books, of human nature, her sympathy, and, above all, her personality. It is the personal influence that is strongest with young children. The mere knowledge imparted is of comparatively little importance if the mind is awakened and self-control acquired—in a word, if discipline is begun; but still something is to be said about the things taught. There is always more danger in underrating the intelligence of a child than in overrating it. The making of mud pies is very well, if the children use their own ingenuity in making them, but it is safe to make in the kindergarten a more intellectual appeal. All children relish a real story, a bit of folk-lore, or an old myth, and it is astonishing how their minds will reach out to find out something for themselves; that is what we call, later on, investigation and research. I have seen kindergartens where the children were very listless in going through artificial games and repeating jingling rhymes that meant nothing. It is true that the attention of the youngest should not be kept long at any one thing, but their interest will best be secured by some real thing. There are few children who are not interested in birds and flowers, in the rudiments of natural history. There are few who do not soon tire of perfunctory and routine exercises, especially if personal enthusiasm is lacking in the teacher. I confess that the awakening and control of the young mind, and the mind already perverted, is the most delicate and difficult task to which a teacher can set herself.

It has been often said that no person is fit to teach literature, especially in the lower school grades, who is not pervaded by it, and in his or her practice mostly independent of text-books. And there is another branch of common-school education that is even more in want of reform than this. Several years ago the idea was taken up that drawing should be taught in the public schools. It was said that any one who could learn to write could learn to draw. It was not expected that any more persons would excel in drawing than excel in music, but that

most of the students could acquire some knack in representing objects, mechanically or otherwise, and that this would be an accomplishment always useful to them in trades and in making notes of things to be remembered, and that, above all, it would evoke the power of accurate observation of nature. The idea was adopted and spread rapidly, and now drawing is a part of the education in almost all public schools, and the public has settled down into the agreeable notion that all the children are learning to draw. Probably this is not true of one in a hundred. The machine has been set in motion, and much time is wasted in work that does not interest the scholars and that is fruitless. Why is this so? In the first place, the system is commonly wrong—not in all schools, but in the majority, as I am informed. The pupil is set to imitating, to copying, and is not taught the simple fundamental principles upon which the art of drawing rests. In some cases the old method of copying another picture or drawing is adhered to; in others some natural object is copied. In one school all the pupils at their desks were seen copying the leaf of a tree which lay before them; not drawing the leaf, but copying it in all its veins and indentations, as if it were a map. They had not been instructed to observe the leaf and draw it as it looks, but to reproduce its flat surface. What is the reason of this? Simply that as a general thing *perspective* is not taught in the public-school drawing. It seems incredible, but I am assured that this is true in a great many schools, if not in the majority. Without a knowledge of perspective no one can see any object as it truly is, in its relations, and of course he cannot draw it. The second reason of failure in teaching drawing in the public schools is that so many of the teachers are not masters of the art, and do not themselves know anything of perspective. The consequence is that the instruction is fundamentally vicious, and the time spent by the pupil either with pencil or brush is wasted. Schools that will not reform in this respect would do well to confine their pupils to purely mechanical drawing.

The pupils would then at least get some idea of proportion, and this notion of proportion might influence their literary production. Very much of the writing now published is after the fashion of the drawing in the public schools.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

THE VARIOUS TEMPERS OF GRANDMOTHER GREGG.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

WHEN the doctor drove by the Gregg farm about dusk, and saw old Deacon Gregg perched cross-legged upon his own gate-post, he knew that something was wrong within, and he could not resist the temptation to drive up and speak to the old man.

It was common talk in the neighborhood that when Grandmother Gregg made things too warm for him in-doors, the good man, her spouse, was wont to stroll out to the front gate and to take this exalted seat.

Indeed, it was said by a certain Mrs. Frequent, a neighbor of prying proclivities and ungente speech, that the deacon's wife sent him there as a punishment for misdemeanors. Furthermore, this same Mrs. Frequent did even go so far as to watch for the deacon, and when she would see him laboriously rise and resignedly poise himself upon the narrow area, she would remark:

"Well, I see Grandma Gregg has got the old man punished again. Wonder what he's been up to now?"

Her constant repetition of the unkind charge finally gained for it such credence that the diminutive figure upon the gate-post became an object of mingled sympathy and mirth in the popular regard.

The old doctor was the friend of a lifetime, and he was sincerely attached to the deacon, and when he turned his horse's head toward the gate this evening, he felt his heart go out in sympathy to the old man in durance vile upon his lonely perch.

But he had barely started to the gate when he heard a voice which he recognized as the deacon's, whereupon he would have hurried away had not his horse committed him to his first impulse by unequivocally facing the gate.

"I know three's a crowd," he called out cheerily as he presently drew rein, "but I ain't a-goin' to stay; I jest— Why, where's grandma?" he added, abruptly, seeing the old man alone. "I'm shore I heard—"

"You jest heerd me a-talkin' to myself, doctor—or not to myself, exactly, neither—that is to say, when you come up I was addressin' my remarks to this here pill."

"Bill? I don't see no bill." The doctor drew his buggy nearer. He was a little deaf.

"No; I said this pill, doctor. I'm a-holdin' of it here in the pa'm o' my hand, a-studyin' over it."

"What's she a-dosin' you for now, Enoch?"

The doctor always called the deacon by his first name when he approached him in sympathy. He did not know it. Neither did the

deacon, but he felt the sympathy, and it unlocked the portals of his heart.

"Well"—the old man's voice softened—"she thinks I stand in need of 'em, of co'se. The fact is, that yaller-spotted steer run agin her clo'es-line twice-t to-day, drug the whole week's washin' onto the ground, an' then tromped on it. She's inside a-renciu' an' a-starchin' of 'em over now. An' right on top o' that, I come in lookin' sort o' punny an' peaked, an' I happened to choke on a muskitty jest ez I come in, an' she declared she wasn't a-goin' to have a consumed man sick on her hands an' a clo'es-destroyin' steer at the same time. An' with that she up an' wiped her hands on her apron, an' went an' selected this here pill out of a bottle of assorted sizes, an' instructed me to take it. They never was a thing done mo' delib'rate an' kind—never on earth. But of co'se you an' she know how it plegs me to take physic. You could mould out ice-cream in little pill shapes an' it would gag me, even ef 'twas vanilly-flavored. An' so, when I received it, why, I jest come out here to meditate. You can see it from where you set, doctor. It's a purty sizeable one, and I'm mighty suspicious of it."

The doctor cleared his throat. "Yas, I can see it, Enoch—of co'se."

"Could you jedge of it, doctor? That is, of its capabilities, I mean?"

"Why, no, of co'se not—not less'n I'd taste it, an' you can do that ez well ez I cau. If it's quinine, it'll be bitter; an' ef it's soggy an'—"

"Don't explain no mo', doctor. I can't stand it. I s'pose it's jest ez foolish to investigate the inwardness of a pill a person is bound to take ez it would be to try to lif' the veil of the future in any other way. When I'm obligated to swallow one of 'em, I jest take a swig o' good spring water and repeat a po'tion of Scripture and commit myself unto the Lord. I always seem foreordained to choke to death, but I notice that ef I recover from the first spell o' suffocation, I always come through. But I 'ain't never took one yet thet I didn't in a manner prepare to die."

"Then I wouldn't take it, Enoch. Don't do it." The doctor cleared his throat again, but this time he had no trouble to keep the corners of his mouth down. His sympathy robbed him for the time of the humor in the situation. "No, I wouldn't do it; d—doggone ef I would."

The deacon looked into the palm of his hand and sighed. "Oh, yas, I reckon I better take it," he said, mildly. "Ef I don't stand in need

of it now, maybe the good Lord 'll sto'e it up in my system, some way, 'g'inust a future attackt."

"Well"—the doctor reached for his whip—"well, I wouldn't do it—steer or no steer!"

"Oh, yas, I reckon you would, doctor, ef you had a wife ez worried over a wash-tub ez what mine is. An' I had a extry shirt in wash this week too. One little pill ain't much when you take in how she's been tantalized."

The doctor laughed outright.

"Tell you what to do, Enoch. Fling it away and don't let on. She don't question you, does she?"

"No, she 'ain't never to say questioned me, but— Well, I tried that once-t. Sampled a bitter white capsule she give me, put it down for quinine, an' flung it away. Then I chirped up an' said I felt a heap better—and that wasn't no lie—which I suppose was on account o' the relief to my mind, which it always did seem to me capsules was jest constructed to lodge in a person's air-passages. Well, I taken notice that she'd look at me keen now an' agin, an' then glance at the clock, an' treckly I see her fill the goun'd dipper an' go to her medicine-cabinet, an' then she come to me an' she says, says she, 'Open yore mouth!' An' of co'se I opened it. You see that first capsule, ez well ez the one she had jest administered, was mostly morphine, which she had give me to ward off a 'tack't o' the neuralgic she see approachin', and here I had been tryin' to live up to the requi'ements of quinine, an' wrastlin' severe with a sleepy spell, which, ef I'd only knew it, would o' saved me. Of co'se, after the second dose-t, I jest let nature take its co'se, an' treckly I commenced to doze off, an' seemed like I was a feather bed an' wife had hung me on the fence to sun, an' I remember how she seemed to be a-whuppin' of me, but it didn't hurt. That was on account of it bein' goose-pickin' time, an' she was werrited with windy weather, an' she tryin' to fill the feather beds. No, I won't never try to deceive her again. It never has seemed to me that she could have the same respect for me after ketchin' me at it, though she 'ain't never referred to it but once-t, an' that was the time I was elected deacon, an' even then she didn't do it out-spoke. She seemed mighty tender over it, an' didn't no mo'n remind me that a officer in a Christian church ought to examine hisself mighty consciencions an' be sure he was free of deceit, which, seemed to me, showed a heap o' consideration. She 'ain't got a deceitful bone in her body, doctor."

"Why, bless her old soul, Enoch, you know that I think the world an' all o' Grandma Gregg! She's the salt o' the earth—an' rock-salt at that. She's saved too many o' my patients by her good nursin', in spite o' my poor doctorin', for me not to appreciate her. But that don't reconcile me to the way she doses you for her worries."

"It took me a long time to see that myself,

doctor. But I've reasoned it out this a-way: I s'pose when she feels her temper a-risin' she's 'feerd that she might be so took up with her troubles that she'd neglect my health, an' so she wards off any attackt that might be com-in' on. I taken notice that time her strawberry preserves all soured on her hands, an' she painted my face with iodine, a man did die o' the erysipelas down here at Battle Creek, an' likely ez not she'd heerd of it. Sir! No, I didn't mention it at the time for fear she'd think best to lay on another coat, an' I felt sort o' disfigured with it. Wife ain't a scold-in' woman, I'm thankful for that. An' some o' the peppermints an' things she keeps to dole out to me when she's fretted with little things—maybe her yeast 'll refuse to rise, or a thunder-storm 'll kill a settin' of eggs—why, they're so disguised that 'cep'n' thet I know they're medicine—"

"Well, Kitty, I reckon we better be a-goin'." The doctor tapped his horse. "Be shore to give my love to grandma, Enoch. An' ef you're bound to take that pill—of co'se I can't no mo'n speculate about it at this distance, but I'd advise you to keep clear o' sours an' acids for a day or so. Don't think, because your teeth are all adjustable, thet none o' yore other functions ain't open to salivation. Good-night, Enoch."

"Oh, she always looks after that, doctor. She's mighty attentive, come to withholdin' harmful temptations. Good-by, doctor. It's did me good to open my mind to you a little."

"Yas," he added, looking steadily into his palm as the buggy rolled away—"yas, it's did me good to talk to him; but I ain't no more reconciled to you, you barefaced, high-foreheaded little roly-poly, you. Funny how a pill thet 'ain't got a feature on earth can look me out o' countenance the way it can, and frustrate my speech. Talk about whited sepulchres, an' ravenin' wolves! I don't know how come I to let on thet I was feelin' puny to-night, nohow. I might've knew—with all them clo'es ce-daubled over; though I can't, ez the doctor says, see how me a-takin' a pill is goin' to help matters; but of co'se I wouldn't let on to him, an' he a bachelor."

He stopped talking and felt his wrist.

"Maybe my pulse is obstropulous, an' ought to be sedated down. Reckon I'll haf to kill that steer—or sell him—one, though I swo'e I wouldn't. But of co'se I swo'e that in a temper, an' temp'rate vows ain't never made 'cep'in' to be repented of."

Several times during the last few minutes, while the deacon spoke, there had come to him across the garden from the kitchen the unmistakable odor of fried chicken.

He had foreseen that there would be a good supper to-night, and that the tiny globule within his palm would constitute for him a prohibition concerning it.

Grandmother Gregg was one of those worthy if difficult women who never let anything in



"THE GOOD WOMAN EYED HIM SUSPICIOUSLY."

terfere with her duty as she saw it magnified by the lenses of pain or temper. It usually pleased her injured mood to make waffles on wash-day, and the hen-house owed many renovations, with a reckless upsetting of nests and roosts, to one of her "splittin' headaches." She always would wash her hair in view of impending company, although she averred that to wet her scalp never failed to bring on the "neuraligy." And her "neuraligy" in turn meant medicine for the deacon.

It was probably the doctor's timely advice, augmented, possibly, by the potencies of the frying-pan, with a strong underlying sympathy with the worrying woman within—it was, no doubt, all these powers combined that suddenly surprised the hitherto complying husband into such unprecedented conduct that any one knowing him in his old character, and seeing him now, would have thought that he had lost his mind.

With a swift and brave fling he threw the pill far into the night. Then, in an access of energy born of internal panic, he slid nimbly from his perch and started in a steady jog-trot into the road, wiping away the tears as he went, and stammering between sobs as he stumbled over the ruts:

"No, I won't—yas, I will, too—doggone shame, and she frettin' her life out—of co'se I will—I'll sell 'im for anything he'll fetch—an' I'll be a better man, yas, yas I will—but I

won't swaller another one o' them blame—not ef I die for it."

This report, taken in long-hand by an amused listener by the road-side, is no doubt incomplete in its ejaculatory form, but it has at least the value of accuracy, so far as it goes, which may be had only from a verbatim transcript.

It was perhaps three-quarters of an hour later when Enoch entered the kitchen, wiping his face, nervous, weary, embarrassed. Supper was on the table. The blue-bordered dish, heaped with side bones and second joints done to a turn, was moved to a side station, while in its accustomed place before Enoch's plate there sat an ominous bowl of gruel. The old man did not look at the table, but he saw it all. He would have realized it with his eyes shut. Domestic history, as well as that of greater principalities and powers, often repeats itself.

Enoch's fingers trembled as he came near his wife, and standing with his back to the table, began to untie a broad flat parcel that he had brought in under his arm. She paused in one of her trips between the table and stove, and regarded him askance.

"Reckon I'll haf to light the lantern befo' I set down to eat, wife," he said, by way of introduction. "Isrul 'll be along d'ree'ly to rope that steer. I've done sold him." The good woman laid her dish upon the table and returned to the stove.

"Wish you'd a' sold 'im day befo' yesterday. I'd a' had a heap less pain in my shoulder-blade." She sniffed as she said it; and then she added, "That gruel ought to be e't warm."

By this time the parcel was open. There was a brief display of colored zephyrs and gleaming card-board. Then Enoch began re-wrapping them.

"Reckon you can look these over in the mornin', wife. They're jest a few new cross-stitch Bible texts, an' I knowed you liked Scripture mottoes. Where'll I lay 'em, wife, while I go out an' tend to lightin' that lantern? I told Isrul I'd set it in the stable door so's he could git that steer out o' the way immejate."

The proposal to lay the mottoes aside was a master-stroke.

The aggrieved wife had already begun to wipe her hands on her apron. Still, she would not seem too easily appeased.

"I do hope you 'ain't gone an' turned that whole steer into perforated paper, Enoch, even ef 'tis Bible-texted over."

Thus she guarded her dignity. But even as she spoke she took the parcel from his hands. This was encouragement enough. It presaged a thawing out. And after Enoch had gone out to light the lantern, it would have amused a sympathetic observer to watch her gradual melting as she looked over the mottoes:

"A VIRTUOUS WIFE IS FAR ABOVE RUBIES."

"A PRUDENT WIFE IS FROM THE LORD."

"BETTER A DINNER OF HERBS WHERE LOVE IS—"

She read them over and over. Then she laid them aside and looked at Enoch's plate. Then she looked at the chicken-dish, and then at the bowl of gruel which she had carefully set on the back of the stove to keep warm.

"Don't know ez it would hurt 'im any ef I'd thicken that gruel up into mush. He's took sech a distaste to soft food sense he's got that new set."

She rose as she spoke, poured the gruel back into the pot, sifted and mixed a spoonful of meal and stirred it in. This done, she hesitated, glanced at the pile of mottoes, and reflected. Then with a sudden resolve she seized the milk-pitcher, filled a cup from it, poured the milk into the little pot of mush, hastily whipped up two eggs with some sugar, added the mixture to the pot, returned the whole to the yellow bowl, and set it in the oven to brown.

And just then Enoch came in, and approached the water-shelf.

"Don't keer how you polish it, a brass lantern an' coal ile is like murder on a man's hands. It will out."

He was thinking of the gruel, and putting off the evil hour. It had been his intention to boldly announce that he hadn't taken his medicine, that he never would again unless he needed it, and, moreover, that he was go-

ing to eat his supper to-night, and always, as long as God should spare him, etc., etc., etc.

But he had no sooner found himself in the presence of long-confessed superior powers than he knew he would never do any of these things.

His wife was thinking of the gruel too when she encouraged delay by remarking that he would better rest up a bit before eating.

"And I reckon you better soak yo' hands good. Take a pinch o' that bran out o' the safe to 'em," she added, "and ef that don't do, the Floridy water is in on my bureau."

When finally Enoch presented himself, ready for his fate, she was able to set the mush pudding, done to a fine brown, before him, and her tone was really tender as she said:

"This ain't very hearty ef you're hungry; but you can eat it all. There ain't no interference in it with anything you've took."

The pudding was one of Enoch's favorite dishes, but as he broke its brown surface with his spoon he felt like a hypocrite. He took one long breath, and then he said:

"By-the-way, wife, this reminds me, I reckon you'll haf to fetch me another o' them pills. I dropped that one out in the grass—that is, ef you think I still stand in need of it. I feel consider'ble better'n I did when I come in this evenin'."

The good woman eyed him suspiciously a minute. Then her eyes fell upon the words **"ABOVE RUBIES"** lying upon the table. Reaching over, she lifted the pudding-bowl aside, took the dish of fried chicken from its sub-station, and set it before her lord.

"Better save that pudd'n' for dessert, honey, an' help yo' self to some o' that chicken, an' take a potater an' a roll, and eat a couple o' them spring onions—they're the first we've had. Sence you're a-feelin' better, maybe it's jest ez well that you mislaid that pill."

The wind blows sometimes from the east in Simkinsville, as elsewhere, and there are still occasional days when the deacon betakes himself to the front gate and sits like a nineteenth-century Simon Stilites on his pillar, contemplating the open palm of his own hand, while he enriches Mrs. Frequent's *répertoire* of gossip by a picturesque item.

But the reverse of the picture has much of joy in it; for, in spite of her various tempers, Grandmother Gregg is a warm-hearted soul—and she loves her man. And he loves her.

Listen to him to-night, for instance, as, having finished his supper, he remarks:

"An' I'm a-goin' to see to it, from this on, that you ain't fretted with things ez you've been, ef I can help it, wife. Sometimes, the way I act, I seem like ez ef I forgit you're all I've got—on earth."

"Of co'se I realize that, Enoch," she replies. "We're each one all the other's got—an' that's why I don't spare no pains to keep you in health."



A THEATRICAL GENIUS.

HOOPER was a great man for getting things up. The sort of man who bores you to death in the city, where there is so much to do, but who is simply invaluable in a country hotel.

When I went down to Piney Pines last summer I found Hooper in the midst of getting up theatricals. They were to be for the benefit of something, nobody seemed to know what—possibly Hooper's—but nobody cared, for that matter. The principal interest centred in Hooper's Great Idea. Hooper was nothing if not original, and this time he had outdone himself. The theatricals were to be held out-of-doors and at night. The canal runs along about a mile back of the hotel, and Hooper had conceived the brilliant scheme of utilizing a canal-boat for the stage, and seating the audience on the steep bank running down to the tow-path. This was the Idea in its incipency. Hooper was nothing if not ambitious, and he had selected a play for his Piney Pines amateurs requiring no less than five changes of scene. Facilities for scene-shifting are not plentiful on canal-boats, and the next step in the development of the Idea was—well, it was Hooperesque.

It was to secure five canal-boats, set a scene on each boat, haul each one into view at the proper time, haul it off at the end of the act, and haul on the succeeding scene.

Everybody declared that Hooper deserved credit for the Idea, but, after all, it was the carrying it out that was the great achievement. Nobody but Hooper would have undertaken to engage five canal-boat captains to lend the use of their crafts to such an enterprise for no other consideration than free admission to the show. Yet this is what Hooper did.

The news of Hooper's Idea spread far and wide, and parties came from as far as Hopatcong to see the show.

The first act went off splendidly, and at its close the first boat was promptly drawn off, and the second one drawn into view. But although no change of costume was required for the performers, there was an unaccountable delay in beginning the act. Suddenly Hooper was seen mounted on a mule belonging to one of the rear boats, and riding frantically down the tow-path in the direction of the disappearing opening scene.

It was half an hour before he returned, leading the mule, on which was seated the leading lady, while the other actors tramped along behind. The unæsthetic canal-boat captain, disgusted either with the play or his bargain, had declined to stop to allow the performers to alight and to remove the scenery before he came to the next lock, a mile below. He said that nothing had been mentioned in his contract about making any stops after his act was over.

After some little further delay the second act began, but the captain of the boat had

become restless, and demanded that Hooper should give him additional compensation for the extra time. Hooper declined, and without further ado the captain gave orders to the driver, and all at once the audience saw the boat begin to move off in the middle of the act. Hooper rushed to the front and explained the circumstances, and a number of gentlemen darted forward to seize the mule, but the driver, an ugly-looking fellow, flourished an uglier-looking revolver, and they desisted. Then somebody suggested cutting the rope, but as the captain was seen standing in the bow with a shot-gun, this plan was abandoned also.

But Hooper rose to the occasion. When he saw that all efforts to stop the boat were vain, he ordered the performance to go on, and as the boat moved slowly, a large portion of the audience, by walking alongside on the tow-path, were enabled to hear the end of the act, which was reached at the same time as the lock.

It was then perceived that the other boats had followed up the second, and their captains, being more considerate, consented to fulfil their contracts with Hooper. The last two captains had even had the courtesy to bring down the rest of the audience.

Hooper was so elated at the manner in which he had surmounted every difficulty that he treated the entire crowd to a free ride home on an empty boat going that way. Next year, he says, he is going to repeat the performance on moving boats, and run an observation train of wagons alongside to carry the audience.

H. G. PAINE.

REPENTANT.

THE Drawer has received the following story concerning a certain reverend gentleman whose name is withheld.

The hero of the tale was regarded as one of the brightest men in the Ohio Conference, but he had one besetting sin—exaggeration. The habit had become so fixed, and he carried it to such lengths, that it was not only a matter of comment among his parishioners, but among the preachers in that part of the State, and the latter determined to bring the case before the annual conference at its next session. It was customary when any personal matter affecting the preacher was to be discussed to request him to retire. When the accused gentleman's turn came he gracefully withdrew, and the complaint concerning his unfortunate habit was considered. Upon his return the bishop informed his errant brother that the brethren feared he was doing the cause great harm by his abnormal tendency to "draw the long-bow," and hoped he would make an effort to overcome the habit. The minister confessed his guilt with humility, adding plaintively that he realized his failing, and that he had "shed barrels of tears over it."

This was too much even for a Methodist conference, and brought down the house.



GOLF WIDOWS.

"Did you notice who those two men were who passed up the path and bowed just now? They were going toward the links."
 "I couldn't tell exactly. I saw them go by, and it seemed to me they were your husband and mine, but I'm not sure."
 "That's what I thought; the man on the right looked like George, as I remember him."
 "And the other had James's walk, anyhow."
 "Yes, he did. I wonder if they've changed much?"

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

NOT so many years ago in England there was a country legal practitioner whose greatest ambition was to see his only son become a minister of the Church, and having scraped together a fair share of this world's goods, he purchased the advowson of a country parish church. In due course of time the son, a jovial, kind-hearted fellow, passed his university examination, and thereupon became entitled to sign after his name S.C.L. (i. e., Scholar of Civil Law), until the degree of B.A. was attained, which latter, however, he never took the trouble to assume. Soon after entering on his parish duties he became a universal favorite, and was in constant demand for charity sermons or addresses in various places, and announcements of such were posted conspicuously around. Two rustics one day scanned one of these posters, which informed the public that on a certain forth-coming Sunday a sermon would be preached by the Rev. W. Greenway, S.C.L. These letters puzzled their brains for some time, each having his own idea as to their meaning, until one of them suddenly exclaimed:

"I have it, Bill. I know his father well. Them letters mean *Son of a Country Lawyer*."

A BLESSED CONSOLATION.

ON a circus day in H—— some years ago as the balloon was about to ascend, the throng of country folk was great, and excitement ran high.

"A beautiful young lady"—so the bills had announced—was to make an ascension. The crowds grew somewhat impatient during the inflation of the balloon, but at last all was ready. The damsel appeared, kissed her hand to the audience in the most conventional circus-ring fashion, and gracefully mounted the trapeze. The balloon was then unloosed, and shot upwards with great velocity. The evident hazard of the aeronaut caused general apprehension. Nervous ladies unused to such sights became hysterical, and from these groans and exclamations were constantly heard. In many an upturned face were depicted the awe and anxiety of unsophisticated souls. As the balloon faded away in the zenith, an old lady, mistaken somewhat as to the balloon's ultimate destination, at last broke the oppressive silence, exclaiming, consolingly:

"Poor thing! It's awful to go that way, but I guess we ought not to grieve for her. No doubt she is far better off than she ever was in this wicked world."



THE LAY OF THE LADY LOBSTER.

WHILE roaming o'er the glinting sands,
Beside the tumbling sea,
I met an ancient fiddler-crab,
Who made a face at me:
I hadn't stared at him a bit;
'Twas rude as rude could be.

He saw my pained expression and
Apologized straightway;
Then, with a most effective style,
He scraped a roundelay,
And asked, "Could he relate his woe?"
Of course I said, "You may."

He took a bite of jelly-fish
Before he could commence,
Next played a brilliant overture
(His bowing was immense),
And then rehearsed this mournful lay,
With moving eloquence:

"Some fifty feet or so from shore,
Yet, oh! so far from me,
There lives a lady lobster who
Is wondrous fair to see;
Her back is most divinely green;
Her age is only three.

"Her claws are tipped with nippers which
She manicures each day;
The flipper of her tail is pink;
Her feelers, green and gray,
She wears them curled in papers in
A most bewitching way.

"She dwells beside the outer bar,
Within a broken weir.
I haven't seen her since the storm
That washed her up last year.
She smiled but once, then scuttled back,—
Excuse this scalding tear.

"That smile set my crustacean heart
With burning love aglow.
I long to seek her in the waves,
And yet I dare not go,—
Because"—he heaved a weary sigh—
"The blue-fish love me so.

"But if you waded to the bar,
And offered her your toe,
Perhaps my love would come to me."
Now this was nerve, you know,
Yet I replied politely, though
I longed to tell him so:

"Your words have been so graphic that
I recognize your friend;
It pains me much to tell you of
Her late lamented end.
She caused me several sleepless nights,—
I trust I don't offend?

"We met a week last Tuesday in
A plate of *mayonnaise*;
Perhaps you'd see some of her now
By using cathode rays."
"Alas!" he sighed, "such foolishness!
Those were her *salad* days!"

He played a brief cadenza, which
Was most replete with woe,
Then scuttled to the brimming waves
As fast as he could go.
The blue-fish have dyspepsia now,—
You see, they loved him so.

HENRY B. CULVER.





"I KNELT AND KISSED HIS HAND WITH MY HEART ON MY LIPS."

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SPANISH JOHN.

Being a memoir, now first published in complete form, of the Early Life and Adventures of Colonel John McDonell, known as Spanish John, when a Lieutenant in the Company of St. James, Regiment Irlanda, in the Service of the King of Spain, operating in Italy.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

I.

How Angus McDonald of Clanranald and I fell into evil company when on our way to the Scots College in Rome; how we made friends in high places; and how all this led to my leaving my books to follow the drum.

"WHAT in the name of Bellona are you two infants doing with those knives?" exclaimed Mr. O'Rourke, the Irish student, to Angus McDonald and myself, as we were examining our latest purchases before leaving Leghorn. "Do you imagine those are the text-books in use in the Scots College? But perchance 'tis the buttery your eyes are fixed on, and a course in carving bounds your ambitions."

"Nothing of the sort, Mr. O'Rourke; but my uncle Scottos, who knows all of foreign parts, has a saying that 'a man unarmed is a man in danger'; and if Angus and I are to go on to Rome from here without you, we wish to feel we are not unprotected."

"Your uncle Scottos is a gallant soldier and well travelled, but would not Luigi, your guide, and the safety of the main highway, and my promise to meet you on your road suffice, Mr. McDonell of Scottos?" he said, laughing.

"Now, Mr. O'Rourke, do not begin again at your funning, for it is hard for me to understand. We are much beholden to you for your kindness to us on our journey thus far, but until we meet with you again we are responsible for our own safe-keeping."

"I wonder you can sleep o' nights with thinking on it!" he began; but seeing this was little more to my liking he changed his tone. "No, no, lads; knives and stilettos are but thieves' weapons at

best. Your gentility and courtesy are your best safeguards; obedience to Luigi will keep you away from mischiefs that a man's arm might not get you out of; and remember you will do more credit to your uncle Scottos and to every one whose good opinion you prize by your breeding than your valor. And now good-by, and God bless you both! Keep your eyes wide open for me at some point before you reach Bolsena. Good-by. Good-by."

So saying, he embraced us both warmly, and we set forth on our journey from Leghorn to Rome in charge of Luigi, our guide and interpreter.

The inns were mostly bad, and we suffered greatly from fleas, which were nearly as many and as hard to get rid of as the beggars, until we came to the small town, most strongly placed, called Aquapendente; and here, before the door of the "Tre Corone," we found Mr. O'Rourke standing head and shoulders above the crowd. We were so overjoyed to see him once more that we flew into his arms, and there was great laughing and outcry for a few moments. At length he shook himself free, and pretended to rate us.

"Here! here! You're forgetting your manners entirely! Don't you see I'm talking to a gentleman, or was, until you two young Highland caterans fell on me? Now let me see what you have learnt by your foreign travels.

"Captain Creach," said he, turning to the gentleman who was looking on and laughing, but who at once put on an air of attention, "this is Ian, or, in English, John McDonell, of Scottos, of the mature age of twelve, the scion of a worthy family, whose ancestors have ruled in Knoidart and parts adjacent from the days of

Noah downwards. And this is Mr. Angus McDonald, of Clanranald, who confesses to fourteen years, whose name is known with distinction in the Highlands and with fear in the countries to the south. They are travelling to Rome, there to complete their studies, and afterwards may enter into competition for the higher offices in the gift of his Holiness, provided secular callings have not a greater charm. I have had the honor of travelling in their company, and can answer for their principles, if not always for their discretion." And so he rattled on with much more of his Irish balderdash, without sense or ending, until Captain Creach, who was a small, genteel-looking man with a very white face, dressed in a habit half civil, half military, cut him short and shook hands with us, saying he was sure we would prove a credit to our names wherever we might go; though he would be sorry to see two such lads hiding their figures in black petticoats. This warmed me to him at once, and when I learned that he had actually been in the Regiment Irlandia, that very regiment in which my uncle Scottos had served with such distinction, my delight knew no bounds. It was a pity he did not remember my uncle Scottos, but he was too young for that, though he knew his name well, which did not astonish me.

We spent the morning merrily. I paying for a bottle for him and Mr. O'Rourke, and Angus and I agreed to wait over the day so that we might enjoy their company further, as the captain was on his way north and Mr. O'Rourke was not yet ready for Rome. Luigi we sent to enjoy himself after his own fashion.

While the dinner was preparing, Angus and Mr. O'Rourke set off to see the fall of water near by, and I remained in the upper room with my new friend, as I had much yet to inquire about the regiment. But after a little he seemed to weary of my questioning, and suddenly without any introduction asked me if I had any money by me.

"Yes," I answered, honestly enough.

"Well, then, I'll have to accept a loan from you," he said, carelessly, as if we'd been long discussing the matter.

"I'm sorry I cannot oblige you, sir," said I, rising in my place and beginning to walk up and down, feeling mighty uncomfortable.

"Come, come, my lad," he said, in a

voice he tried to make very friendly. "We soldiers have our ups and downs, and always help each other. Your uncle Scottos would be proud to help a brother officer."

"That may be, sir; but, according to your own showing, you never had the honor to know my uncle Scottos, who is not here to answer for himself."

"You little puppy!" he roared, "do you know nothing of what should be between gentlemen?"

He saw by my face he had made a mistake, and at once went on a new tack. "But there, there! You must pardon my heat; I am only a rough soldier, and am slow to take a jest. Believe me, I had no intention to frighten you."

I was the angry one now. "I know nothing of your intents, Captain Creach," said I. "I am only sure of one thing, and that is you didn't, and you can't, frighten me. I have just enough money for us to get to Rome, and couldn't make a loan to you or any other, were I ever so willing. So there the matter rests."

My words were hardly out before he rushed at me. I was on my guard, and throwing over a chair in his way, nearly upset him; but he recovered before I could get at him, and in a minute more he had me by the collar, shaking the life out of me. I did my best to butt him with my head, but could not get room; so I was kicking and striking and biting like an otter, making noise enough to bring the house down, when the door flew open and in rushed Angus.

He never waited a moment but attacked the captain behind, catching his legs very cleverly, whereon I giving a sudden shove, down we went, all three together, rolling over and over among the chairs and under the table.

Angus and I were both as strong as ponies, and didn't know fear in such a fight; and the captain being a small man, we were not very unequal; so in a minute we had him on his back, I sitting on his chest, with both my knees on his arms, doing my best to get at my French knife so I might cut his wicked throat, when in rushed Mr. O'Rourke, who, catching my hand just as I had my knife free, upset us both, and dragged the captain to his feet.

"What is all this jerrymahoo about, you young savages?" he shouted. But I couldn't answer, as I was wild to get at



"WE HAD HIM ON HIS BACK, WHEN IN RUSHED MR. O'ROURKE."

the captain again, now I had recovered my wind; and a good day's work it would have been for me and for others had I done so.

However, Mr. O'Rourke held me at arm's-length until I quieted down, and after sending away the inn people, who were crowding through the door, now they saw all danger over, I panted out the story.

"You damned scoundrel!" said Mr. O'Rourke, though he was a most religious man and almost as good as a priest. "You scoundrel! Faith, I'm sorry I didn't let this baby finish you; but we'll tan your cowardly hide for this, or my name's not O'Rourke. But look at the creature's ears!" he broke out of a sudden. "He has them as big as the prophet's ass! And to think of me being taken in by the animal!" And he turned him round and bade us mark the way in which his great ears stuck out from his shaven pate, now his wig was knocked off, while he roared with laughter.

But this all went sadly against my grain, as I was all for punishing the rogue then and there, and I knew Mr. O'Rourke would soon make this impossible if he went on with his jesting. However, he pointed out that to such a man the disgrace would mean as much as his punishment, and he would hand him over to the magistrate himself. So the innkeeper was called and bidden to lock him up securely; and off marched the captain, with his white face looking half dazed, but offering no words or apology whatever.

When we were alone, Mr. O'Rourke burst out blaming himself for leaving me alone with such a man, calling himself every name he could lay his tongue to for being taken in with the first scoundrel he picked up.

But after a while we all cooled down, and by the time dinner was on the table were in our sober senses again. Then in comes Luigi, who must hear the whole story over, and sets us all laughing merrily with his antics, feigning to weep when we told how Mr. O'Rourke would not let me slit the captain's throat. But when he heard what we had done with the scamp, he was off in a trice, and back as soon, dragging the innkeeper with him, and bursting with anger. It was soon explained; the captain had escaped, and Luigi was for haling the innkeeper before the judge; but the poor man cried so piteously, and so besought us not to ruin him, that we took compassion on him, and contented ourselves with ordering our *calèche* and starting again on our journey, Mr. O'Rourke promising to see us to Rome.

We continued our journey without further matter worth mention until, as we drove out of a little village called Baccano, Luigi jumped up in great excitement, and crying to the postilion to stop, fairly shouted in his joy, "Ecco Roma!" and far away in the distance, over the rising mists of the marshes, we saw the cross of St. Peter's twinkling like a star of gold.

We were all impatience now, and



"I GAVE HIM A BOY'S PUNISHMENT."

longed for no more adventures, but it was nearly evening before we drove in by the Porta del Popolo, and black night before we passed our baggages at the Dogana, and Luigi deposited us in safety at the Scots College, in the Via delle Quattro Fontane.

No sooner was our arrival announced than we were ushered into the reception-room, where, in a moment, the rector, Father Urbani, came to meet us, and gave us such a welcome that our hearts warmed to him at once.

He knew all about our people, and indeed had a knowledge of our families as if he had been brought up in the Highlands; he inquired after each one by name, and asked news of good Father Innes and Bishop Hay, both old friends of his. Nor did he forget Luigi, but thanked him most handsomely, and paid him well for his care, bidding him return

the next day to take his farewell of us.

When he bade us good-night he said to me, "You are the youngest boy in the college, and have a face worthy of your holy name, John, but I shall call you Little John—Giovannini"; and by that name I went all the time I was in Rome.

Then began our regular round of work. The rector engaged a private tutor to instruct us in Latin and Italian, and before the winter was over we were both deemed ready to go to the schools taught by the Jesuits in the Collegio Romano; for there was no teaching in the Scots College, only learning of our tasks and submission to the discipline imposed.

It was not long before we welcomed Mr. O'Rourke again, for he was now at the Propaganda, and gained much credit for us there and elsewhere by publishing the story of our adventure with the captain, and it lost nothing, I can answer, in the telling.

At the Roman College we met with lads from all parts of the world, and I made such progress that before the year

was out I was put into a higher class, and there, unfortunately, fell foul of a fellow in a way that nearly put an end to my studies.

This was a swarthy Maronite from near Mount Libanus, who attempted to palm off a dirty trick on me in school-hours, and not being allowed to speak then, I bided my time until the bell rang, when I made for the door, and the moment he came out I gave him a boy's punishment, swelling his upper lip and sending him off holding his nose, which was bleeding. All my fellows were rejoiced at the outcome, and promised me their support.

Now there were two punishments in vogue in the Collegio Romano, called respectively the Mule and the Horse; the first of which was to be put into the stocks, hands and feet, and receive as many lashes on the bare back with a cat-

o'-nine-tails as might be thought proper; the Horse was for less atrocious crimes, and for this the offender was made to stand on a bucket-stool, and was flogged on the small of the legs.

Soon after our return from school a message was sent to Father Urbani giving an account of the crime committed by Giovannini McDonell.

I was in due course called for by the superior in presence of all my fellow-collegioners and accused. Without hesitation I avowed my guilt, and was then told by the superior I must undergo the punishment of the Mule. There was a dead silence, and all looked at me and waited.

I was trembling very much, but it was not with fear. "Sir," said I, "I was falsely accused by a coward and a liar for his own dirty trick, and I did the only thing in my power to right myself. If my way was wrong I am sorry, but I will not be tied and punished like a soldier or a thief. I am a gentleman born, sir, and I would rather die first," and I had to stop, for I could trust my voice no longer.

"Well, well, my lad, we won't talk of any such heroics as dying yet," the superior said, smiling, and here my fellows, taking heart, joined in, vowing they would rather leave the Collegio Romano and go to the Propaganda than submit to such punishments. But the only result of their protest was that they were packed off to school as usual, and I was kept at home.

After the others were gone and I alone in my room, I began to wonder what was in store for me, when word was brought that the rector, Father Urbani, waited for me. I entered his presence with a heavy heart, for a boy in disgrace sees a possible enemy in every one. But that kind old man called me to him, and instead of questions or reproaches, patted my cheek, and calling me his "caro Giovannino," asked me if I would not like to accompany him in a coach and see some of the sights of Rome.

I was so overcome that I burst into tears and sobbed. "Dear, dear Father Urbani, I will go with you anywhere; but I will never, never take a Mule or a Horse."

"My dear Giovannini," said he, "the only horses we will talk about now are

those for the shafts of our coach. Be ready after the siesta, and let me see a more smiling face when you meet me."

And take me he did, and was so sumptuously received at all the great houses he visited, and I as well, that I soon forgot my terrors.

On the third day of our travels we went into the Church of the Santi Apostoli, and there Father Urbani drew my attention to a man kneeling in prayer before a tomb near the high altar. Though I saw nothing more than a dark velvet coat, a sword, the soles of his shoes, and part of his powdered head, I asked with a sudden curiosity who it was.

"His enemies call him The Pretender, his friends the Chevalier de St. George, but many hold that he is properly styled his Majesty James III. of England," said Father Urbani, quietly, but very dryly; at which my heart broke into a rapid tattoo of loyalty for the House whose fortunes our family had always followed.

We were for withdrawing, and had nearly reached the door when the King finished his devotions and came slowly down the church. A tall, dark-visaged man, very grave and sad-looking, I thought, but his carriage was noble, and the broad riband on his breast looked in keeping. He stopped and spoke to Father Urbani, who, to my surprise, did not seem at all put out, and made no greater reverence to the King than to any other noble of high rank, answering him in his soft, quiet voice as though speaking to an ordinary man.

I only remembered this afterwards when telling Angus of the meeting. At the time I stood like one enchanted, devouring the King with my eyes.

At last he noticed my attention, and said, still in Italian, "Ah! an English lad, I see!"

"No, your Majesty," I made bold to answer; "a Highlander!" at which he smiled and held out his hand, which I knelt and kissed with my heart on my lips.

We waited until he had left the church, making his way on foot and alone to his palace alongside, and then we took coach again and drove towards the college. I could see that Father Urbani did not wish to be disturbed, and there was a troubled look on his face, so I leaned back with my head full of the glorious vision I had just seen. Had any one dared say there was

nothing in meeting a sad-faced, elderly man alone in an empty church—a man who claimed to be a king and had no throne, who claimed to be a king and had no country—I would have held it little short of blasphemy. To me he was a martyr for honor's sake, the true head of my nation, and the hope of all loyal hearts. So I leaned back, I say, with these things running riot through my head, jumbled with old stories of Killiecrankie and 1715, with old songs I had heard, and with my uncle Scottos, when I was suddenly brought back to earth again by one of Father Urbani's thin old hands quietly closing over mine.

"And now, Giovannini, do you not think you can go back to school again?" he asked.

"I will, father, I will. And will do anything I am able. But you will not ask me to take either the Mule or the Horse?" I asked, my old trouble coming back on me again.

"Have no more fear, my dear child," he said; "they will never be put to your offer. You have been punished enough by attending on an old man like me for three days." And as he embraced me tenderly at parting in our hall, he bade me significantly not to attach too much importance to anything we had seen.

So I went back to my tasks quite content, and continued to make good progress and give satisfaction, though I could not altogether obey our good rector's bidding and forget that lonely figure of the Santi Apostoli, and Angus and I whispered our secret to each other as we lay in the quiet of our room alone at night.

Now there was a privilege which our students had above those of all other colleges in Rome, which was that any two of us might at certain hours go wherever our business called us. And Angus and I found that the shortest way between the Collegio Romano and the Via delle Quattro Fontane was by the little street of the Santi Apostoli, whence we could feast our eyes on the palace, and were more than once rewarded with a sight of his Majesty and one of the princes, whom we found afterwards was the Duke of York, going forth to take the air with a modest following.

Our scheming might have ended here had it not been for our old friend Mr. O'Rourke.

One day when we went to visit him at the College of the Propaganda, he said, "I hear you take a great many walks in the Santi Apostoli," at which we were much put out, and begged he would say nothing of it; for, although we had not been forbidden, we felt there was good reason why it should not be mentioned. But he relieved us with his merry laugh. "Faith, not I! I would not dream of interfering with the leanings of two gentlemen such as you, the more so that they have a bias in what I conceive to be the right direction. Perhaps you do not know that I am a descendant of kings myself," he went on in his old lively fashion, "and having royal blood flowing freely in me, can enter into your feelings better than the best nobleman who ever ruled over your honorable college."

This was a hit at Father Urbani; and I suspect there may have been a certain jealousy between the Propaganda and the Jesuits, for the army is not the only fighting body in the world, so I broke in with:

"None of your innuendoes, if you please, Mr. O'Rourke. We have never asked Father Urbani to enter into our feelings; but I hold him qualified to enter into the best feelings of the best gentleman in Rome."

"Soft and easy, Signor Giovannini McDonellini," says he, always laughing. "Your stomach is high even for a Highlander! I was only about to propose a visit on my first free day to your lodestar, the Palace of the Santi Apostoli, where, thanks to my royal ancestry, I have some small right of entry." And so took the anger out of me at once.

It seemed an eternity until his first *congé*, or day of liberty, came round, and we were in waiting long before the appointed hour.

We lost no time setting out, but, to our surprise, we did not take our way to the palace direct, but went round by a little lane leading off the Piazza Pilotta, and so to a small wicket, whereon Mr. O'Rourke knocked in a private manner, and we held our breath in expectation. It was opened presently by an old man, to whom Mr. O'Rourke gave some countersign, and we were admitted not to the palace itself, but into the hallway of an ordinary house. Before we had time to reveal our disappointment we passed through this hall, and by means of a hidden door—hidden, that is, by a seeming closet or ward-

robe—we stepped out into the sunlight again in the garden of the palace.

As we walked up a path I pulled Mr. O'Rourke by the sleeve.

"What is it?" he said.

"Oh, Mr. O'Rourke," I whispered, "I wish we had our good cloaks."

At which he stopped and, to my horror, laughed aloud.

"Well, well! For a mixture of a bare-legged Highlander and a half-feathered priestlet, you are the most prodigious bird-of-paradise I have ever met, Mr. John McDonell of Scottos."

"I am neither a priest nor a peacock yet, Mr. O'Rourke," said I, indignantly; "I was only thinking of what was fitting towards his Majesty."

But he only laughed at me the more.

"Your consideration does honor to your heart, but his Majesty has not as yet appointed me his Master of Ceremonies, though I have the privilege of the Back Stairs. No, no, Giovannini, we'll see no majesties to-day, and the cloak must serve for when you are in better company than that of a poor Irish student whose only riches is the same loyalty that warrants us both." And that last touch melted me, and hand in hand we went on together.

Then Mr. O'Rourke explained that the King and the princes were to attend an audience given by the Pope that afternoon, and we were free to go over the palace under the guidance of Mr. Sheridan, once tutor to the princes, whom we shortly met, and with awe and actual worship in our hearts we entered.

As we ascended the staircase, Mr. Sheridan, who was most kind, said that Mr. Murray, son of Sir David Murray, of Broughton, Bart., was in the Prince's waiting-room, and he would introduce us. He made much of us, but had not that knowledge of our families I would have looked for in one in his position about the Prince. However, we thought but little of that, as his welcome was most hearty, and he lifted us to the height of expectation by saying, "Well, young gentlemen, you fall on a lucky day, for his Highness has not yet left, and I doubt not will see you." And before we could answer he withdrew, and left us in a state beyond my poor powers to describe.

Before we could recover the door opened, and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales stood before us. He

was dressed in full court costume, with all his orders, his handsome face bright with a smile of welcome, and as he came forward and then paused, Mr. O'Rourke gathered his composure first, and knelt and kissed his hand.

We were about to follow, but the Prince said: "No, no! A hand-grasp is ceremony enough between us. In meeting with Highlanders I feel I am among comrades with whom I may stand back to back, sword in hand, some day, and that perhaps not so far distant. But tell me of Clanranald," he said, quickly, to Angus; "his son is a gallant gentleman, and you, I understand, are his cousin." Angus gave him such information as he had received of late, and the Prince questioned us both of our families, calling them all properly by name, Scottos, Glengarry, Barrisdale, and others, without a single mistake.

"Do not be surprised that I should know you all," he said, smiling. "His Majesty and I are never tired of hearing of the names that are dear to us."

Then he questioned us somewhat, but not too closely, of ourselves, and we were able to answer without confusion, so gracious was his manner and so friendly his dark brown eyes.

"Do you ever think," he said, changing suddenly, "what it means never to have known your own country? You are happier far than I, for the land you love waits for your return, and I, when I put my foot on it, must do so as a stranger and an outcast, taking my life in my hand."

"Your Royal Highness," I said, "every loyal heart in the Highlands beats for you, and every true arm will draw for you whenever you come!" And the tears stood in my eyes so that I could hardly see him before me.

"God grant it!" he answered, fervently. Then laying a hand on my shoulder, he said, "And now let me hear the Gaelic; I love the very sound of it." And to my lips sprang my uncle Scottos's toast: "Soraidh do'n Bhata 'tha air saille 'y d'on t-soirbheas a tha' scideadh agus do na cridheachan a tha' feitheamh teachd a' Phrionnsa!"

"What is it?" he asked, curiously; and I answered,

"Good luck to the boat that is at sea, and to the breeze that is blowing, and to the hearts that are waiting for the coming of the Prince!"

"The coming of the Prince! The coming of the Prince!" he said to himself; but here Mr. Murray ventured to cough meaningly, and the Prince answered, "Yes, yes, I must go." And with the words that we would meet again, he shook hands with us all and withdrew.

I am an old man now, and have seen every hope of the cause I once held dearer than life blasted beyond recovery. But no personal knowledge of the pitiable failure, no evil report of the heart-breaking degradation, the selfishness and self-destruction of all that was noble and king-like in that beautiful young life—God pity me that I must write such words of one so dear!—have availed to even dim the godlike young presence that so graciously revealed itself before us on that November afternoon in the Palace of the Santi Apostoli.

Probably none to-day can know what such a meeting meant to a lad brought up as I had been. All my life long had I heard stories of devotion for the sake of the exiled family. Indeed, I knew of no time when life and fortune were not regarded as their rightful due from their adherents. I had been brought up to trust in them and hope for them, until hope had grown into faith and faith into worship.

My heart was full and my head ringing with excitement, so that I can recall little or nothing of the remainder of that memorable afternoon, save my wonder, when we stepped out into the street again, to find men and women going about their business just as if nothing had happened. It did not seem possible, when my whole life was changed; I was so bewildered that I could hardly believe it was the same world again. I could not talk even to Mr. O'Rourke; as for Angus, I did not listen to his chatter at all, and it was only when we parted in the Piazza di Spagna, and bade good-by to our friend, that I found some words to thank him, and promised to see him again on the following Thursday.

Was there ever so long a week? My lessons were poorly committed; not that I was dull, but my head was so full of other thoughts that I had no room for anything else, while ever between me and my books there came that glorious figure, brave in silk and velvet, with jewelled

sword by its side and flashing orders on its breast, till I could not see my task, and in my ears rang that clear, pleasant voice forever calling, calling. Surely if any one was bewitched in Rome that week it was Giovannini McDonell of the Scots College!

My former good record alone kept me from losing my holiday, and as soon as I was free I was off to the College of the Propaganda, although Angus was not altogether set on spending another holiday within-doors. I was dreaming of another visit, though I dared hardly hope for it; but Mr. O'Rourke put an end to such thoughts with his first words.

"Welcome, my Highland gentlemen! Can you put up with the poor hospitality of this withered sprig of royalty, instead of talking real treason face to face with exiled princes? If I were King George, I'd make it a crime to send little Highland bantams to Rome to turn them into rebel game-cocks."

But I saw he was for drawing me on, an exercise at which he was expert and which gave him great pleasure, and so refused to be angered, and answered with great good-nature,

"Indeed, Mr. O'Rourke, I believe you to be as great a rebel yourself as any in the Three Kingdoms."

"Not I, in faith," he answered; "I neither whistle for 'Blackbirds' nor run after 'White Horses.' If I had my rights, 'tis an independent kingdom I'd have in my own family. 'Tis Duke or Crown-Prince of Brefni I'd be myself, or perhaps a kind of Pope of my own; and when I'd speak to the likes of you, 'tis weeping for joy so hard you'd be that you'd take the shine out of all my jewels." And so on, with a brogue as broad as if Tipperary was in the next room, and macaroni and Italian had never replaced the potatoes and the speech he had left behind.

Finding, however, that I would take no offence, he was somewhat dashed, and gave over his attempt, so we went off for a stroll, and were all merry together.

When we parted he drew me aside and said that Mr. Murray sent word that we would be admitted by the same door on the following Thursday, showing me the knock, and bidding me give the word "Gaeta" to the porter.

It proved a quieter week for me, and Thursday found us in the little lane,

whence we made our way into the palace gardens as before, and in the hall Mr. Sheridan awaiting us, who led us to Mr. Murray's chamber. He was wonderfully busy at his writing, but left it to entertain us, and showed us such attention that it was no wonder our heads were nearly turned. He questioned us much about our plans, and when he found that I had no leaning towards the church, made no scruple to belittle the calling of a priest, and seemed much pleased when I told him of my longing to adopt arms as my profession. That same day he made us known to a Lieutenant Butler, a younger man than himself, who was in the Company of St. James, now serving King Carlo Borbone of Naples, and styled here the Regiment Irlandia, after the old brigade in Spain. This was touching me again at one of my most tender points, and when Lieutenant Butler told me I might wait on him at his lodging in the Via Bocca di Leone my heart beat with delight, and so off we went to wait through another week.

At Lieutenant Butler's a great surprise awaited us, for there we were introduced to Colonel Donald MacDonnell, in command of the Company of St. James, a very tall and handsome man, but swarthy, and looking more like a Spaniard than an Irishman. He was a son of the Lieutenant-General MacDonnell who commanded the regiment; and there was also a Mr. O'Reilly, ensign in the same, a much younger man than either of the others—indeed, he was not greatly my senior.

Colonel MacDonnell at once began to question me touching my uncle Scottos, and very willingly did I tell the story of his campaigns in Italy, of the defence of Cremona, where my uncle was thanked before the regiment, and received his first promotion. And also of the great defence of Alicante, in Spain, when he was joined to the dragoons under the Count O'Mahony, and where, battered and starved beyond belief, after twenty-seven days' active siege, thirty-six dragoons, with as many French and sixty-eight Neapolitans, surrendered and marched out with all the honors of war, drums and fifes playing, colors flying, and matches lighted, dragging their four cannon and two mortars after them. They let me talk on like a boastful boy, and I ended with the

attempt of 1715, when my uncle Scottos left the army forever, and lived hoping for the day when he might take up the quarrel once more.

"Surely, my lad, you are not going to settle down into a priest, with such a record behind you?" said Colonel MacDonnell, warmly.

"No, sir, no! I never will, if you will only let me follow you. I know something of fence now, and for the rest, I can study night and day."

"Good!" said the colonel, smiling; "and what says Angus?"

But to my shame Angus said nothing but "that he would see," and I knew well what that meant. It just meant no in the most unsatisfactory and weary manner a man can put it; but he proffered nothing further, and I was withheld by the company from expressing my thought.

But the colonel only laughed with great good-nature. "Well, well," said he, "when you make up your mind, let we know if it is favorable to me. And as for you, my young fire-eater, I won't have any runaways about me." At which I was much abashed, but he added, "If you join, you must do so in a manner that will not shame your uncle Scottos. I will see Father Urbani myself, and will find what he says about you; and if he gives his permission, then you will join like a gentleman." So with this I was forced to be content.

"Well, Angus," I began the minute we were in the street, "a pretty showing you have made for yourself with your 'we will sees' before gentlemen! I hope you are well satisfied."

"I'm not exactly put out," he says, very dryly.

"Indeed? And you call yourself Clanranald?" I snorted, full of scorn.

"My father always told me I had every right to," he said, still provoking me with his quiet. "And I never heard yet that any of my name must needs take up with the first recruiting officer he comes across."

"Angus McDonald!" I cried, "if we weren't in the open street I'd thrash you within an inch of your life."

"Oh no, you wouldn't, nor yet within a mile of it! I'm no more afraid of you than the Irish officers you're so hot after."

Fortunate it was for the good report

of the college that we caught sight of the superior at that moment, for I do not believe human patience could have held out longer. Indeed, so much was I exercised that the superior saw at once something was wrong, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we kept the cause of our quarrel from him.

I was burning for Father Urbani to send for me, but heard nothing from him, and when I next met Lieutenant Butler he could give me no hint of when Colonel MacDonnell was likely to speak; indeed, he had already left Rome, so I had to wait week after week without word. However, I was busy enough; every day I was making new acquaintances, for now I needed no invitation to go to the palace, where I was readily admitted by the little door, and made welcome by Mr. Murray or Mr. Sheridan, and other gentlemen. Angus was seldom with me now, and indeed I was not sorry, for he seemed to have but small stomach for the business. Every day there were new faces, and I soon lost my backwardness, and learned to bear myself without blushing or stammering, or any such schoolboy tricks.

At last, one cold day in winter, as I was hurrying across the Corso, hugging my soprano about me, on my way to the Santi Apostoli, I caught sight of Colonel MacDonnell and eagerly accosted him. He knew me at once, and spoke to me by name, asking me whither I was bent. I told him without hesitation. He stood still, and laying his hand on my shoulder, said, slowly and somewhat sadly: "What, at it already, lad? Well, well, I suppose it could not be helped. But, upon my soul, I would nearly as soon see you a priest as in with these gentry."

"How, sir?" I said, in surprise.

"You would not understand," he said, moving on. "When the day comes, if you must, out with your sword and strike; I'd be the last to say hold! But curse this chamber-plotting and convert-making! Who put you in the way of going there?"

So I told him, and of how kind many of the gentlemen had been to me.

"Kind?" he said, and laughed in a mocking way. "Nothing is too small that comes to their net! But I will speak to Father Urbani before I leave Rome this time, and if he permits, you will have a

training that will fit you for something better than any one of this secret-whispering pack will ever come to. I will make a soldier of you, McDonnell, and that is the best use God ever made of man, and the best gift you can make of yourself for your King. But come, I am going to the palace myself, only you must go through the piazza, and not by any back door like a lackey or a priest."

So in we went together, and after some private talk with Mr. Murray the colonel joined me again, and we went into a large room where quite a party of gentlemen were gathered. Colonel MacDonnell sat down at the table, after bowing haughtily enough to most of them, and I remained standing, looking round the company with some curiosity, for there were many new faces, and the colonel's words had set me wondering why he should think so little of these men who were the most devoted of all to the King.

Suddenly I saw a face that struck me, like a blow and sent the blood tingling through every vein in my body, for there, only separated from me by the width of the room, well dressed and smiling, was Captain Creach conversing with two gentlemen. He saw me at the same moment, but his white face gave no more sign than a face of stone, and he went on with his talk as quietly as if I had been at Aquapendente and he in Rome.

I did not hesitate a moment—indeed, hesitation has seldom been one of my faults—but stepping up, said, in as calm a tone as I could, "Captain Creach, I am surprised to see you in Rome!"

The three gentlemen all faced me at my speech, and Creach, without a change in his wicked face, said,

"Young sir, do your words apply to me?"

"I spoke to you by name, sir," I said.

"Then I am famous indeed!" said he, laughing lightly.

"You may laugh, Captain Creach," I said, and was going on, but he interrupted me, speaking very civilly, but angering me all the more for it.

"I see by your dress you are of the Scots College, young gentleman"—for, as usual, I had on my purple soutane with its crimson sash, and over it my black sleeveless soprano, and my three-cornered hat under my arm—"but there is one lesson you have not yet learned, and that is, how to address a gentleman. I am

not Captain Creach, as you imagine, but Captain Graeme, late of the Hungarian service; and to the best of my belief this is the first time I ever had the honor of addressing you."

He was so quiet and cool that I was dumfounded; but I knew he was lying, though I had never heard a gentleman lie before.

"Not Captain Creach? Not Captain Creach?" I stammered.

"No, sir, not Captain Creach," he repeated, mocking me, whereat some of the gentlemen laughed, but one of them broke in with—

"Damn it! This comes of bringing brats where they have no business. Creach! You little fool! This is no more Creach than you are. This is Captain Graeme, late of the Imperial service. There, beg his pardon now, and don't put your foot in it again, like a wise lad;" and his tone was kind, though his words were rough.

"Your pardon, sir," I said, "but this is Captain Creach of the Regiment Irlaudia; I have reason to know him only too well."

"Here, MacDonnell!" called out my new acquaintance. "This bantling of yours is doing you no credit; come here and smooth him down."

The colonel rose, frowning, and came over to where we formed a centre, Creach standing on one foot, and tapping the other with his long fashionable cane.

"What is the matter?" he said, severely.

"Colonel MacDonnell," I cried, "may I say a word to you in private?" And seeing I was in deadly earnest, he took me into an anteroom and bade me speak.

Then I told him the whole story of our adventure at Aquapendente, and that I was as sure this man was Creach as I was that I had a soul.

"I don't care what he says, sir, that is Captain Creach of the Regiment Irlaudia."

"My dear lad," he said, firmly, "get that notion out of your head at once. We have not, and never had in my day, any Captain Creach, or any man of the name, in our ranks. There is a Captain Creach in Lord Clare's Regiment whom I know for a gallant gentleman, but he has not seen Italy for many a long year. Now wait a moment. Will you apologize to this gentleman?"

"No, sir, saving your presence; I will not."

"Very well; that is settled. Will you give me a promise?"

"Yes, sir, I will promise you anything I may with honor."

"That is right. You can't be too careful of that last," he said, smiling, and then went on, gravely: "My boy, I hope some day to have you under my own eye, in my own company, and until then I want you to do what is best to bear yourself with credit. Now promise me again you will do as I ask, on your honor."

"I will, sir, on my honor."

"Then you will never come within these doors again unless the King sends for you; and as soon as you go home you will tell Father Urbani where you have been this winter. Do you understand?"

"I do, sir."

"Very well. Now honor for honor. I will take up your affair with this man, Creach or Graeme, or whatever else he may call himself, and you may rest satisfied that your quarrel will not suffer. And now, God bless you, my lad; and when you are older you will thank me for this day's work. Good-by." And he shook my hand warmly, and stood watching me until I passed out into the hall.

I may as well admit here that at times I am slow at displacing any idea which has once taken root in my mind, and it was not until some years after that I conceived the explanation that Creach was never this fellow's name at all, but that for some reason best known to himself he chose to fare under it when we met him at Aquapendente; otherwise, honorable men would never have answered for him as they did. But this is by the way.

I went forth from the palace with my head in a whirl; for though I was satisfied with what I had done touching Creach, there was my promise to the colonel, and despite every way I turned the matter, my visits did not appear to me so defensible as before. I tried to argue to myself that I had not been forbidden, but somehow that did not seem sufficient, and I was the more uncomfortable when I called to mind the colonel's dislike of the company I had been in the habit of keeping.

However, it must be faced; so after the evening meal I asked to be allowed to see

the rector, and was admitted to his room. When I entered he was sitting at his table alone, and somehow, when I saw his kind old face, I knew suddenly why none of my excuses would answer. I had been deceiving this good man who had been like a father to me, who had never treated me save with kindness, and had trusted me without questioning. I was so overcome that I could not speak, overwhelmed with a sense of utter wretchedness, until he stretched out his hand and said, gently, "Come."

"Oh, father," I cried, "let me leave the college! Let me go away!" too miserable to think of anything else.

"No, no, Giovannini. That would be a coward's way of meeting trouble. Come, tell me what the matter is, and we'll see if there is not a better way out of it than turning your back on it." And he patted me on the cheek as if I were still a child. Indeed, I felt like one then, and for the matter of that, always did when talking with him.

So I blundered out the story of my doings, to all of which he listened in his quiet, gentle way, helping me out when I found it hard to go on, until the whole story was told, whereupon I felt a mighty relief, for the worst was now over, and I had quite made up my mind as to what part I would take from now on.

After all, he did not say very much in the way of blame, except that should I meet with Colonel MacDonnell again, the first duty I had before me was to beg his pardon for mixing him up in my affairs, as if the colonel of a regiment had nothing else to do than look after a schoolboy's quarrels.

"Among plotters and schemers," he said, with some touch of scorn, "you must meet with strange company, and if you will take up with such, you may have to welcome Captain Creach and worse. Now I am not going to talk with you to-night, and I want you to think the matter over well until I have seen Colonel MacDonnell and have determined what is best to be done. I am only sorry, Giovannini, that you have not trusted in your best friend." And with a heavy heart I said good-night, and took my way to my room alone.

In the morning word was brought to me that I was to remain in my room, which I did all the more gladly that it promised well for the gravity of my case,

for above all things what I most feared was its being taken merely as a boy's whim. However, I was speedily assured of its importance by the visit of one of our Jesuit fathers, who very soon introduced his mission, and began to urge his arguments why I should continue my studies, and some day prepare for the priesthood.

But this I resented at once, saying, "Sir, I was left here for reflection by the order of the rector, and I have no wish to be disturbed." A hint he was wise enough to take, and grumbling something about "like father, like son," he left me once more alone.

My next interruption was an order to wait on Father Urbani, which I did with great readiness, and to my joy saw that his reflections had not rendered him any less kindly to me or my hopes.

"Well, my dear Giovannini," he said, "so you did not wish to discuss your future with Father Paolo. He tells me that you have caught somewhat of the brusqueness of the camp already;" but his smiling reassured me.

"No, father," I said; "I held that, in the absence of my own father, you are the only one to whom I am bound in such matters; but I had no intent to be rude."

So with this introduction we began our argument, and to all he said I assented, but assured him I would make but a sorry priest if my heart was always in another calling.

"My father promised that neither he nor you would force me to become a priest against my will, and I can never be happy unless I have a right to wear a sword by my side," I ended.

Thereupon, seeing my mind so firmly resolved, he bade me prepare myself for a visit to the Cardinal Protector, and in all haste I made myself ready. The truth is, now I saw that Father Urbani had yielded, I would have faced his Holiness the Pope, with the whole College behind him, without a second thought.

So we took our way in a coach to the palace, and were ushered into the presence of the cardinal with the usual ceremonies. He was a thin old man, with a long dark face and a grumbling voice. We partook of chocolate and sugar biscuits, and then the object of our visit was broached. Whereupon a mighty storm began; that is, a storm from his Eminence, for we stood side by side in the middle



“TELL ME, SIR, WHAT DID YOU COME HERE FOR?” HE STORMED.”

of the great room silent before the torrent of his wrath. After thundering hotly at Father Urbani, as if he, dear man, were to blame, he turned on me.

“What were you ever sent here to the college for? And since when has it been turned from a house of God into a training-school for every worthless cockatrice that would follow the drum? Tell me, sir, what did you come here for?” he stormed.

“Indeed, your Eminence, I cannot tell,” I answered, coolly.

“Cannot tell! No, and no one else, I dare say, will answer for it. What in the world do the bishops mean by sending such good-for-naughts here without finding out something about them?”

I was much tempted to say that my family was well known, but Father Urbani’s hand was on my arm, and I knew I was to hold my tongue, which I did, although many things were said that had

any other man uttered I would have held to be insulting.

At length, to our great relief, he made an end, and bidding Father Urbani get rid of me as speedily as possible, he dismissed us; we bowed ourselves out, and I was free to enter the service for which I longed.

When we were at home again, Father Urbani said, “My dear Giovannini, now that this is ended, I will say no more than I will see myself that you are fitly supplied with clothes and money, and if you desire first to return to Scotland, I will see that you are sent thither.”

But I told him that I would rather join at once, as my only sister, Margaret, was with Lady Jane Drummond in France, and my father had promised my choice should be free when the time came.

“Well, then,” he continued, “I say nothing of the rights of the quarrel that

the King of Naples has on his hands now, but if you will enter the Queen of Hungary's service I will see that you are strongly recommended to persons of the greatest interest, and a recommendation will mean advancement."

"Oh, father," I said, "I would not do that. The Regiment Irlandia was my uncle Scottos's regiment, and I could not join any other."

"You Scots are a famous people for hanging together! And I suppose you wouldn't care if the regiment was fighting for the Grand Turk himself?" he said, with one of his quiet laughs.

"No, father," I said, seeing nothing to laugh at. "It could make no difference to me; I would only be a cadet."

"Well, well," he said, quietly, "such questions are perhaps as well left to older heads. Now to bed and sleep if you can, for your days will be full until you leave."

True to his word, the rector sent to me a tailor, by whom I was measured for two full suits of regimentals; a broker, with side-arms and equipment; and, to my great satisfaction, a periwig-maker, who took my size for my first wig, until my hair would grow long enough to be dressed in a queue. At last all was ready, and I swaggered about in my finery and bade farewell to my comrades, all of whom greatly envied me—even Angus, though he would not confess to it. However, he had the satisfaction of walking through the streets with me to pay my respects to Mr. O'Rourke, who had just completed his course and was to take orders immediately.

He at once pretended great astonishment, and begged Angus to introduce him to "the General," and then broke into an old ranting Irish air:

"Wid your gold an' lace
An' your warlike face
In a terrible fright ye threw me—
Giovanni, me dear,
You looked so queer!
Oh, Johnnie, I hardly knew ye!"

And away he marched up and down the room to his doddering old song, and then drew up before me, making passes as if he were saluting, and bowed almost to his knees, bringing his hands up to his forehead, and performed a low salute which he informed Angus was only given to the Grand Turk on great occasions.

"Well, well," he said at last, with a great sigh of relief, "my heart is easy now I see that they wouldn't trust you with a sword; but I might set you up with the cook's skewer if they won't do anything better for you!" And here at last he succeeded in angering me, for it was a point I was somewhat uncertain about myself, and only my delicacy had prevented my speaking of it to Father Urbani.

"It's lucky for you, Mr. O'Rourke, that I haven't it," I said, "or I would truss you so that the heathen you are going to feed would have nothing more to do than baste you." For I supposed he would be off as a missionary, like most of those from the Propaganda.

"I don't know about the eating, Giovannini, my son, but you are quite right about the heathen, for I'm going to follow the drum like yourself, and if you ever come properly accredited to the chaplain of the Company of St. James, in the Regiment Irlandia, you may have a surprise."

"Oh, Mr. O'Rourke!" I shouted, embracing him at the same time. "Surely this isn't only another bit of your funning?"

"Funning? 'Tis genuine brimstone and piety combined, that's what it is; and within a week after I take orders I'll be off. So 'tis only 'good-by' until 'tis 'good-day' again."

The next morning, when I went to take leave of Father Urbani, I saw before him on the table a silver-mounted sword, at the sight of which my heart gave a great leap, for I could not doubt it was for me. He did not keep me in suspense, but handed it to me at once.

"See what you think of that, Giovannini?"

I drew out the beautiful blade, found it balanced to a nicety, and could not forbear making a pass or two even in his presence, at which he smiled and said: "Carry it bravely, little one, carry it bravely, and sometimes remember that the old man who gave it you will nightly pray that you may be kept in safety in the path of honor. Come, I will see you somewhat on your way," he added, and we passed out into the street together.

Conscious of my brave appearance I could not help strutting as we passed the fashionables in the Piazza di Spagna, until I was recalled to a more fitting sense



"I COULD NOT HELP STRUTTING AS WE PASSED THE FASHIONABLES."

of my bearing by the gentle voice beside me:—"Here I must leave you, mio caro Giovannini. Surely sometimes in a quiet hour you will turn your heart to me, lonely here within these walls, for I love you like a son, Giovannini, my little one. May God and all His saints have you in their holy keeping this day and forever!" and he embraced me tenderly.

And so ended my life in the old Scots College in Rome.

II.

How Father O'Rourke and I served in the Regiment Irlandia, and how my pledge to the Duke of York led to my leaving the service, together with other matters.

THERE'S a whirring noise across the night,
The "Wild-Geese" are awing;
Wide over seas they take their flight,
Nor will they come with Spring.
Blow high, blow low, come fair, come foul,
No danger will they shirk
Till they doff their gray for the blue and the buff
Of the Regiment of Burke!

All Spain and France and Italy
Have echoed to our name!
The burning suns of Africa
Have set our arms aflame!
But to-night we toast the morn that broke
And wakened us to fame!
The day we beat the Germans at Cremona!

Would you read your name on Honor's Roll?
Look not for royal grant;
It is written in Cassano,
Alcoy, and Alicante,
Saragossa, Barcelona;—
Wherever dangers lurk
You will find in the van the blue and the buff
Of the Regiment of Burke!

All Spain and France and Italy
Have echoed to our name!
The burning suns of Africa
Have set our arms aflame!
But to-night we toast the morn that broke
And wakened us to fame!
The day we beat the Germans at Cremona!

Here's a health to every gentleman
Who follows in our train!
Here's a health to every lass who waits
Till we return again!



"THE DAY WE BEAT THE GERMANS AT CREMONA!"

Here's confusion to the German horde!
 Until their knavish work
 Is stopped by the sight of the blue and the buff
 Of the Regiment of Burke!

All Spain and France and Italy
 Have echoed to our name!
 The burning suns of Africa
 Have set our arms aflame!
 But to-night we toast the morn that broke
 And wakened us to fame!
 The day we beat the Germans at Cremona!

In the little inn at Narni, in company with six gentlemen volunteers who had been enjoying a furlough in Rome, I sat and roared out the chorus as I picked up the words. To me they were glorious, and the air divine; at all events, the song was an improvement on many that went before and followed after.

In a measure I was prepared to meet with much looseness among military gentlemen, whose many vicissitudes and the harassing calls on temper and endurance to which they are subject may excuse a heat and vivacity of language that would not be fitting in an ordinary man. Indeed, my uncle Scottos swore whenever his fancy pleased him, and no one ever thought the worse of him for that. But here were these boys, none of them much older than myself, using oaths that fairly made my blood curdle, with all the assurance of a field-marshal at the least; and besides this they did their best to make out that they were full of the blackest

vices. Indeed, so ribald did they grow that I felt it did not become me to sit quiet and listen to such wickedness.

"Gentlemen," I said, "my uncle Scottos served in this regiment when it was part of the Irish Brigade, led by Colonel Walter Burke himself, and it was held then that no officer under the rank of lieutenant had the privilege of swearing or using loose language, and I make bold to say it was a wise regulation, and one which I would like to see in force now."

These very fitting observations were greeted with a roar of laughter, at the end of which Mr. Fitzgerald, an ensign, said, with a mighty air of gravity: "Your Reverence is perfectly right. The same rule is still in force and most strictly observed, but the truth is, that like his sacred Majesty James III., our rightful positions are not fully recognized. *De facto*, as you collegioners say, we are only ensigns and cadets, but *de jure* we are captains and lieutenants of all the different degrees, just as your Reverence is in the company of coarse, common soldiers, instead of hobnobbing with the heads of the Sacred College and other holy men." And his ribaldry was rewarded with a burst of laughing.

"Mr. Fitzgerald," I retorted, "you can spare your gibes on me. I neither like nor do I wish to understand them; but if any of you think you can better me at a

bout of single-stick, I'll show you I can take a drubbing from any of you who can give it me without grumbling."

But Mr. Fitzgerald excused himself, as he had no skill except with the rapier; however, he was replaced by Mr. O'Reilly, who would have had no mean play had he been schooled by such a tutor as my uncle Scottos. Then they challenged me to the small-sword, thinking it my weak point, but I held my own as easily as at the other; and after this, if any one attempted to draw me on with "Your Reverence," I had only to answer "Single-stick" to turn the conversation. Let a lad but take advantage of his early opportunities, and he need not make a poor showing in any company.

On our arrival at Faro I was presented to his Excellency General MacDonnell, in command of the Irish troops in the Neapolitan service, which then consisted of the regiments Hibernia and Irlandia, the latter including the remnant of "Burkes," in which I was entered as a cadet in the Company of St. James, under Colonel Donald MacDonnell, his brother Ranald being captain-en-second.

Mr. O'Rourke, now Father O'Rourke, probably through the high favor he held in the Santi Apostoli, had joined us as chaplain, although I believe such a course was unusual from the Propaganda, and was soon friends with every one from the general downwards.

Though he had lost nothing of his old lively disposition, he was a different man from what I had ever seen him when he stood up in his robes before us at the holy office of the mass. No one who has not seen it performed in the open field, for men who by their very calling should have a more lively sense of the uncertainties of this life, can have an idea how grand it is in its simple surroundings. The altar is raised beneath an awning, and the service goes on before the kneeling men without any of those distractions which meet one in a church; the host is elevated to the roll of drums; the celebrant is half a soldier, and his acolytes cadets. Surely no more grateful service is ever offered to the God of Battles!

I shall not attempt to go into the details of my experience in the army; it was that of a lad well introduced and handsomely befriended, and hundreds have

gone through as much and more too; but perhaps it would be hardly honest to pass over my first trial under fire.

In the spring of '44 our army marched along the Adriatic, by way of Ancona and Loretto, to cover the kingdom of Naples on that side. The Austrian vanguard came to an action with our rear before we reached Loretto, and pressed them hard. Father O'Rourke and I were marching side by side with O'Reilly, Fitzgerald, and some other young gentlemen near the colonel.

"This strikes me much like a good imitation at running away, General McDonnell of Scottos," said he. At which we only groaned, for the day was hot, and we could not understand why the enemy should be allowed to annoy us in this fashion; indeed we were too strongly impressed by the same thought to answer his challenge as it deserved.

But the answer came soon in an order for a re-enforcement, and we all besieged the colonel, who was good-nature itself and treated us like his own children, for permission to join.

"Run off, then, the lot of you, and let the Germans see what your faces look like!" And off we went, overjoyed at our good fortune.

The required troops were halted and formed and at once marched to the rear; the moment we saw the confusion and terror there, the groans of the wounded as they were roughly borne on with the hurrying mass, things took on a different look. What added to it was that for some time we had to stop and allow our people passage in a narrow way, and by the balls that went whistling over our heads and the cheering of the enemy we knew they were coming on with a rush.

Suddenly a man near me gave a sickening kind of grunt, and tumbled down in a heap like a pile of empty clothes. My heart thumped as if it would burst through my ribs, and my head swam so I could hardly see. O'Reilly, who was standing beside me, and I supposed moved by the same feelings as myself, put out his hand, which I grasped tightly. There we stood, with our pale faces, when to our great relief some old hand just behind us began to sing in a low voice "The day we beat the Germans at Cremona," then at the critical moment came the sharp command, "Advance, quick!" and we were saved from a disgrace that

would have been worse than death. Out we rushed, in some kind of order I suppose, but I do not remember anything but the great blue back of the grenadier in front of me, and how he worked his shoulders as he ran. Then came the word "Halt!" and almost as quickly, "Fire!" My piece went off with the others, and when the smoke cleared I had my senses again about me, and could see the enemy about one hundred paces ahead of us, checked by our fire. We kept at it until dark came on and the enemy retired, whereon we rejoined our own army and encamped for the night.

In the general's tent, after dinner that night, he called me to him and asked, smiling, "Well, my lad, have you smell powder to-day?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "and plentifully."

"What, sir," said he, "are you wounded?"

"No, please your Excellency," I answered, feeling somewhat ashamed that I had not attained his full approbation in bringing back a whole skin.

"Sir," he said, sternly, "you will never smell powder until you are wounded. But in order to give you a better chance, and as a reward for not running away, you will be rated ensign to-morrow in the place of poor Jamieson, killed this afternoon."

So I won my first promotion for not being brave enough to take to my heels, where my heart was during the first part of the engagement at least; I never had the courage, either, to ask O'Reilly what he felt when he held out his hand to me.

"Well, well," said Father O'Rourke, when I told him of my good fortune, "Jeremiah was far-sighted when he prophesied, 'The wild asses shall stand in the high places' (et onagri steterunt in rupibus). 'Tis drum-major they'll be making you next; and never a step for me, though I've the hardest and most dangerous work in the world trying to keep your heathen souls out of the clutch of a bigger enemy than Prince Lobkowitz himself. But 'tis a family party you are, anyway. Here's a Major-General MacDonnell, and a Lieutenant-General MacDonnell, and a colonel, and a captain, and a lieutenant, and that poor little orphan Angus you left behind in Rome; and now they must needs make an ensign of you. Faith, you're so plentiful hereabouts I begin to believe the story that

you had a boat of your own in the time of Noah."

"Indeed we hadn't, Father O'Rourke," I returned, indignantly; "that was the McLeans."

"Oh, well, McLeans or McDonells, 'tis all one! And Noah showed his wisdom there too; for had he let any more Highlanders into the ark, they'd have been sailing it themselves inside of a month, for they've a rare scent for all the high places," he went on, with a roar of his Irish laughing. And I went off angry, thinking how strange it was that so sensible a man in many things should find a pleasure in this childish way of jesting on any subject, and that he should so often choose me for his funning, who did not relish it at all.

Colonel MacDonnell confirmed my rank as ensign on the morrow, and for days we were hard at it, marching across Italy to cover the northern frontier of Naples, next the Ecclesiastical States on the Mediterranean; and here we got news that the Austrians were advancing in force, under Prince Lobkowitz and the famous General Browne. They had an army of 45,000 men, Austrians, Hungarians, and Croats, while we were joined by 30,000 Neapolitan troops under King Carlo, so that we were fairly equal. We took possession of the town of Velletri, within the Pope's dominions, and our army occupied the level country and the heights above, forming a great camp nearly four miles in length, with its left on the town and its right on Monte Artemisio, while across the valley lay our enemy.

We suffered much from the incessant heat, for there we lay all the summer months amid the dirt and other discomforts of a great crowd cut off from all water save for the most absolute needs.

The peasants gave us willingly enough of their stores, not because of their loyalty, but that any resistance to our foraging parties would have been useless and have served only to aggravate their distress, so there was little opposition beyond outcries and black looks.

The part of the peasant is a poor one in the time of war; but, after all, there must always be some to feed the soldiers, and if there were no peasants, doubtless we would have lived on some one else. I never would have fallen into this train



"THERE WE STOOD, WITH OUR PALE FACES."

of thought had it not been for Father O'Rourke, who gave himself much concern for them and their affairs, and went so far as to preach one Sunday that all men are equal in the sight of God—a holding I have never been able to make head or tail of, as it is clear against the common-sense of any man who goes through this world with his eyes open.

We now settled down to continual skirmishing and manœuvring, harassing each other, with daily loss and daily distress on each side, until by the beginning of August it was evident that some serious move was on foot by the enemy; there were constant marchings and counter-marchings, and we learnt from our spies that the sick, of whom there were many, had been moved to a great distance from their camp.

Our brigade, in its encampment, lay a little in rear of our left wing, and faced the town. It was then the 10th of August.

and as I was to go on guard before day-break on the outposts, I had retired early, but was awakened while it was yet dark by a couple of shots. I waited until I was certain of the nature of the alarm, and rushed to order the générale sounded, which was soon repeated by all the drums in the army.

Then began such a confusion as beggars all description, and such as I hope never to see again. Our men and officers turned out as they were, trying to slip into their clothes and find their arms. It was impossible to make out anything clearly, but we did our utmost to carry out the orders we heard screamed in the darkness.

We had barely formed before our line was cut in two by the enemy, our brigade twice broken and twice re-formed; but our desperate efforts only ended in the enemy completely surrounding us.

The slaughter was terrible, and being

reduced to extremity, we offered to capitulate on honorable terms. At this there was a lull in the action, and time to look about. We were so encumbered by our dead and wounded that a regular formation was almost impossible, though this we set about righting with all possible haste.

Our colonel sat straight and erect in the midst of us, in earnest talk with the French major-general who was in command. Lieutenant Butler was near me, and O'Reilly I saw attending to the removal of some of the wounded. The men, half dressed, and many of them covered with blood, were resting as if the affair was entirely over, and already were talking and joking each other in the usual way, as if our lives did not hang on the answer to our terms.

At length word was brought that our offer was refused, and we must surrender at discretion. Our chiefs whispered a moment, then Colonel MacDonnell rose to his full height in his stirrups, and called, in a voice deep with feeling: "Officers and gentlemen of the Company of St. James! They refuse us the only terms which honorable men can accept without disgrace. Officers! Gentlemen! Every man of you who can hold a gun or put hand to a sword! I call on you to fight while a charge of powder and ball is left to living or to dead!" And the cheer we gave him carried our answer back to our ungenerous foe.

There was no shrinking as each one stepped firmly to his place, but matters grew worse from the beginning. Our French general was shot down; then Colonel MacDonnell, crying, "I'll open a way for you, my lads! Come on!" spurred his horse straight at the enemy, only to go down torn with bullets, while on every side our officers and men were falling fast.

So far I had not a scratch, but now a ball went through my thigh, which prevented my standing. I crossed my firelock under my leg, and shook it to see if the bone was whole, finding which to be the case, I raised myself on one knee and continued firing. I received another shot, which threw me down, but I still made an attempt to second my surviving comrades until a third wound quite disabled me. Loss of blood and no way to stop it soon reduced my strength. I, however, gripped my sword to be ready to run through the first who should insult me.

All our ammunition now being spent, and not a single cartridge to be found even among the dead, quarter was called for by the few who remained alive. Many of the wounded were knocked on the head, and I did not escape; for observing one approaching, I made ready to run him through, but seeing that five more were close to him, I dropped my sword, only to be saluted with "Hundsfoth!" and a rattle of blows on my head, whereupon I fainted.

When I came to myself again I found I was lying stripped of every stitch of clothing, and suffering intolerable agony, not only from my wounds, but also from the blistering sun.

The battle still swept back and forwards, but at some distance, so that I escaped the horrid fate of being ridden over, though a plundering German nearly robbed me of my poor remnant of life, and was only prevented by a genteel-looking officer, who took compassion on my state.

I now began to suffer the torments of thirst in addition to my other pains, and in my distress I called to every one who passed near me for a drink; but from the heat of the day and the length of the action—for it must now have been well on in the afternoon, and the attack began, as I said, before daybreak—their canteens and calabashes were all empty. At last I saw a grenadier of the Swiss Guards, whose uniform was very much like ours, with a large calabash, and asked him if he had anything in it.

"Yes, brother," he said, mistaking me, I suppose, for a Swiss.

I took a hearty draught of excellent wine, and offered it back to him.

"No, no, brother," said the kindly fellow; "I am unhurt, and you cannot help yourself," and thereupon he left me.

I was greatly refreshed, and on looking about me saw poor Lieutenant Butler, whom I had not before observed, lying near me on all fours. He was sadly wounded, and begged me in the name of God to let him have a drink. I drew myself a little nearer to him, for he could not move, and handed him the calabash. He seized it eagerly, and would certainly have finished it, but observing from the horrid nature of his wound it was a matter of little more than minutes for him, I took the calabash from him, saying, "It is easy to see, my poor fellow, that your bread is



"THERE THE GOOD MAN SAT, HOLDING ME IN HIS ARMS."

baked! I cannot let you waste this when I may perish for want of it."

It is not that war makes men unfeeling, as many have urged, but in it they attain a judgment of the value of life not so readily acquired elsewhere.

It was now getting towards evening, and I must have fainted or slept somewhat, for the next I remember was feeling what I took to be rain falling, and on opening my eyes there was the big face of Father O'Rourke over me. He was crying like a child, and the first words I made out were: "Oh, Giovannini, darling! My poor boy! You're not dead, you're not dead, after all!"

"Who's beaten, father?" I asked, as soon as I could speak.

"Faith, we're all beaten! First we were smashed into tatters, the King all but taken, and would have been had it not been for Sir Balthasar Nihil. We were beaten at every point of the compass, only we didn't know it! But now we've the

town again, and sent General Browne off with a flea in his ear, and all the Croats and Hungarians, Pandours and Talpathians, hot foot after him. But oh, the poor souls that have gone to glory this night! Faith, promotion will be the order of the day now." And all this and much more he gave out, half crying, half laughing.

And there the good man sat talking his nonsense to keep me up, holding me in his arms, covered with his cassock, which he had stripped off when first he found me, in no little danger from the rascally camp-followers and the miserable peasants, who were prowling about ready to put a knife into any one who offered the least resistance; indeed the peasants killed, resistance or not, for each soldier dead, no matter on what side, they looked on as one enemy the less.

I was too weak to think of such things, but he told me afterwards his heart gave a Te Deum of rejoicing when he saw Lieutenant Miles McDonnell, of the Regiment Hibernia, looking over the bodies

for any chance of saving friends. He at once hailed him, and I was soon lying on the leaf of a door on my way to the hospital.

Some idea may be gathered of the importance of this engagement when I say that there were nearly two hundred officers alone in the hospital, which was one of the largest convents in the town, occupied for this purpose.

It was wonderful how so many of us recovered rapidly, in spite of our crowded condition and scanty fare.

Father O'Rourke was untiring in his care of us all—indeed, for weeks he hardly seemed to have any rest; but whether he was up all night with some poor fellow whose time was short, or comforting another in pain, or letter-writing, or listening to complaints, he had always the same lively humor that brought many a laugh from the long rows of beds within hearing.

In about six weeks I was on crutches, but sadly incommoded by the want of clothes, for I had not even a shirt I could call my own.

"Faith, don't be so mighty put out on account of a few rags and tatters," was Father O'Rourke's only comfort. "'Tis a blessed state of innocence I found you in! Not even Adam in the Garden of Eden could have had less on him, or been less put out by it. You may thank Providence you are here in this blessed sunshine, instead of skiting about barelegged in your native land, where, I'm told, on good authority, the men wear petticoats even in winter."

But I was superior to his gibes a day or so later, for the general, hearing of my straits, most obligingly sent me a suit of clothes and half a dozen of shirts. And to add to his many kindnesses, in a letter he wrote to King James, giving an account of the late engagement, he mentioned my condition to his Majesty, who was pleased to order a pretty good sum of money for my immediate occasions.

From this out I recovered rapidly, and soon was myself again, back in my company with full rank of lieutenant. There was no fighting now of any importance, and we wondered what the next move would be; but our spies and the deserters brought us in no news of value, and on the last day of September we lay

down while our outposts watched those of the enemy, and we saw their fires burning as usual across the valley; but in the morning we thought it strange that we heard no drums and saw no movement, until it dawned on us that their whole army had withdrawn during the night, and must now be in full retreat by way of Rome.

All our available force started in pursuit, with the hope of bringing them to an action at Torre Metia, about half-way between Albano and Rome, but they outmarched us. Both armies had engaged with his Holiness not to enter Rome, so the enemy passed under its walls, where, our advanced guard coming up with their rear, there was warm skirmishing until they crossed the Tiber at the Ponte Mole, and encamped on the far side until the next morning, when they continued their retreat. Our army now divided, one division going forward under the Count di Gages to harass the enemy, while the remainder followed King Carlo back to Naples.

Through General MacDonnell's kindness I was allowed to spend a few days in Rome, as being on his staff, and at my first freedom took my way to the street of the Quattro Fontane and my old college.

What a welcome I received! Good Father Urbani held me in his arms as if I had been his own son, and would not hear of my sleeping outside the college, although it was a downright breach of their rules; and the old porter, of whom I once stood in such awe, waited up for me no matter what the hour for returning might be, and nodded and winked knowingly as if he too had once been young. Not that I would insinuate there was anything of levity in my conduct, for I have always had a too just regard of my position as a gentleman and an officer to indulge in anything unbecoming, more especially where I was so carefully observed.

Angus I found the same as ever, quiet and contented with his lot, as seemed most of the others, though I could see that my appearance caused something of a ruffle among them. I seemed to have grown so many years older, and was surprised to find how small and almost mean many of the old surroundings looked, and even the fathers did not appear as

formidable as before. All, that is, save dear old Father Urbani, of whom I never stood in awe, and who had only grown older and more frail; to him I told all that was in my heart, not even hiding my first fright from him, which I would not have then confessed to any other living man.

On the second day of our stay the general and I took our way by the Corso and through to the Piazza Santi Apostoli to pay our respects to his Majesty King James. As we ascended the staircase I thought of the two poor awe-struck collegioners who, in soutane and soprano, had climbed the same stairs two years before, and the amazement that had filled their hearts when they saw and talked with royalty for the first time. Now I was a man, though but sixteen, for I had carried a sword honorably in company with some of the bravest men in Italy, and had been personally presented to King Carlo as worthy of his gracious notice.

The general was in full dress, with his Spanish and Neapolitan orders, while I wore the full uniform of a lieutenant of our brigade, which was genteel enough even for a presentation.

In the anteroom the general was welcomed on all hands, and I met many I knew, including Mr. Murray, Mr. Sheridan, and the Abbé Ramsay, and was made much of, though without flattery, save by those at whose hands I could fittingly receive it. What was my disgust, though, to see the white face of Creach again in the crowd! He, however, did not come near me, and out of consideration for the general I refrained from speaking of him, as it might lead to mention of my former meeting when with his son the colonel.

I may mention here that I never knew the result of the meeting between Creach and the colonel, as the latter never saw fit to refer to it, and I could not well question him.

The sight of the man was so distasteful that it fairly took away all the pleasure of my presentation, and even the gracious presence and words of his Majesty and of the Duke of York, who accompanied him, did not altogether dissipate my uneasiness. In words as fitting as I could choose I thanked his Majesty for his generous and unexpected succor, whereupon a smile passed over his grave dark face,

and he said, "But hold! Are you not my little Highlander of the Santi Apostoli?"

"I am, please your Majesty," I answered, reddening at my childish adventure.

Then the King smiled again, and, much to my discomfiture, told the story, which all seemed to find mighty amusing, save myself, who could see nothing therein but a very natural and exact distinction. In telling a story, however, a King has this advantage over others, in that all must laugh whether they find it to their liking or not.

I had hoped that we would have seen the Prince of Wales as well, for in my heart he was the member of the royal family I most longed to see again, but we were informed that he was engaged in a tour in northern Italy.

When the King and the Duke withdrew they signified to General MacDonnell that he was to follow, and when we bowed them out and the doors closed on them, conversation at once became general.

I withdrew to a window, for I was in no frame of mind for talk, when, to my astonishment, I saw Creach advance towards me, holding out his hand with an assured air. I drew myself up at once and looked him over slowly, seeing everything but the outstretched hand.

"This is a place for friendship and not for boyish quarrels, Mr. McDonnell," he began. "I wish to congratulate you on your promotion."

"No place, Mr. Creach, can be for friendship between us, and as for congratulations, they are not only out of place also, but from you they are insulting," I said, quietly and in a low voice so that no one might overhear us.

"In the first place, my name is not Creach," he said, trying hard to keep his temper; "and in the second, you may find it not only foolish but even dangerous to try any of your airs with me. Remember you cannot always have a man at your back to fight your battles for you."

"You clay-faced hound!" I said. "Don't dare to take the name of the dead into your mouth, or I will strike you where you stand. What your object is in thus seeking me I do not know, nor care, but, as sure as the sun is above, if you dare speak to me again I will forget the roof we stand under and treat you like the dog you are!"

His face turned grayer than ever, and he stood hesitating a moment, but presently bowed ceremoniously and moved off before my anger got the better of me.

I stood staring out of the window trying to recover myself, when who should come up but Father O'Rourke.

"Well, well, my little Highlander, who has been ruffling your feathers?" said he.

"Look there, Father O'Rourke," I said, paying no attention to his nonsense. "Do you see that man?"

"I'm not hard of hearing yet, my son, thank God; and you needn't make a sign-post of yourself. Do you mean the claret-colored coat and the bag-wig?"

"Yes," I said, more quietly. "That is Creach!"

"The devil it is!" he said, and then he became confused, and glanced at me to see if I had observed his slip; but I have always held that an honest statement of opinion may excuse the expression. He was silent for a moment, looking hard at the man, and then went on in his old lively manner: "Well, Giovannini, we are not responsible for the company; they cannot be all lieutenants and priests. Let us wander about and get a mouthful of air." So, taking my arm, he led me off, nor would he speak on the subject until we were alone on the terrace. There he changed his tone, and said, shortly,

"Are you sure of the man?"

"As sure as if I had seen his ears."

"Faith! they were big enough to swear by!" and, to my impatience, he began to laugh at the thought. "Do you remember how they stuck out? The handles of a jug would be flat beside them!" and he laughed again. "Now I suppose you promptly insulted him?"

"Indeed I did not! I only told him he was a dog, and if he spoke to me again I would not answer for myself."

"Humph! I have frequently noticed that a Highlander's conception of an insult is materially altered by the fact whether it proceeds from himself or another. But I don't suppose you ever got as far in metaphysics as this. Now comes the question, what you intend to do? Remember, the gentleman seems fairly well established here. Will you fight with him?"

"Fight with him—a thief? Indeed I will not! I will simply keep my word."

"You're a rare hand at that, and I'm not saying 'tis a bad habit. But here comes

the general. To-morrow I'll be at the college about eleven." And so we parted.

The general was in great spirits. "Hark you, McDonell, something touching 'the North' is on foot; I'll not say more now, and this is in strict confidence, but you'll know what it means some day when I signify to you that you may apply for leave of absence. To-morrow at four you will attend again at the palace; the Duke desires to see you. You will enter by the door you know of, and the word is 'Velletri.' But you know nothing," he added, with emphasis.

The next morning Father O'Rourke came as promised, and was introduced by me to the rector with some little pride. Indeed he was no mean figure of a man, this chaplain of ours, with his broad shoulders and great head that looked fitter for a soldier's tricorne than a priest's calotte.

After the usual compliments we fell to talking—Father O'Rourke as much at home as if he had known the rector all his life—and it was easy to see the old man warmed to him as he told him of his experience as chaplain in a marching regiment, though making light of it, as was his manner.

"Ah, father," said the rector, smiling, "I am afraid it is somewhat to you that the college owes the loss of this scholar; he would have been a credit to the schools some day."

"I doubt it. Most Reverend," answered Father O'Rourke, dryly, "as he is lacking in one of the senses."

"In what, pray?" asked the rector, a little stirred. "I have never observed any lack. Sight, sound, taste, touch, and speech—he has them all."

"Your pardon, you have omitted humor," returned Father O'Rourke, quietly; "and he has no more of that than a crocodile has of mathematics. A deplorable lack in a scholar, and useful anywhere; though for the banging of guns and the cracking of skulls there's less required than in almost any other profession." And at this he burst into one of his foolish roars of laughter, much to my dislike, for I wished him to make a good figure before my protector. But, to my surprise, the rector did not seem half as much put out as myself, and said, smiling,

"Well, well, this killing is a serious business in any case."

"But not so serious that it could not be tempered by a little cheerfulness. 'Suaviter in modo' goes a long way towards making your enemy's end comfortable," ranted on Father O'Rourke, with much more that I have not the patience to put down. Indeed, I hold him wrong throughout, as I have quite as keen a sense of humor as is fitting for any gentleman in my position.

But to go on. When we were alone he listened quietly enough to my remonstrances on his late conduct, merely saying that he understood that the rector had not been born north of the Tweed; which was no answer whatever.

He then recurred to our matter of the day before.

"I have been making some inquiries about this man Creach."

"Yes. And what do you find?"

"I find, Mr. McDonell, that if you are going to have the run of the Santi Apostoli, you must number him among the elect, for his saintship is in high favor. He not only is there day in and day out, but he is, moreover, a bosom friend of the Prince of Wales."

"That I cannot credit," I returned. "His Highness could not be so mistaken."

"Faith, I'm not so sure of that," he returned, bitterly. "He has some sorry cattle about him, and, to say the least, he is easily pleased in the way of company."

"Father O'Rourke, it is not for the likes of you or me to discuss the doings of princes, and I'll thank you to say no more on the subject."

"Very well, your Highness. I merely thought that a word in season might save you from a like error, and that, coming from a descendant of kings like myself, it would not give offence. But to leave that aside, you'll have to humble your stomach and swallow this captain, claret coat, chalk face, big ears, and all, or I will prophesy that you'll cut but a small figure with your betters."

This was as unpleasant a piece of news as I could well receive, and though I could not quarrel with it, I at least could resent the manner of its conveyance, so I turned upon my informant at once:

"Perhaps this is an example of your 'suaviter in modo,' Father O'Rourke; if so, I'll be obliged if you'll put things in plain, sensible English as between gentlemen."



"I SAW CREACH ADVANCE TOWARDS ME."

"Oh, very well, Mr. John McDonell of Scottos. Do you think it sounds better to say that his Royal Highness has not ordinary common taste in choosing his companions, and if you follow him you must be hail-fellow-well-met with a blackguard like Creach, who happens just now to be in his favor?"

"'Pon my soul, Father O'Rourke, you are the most provoking man I ever met! If you wore a sword I'd make you answer for this," I roared, beside myself with anger.

"Oh, I can waggle a sword if need be," he answered, very coolly; "but I was

thankful it wasn't a sword but a calabash of good chianti I had strapped on me the night I fell in with you after Velletri. There, there, Giovannini! 'Tis nothing to make such a pother about, only you and I are too old friends to quarrel over such gentry as Mr. Creach."

"But it wasn't Mr. Creach, father. I never would have lost my temper over him; I thought you were poking fun at me."

"Ah, Mr. Lieutenant, in humor, like in file-firing, a sense of direction is a great thing."

And so we made it all up again, and with Angus we had the chianti and fruit which the rector had thoughtfully provided in my chamber.

At four o'clock I took my way to the secret entrance of the Santi Apostoli by the familiar passage, and found a lackey awaiting me in the garden to conduct me to the Duke.

He was then about nineteen, though I did not think he appeared much my elder save in his manner, which was that of a prince, though most lively and engaging. He soon opened the reason of the visit.

"Mr. McDonell," he said, "I am sure you are faithful and can be trusted."

"Your Royal Highness," I answered, "my people have been true to you and yours for generations, and it would ill become me to have any principles other than those we have always held. You can count of me to the very end."

"I was sure of it," he answered, smiling, holding out both his hands, which I grasped with emotion. "Now to business," and he civilly invited me to be seated in an embrasure of a window.

"My brother, the Prince of Wales, is travelling, it is true, but not in Italy; he left here secretly in January last, and since then has been in France; and at any day an expedition may be formed for Scotland, for we have the surest hope of the hearty co-operation of the French court.

"Now I and his Majesty must have messengers at hand on whom we can absolutely rely; and my request to you is that you do not volunteer for service when the news comes, but that you remain in your command here in Italy. We have positive assurances that you will be permitted to leave at any mo-

ment. I know that I am asking you a hard service, but it is an important one, for there are but few men whom we can trust for such a mission.

"It is impossible to say when you may be needed, but your reward will be such, when the time comes, that others will envy your choice, and I and the King, my father, will ever remember the man who was ready to sacrifice the empty glory of the parade of war for the trust laid on him.

"You must keep yourself free of all entanglements, for your absolute freedom to move at once will be of the utmost importance to the Prince and to your country. Surely I may count on you for this."

And I swore faithfulness from the bottom of my heart.

Then changing his tone, he began more lightly. "There is another small favor, a personal one, I would ask of you yet. There is a gentleman here in our court named Mr. Graeme—"

"Mr. Creach, your Highness," I could not help interrupting.

"Mr. Graeme, I said," he returned, with something of hauteur. "You will be required to meet him, possibly to have business with him, and I desire as a personal favor to me," and he laid much stress on the words, "that you will lay aside all previous difficulties or misunderstandings between you until your engagement with me is at an end. Surely I am not asking too much in urging a favor at this the beginning of your service?" And I was so overcome with the graciousness of his manner that I promised, although sore against my will.

We then had a private audience with the King, who was pleased to recall the services of my grandfather, old Æneas of Scottos, and his brothers Glengarry, Lochgarry, and Barrisdale, whom he knew personally in 1715, and flattered me by saying he congratulated the Duke of York on having a messenger of such approved fidelity, "for, McDonell, your general tells me he would trust you with his own honor."

"His Excellency has been like a father to me, Sir," I answered, and shortly afterwards our interview closed, the Duke paying me the honor of accompanying me to the door, and insisted on shaking hands, nor would he allow any further ceremony at leave-taking.

The next morning some one knocked on my door, and on opening it, there, to my surprise and disgust, I saw Creach dressed in the most foppish manner. However, I dissembled my feelings, and to his greeting said, with civility,

"I wish you good-morning, Mr. Creach."

"By God, sir, if you repeat that name to me, I will run you through!" and he laid his hand on his sword.

I glanced quickly to see that my own was within easy reach on the table, and then,

"Mr. Creach," I said, "I promised his Royal Highness the Duke that I would not quarrel with you, and nothing will make me break my word, so don't go on pretending to find insults in my conversation, Mr. Creach, or it will become one-sided. I am a man of very few ideas, and one of them is that 'Mr. Creach'—no, 'Captain Creach'—was the name by which you were introduced to me, and so Creach you must remain till the end of the chapter, Mr. Creach."

But he had recovered himself with great address, and said, with an air of much openness: "Mr. McDonell, what is the sense of keeping up this farce of quarrelling? We must meet, therefore let us do it with decency as befits the cause to which our honor is pledged."

"Mr. Creach, if I were not a man moderate in all things, and were not my word pledged to the Duke, nothing in the world would prevent my throwing you down these stairs; and I could have no greater pleasure than to see you break your neck at the bottom; but since I am forced to treat you as a gentleman, kindly deliver yourself of your business, and leave me to mine."

"I am doubly fortunate, then, Mr. McDonell, first to the Duke, and second to your high sense of honor. But I will not bandy compliments. His Highness bade me deliver this letter and his regrets that he will not see you again, as he hears that General MacDonnell leaves for the army at Spoleto to-day."

"My humble duty to his Highness, sir;" and I bowed to him mighty stiff, and he withdrew, leaving me very thankful that I had not been betrayed into any heat nor broken my word to the Duke.

On hurrying to the general's quarters I found that the news was true, and that

he had already sent for me; so after short farewell we rode through the Porto del Popolo and took the highway towards Spoleto.

I will not follow our campaign, that of 1744-5, through the winter, except to say we were fairly successful and saw some brilliant service, particularly at La Bochetta and during the investment of Tortona.

All this time I had been anxiously expecting orders from the Duke, but the only word that came was a letter containing the disheartening tidings of the failure of the expedition under Marshal Saxe, when, in the month of July, we were all startled at the news of the Prince's embarkation in the *Doutelle* and the *Elizabeth*.

"It is simple madness," said Father O'Rourke, when the tidings were announced in the general's tent at dinner—indeed, one of the last occasions when he had us all at his table, as he loved.

"'Tis the kind of madness which makes heroes," said the general, heartily. "Here, gentlemen! Glasses all! Here's to royal Charles, and may he never stop till he sleeps in St. James's!" and warmed by his enthusiasm, after the toast he broke into the old Irish Jacobite song:

"He's all my heart's treasure, my joy and my pleasure,

So, justly, my love, my heart follows thee;
And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,
To seek out my Blackbird wherever he be."

Such was the enthusiasm that we were all ready to volunteer, but, as the general said, dryly enough:

"What is to become of the Austrians if you all leave? You might as well desert to the enemy at once and have done with it."

While we awaited with impatience an answer to our applications, word came to me from the Duke that I was on no account to apply for leave until such time as he sent me certain word himself. It was a bitter disappointment, but I was not alone, as the military authorities saw fit to refuse all applications until the matter was further advanced.

At last, in the month of January, 1746, letters came to me saying the Duke was about starting; that leave was granted me, as well as certain others, with instructions to report to Mr. Sempil, the King's agent at Paris, who would direct us further.



"GENTLEMEN, GLASSES ALL!"

Conceiving that my future duties called for absolute freedom, I sent in my formal resignation, and received from our colonel, Ranald MacDonnell, a certificate testifying in flattering terms to the services I had performed, to my honor as a gentleman, and my conduct as an officer while under his command in the Company of St. James.

To my surprise, I found the name of Father O'Rourke among those allowed to volunteer, and when we were alone I said, rallying him,

"I was not aware you were so strong a Jacobite, father?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I am not, except in the way of sentiment. But sentiment, my dear Giovannini, as you are aware, will induce a sensible man to do more foolish things than any other power in the world. Still, I regard myself as in the path of duty, for I conceive that some

Jacobites will not be any the worse for a little extra morality dispensed by even my unworthy hands."

I did not question him further, as I dreaded one of his usual rodomontades.

We left at once, with the good wishes of all, took barge at Genoa as far as Antibes, and thence by post to Lyons, where we put up at the Hôtel du Parc. Here we met a number of French officers, who brought news of the battle of Falkirk, wherein Prince Charles had beaten the English cavalry and infantry off the field, and though at the same time we knew he had retreated from England, it did not serve to dash our spirits, and we supped merrily together, drinking toast after toast to the success of the Cause.

All the old songs were sung lustily, and the French officers were much amused with our enthusiasm; but it was Father

O'Rourke who carried off the honors of the evening, by singing the following to an air that was new to me:

"Oh, the water, the water,
The dun and eerie water,
Which long has parted loving hearts that wearied
for their home!
O'er the water, the water,
The dark dividing water
Our Bonnie Prince has come at last, at last, to
claim his own.
He has come to hearts that waited,
He has come to hearts that welcome,
He has come though friends have wavered, with
the foe upon his track.
But what loyal heart will falter
When our Bonnie Prince is standing
With his banner blue above his head and his
claymore at his back?

Then gather ye, Appin, Clanranald, Glengarry!
The Cross has gone round! Will a single man
tarry
When we march with our chiefs against Geordie's
Dutch carles?
We are out for the King! We will conquer or
swing!
But the bonnie brown broadswords will klink
and will kling
From the Tweed to the Thames for our Bonnie
Prince Charles!

"Oh, the waiting, the waiting,
The cruel night of waiting,
When we brake the bread of sorrow and drank
our bitter tears!
It has broken at his coming,
Like the mist on Corryvreckan,
In the sunlight of his presence we have lost our
midnight fears.
When the Prince unfurled his standard
In the green vale of Glenfinnan
Beneath a sky so bright and blue, blown clear
of storm and wrack,
The loyal chiefs came thronging
To where their Prince was standing
With his banner blue above his head and his
claymore at his back.

Then gather ye, Appin, Clanranald, Glengarry!
The Cross has gone round! Will a single man
tarry
When we march with our chiefs against Geordie's
Dutch carles?
We are out for the King! We will conquer or
swing!
But the bonnie brown broadswords will klink
and will kling
From the Tweed to the Thames for our Bonnie
Prince Charles!

"Oh, the heather, the heather,
The modest hill-side heather
Hath donned her royal robe again to welcome back
her Own!
The roses bloom once more in hearts
That hope deferred was wasting,
That will march with Bonnie Charlie, to halt only
at his Throne!
We have suffered, we have sorrowed,
But our joy has come with morning
And all is shining gloriously that late was drear
and black.
Then up and out, ye gallant hearts,
To where your Prince is standing
With his banner blue above his head and his
claymore at his back!

Then gather ye, Appin, Clanranald, Glengarry!
The Cross has gone round! Will a single man
tarry
When we march with our chiefs against Geordie's
Dutch carles?
We are out for the King! We will conquer or
swing!
But the bonnie brown broadswords will klink
and will kling
From the Tweed to the Thames for our Bonnie
Prince Charles!"

When he ended we cheered and cheered,
breaking our glasses, half crying, half
laughing, until we made the room ring
again, and the people in the square lis-
tening to us began to cheer in sympathy;
and, unable to control myself, I jumped
up, and catching the big form of the priest
to my bosom, fairly hugged him in my
arms.

"Oh, Father O'Rourke, how could you
ever do it, and you not a Highlander at
all?" I cried in my wonder.

"Faith, I could do the same for a Hot-
tentot, if I could only manage his irregu-
lar verbs," he shouted, struggling out of
my embrace. "And now, gentlemen, if
you don't stop this hullabaloo, you'll be
arrested for disturbing the peace of this
good town of Lyons; and if you don't
stop cracking those bottles, your heads
will be as easy cracking for the English
when it comes to hard knocks!" And
off he went, with a storm of cheers after
him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FIELD OF SLEEP.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

DAUGHTER of beauty, wait; the prize is won.
Whether you pluck love's blossoms all or none,
Sleep's field is left, whence summer never goes,
But ever on the rose-tree dreams the rose.

THE STRATEGIC FEATURES OF THE GULF OF MEXICO AND THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

THE importance, absolute and relative, of portions of the earth's surface, and their consequent interest to mankind, vary from time to time. The Mediterranean was for many ages the centre round which gathered all the influences and developments of those earlier civilizations from which our own, mediately or immediately, derives. During the chaotic period of struggle that intervened between their fall and the dawn of our modern conditions, the Inland Sea, through its hold upon the traditions and culture of antiquity, still retained a general ascendancy, although at length its political predominance was challenged, and finally overcome, by the younger, more virile, and more warlike nationalities that had been forming gradually beyond the Alps, and on the shores of the Atlantic and Northern oceans. It was, until the close of the Middle Ages, the one route by which the East and the West maintained commercial relations; for, although the trade eastward from the Levant was by long and painful land journeys, over mountain range and desert plain, water communication, in part, and up to that point, was afforded by the Mediterranean, and by it alone. With the discovery of the passage by the Cape of Good Hope this advantage departed, while at the same instant the discovery of a New World opened out to the Old new elements of luxury and a new sphere of ambition. Then the Mediterranean, thrown upon its own productive resources alone, swayed in the East by the hopeless barbarism of the Turk, in the West by the decadent despotism of Spain, and, between the two, divided among a number of petty states, incapable of united, and consequently of potent, action, sank into a factor of relatively small consequence to the onward progress of the world. During the wars of the French Revolution, when the life of Great Britain, and consequently the issue of the strife, depended upon the vigor of British commerce, British merchant shipping was nearly driven from that sea; and but two per cent. of a trade that was increasing mightily all the time was thence derived. How the Suez Canal and the growth of

the Eastern Question, in its modern form, have changed all that, it is needless to say. Yet, through all the period of relative insignificance, the relations of the Mediterranean to the East and to the West, in the broad sense of those expressions, preserved to it a political importance to the world at large, which rendered it continuously a scene of great political ambitions and military enterprise. Since Great Britain first actively intervened in those waters, two centuries ago, she has at no time willingly surrendered her pretensions to be a leading Mediterranean Power, although her possessions there are of purely military, or rather naval, value.

The Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, taken together, form an inland sea and an archipelago. They too have known those mutabilities of fortune which receive illustration alike in the history of countries and in the lives of individuals. The first scene of discovery and of conquest in the New World, these twin sheets of water, with their islands and their mainlands, became for many generations, and nearly to our own time, a veritable El Dorado—a land where the least of labor, on the part of its new possessors, rendered the largest and richest returns. The bounty of nature, and the ease with which climatic conditions, aided by the unwarlike character of most of the natives, adapted themselves to the institution of slavery, insured the cheap and abundant production of articles which, when once enjoyed, men found indispensable, as they already had the silks and spices of the East. In Mexico and in Peru were realized also, in degree, the actual gold-mine sought by the avarice of the earlier Spanish explorers; while a short though difficult tropical journey brought the treasures of the west coast across the Isthmus to the shores of the broad ocean, nature's great highway, which washed at once the shores of Old and of New Spain. From the Caribbean, Great Britain, although her rivals had anticipated her in the possession of the largest and richest districts, derived nearly twenty-five per cent. of her commerce, during the strenuous period when

the Mediterranean contributed but two per cent.

But over these fair regions too passed the blight, not of despotism merely, for despotism was characteristic of the times, but of a despotism which found no counteractive, no element of future deliverance, in the temperament or in the political capacities of the people over whom it ruled. Elizabeth, as far as she dared, was a despot: Philip II. was a despot; but there was already manifest in her subjects, while there was not in his, a will and a power not merely to resist oppression, but to organize freedom. This will and this power, after gaining many partial victories by the way, culminated once for all in the American Revolution. Great Britain has never forgotten the lesson then taught; for it was one she herself had been teaching for centuries, and her people and statesmen were therefore easy learners. A century and a quarter has passed since that warning was given, not to Great Britain only, but to the world; and we to-day see, in the contrasted colonial systems of the two states, the results, on the one hand of political aptitude, on the other of political obtuseness and backwardness, which cannot struggle from the past into the present until the present in turn has become the past—irreclaimable.

Causes superficially very diverse but essentially the same, in that they arose from and still depend upon a lack of local political capacity, have brought the Mediterranean and the Caribbean, in our own time, to similar conditions, regarded as quantities of interest in the sphere of international relations. Whatever the intrinsic value of the two bodies of water, in themselves or in their surroundings, whatever their present contributions to the prosperity or to the culture of mankind, their conspicuous characteristics now are their political and military importance, in the broadest sense, as concerning not only the countries that border them, but the world at large. Both are land-girt seas; both are links in a chain of communication between an East and a West; in both the chain is broken by an isthmus; both are of contracted extent when compared with great oceans, and, in consequence of these common features, both present in an intensified form the advantages and the limitations, political and military, which condition the influence of sea power. This

conclusion is notably true of the Mediterranean, as is shown by its history. It is even more forcibly true of the Caribbean, partly because the contour of its shores does not, as in the Mediterranean peninsulas, thrust the power of the land so far and so sustainedly into the sea; partly because, from historical antecedents already alluded to, in the character of the first colonists, and from the shortness of the time the ground has been in civilized occupation, there does not exist in the Caribbean, or in the Gulf of Mexico—apart from the United States—any land power at all comparable with those great Continental states of Europe whose strength lies in their armies far more than in their navies. So far as national inclinations, as distinct from the cautious actions of statesmen, can be discerned, in the Mediterranean at present the Sea Powers, Great Britain, France, and Italy, are opposed to the Land Powers, Germany, Austria, and Russia; and the latter dominate action. It cannot be so, in any near future, in the Caribbean. As affirmed in a previous paper, the Caribbean is pre-eminently the domain of sea power. It is in this point of view—the military or naval—that it is now to be considered. Its political importance will be assumed, as recognized by our forefathers, and enforced upon our own attention by the sudden apprehensions awakened within the last two years.

It may be well, though possibly needless, to ask readers to keep clearly in mind that the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, while knit together like the Siamese twins, are distinct geographical entities. A leading British periodical once accused the writer of calling the Gulf of Mexico the Caribbean Sea, because of his unwillingness to admit the name of any other state in connection with a body of water over which his own country claimed predominance. The Gulf of Mexico is very clearly defined by the projection, from the north, of the peninsula of Florida, and from the south, of that of Yucatan. Between the two the island of Cuba interposes for a distance of two hundred miles, leaving on one side a passage of nearly a hundred miles wide—the Strait of Florida—into the Atlantic, while on the other, the Yucatan Channel, somewhat broader, leads into the Caribbean Sea. It may be mentioned here, as an important military consideration, that

from the mouth of the Mississippi westward to Cape Catoche—the tip of the Yucatan Peninsula—there is no harbor that can be considered at all satisfactory for ships of war of the larger classes. The existence of many such harbors in other parts of the regions now under consideration practically eliminates this long stretch of coast, regarded as a factor of military importance in the problem before us.

In each of these sheets of water, the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean, there is one position of pre-eminent commercial importance. In the Gulf the mouth of the Mississippi is the point where meet all the exports and imports, by water, of the Mississippi Valley. However diverse the directions from which they come, or the destinations to which they proceed, all come together here as at a great cross-roads, or as the highways of an empire converge on the metropolis. Whatever value the Mississippi and the myriad miles of its subsidiary water-courses represent to the United States, as a facile means of communication from the remote interior to the ocean highways of the world, all centres here at the mouth of the river. The existence of the smaller though important cities of the Gulf coast—Mobile, Galveston, or the Mexican ports—does not diminish, but rather emphasizes by contrast, the importance of the Mississippi entrance. They all share its fortunes, in that all alike communicate with the outside world through the Strait of Florida or the Yucatan Channel.

In the Caribbean, likewise, the existence of numerous important ports, and a busy traffic in tropical produce grown within the region itself, do but make more striking the predominance in interest of that one position known comprehensively, but up to the present somewhat indeterminately, as the Isthmus. Here again the element of decisive value is the crossing of the roads, the meeting of the ways, which, whether imposed by nature itself, as in the cases before us, or induced, as sometimes happens, in a less degree, by simple human dispositions, are prime factors in mercantile or strategic consequence. For these reasons the Isthmus, even under the disadvantages of land carriage and transshipment of goods, has ever been an important link in the communications from East to West, from the days of the first discoverers and

throughout all subsequent centuries, though fluctuating in degree from age to age; but when it shall be pierced by a canal, it will present a maritime centre analogous to the mouth of the Mississippi. They will differ in this, that in the latter case the converging water routes on one side are interior to a great state whose resources they bear, whereas the roads which on either side converge upon the Isthmus lie wholly upon the ocean, the common possession of all nations. Control of the latter, therefore, rests either upon local control of the Isthmus itself, or, indirectly, upon control of its approaches, or upon a distinctly preponderant navy. In naval questions the latter is always the dominant factor, exactly as on land the mobile army—the army in the field—must dominate the question of fortresses, unless war is to be impotent.

We have thus the two centres round which revolve all the military study of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. The two sheets of water, taken together, control or affect the approaches on one side to these two supreme centres of commercial, and therefore of political and military interest. The approaches on the other side—the interior communications of the Mississippi, that is, or the maritime routes in the Pacific converging upon the Isthmus—do not here concern us. These approaches, in terms of military art, are known as the “communications.” Communications are probably the most vital and determining element in strategy, military or naval. They are literally the most radical; for all military operations depend upon communications, as the fruit of a plant depends upon communication with its root. We draw therefore upon the map the chief lines by which communication exists between these two centres and the outside world. Such lines represent the mutual dependence of the centres and the exterior, by which each ministers to the others, and by severance of which either becomes useless to the others. It is from their potential effect upon these lines of communication that all positions in the Gulf or the Caribbean derive their military value or want of value.

It is impossible to precede or to accompany a discussion of this sort with a technical exposition of naval strategy. Such definitions of the art as may be needed must be given *in loco*, cursorily and dogmatically. Therefore it will be said here

briefly that the strategic value of any position, be it body of land large or small, or a seaport, or a strait, depends, 1, upon situation (with reference chiefly to communications), 2, upon its strength (inherent or acquired), and 3, upon its resources (natural or stored). As strength and resources are matters which man can accumulate where suitable situation offers, whereas he cannot change the location of a place in itself otherwise advantageous, it is upon situation that attention must primarily be fixed. Strength and resources may be artificially supplied or increased, but it passes the power of man to move a port which lies outside the limits of strategic effect. Gibraltar in mid-ocean might have fourfold its present power, yet would be valueless in a military sense.

The positions which are indicated on the map by the dark squares have been selected, therefore, upon these considerations, after a careful study of the inherent advantages of the various ports and coast-lines of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf. It is by no means meant that there are not others which possess merits of various kinds; or that those indicated, and to be named, exhaust the strategic possibilities of the region under examination. But there are qualifying circumstances of degree in particular cases; and a certain regard must be had to political conditions, which may be said to a great extent to neutralize some positions. Some, too, are excluded because overshadowed by others so near and so strong as practically to embrace them, when under the same political tenure. Moreover, it is a commonplace of strategy that passive positions, fortified places, however strong, although indispensable as supports to military operations, should not be held in great number. To do so wastes force. Similarly, in the study of a field of maritime operations, the number of available positions, whose relative and combined influence upon the whole is to be considered, should be narrowed, by a process of gradual elimination, to those clearly essential and representative. To embrace more confuses the attention, wastes mental force, and is a hinderance to correct appreciation. The rejection of details, where permissible, and understandingly done, facilitates comprehension, which is baffled by a multiplication of minutiae, just as the impression of a work of art, or of a story, is lost amid a multiplicity

of figures or of actors. The investigation precedent to formulation of ideas must be close and minute, but that done, the unbiassed selection of the most important, expressed graphically by a few lines and a few dots, leads most certainly to the comprehension of decisive relations in a military field of action.

In the United States, Pensacola and the Mississippi River have been rivals for the possession of a navy-yard. The recent decision of a specially appointed board in favor of the latter, while it commands the full assent of the writer, by no means eliminates the usefulness of the former. Taken together, they fulfil a fair requirement of strategy, sea and land, that operations based upon a national frontier, which a coast-line is, should not depend upon a single place only. They are closer together than ideal perfection would wish; too easily, therefore, to be watched by an enemy without great dispersal of his force, which Norfolk and New York, for instance, are not; but still, conjointly, they are the best we can do on that line, having regard to the draught of water for heavy ships. Key West, an island lying off the end of the Florida Peninsula, has long been recognized as the chief, and almost the only, good and defensible anchorage upon the Strait of Florida, reasonable control of which is indispensable to water communication between our Atlantic and Gulf seabords in time of war. In case of war in the direction of the Caribbean, Key West is the extreme point now in our possession upon which, granting adequate fortification, our fleets could rely; and, so used, it would effectually divert an enemy's force from Pensacola and the Mississippi. It can never be the ultimate base of operations, as Pensacola or New Orleans can, because it is an island, a small island, and has no resources—not even water; but for the daily needs of a fleet—coal, ammunition, etc.—it can be made most effective. Sixty miles west of it stands an antiquated fortress on the Dry Tortugas. These are capable of being made a useful adjunct to Key West, but at present they scarcely can be so considered. Key West is 550 miles distant from the mouth of the Mississippi, and 1200 from the Isthmus.

The islands of Santa Lucia and of Martinique have been selected because they represent the chief positions of, respec-

tively, Great Britain and France on the outer limits of the general field under consideration. For the reasons already stated, Grenada, Barbadoes, Dominica, and the other near British islands are not taken into account, or rather are considered to be embraced in Santa Lucia, which adequately represents them. If a secondary position on that line were required, it would be at Antigua, which would play to Santa Lucia the part which Pensacola does to the Mississippi. In like manner the French Guadeloupe merges in Martinique. The intrinsic importance of these positions consists in the fact that, being otherwise suitable and properly defended, they are the nearest to the mother-countries, between whom and themselves there lies no point of danger near which it is necessary to pass. They have the disadvantage of being very small islands, consequently without adequate natural resources, and easy to be blockaded on all sides. They are therefore essentially dependent for their usefulness in war upon control of the sea, which neither Pensacola nor New Orleans is, having the continent at their backs.

It is in this respect that the pre-eminent intrinsic advantages of Cuba, or rather of Spain in Cuba, are to be seen; and also, but in much less degree, those of Great Britain in Jamaica. Cuba, though narrow throughout, is over six hundred miles long, from Cape San Antonio to Cape Maysi. It is, in short, not so much an island as a continent, susceptible, under proper development, of great resources—of self-sufficingness. In area it is half as large again as Ireland, but, owing to its peculiar form, is much more than twice as long. Marine distances, therefore, are drawn out to an extreme degree. Its many natural harbors concentrate themselves, to a military examination, into three principal groups, whose representatives are, in the west, Havana; in the east, Santiago; while near midway of the southern shore lies Cienfuegos. The shortest water distance separating any two of these is 335 miles, from Santiago to Cienfuegos. To get from Cienfuegos to Havana 450 miles of water must be traversed and the western point of the island doubled; yet the two ports are distant by land only a little more than a hundred miles of fairly easy country. Regarded, therefore, as a base of naval operations, as a source of sup-

plies to a fleet, Cuba presents a condition wholly unique among the islands of the Caribbean and of the Gulf of Mexico; to both which it, and it alone of all the archipelago, belongs. It is unique in its size, which should render it largely self-supporting, either by its own products, or by the accumulation of foreign necessities which naturally obtains in a large and prosperous maritime community; and it is unique in that such supplies can be conveyed from one point to the other, according to the needs of a fleet, by interior lines, not exposed to risks of maritime capture. The extent of the coast-line, the numerous harbors, and the many directions from which approach can be made minimize the dangers of total blockade, to which all islands are subject. Such conditions are in themselves advantageous, but they are especially so to a navy inferior to its adversary, for they convey the power—subject, of course, to conditions of skill—of shifting operations from side to side, and finding refuge and supplies in either direction.

Jamaica, being but one-tenth the size of Cuba, and one-fifth of its length, does not present the intrinsic advantages of the latter island, regarded either as a source of supplies or as a centre from which to direct effort; but when in the hands of a power supreme at sea, as at the present Great Britain is, the questions of supplies, of blockade, and of facility in direction of effort diminish in importance. That which in the one case is a matter of life and death, becomes now only an embarrassing problem, necessitating watchfulness and precaution, but by no means insoluble. No advantages of position can counterbalance, in the long-run, decisive inferiority in organized mobile force—inferiority in troops in the field, and yet much more in ships on the sea. If Spain should become involved in war with Great Britain, as she so often before has been, the advantage she would have in Cuba as against Jamaica would be that her communications with the United States, especially with the Gulf ports, would be well under cover. By this is not meant that vessels bound to Cuba by such routes would be in unassailable security; no communications, maritime or terrestrial, can be so against raiding. What is meant is that they can be protected with much less effort than they can be attacked; that the raiders—the offence—must be much

more numerous and active than the defence, because much farther from their base; and that the question of such raiding would depend consequently upon the force Great Britain could spare from other scenes of war, for it is not likely that Spain would fight her single-handed. It is quite possible that under such conditions advantage of position would more than counterbalance a *small* disadvantage in local force. "War," said Napoleon, "is a business of positions;" by which that master of lightninglike rapidity of movement assuredly did not mean that it was a business of getting into a position and sticking there. It is in the utilization of position by mobile force that war is determined, just as the effect of a chessman depends upon both its individual value and its relative position. While, therefore, in the combination of the two factors, force and position, force is intrinsically the more valuable, it is always possible that great advantage of position may outweigh small advantage of force, as $1+5$ is greater than $2+3$. The positional value of Cuba is extremely great.

Regarded solely as a naval position, without reference to the force thereon based, Jamaica is greatly inferior to Cuba in a question of general war, notwithstanding the fact that in Kingston it possesses an excellent harbor and naval station. It is only with direct reference to the Isthmus, and therefore to the local question of the Caribbean as the main scene of hostilities, that it possesses a certain superiority which will be touched on later. It is advisable first to complete the list, and so far as necessary to account for the selection, of the other points indicated by the squares.

Of these, three are so nearly together at the Isthmus that, according to the rule before adopted, they might be reduced very properly to a single representative position. Being, however, so close to the great centre of interest in the Caribbean, and having different specific reasons constituting their importance, it is essential to a full statement of strategic conditions in that sea to mention briefly each and all. They are, the harbor and town of Colon, sometimes called Aspinwall; the harbor and city of Cartagena, 300 miles to the eastward of Colon; and the Chiriqui Lagoon, 150 miles west of Colon, a vast enclosed bay with many islands, giving excellent and diversified anchorage,

the shores of which are nearly uninhabited. Colon is the Caribbean terminus of the Panama Railroad, and is also that of the canal projected, and partly dug, under the De Lesseps scheme. The harbor being good, though open to some winds, it is naturally indicated as a point where Isthmian transit may begin or end. As there is no intention of entering into the controversy about the relative merits of the Panama and Nicaragua canal schemes, it will be sufficient here to say that, if the former be carried through, Colon is its inevitable issue on one side. The city of Cartagena is the largest and most flourishing in the neighborhood of the Isthmus, and has a good harbor. With these conditions obtaining, its advantage rests upon the axiomatic principle that, other things being nearly equal, a place where commerce centres is a better strategic position than one which it neglects. The latter is the condition of the Chiriqui Lagoon. This truly noble sheet of water, which was visited by Columbus himself, and bears record of the fact in the name of one of its basins—the Bay of the Admiral—has every natural adaptation for a purely naval base, but has not drawn to itself the operations of commerce. Everything would need there to be created, and to be maintained continuously. It lies midway between Colon and the mouth of the river San Juan, where is Greytown, which has been selected as the issue of the projected Nicaragua Canal; and therefore, in a peculiar way, Chiriqui symbolizes the present indeterminate phase of the Isthmian problem. With all its latent possibilities, however, little can be said now of Chiriqui, except that a rough appreciation of its existence and character is essential to an adequate understanding of Isthmian conditions.

The Dutch island of Curaçao has been marked, chiefly because, with its natural characteristics, it cannot be passed over; but it now is, and it may be hoped will remain indefinitely, among the positions of which it has been said that they are neutralized by political circumstances. Curaçao possesses a fine harbor, which may be made impregnable, and it lies unavoidably near the route of any vessel bound to the Isthmus and passing eastward of Jamaica. Such conditions constitute undeniable military importance; but Holland is a small state, unlikely to join again in a general war. There is, indeed, a float-

ing apprehension that the German Empire, in its present desires of colonial extension, may be willing to absorb Holland, for the sake of her still extensive colonial possessions. Improbable as this may seem, it is scarcely more incomprehensible than the recent mysterious movements upon the European chess-board, attributed by common rumor to the dominating influence of the Emperor of Germany, which we puzzled Americans for months past have sought in vain to understand.

The same probable neutrality must be admitted for the remaining positions that have been distinguished: Mujeres Island, Samana Bay, and the island of St. Thomas. The first of these, at the extremity of the Yucatan Peninsula, belongs to Mexico, a country whose interest in the Isthmian question is very real; for, like the United States, she has an extensive seaboard both upon the Pacific and—in the Gulf of Mexico—upon the Atlantic Ocean. Mujeres Island, however, has nothing to offer but situation, being upon the Yucatan Passage, the one road from all the Gulf ports to the Caribbean and the Isthmus. The anchorage is barely tolerable, the resources *nil*, and defensive strength could be imparted only by an expense quite disproportionate to the result obtained. The consideration of the island as a possible military situation does but emphasize the fact, salient to the most superficial glance, that, so far as position goes, Cuba has no possible rival in her command of the Yucatan Passage, just as she has no competitor, in point of natural strength and resources, for the control of the Florida Strait, which connects the Gulf of Mexico with the Atlantic.

Samana Bay, at the northeast corner of Santo Domingo, is but one of several fine anchorages in that great island, whose territory is now divided between two negro republics—French and Spanish in tongue. Its selection to figure in our study, to the exclusion of the others, is determined by its situation, and by the fact that we are seeking to take a comprehensive glance of the Caribbean as a whole, and not merely of particular districts. For instance, it might be urged forcibly, in view of the existence of two great naval ports like Santiago de Cuba and Port Royal in Jamaica, close to the Windward Passage, through which lies the direct route from the Atlantic seaboard to the

Isthmus, that St. Nicholas Mole, immediately on the Passage, offers the natural position for checking the others in case of need. The reply is that we are not seeking to check anything or anybody, but simply examining in the large the natural strategic features, and incidentally thereto noting the political conditions, of a maritime region in which the United States is particularly interested; political conditions, as has been remarked, having an unavoidable effect upon military values.

The inquiry being thus broad, Samana Bay and the island of St. Thomas are entitled to the pre-eminence here given to them, because they represent, efficiently and better than any other positions, the control of two principal passages into the Caribbean Sea from the Atlantic. The Mona Passage, on which Samana lies, between Santo Domingo and Puerto Rico, is particularly suited to sailing-vessels from the northward, because free from dangers to navigation. This, of course, in these days of steam, is a small matter militarily; in the latter sense the Mona Passage is valuable because it is an alternative to the Windward Passage, or to those to the eastward, in case of hostile predominance in one quarter or the other. St. Thomas is on the Anegada Passage, actually much used, and which better than any other represents the course from Europe to the Isthmus, just as the Windward Passage does that from the North American Atlantic ports. Neither of these places can boast of great natural strength nor of resources; St. Thomas, because it is a small island with the inherent weaknesses attending all such, which have been mentioned; Samana Bay, because, although the island on which it is is large and productive, it has not now, and gives no hope of having, that political stability and commercial prosperity which bring resources and power in their train. Both places would need also considerable development of defensive works to meet the requirements of a naval port. Despite these defects, their situations on the passages named entitle them to paramount consideration in a general study of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. Potentially, though not actually, they lend control of the Mona and Anegada Passages, exactly as Kingston and Santiago do of the Windward.

For, granting that the Isthmus is in the Caribbean the predominant interest, commercial, and therefore concerning the whole world, but also military, and so far possessing peculiar concern for those nations whose territories lie on both oceans, which it now severs and will one day unite—of which nations the United States is the most prominent—granting this, and it follows that entrance to the Caribbean, and transit across the Caribbean to the Isthmus, are two prime essentials to the enjoyment of the advantages of the latter. Therefore, in case of war, control of these two things becomes a military object not second to the Isthmus itself, access to which depends upon them; and in their bearing upon these two things the various positions that are passed under consideration must be viewed—individually first, and afterwards collectively.

The first process of individual consideration the writer has asked the reader to take on faith; neither time nor space permits its elaboration here; but the reasons for choosing those that have been named have been given as briefly as possible. Let us now look at the map, and regard as a collective whole the picture there graphically presented.

Putting to one side, for the moment at least, the Isthmian points, as indicating the end rather than the precedent means, we see at the present time that the positions at the extremes of the field under examination are held by Powers of the first rank—Martinique and Santa Lucia by France and Great Britain, Pensacola and the Mississippi by the United States.

Farther, there are held by these same states of the first order two advanced positions, widely separated from the first bases of their power, viz., Key West, which is 460 miles from Pensacola, and Jamaica, which is 930 miles from Santa Lucia. From the Isthmus, Key West is distant 1200 miles; Jamaica, 500 miles.

Between and separating these two groups, of primary bases and advanced posts, extends the chain of positions from Yucatan to St. Thomas. As far as is possible to position, apart from mobile force, these represent control over the northern entrances—the most important entrances—into the Caribbean Sea. No one of this chain belongs to any of the Powers commonly reckoned as being of the first order of strength.

The entrances on the north of the sea,

as far as, but not including, the Anegada Passage, are called the most important, because they are so few in number—a circumstance which always increases value; because they are so much nearer to the Isthmus; and, very especially to the United States, because they are the ones by which, and by which alone,—except at the cost of a wide circuit,—she communicates with the Isthmus, and, generally, with all the region lying within the borders of the Caribbean.

In a very literal sense the Caribbean is a mediterranean sea; but the adjective must be qualified when comparison is made with the Mediterranean of the Old World, or with the Gulf of Mexico. The last-named bodies of water communicate with the outer oceans by passages so contracted as to be easily watched from nearby positions, and for both there exist such positions of exceptional strength—Gibraltar and some others in the former case, Havana and no other in the latter. The Caribbean, on the contrary, is enclosed on its eastern side by a chain of small islands, the passages between which, although practically not wider than the Strait of Gibraltar, are so numerous that entrance to the sea on that side may be said correctly to extend over a stretch of near 400 miles. The islands, it is true, are so many positions, some better, some worse, from which military effort to control entrance can be exerted; but their number prevents that concentration and that certainty of effect which are possible to adequate force resting upon Gibraltar or Havana.

On the northern side of the sea the case is quite different. From the western end of Cuba to the eastern end of Puerto Rico extends a barrier of land for 1200 miles—as against 400 on the east—broken only by two straits, each fifty miles wide, from side to side of which a steamer of but moderate power can pass in three or four hours. These natural conditions, governing the approach to the Isthmus, reproduce as nearly as possible the strategic effect of Ireland upon Great Britain. There a land barrier of 300 miles, midway between the Pentland Firth and the English Channel—centrally situated, that is, with reference to all the Atlantic approaches to Great Britain—gives to an adequate navy a unique power to flank and harass either the one or the other, or both. Existing political conditions and other circumstances unquestionably mod-

ify the importance of these two barriers, relatively to the countries affected by them. Open communication with the Atlantic is vital to Great Britain, which the Isthmus, up to the present time, is not to the United States. There are, however, varying degrees of importance below that which is vital. Taking into consideration that, of the 1200-mile barrier to the Caribbean, 600 miles is solid in Cuba, that after the 50-mile gap of the Windward Passage there succeeds 300 miles more of Haiti before the Mona Passage is reached, it is indisputable that a superior navy, resting on Santiago de Cuba or Jamaica, could very seriously incommode all access of the United States to the Caribbean mainland, and especially to the Isthmus.

In connection with this should also be considered the influence upon our mercantile and naval communication between the Atlantic and the Gulf coasts exercised by the peninsula of Florida, and by the narrowness of the channels separating the latter from the Bahama Banks and from Cuba. The effect of this long and not very broad strip of land upon our maritime interests can be realized best by imagining it wholly removed; or else turned into an island by a practicable channel crossing its neck. In the latter case the two entrances to the channel would have indeed to be assured; but our shipping would not be forced to pass through a long, narrow waterway, bordered throughout on one side by foreign and possibly hostile territories. In case of war with either Great Britain or Spain, this channel would be likely to be infested by hostile cruisers, close to their own base, the very best condition for a commerce-destroying war; and its protection by us under present circumstances will exact a much greater effort than with the supposed channel, or than if the Florida Peninsula did not exist. The effect of the peninsula is to thrust our route from the Atlantic to the Gulf 300 miles to the southward, and to make imperative a base for control of the strait; while the case is made worse by an almost total lack of useful harbors. On the Atlantic, the most exposed side, there is none; and on the Gulf none nearer to Key West than 175 miles,* where we find Tampa Bay. There is, indeed, nothing that can be said

* There is Charlotte Harbor, at 120 miles, but it can be used only by medium-sized vessels.

about the interests of the United States in an Isthmian canal that does not apply now with equal force to the Strait of Florida. The one links the Atlantic to the Gulf, as the other would the Atlantic to the Pacific. It may be added here that the phenomenon of the long, narrow peninsula of Florida, with its strait, is reproduced successively in Cuba, Haiti, and Puerto Rico, with the passages dividing them. The whole together forms one long barrier, the strategic significance of which cannot be overlooked in its effect upon the Caribbean; while the Gulf of Mexico is assigned to absolute seclusion by it, if the passages are in hostile control.

The relations of the island of Jamaica to the great barrier formed by Cuba, Haiti, and Puerto Rico are such as to constitute it the natural stepping-stone by which to pass from the consideration of entrance into the Caribbean, which has been engaging our attention, to that of the transit across, from entrance to the Isthmus, which we must next undertake.

In the matters of entrance to the Caribbean, and of general interior control of that sea, Jamaica has a singularly central position. It is equidistant (500 miles) from Colon, from the Yucatan Channel, and from the Mona Passage; it is even closer (450 miles) to the nearest mainland of South America at Point Gallinas, and of Central America at Cape Gracias-á-Dios; while it lies so immediately in rear of the Windward Passage that its command of the latter can scarcely be considered less than that of Santiago. The analogy of its situation, as a station for a great fleet, to that for an army covering a frontier which is passable at but a few points, will scarcely escape a military reader. A comparatively short chain of swift lookout steamers, in each direction, can give timely notice of any approach by either of the three passages named; while, if entrance be gained at any other point, the arms stretched out towards Gallinas and Gracias-á-Dios will give warning of transit before the purposes of such transit can be accomplished undisturbed.

With such advantages of situation, and with a harbor susceptible of satisfactory development as a naval station for a great fleet, Jamaica is certainly the most important single position in the Caribbean Sea. When one recalls that it passed into the hands of Great Britain, in the days of Cromwell, by accidental conquest, the

expedition having been intended primarily against Santo Domingo; that in the two centuries and a half which have since intervened it has played no part adequate to its advantages, such as now looms before it; that, by all the probabilities, it should have been reconquered and retained by Spain in the war of the American Revolution; and when, again, it is recalled that a like accident and a like subsequent uncertainty attended the conquest and retention of the decisive Mediterranean positions of Gibraltar and Malta, one marvels whether incidents so widely separated in time and place, all tending towards one end—the maritime predominance of Great Britain—can be accidents, or are simply the exhibition of a Personal Will, acting through all time, with purpose deliberate and consecutive, to ends not yet discerned.

Nevertheless, when compared to Cuba, Jamaica cannot be considered the preponderant position of the Caribbean. The military question of position is quantitative as well as qualitative; and situation, however excellent, can rarely, by itself alone, make full amends for defect in the power and resources which are the natural property of size—of mass. Gibraltar, the synonym of intrinsic strength, is an illustration in point; its smallness, its isolation, and its barrenness of resource constitute limits to its offensive power, and even to its impregnability, which are well understood by military men. Jamaica, by its situation, flanks the route from Cuba to the Isthmus, as indeed it does all routes from the Atlantic and the Gulf to that point; but, as a military entity, it is completely overshadowed by the larger island, which it so conspicuously confronts. If, as has just been said, it by situation intercepts the access of Cuba to the Isthmus, it is itself cut off by its great neighbor from secure communication with the North American Continent, now as always the chief natural source of supplies for the West Indies, which do not produce the great staples of life. With the United States friendly or neutral, in a case of war, there can be no comparison between the advantages of Cuba, conferred by its situation and its size, and those of Jamaica, which, by these qualities of its rival, is effectually cut off from that source of supplies. Nor is the disadvantage of Jamaica less marked with reference to communication with other

quarters than the United States—with Halifax, with Bermuda, with Europe. Its distance from these points, and from Santa Lucia, where the resources of Europe may be said to focus for it, makes its situation one of extreme isolation; a condition emphasized by the fact that both Bermuda and Santa Lucia are themselves dependent upon outside sources for anything they may send to Jamaica. At all these points, coal, the great factor of modern naval war, must be stored and the supply maintained. They do not produce it. The mere size of Cuba, the amount of population which it has, or ought to have, the number of its seaports, the extent of the industries possible to it, tend naturally to an accumulation of resources such as great mercantile communities always entail. These, combined with its nearness to the United States, and its other advantages of situation, make Cuba a position that can have no military rival among the islands of the world, except Ireland. With a friendly United States, isolation is impossible to Cuba.

The aim of any discussion such as this should be to narrow down, by a gradual elimination, the various factors to be considered, in order that the decisive ones, remaining, may become conspicuously visible. The trees being thus thinned out, the features of the strategic landscape can appear. The primary processes in the present case have been carried out before seeking the attention of the reader, to whom the first approximations have been presented under three heads. First, the two decisive centres, the mouth of the Mississippi and the Isthmus. Second, the four principal routes, connecting these two points with others, have been specified; these routes being, 1, between the Isthmus and the Mississippi themselves; 2, from the Isthmus to the North American coast, by the Windward Passage; 3, from the Gulf of Mexico to the North American coast, by the Strait of Florida; and, 4, from the Isthmus to Europe, by the Anegada Passage. Third, the principal military positions throughout the region in question have been laid down, and their individual and relative importance indicated.

From the subsequent discussion it seems evident that, as "communications" are so leading an element in strategy, the position or positions which decisively affect the greatest number or extent of the com-

munications will be the most important, so far as situation goes. Of the four principal lines named, three pass close to, and are essentially controlled by, the islands of Cuba and Jamaica, viz., from the Mississippi to the Isthmus by the Yucatan Channel, from the Mississippi to the Atlantic coast of America by the Strait of Florida, and from the Isthmus to the Atlantic coast by the Windward Passage. The fourth route, which represents those from the Isthmus to Europe, passes nearer to Jamaica than to Cuba; but those two islands exercise over it more control than does any other one of the archipelago, for the reason that any other can be avoided more easily and by a wider interval than either Jamaica or Cuba.

Regarded as positions, therefore, these two islands are the real rivals for control of the Caribbean and of the Gulf of Mexico; and it may be added that the strategic centre of interest for both Gulf and Caribbean is to be found in the Windward Passage, because it furnishes the ultimate test of the relative power of the two islands to control the Caribbean. For, as has been said before, and cannot be repeated too often, it is not position only, nor chiefly, but mobile force, that is decisive in war. In the combination of these two elements rests the full statement of any case. The question of position has been adjudged in favor of Cuba, for reasons which have been given. In the case of a conflict between the powers holding the two islands, the question of controlling the Windward Passage would be the test of relative mobile strength; because

that channel is the shortest and best line of communications for Jamaica with the American coast, with Halifax, and with Bermuda, and as such it must be kept open. If the power of Jamaica is not great enough to hold the passage open by force, she is thrown upon evasion—upon furtive measures—to maintain essential supplies; for, if she cannot assert her strength so far in that direction, she cannot, from her nearness, go beyond Cuba's reach in any direction. Abandonment of the best road in this case means isolation; and to that condition, if prolonged, there is but one issue.

The final result, therefore, may be stated in this way: The advantages of situation, strength, and resources are greatly and decisively in favor of Cuba. To bring Jamaica to a condition of equality, or superiority, is needed a mobile force capable of keeping the Windward Passage continuously open, not only for a moment, nor for any measurable time, but throughout the war. Under the present conditions of political tenure, in case of a war involving only the two states concerned, such a question could admit of no doubt; but in a war at all general, involving several naval powers, the issue would be less certain. In the war of 1778, the tenure, not of the Windward Passage merely, but of Jamaica itself, was looked upon by a large party in Great Britain as nearly hopeless; and it is true that only a happy concurrence of blundering and bad luck on the part of its foes then saved the island. Odds that have happened once may conceivably happen again.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY D. T. MACDOUGAL.

TO a naturalist one of the most striking and spectacular features in the history of living things is the manner in which vegetation puts on, wears, and discards its leafy coverings of green. The season begins with the assumption of an all-prevalent delicate green covering, composed of millions of irregular laminæ of every conceivable form, which hides the roughnesses of gnarled and crooked branches, the flinty soil, and the ragged moor. With the advancement of the leaves toward maturity, the earlier and

more delicate tint deepens into a rich satisfying green that rests the eye, and then fades away in the long summer heats to dull grays and bluish-greens, dust-colored, and bearing the marks of many subduing struggles with wind and storm. The first breath of frost is the signal for a change on slopes, valleys, forests, and meadows, by which the dull monotonous are at once converted into a harmonious magnificence of color, as if by the sweep of an angel's wing.

The splendor of the colored markings

of the plants and animals of the tropics is a well-worn theme with travellers, but it does not stand comparison with the beauty of the autumnal tints of foliage of the north temperate zone either in variety or richness of tone. Furthermore, it may be said that the display offered by the forests east, west, and south of the Great Lakes in North America is not duplicated on any part of the globe. The vegetation of the valleys and mountain slopes of the basins of the Rhine and Danube gives an exhibit which is only less beautiful because of the smaller number of species, and which is less remarked because of its shorter duration.

On some portions of the earth's surface within the tropics, where no great or sharply defined alterations in seasons occur, vegetation pursues a fairly even course all the year round. Each leaf retains its place on the stem until the full limit of its usefulness or endurance has been reached, and then, withered and woody, it falls to the ground, in company with such of its fellows as may have reached a similar stage at the same time. Of the myriads of leaves borne by any tree, not so many are cast at one time as to bare the branches or make any apparent diminution of their number, and many plants exhibit flowers and fruit as well during the entire year. Such favorable conditions for growth are found only in certain circumscribed areas, as a large proportion of the earth's surface within the tropics has a supply of moisture during one part of the year wholly insufficient for the needs of growing vegetation, and on the approach of this dry season the plants in such regions discard all or a greater part of their leaf surfaces. This shedding of leaves is not attended by many of the more prominent features of autumnal leaves, however.

A portion of the year in the temperate zone is characterized by a protracted low temperature, which is unfavorable to even the simpler forms of activity of protoplasm, renders the presence of a great expanse of leaf surface not only useless but dangerous to plants growing in those zones, and provision is made for the economical disposition of the foliage.

Plants growing in regions with this alternation of seasons have modified the primitive rhythm of protoplasm in such manner that they manifest annual periods of rest and activity. While this

yearly period has been acquired in somewhat recent time perhaps, yet it is most firmly fixed in the constitution of the plant, as may be demonstrated if an attempt is made to grow a deciduous tree or shrub in a conservatory after removal from its native forest.

The full significance and real causes of the phenomena attendant upon the fall of leaves in autumn may only be comprehended when the uses subserved by the leaf, and the forms of activity carried on underneath its surfaces, are recalled.

All the summer long the green surfaces have been lifted to the sunlight, and by the magic of its potent touch have taken in carbonic acid gas from the air, and combined it with water in such manner as to form highly plastic substances, which, flowing steadily to distant portions of the plant, have, by the subtle alchemy of protoplasm, become converted into wood, fibre, and cork, hard, firm, and light as only such things may be.

The scene of activity in the leaf is laid in the columnar and variously distorted cells containing the green color bodies (chloroplasts), and these cells are rich in protoplasm, albuminoids, and sugars. A steady stream of water sucked up by the farthest extremities of the rootlets, and containing mineral salts in solution, has poured upward into these cells during the entire season. A small amount of this water has been used in combination with carbon dioxide in forming food, but by far the greater proportion has been evaporated through the membranous walls into the air spaces, and passes outward through the breathing pores (stomata) into the open air in the form of vapor. The quantity of water poured into a thirsty sky in the heat of a midsummer day is by no means inconsiderable even in smaller plants, and in a full-grown poplar-tree may amount to a barrel. As the water enters the roots it contains from one-ten-thousandth to a thousandth part of its weight of potassium, calcium, and magnesium salts in solution, and it evaporates into the air, leaving the mineral compounds in the plant. The minerals serve important uses in building up protoplasm, and in facilitating the diffusion of food substances from one part of the plant to another. Eventually a large proportion of these substances accumulates in layers on or in the cell wall, or as crystals in the cell cavity, particularly in

the leaf, in such condition as to be of but little use to the organism, and it would be benefited by being freed from this superfluous matter. Besides the inward condition of the leaf, changes in the environmental conditions make it highly important that the plant should dispense with its leafy extensions.

With the approach of the close of the growing season the outward conditions have undergone a gradual and thorough change, and the tree finds its enormous leaf surface throwing water into the surrounding dry atmosphere much faster than it may be taken from the soil by the delicate absorbing organs.

The approach of autumn brings cool nights and a consequent great radiation of heat from the soil. The chilled root hairs in the soil are unable to take the necessary supply of water, and whenever the supply of moisture coursing upward through the sinuous roots and tall stems becomes less than that evaporated, adjustment must be made or damage will ensue.

The plant is a most delicately self-regulating organism. It cannot increase the water-supply, but it may and does decrease the evaporating surface by casting or shedding the leaves, a reaction which it exhibits to other conditions as well. Like the true seaman, however, the plant does not shorten sail by cutting away its canvas, but, by a deliberate and well-timed series of processes, withdraws all of the substances from the leaf which may be useful to it back into its body before it discards the empty sheets of cells and woody fibres of the petiole and lamina.

Before proceeding to a description of the mechanism of leaf-fall it may be well to call attention to the popular and erroneous idea that the coloring and casting of autumnal leaves are due to the action of frost. It is true that the phenomena of autumnal leaf-fall are due to low temperatures, but, as may be seen from the above, the defoliation of the plant is not a reaction to the cold, but is an adjustment to the limited water-supply furnished by the chilled roots. The reduction of the water-supply and the beginning of the processes leading to defoliation occur a long time before the temperature of the air is depressed to the freezing-point or the formation of frost. The influence of low temperatures upon the plant is illus-

trated by the manner in which leaves of tobacco and melon plants blacken and die as the result of cool nights before the occurrence of frost. These plants transpire a relatively large amount of water from the broad leaves, and if the temperature of the soil descends to forty degrees Fahrenheit, the roots are unable to take up the necessary supply of water, and the leaves are literally dried out, though they are incorrectly described as frozen or frosted by gardeners.

The casting of the leaf is not a sudden and quick response to any single change in environmental conditions, but is brought about with a complex interplay of processes begun days or perhaps weeks before any external changes are to be seen. The leaf is rich in two classes of substances, one of which is of no further benefit to it, and another which it has constructed at great expense of energy, and which is in a form of the highest possible usefulness to the plant. To this class belong the compounds in the protoplasm, the green color bodies, and whatever surplus food may not have been previously conveyed away. The substances which the plant must needs discard are in the form of nearly insoluble crystals, and by remaining in position in the leaf, drop with it to the ground, and pass into that great complex laboratory of the soil where by slow methods of disintegration useful elements are set free, and once again may be taken up by the tree and travel their devious course through root hairs along the sinuous roots, and up through million-celled columns of the trunk, out through the twigs to the leaves once more.

The plastic substances within the leaf, which would be a loss to the plant if thrown away, undergo quite a different series of changes. These substances are in the extremest parts of the leaf, and to pass into the plant body must penetrate many hundreds of membranes by diffusion into the long conducting cells around the ribs or nerves, and then down into the twigs and stems. The successful retreat of this great mass of valuable matter is not a simple problem. These substances contain nitrogen as a part of their compounds, and as a consequence are very readily broken down when exposed to the sunlight. In the living normal leaf the green color forms a most effectual shield from the action of the sun, but when the retreat is begun, one of the first steps re-

sults in the disintegration of the chlorophyll. This would allow the fierce rays of the September sun to strike directly through the broad expanses of the leaf, destroying all within were not other means provided for protection. In the first place, when the chlorophyll breaks down, among the resulting substances formed is cyanophyll (blue), which absorbs the sun's rays in the same general manner as the chlorophyll. In addition, the outer layers of cells of the leaf contain other pigments, some of which have been masked by the chlorophyll, and others which are formed as decomposition products, so that the leaf exhibits outwardly a gorgeous panoply of colors in reds, yellows, and bronzes that make up the autumnal display. From the wild riot of tints shown by a clump of trees or shrubs, the erroneous impression might be gained that the colors are accidental in their occurrence. This is far from the case, however. The key-note of color in any species is constant, with minor and local variations. The birches are a golden yellow; oaks vary through yellow-orange to reddish-brown; the red maple becomes a dark red; the tulip-tree a light yellow; hawthorn and poison-oak become violet; while the sumacs and vines take on a flaming scarlet. These colors exhibit some variation in accord with the character of the soil on which the plants stand.

From the above it is to be seen that the color of autumnal leaves is a screen under cover of which the protoplasm retreats into the main stem, carrying with it such other substances as may be of use to the plant. With the coming of spring the advance of living matter in the form of leaves and shoots is protected in the same manner by layers of reddish-violet or reddish-brown coloring matter, which disappears on the appearance of the green coloring matter.

It is a matter of great interest to learn in this connection that leaves covered with a dense growth of silky, woolly, or branching hairs do not usually exhibit any marked autumnal colors. The presence of the screen is unnecessary in such instances, because of the protection afforded by the matted or felted hairs on the surfaces.

At a time previous to the beginning of the withdrawal of the contents of the leaf, or the formation of the autumnal

colors, preparations had been steadily in progress for cutting away the leaf when the proper time should arrive. At some point near the base of the leaf stalk the formation of a layer of special tissue had begun between the woody cylinder in the centre and the thin epidermis. When the time for the casting of the leaf arrives, this special tissue grows rapidly, pushing apart or cutting the cells which have held the leaf rigidly in position in such manner that finally the leaf stalk at this point consists of the brittle cylinder of wood surrounded by the loosely adherent cells of this newly formed layer of separation. The merest touch or breath of air will split the layer of separation, break the wood, and allow the leaf to fall to the ground. After the layer of separation has been formed, a frost or freeze would help to break away the fragile strand holding the leaf in place, but exercises no other direct influence on the process.

Many plants make provision for cutting away the leaf at more than one point. The vine forms two layers of separation, one at the base of the leaf stalk and the other at the upper end below the blade. Layers of separation are formed at the base of the main leaf stalk and at the base of the separate leaflets in such compound leaves as those of the Virginia-creeper, horse-chestnut, and ailanthus.

It is to be remembered, of course, that all plants do not discard their leaves on the approach of the inclement season. The leaves of evergreens are so organized that they may withstand the periods of drought or frost through several years. Before such leaves enter upon a period of inactivity alterations are carried on in the cells, among which are the reduction of the proportion of water present, and chemical changes which result in the formation of substances not affected by low temperatures. The changes of color are not so marked as to attract attention. These changes are due principally to the withdrawal of the chlorophyll bodies toward the inner ends of the cells, and the formation of small proportions of yellowish or reddish coloring substances. The retention of the foliage is made possible by adaptations in form and structure, and is a result of the morphological nature of the plants involved.



A VIEW OF THE CHICAGO LINKS.

THE GOLFER'S CONQUEST OF AMERICA.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

SOME lore-laden disciple of golf has recently declared, with more enthusiasm perhaps than accuracy, that it is the most popular game in the world—and I shall not be the one to question his assertion. There was a time when I burned the midnight oil in painstaking endeavor to determine the respective popularity of different games, but sporting research brought wisdom, if not learning, and now I deny the claims of no enthusiast, be they never so sweeping. I have not forgotten the disquieting experiences attending the rôle of statistician, temporarily assumed in '94, during my "sporting pilgrimage" to England.

The history of American sport being an open and familiar book, I entered with confidence upon the seemingly simple task of settling upon the most popular sport in England. But what with hunting, football, and golf, I found myself in a sadly perplexed state of mind, with many misgivings as to my discernment in the eventual conclusion. At all events, I learned enough to spare me a second ex-

periment, and I record here a renouncement of all pretensions to statistical greatness, and proclaim a respect for the qualities of golf too profound to question any possibilities of its astonishing popularity.

Ap[ro]pos of that popularity, it is a fact that one can start from Liverpool and go around the world, playing golf in every port. There are courses at Hong-kong, Ceylon, Aden, and even under the shadow of the time-worn Pyramids may one play the ancient and royal game.

Of history there is literally no limit, and its authentic beginning seems as distant as its probable ending. Whence its origin and wherefore, many men have said many things. The first golf appears to be lost in obscurity, and its earliest history entwined with that of several countries claiming its parentage. Whether as a distinct game it came originally from Holland, or whether it is the evolution of several games born in England and Scotland—no man knoweth. There are ancient Dutch tiles picturing what

might have been a prototype, and there is recorded a royal decree of the Scots Parliament in 1457 condemning golf as distracting the soldiers' attention from archery. James VI. of Scotland placed a tariff on the feather balls which came from Holland, and Charles I. was in the midst of an exciting match when the news of the Irish Rebellion reached him.

And this is not all of history. "Klobe" is German for club; "kulban" Gothic for a stick with a thick knob; and "kolf" is Dutch for a game that by some is set up as the original of present-day golf. "Chole," still played in northern France, and a game of undoubted antiquity on the Continent, is also upheld as a possible source of ancestry; while the ancient "*jeu-de-mail*" has likewise a place in the well-filled list of golfing forefathers, because it is played with a boxwood ball—batted to extraordinary distances—and a club somewhat of a compromise between a croquet and a polo mallet.

Thus ineffectually we grope in the shadowy past for a tangible sponsor of

the game that has set us all by the ears in this nineteenth century.

Is not the history of nearly all our games lost in the shrouded years of the long ago? And history is so readily made!—some study of isolated data, a little skill with the pen, and a vivid imagination—and who is there to gainsay your completed work? Why, indeed, should not golf be traced to Biblical times; for may not David's strength of arm and accuracy of eye with the sling have been acquired by driving off the tee and holing out on the green?

Undeniably golf was an established game for the people at about the middle of the fifteenth century, and by the last of the sixteenth had become so popular that Sunday playing disturbed the Edinburgh City Council, just as now, some four hundred years later, it is agitating the constabulary of certain provincial districts of the United States.

Nevertheless there are a few generally recognized epochs of golf, which afford definite links of evidence in the game's history. We know that James VI., besides placing a heavy tariff on the feather balls brought from Holland (*gutta-percha* balls were not used until 1848), appointed in 1603 a royal club-maker, and fifteen years later a royal ball-maker, and that during James II.'s reign a forecaddie became an institution.

Although golf was played in Scotland at a much earlier period, the honor of the first club rests with England, where the Royal Blackheath was organized in 1608—possibly by James VI., possibly only as an outgrowth of that convivial "Knucklebone Club." The Edinburgh Burgess Golfing Society, with more social than sporting predilec-



THE SCOFFER'S FIRST ATTEMPT.

tions, dates from 1735, and St. Andrews, popularly regarded as the *alma mater* of golf, was founded in 1754, while the Honorable Company of Edinburgh Golfers set up links at Musselburgh in 1774.

For the following one hundred years the golfing of England and Scotland seems to have left no particular impression on history. Blackheath outlived the Scottish Kings, but Englishmen appear to have entirely ignored the game, and of golfing activity there was scarcely any until the birth of the Royal North Devon Golf Club, Westward Ho, in 1864. The Wimbledon Links, near London, was laid out in '65, and Hoylake, for the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, established in 1869. Wimbledon added a woman's course in '72, and thereby gave first recognition to the golfing ambition of the gentle sex. There were at that time something like fifty clubs in Great Britain, and curiously enough the increased interest in England had no appreciable effect on play in Scotland, where clubs were comparatively few, though of long establishment.

For ten years English interest in golf multiplied at a moderate rate, and by '80 the number of clubs had increased probably twenty per cent.; but not until about '87 did the golfing boom descend upon England, and then it came with such resistless force, that in '94 the number of clubs had increased to 792 in Great Britain, 72 of these being in Edinburgh alone.

What started the popular wave is more than any man can say, but the sudden and inexplicable awakening, after a century of slumber, spread through the kingdom like a prairie fire, and thence to very nearly all the corners of the civilized world. It was sweeping England at the time of my visit in '94, and I shall not soon forget the impression made upon me by the exhibition on all sides of the golf-entranced Briton. By the light of the generally accepted traditions which picture the Englishman an invariable and indifferent devotee, the sight of his uni-

versal and enthusiastic attachment to golf was disturbing.

An open championship belt had been annually contested for from 1860 to 1870, with Willie Park, Tom Morris, Sr., Tom Morris, Jr.—famous names on golfing annals—and David Strath as the win-



CHARLES B. MACDONALD, U. S. CHAMPION, '95.

ners. And during this period the senior Tom Morris won the belt four times, the junior Tom Morris and Willie Park three times each. There was no championship in '71, but in '72 the St. Andrews Honorable Company of Edinburgh Golfers and the Prestwick Club jointly offered to replace the belt by a championship cup worth one hundred pounds, which would remain a perpetual challenge trophy, in an annual tournament, open, as had been the contest for the belt, to both amateurs and professionals. The very first amateur tournament was held in 1885 by the Royal Liverpool Club on its links at Hoylake, following which the clubs of England and



ON THE GREEN BY MAIN STRENGTH.

Scotland united in giving a challenge cup, under tournament conditions, for the annual amateur contest that continues to-day.

But it is the game's conquest of America that interests us at this time, rather than its ancient history or its British rejuvenation. What with shinney—perhaps the most primitive of all games—and lacrosse and hockey, just across the Canadian border, it is passing strange something akin to golf should not have been evolved in this country.

There was, indeed, golf—British golf, if you please, but golf none the less—in this country while yet it was fighting the fight of independence. The following advertisement from the Rivington

Royal Gazette, April 21, 1779—the Tory paper published in New York during the Revolution—will bear witness to perhaps the first recorded suggestion of the game in America:

TO THE GOLF-PLAYERS.

The Season for this pleasant and healthy Exercise now advancing, gentlemen may be furnished with excellent CLUBS and the suitable Caledonian BALLS by enquiring at the Printers.

It may be in years to come, after the present living witnesses have gone to solve the great perplexing problem, that earlier trace of an American golf will be added to the game's constantly expanding history. It may be that individuals unknown to fame have driven and putted in the seclusion of their own back yards; but certainly, so far as the present historian is able to discover, the first man to attempt modern golf in the United States was Charles B. Macdonald; and the two names most closely connected with the beginning of its subsequent invasion are

those of Mr. Robert Lockhart and Mr. John Reid.

When Mr. Macdonald returned from Scotland in 1875 he brought with him his clubs and an affection for the old game that could not be chilled even by unsympathetic reception. There was no one to play with until a St. Andrews University friend—a Mr. Burgess—came to Chicago, and then those two would steal away to old Camp Douglas, back of the site of the Chicago University, lay out a few holes, and amuse themselves in the twilight playing at golf. They did not enlarge the course, because the hoodlums tore up the holes every evening after Macdonald and Burgess had gone; and their friends were not at-

tracted in sufficient numbers to make organization possible. Thus their play never got beyond the tentative period.

In the East the game found more sympathetic spectators. It was in the early part of the summer of 1887 that Mr. Lockhart, whose business twice a year took him to England and Scotland, fetched over an assortment of golf clubs, which, together with Mr. Lockhart himself, very shortly found their way to Mr. Reid's house at Yonkers, in the suburbs of New York. Being a Scotchman, golfing blood flowed in the veins of Mr. Reid; being a sportsman, the absence of a prepared course was not permitted to stand in the way of a game which Mr. Lockhart told him had enlivened phlegmatic John Bull; and so they at once started playing in the fields near by Mr. Reid's house. If there was a deal more fun than golf in this first attempt at the game, at least it was good, healthful, out-of-door fun, which shortly developed into real golfing enthusiasm.

The spectacle of knocking an unresisting ball over and across and about a vacant lot in an attempt to lodge it now and again in one hole of an irregular series, was viewed in good-humored contempt by those who looked and went away, and with surprise by those who lingered long enough to observe how eccentric on occasion was the course of that apparently passive ball. Of these earliest spectators who came oftenest and lingered longest were Messrs. H. O. Tallmadge, the first secretary of the United States Golf Association; Mr. J. B. Upham, Dr. Henry Moffatt, and John C. Ten Eyck. From interested on-looking to tentative playing was a natural and easy stage, and before the summer was well under way all these and some others had clubs of their own, and a well-developed case of golf mania. And this was the beginning of the conquest.

So thoroughly did the game appeal to

this little band of golfing forefathers and their intimates that the next year, 1888, they organized the first golf club in the United States, located it at Yonkers, and called it St. Andrews, after the generally recognized (incorrectly so, however) first Old World home of the game.

Yonkers is but one of the many sleeping-places for New York business men, and it was to be expected the golfing contagion would spread to the associates of the St. Andrews men, and by them be carried to the other abiding-places of New-Yorkers. From sceptic to convert, and from convert to missionary, was the usual



THE DUFFER'S FAVORITE SWING.

course, which, before two years had passed, many times multiplied the original golfing crew. From St. Andrews the fever was carried to the far end of Long Island, at Southampton, where, in 1890, play began on ground more than any other in

this country adapted to golfing. Here, too, was repeated the Yonkers experience—a few faithful ones, loyal despite much good-natured quizzing, and, finally, general adoption of the ancient and royal game. Once converted, Shinnecock was second to none in enthusiasm; interest increased, players doubled, and in 1891–2 the present links was laid out, and one of the best-appointed club-houses in this country erected.

Simultaneously with the conversion of Shinnecock, Boston played its first golf. But not until two years later was a course laid out on the grounds of the Brookline Country Club, near Boston, and the game established in permanent form.

Forthwith began the first real golfing movement. The fame of the game travelled to the several country-club centres; visitations were made to Yonkers, Shinne-

cock, and Brookline, and in quick succession followed the establishment of links at Newport, at Tuxedo, at Essex, and at Chicago. At St. Andrews the game had attained such popularity that the fields which originally answered for Mr. Reid and Mr. Lockhart, and for a time, too, during the first months of the St. Andrews Club, became inadequate, and a larger and better-appointed course was sought. So in the spring of 1894 St. Andrews leased new grounds, and from that time to the present day its growth has been continuous.

Meanwhile the golfing wave was sweeping over the country. The game had been established in 1893 on a firm footing, but in 1894 it set out upon its real invasion. Clubs formed so rapidly, and the interest grew to such depth and to such width, that the need of a governing body was felt, and supplied, December 22, 1894, by the birth of the United States Golf Association, organized by the then five leading clubs: St. Andrews, of New York; Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, of Southampton, Long Island; Brookline Country Club, of Brookline, Boston; Newport Golf Club, of Newport, Rhode Island; and the Chicago Golf Club.

And now golf took unto itself a genuine American "boom." Old-country professionals, most of them second or third rate, descended upon us like gulls on a biscuit thrown overboard; club-makers became too numerous for peace of mind; course after course was laid out, club-house after club-house built; and on the close of the year 1896 the list of members of the association numbered sixty, while some twenty-five applications for membership were in the hands of the secretary. How extensive this growth one can realize only by familiarity with the area over which play has been carried. That clubs should have been rapidly organized on the Atlantic coast or east of the Mississippi River is not surpris-



FORE!



GIVING WAY TO HIS FEELINGS.

ing, but the spread North, South, and West proves the sterling qualities of the game, and, incidentally, how thoroughly awake we Americans have become to the benefits of wholesome sport. Besides five in the immediate vicinity of Chicago—the Chicago, Onwentsia, Riverside Washington Park, Highland Park, and Evanston—there are courses laid out at Cincinnati and at Cleveland, Ohio; at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; at Denver and at Colorado Springs, Colorado; at Los Angeles and at San Francisco, California; at Tacoma, Washington; and at Aiken, South Carolina; and several other Southern points. And this, of course, does not begin to record all the clubs in this country, but is merely a short catalogue of a few widely separated ones, to illustrate the spread of golfing activity.

Throughout the more populous of the Eastern States nearly every town with any pretensions to modern progression has its golf, while private courses are frequent in the sections where large country estates obtain. Immediately around Boston there are at least a dozen different clubs, while as to the number within a twenty-mile radius of New York I should not care to venture even a guess. Most of the Association clubs have houses, all of them sufficient unto the needs of the players, some of them handsome, and the ones at Newport and at Ardsley luxurious. In many instances the golf course is an adjunct to the country club, and then has the use of all the paraphernalia which belongs to this modern health-assuring institution. It has even been linked with yachting, the Larchmont



PALMETTO CLUB HOUSE, AIKEN.

Yacht Club having recently opened a very sporty course. But then the Larchmont Club is unique. It is yachting in name, but all-round sporting in fact. It is a yachting club with the equipment of a country club, and has one of the most beautiful locations and completely appointed club-houses in America.

Perhaps the most indubitable evidence of golf's popularity in America is furnished by the recently established public courses at Franklin Park, Boston, and at Vancortlandt Park, New York, where for a small fee the enthusiast who is not fortunate enough to be able to afford a club can none the less have his game.

With all this activity around it, the pioneer club, St. Andrews, has not been standing still; its membership limit, originally three hundred, has been raised to four hundred, and is likely to be still further increased another one hundred when the club moves to larger quarters. The present grounds have been found insufficient to the needs of the players, and on the 1st of July, 1897, the club moved into its new home, near Mount Hope, about one and a half miles north of its old course. When finished, as it will be before this story appears in type, this will be among the best of our

inland eighteen-hole courses, quite varied in character, and in length about the same as the Scottish St. Andrews. The old Yonkers links, on which most of the members learned their game, gives only fair golf, for there are too many stone walls and trees and small greens, and the course is too generously covered with stones, to afford best playing results. The quality of the old St. Andrews links is in a measure characteristic of American courses,

and explains somewhat the stiffness and jerkiness which, generally speaking, is more or less a feature of American playing form.

Without taking into consideration the difference in soil, the recency of our conversion, and the absence of tradition, it is manifestly unfair to compare the form of American golfers with that of the players in the old country, where true golfing soil abounds, the atmosphere is surcharged with tradition, and daily play favored by precept and example. That form in the United States has improved immeasurably in the last year, for instance, is of course true, and so expert a golfer and so accurate an observer as Mr. Charles B. Macdonald has said that, taking everything into consideration, he thinks the form in America is better than in Great Britain, and more promising. If this is



A BIT OF THE TACOMA COURSE, MT. TACOMA IN THE BACKGROUND.



COLORADO SPRINGS COUNTRY AND GOLF CLUB HOUSE.

true—and Mr. Macdonald should know whereof he speaks, since he is as familiar with the courses of Scotland and England as he is with those of America—it is the more commendable to our players; for, except on a very few of our sea-shore links, we have none of the turf such as obtains in England and Ireland and Scotland. As a rule, the ground of our courses is hard and oftentimes rocky, and so “cuppy” that good brassy lies are infrequent. Hard ground underneath a fairly good covering of grass is, indeed, one of the most serious disadvantages to the attainment of the best golf on American links. Too many of our teeing-grounds are built up of clay and earth, and rolled so hard and baked so thoroughly by the sun that their surface becomes almost like flint. It is these hard surfaces that disconcert the beginner, particularly once he has broken a club, and are the reason why we tee higher, and why so often in America we see the ball hit instead of swept away. On the best courses in Great Britain teeing-grounds are on the natural turf, and are shifted about from place to place as they become worn. Fixed teeing-grounds made of clay rob the game of much of its pristine charm.

British tournament players are more consistent in their form and steadier in their play—the result of longer experience, more frequent practice, and better

links. If we compare the American, Scotch, and English players of the same age and equal golfing experience, we find the American the most promising, because of his greater natural adaptability and quickness to grasp situations. It is impossible for Americans to obtain the same amount of practice as do Englishmen or Scotchmen: first, because our serious vocations take more of our time than the Briton finds it needful to give to his; and secondly, because, under the most favorable conditions, there are not more than seven months of our year that our climate permits of playing, whereas in Great Britain they have at least three months more, and the added advantage of a long twilight we know not in America.

Yet despite these handicaps it is a somewhat comforting assurance of our progress to record that of eighty men who drove off the first tee at the Amateur Championship Meeting at Shinnecock Hills in 1896, twenty did thirty-six holes in one hundred and eighty or under, and of these twenty, fourteen had learned their game in America, and only a very small percentage had ever played outside of this country. It is not possible to draw comparisons between American and English golfing form, except where individuals of equal experience are taken in illustration. The British first class and the American first class are far apart, and

probably there are not a half-dozen players in America who would reach the semi-final round in a British championship tournament.

Golf is quickest learned and longest remembered by carefully studying the play of really high-class performers, and patiently practising along the lines they reveal. But golfers whose form could be safely accepted as an example to beginners have been few on this side the At-

reasonable to include in one lot those golfers who have learned their game abroad and played it from boyhood. In this division are Messrs. H. J. Whigham, the champion of '96; C. B. Macdonald, champion of '95; L. B. Stoddart, champion of '94; H. J. Tweedie, A. M. Coats, L. P. Tweedie, and D. R. Forgan, all (with the exception of Stoddart and Coats) of Chicago. But of this division Whigham and Macdonald easily outclass the others.



THE NEW HOME OF THE ST. ANDREWS CLUB.

lantic, and that fact, coupled with our so recent conversion to the game, accounts for the small number of really first-class players. Mr. Macdonald, and after him Mr. Whigham and one or two others, who learned their game abroad, have done much towards raising the standard of American play by providing an example of correct form and in putting up a mark, through their superior performances, for the attainment of others. But the majority of American golfers have worked out their own salvation, aided here and there by a professional green-keeper of more or less, generally less, knowledge than conceit. At the close of 1896 there were probably thirty men and half a dozen women who had shown good enough play throughout the season to entitle them to recognition in the year's golfing classification.

Undoubtedly the fairest and the most definite method of classification is a division of the players so as to indicate in a measure the conditions under which they played their game. Accordingly it is

In a second division are the older men, who have taken up the game within the last three or four years, and learned it on American greens. Such a list includes: J. G. Thorp (Cambridge), H. P. Toler (Baltusrol), H. R. Sweny (St. Andrews), W. H. Sands (St. Andrews), A. H. Fenn (Palmetto), J. A. Tyng (Morris County), H. C. Leeds (Myopia), James Park (St. Andrews), J. R. Chadwick (St. Andrews), J. Lynch (Lake-wood), B. S. de Garmendia (St. Andrews), H. G. Trevor (Shinnecock), A. L. Livermore (St. Andrews), and Dr. E. C. Rushmore (Tuxedo).

In a third division are the young players, who are virtually the new additions to the scratch list. L. P. Bayard, Jr. (Princeton), the '97 inter-collegiate champion, properly heads this division, and following his name come those of H. B. Hollins, Jr. (Westbrook), W. Bayard Cutting, Jr. (Harvard), Roderick Terry, Jr. (Yale), R. H. Dickson (Niagara), F. C. and H. O. Havemeyer (Newport), C. L. Tappin (Westbrook), and Beverly Ward, Jr. (Baltusrol).

Among the women, Miss Hoyt (Shinnecock) won first honors (championship) in '96, and on public form unquestionably stands at the head of the list. Mrs. Charles Brown (Shinnecock), Mrs. Arthur Turnure (Shinnecock), Miss F. C. Griscom (Philadelphia County), Mrs. William Shippen (Morris County), Miss Cora Oliver (Albany), Miss F. K. McLane (Baltimore), Miss Sargent (Brookline), Miss Sands and Mrs. W. Butler Duncan (Westchester), Miss Gannet (Essex County), and Miss Brooks (Ardsley), make up a second group. And the general improvement in play by the women over last year was even more pronounced than that shown by the men.

The younger players are coming to the front too rapidly to remain long stationary in any classification, and probably before this paper (which is being written in the first days of the opening spring of '97) is published, some of them will have caught and passed in the race for golfing supremacy several of the older ones here given. There are, too, on this list, among the older players, some with eccentric and peculiarly individual styles, at total variance with accepted golfing form, and it remains to be seen whether, in the course of another season or two, these will not have descended a grade lower than that on which they now travel. There can be no doubt that the accepted style developed from generations of experience is the one best calculated to put the golfer on the road towards substantial improvement and eventually consistent form.

It will not be possible within the scope of this article to comment upon all or even a fair share of the golf courses of America. I shall confine my remarks to the

few best known. I have already said our average course is not so favorable to golf as the average one on the other side. We have little of that true sandy soil and less of the splendid turf which obtain to such a great extent in the old country. And our courses are too plentifully supplied with stones and trees, which spoil their golfing possibilities. San Francisco, so far as sandy soil goes, has all the natural advantages for an excellent course, and there is indeed a small but thoroughly sport-giving links at the Presidio, the U. S. military reservation on the outskirts of the city. There are parts of Oakland, across the bay, admirably adapted for golf, and that will be put in use possibly before another year has gone by. In New Mexico and Arizona there is sand enough, but enthusiasm has not yet reached the point of accepting rattle-



H. J. WHIGHAM, UNITED STATES CHAMPION, '96.



NEWPORT CLUB HOUSE.

Club is the best in America. Its eighteen holes are almost identical in distance with those of St. Andrews, Scotland; the country is rolling, with an old, rich turf; there are large, natural putting-greens, and between the two short holes is a good-sized pond. The other hazards include bunkers, cops, mounds, and a ditch kept full of water, which are all artifi-

snakes and cacti in lieu of more conventional if less negotiable hazards. Local talent is otherwise engaged for the time being, and therefore undeveloped. In this section, but a little north, is Colorado, with its sport-giving course, ravishing in its picturesque location at Colorado Springs—that Mecca for those short in health and long in purse.

In the East, nearly all of Long Island is a links, and the course of the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club truly partakes of Scottish golfing. It is a natural links, not laid out to the best advantage, but beautifully located on the great rolling sandy hills which lie between Peconic Bay on the north and Shinnecock Bay on the south, with the ocean just beyond. The spring and autumn air is deliciously invigorating, and the natural possibilities of the course suggest eventually the best golfing soil in America. By proper fertilizing and the sowing of grass through the fair green they will have a soil at Shinnecock to compare favorably with the sea-side links in Great Britain. But the holes are of bad length, the putting-greens rather small, and where artificial made too level.

Golfers who have played on the leading American links incline to the belief that the course of the Chicago Golf

Club is the best in America. Its eighteen holes are almost identical in distance with those of St. Andrews, Scotland; the country is rolling, with an old, rich turf; there are large, natural putting-greens, and between the two short holes is a good-sized pond. The other hazards include bunkers, cops, mounds, and a ditch kept full of water, which are all artifi-

cial, but placed so that every hole presents a new feature, and brings out the truest golf; there are neither trees nor stones, and there is a handsome and thoroughly equipped club-house. Nine good holes are better than eighteen indifferent ones, and Meadow Brook's nine more nearly answer this description than any in the country. The soil and putting-greens are very good, the distance between the holes generally excellent, and the picturesquely located club-house of the Meadow Brook Hunt is close at hand and affords ample cheer.

One sport-giving links on Long Island is that of the Rockaway Hunt Club of Cedarhurst, where its nine holes are close to the sea, and the majority of its hazards natural. There is more opportunity for using the brassy here than is provided by the majority of American courses, and though the holes partake of the general



CHICAGO CLUB HOUSE.

American failing, and are rather short, they call for fair golfing.

In picturesque environment few links in America are more favored than Newport. From its handsome club-house the entire course is visible. On one side stretches away the ocean, and on the other Newport Bay, whose shores are covered with the most imposing summer residences to be found in all this country. Like Meadow Brook, it is a course of nine holes. There are stone walls covered with turf so as to make bunkers, some natural hazards, and soil of a good golfing quality.

The course of the Essex County Club, at Manchester-by-the-Sea, has eleven holes, which run over a country with plenty of fences, a winding brook, and a small valley that is sandy. It is a very fair links, and has a soil that furnishes good golfing possibilities.

Myopia has many attractive features, and the making of a very "sporty" course. The distances are better than the American average, though there is not sufficient turf through some of the greens, and stones are too plentiful. There is a pond that tries the soul of the golfer, and natural hazards of great variety and number, while the surrounding country shows many handsome residences.

The Tuxedo links calls for accurate driving, and is more trying to the nerves of the beginner than possibly that of any other club. The Ramapo Hills overshadow the course on either side, and there are the Ramapo River and the Tuxedo Brook, which the course crosses four times, and stone walls, hills, and apple-trees to add to the picturesqueness of the setting and to the detriment of good golfing.

On the other side Tuxedo probably would not be regarded as a golf course.



J. G. THORP, RUNNER UP IN THE '96 CHAMPIONSHIP.

Next to Tuxedo the course of the Brookline Country Club is the most formidable to the duffer golfer; and it is by no means overeasy to the expert. There are hazards galore, stone walls, sandy bunkers, water, and, most terrible of all, a huge sand pit, which looks like the crater of an extinct volcano, and has brought sorrow to more than one golfer. You are not a golfer until you have graduated from the novitiate period. The surroundings here are beautiful, for few country clubs in America equal Brookline in its picturesque environment. The holes are a bit short, and while the hazards are sufficiently formidable to still the heart of the tyro, as a matter of fact to the expert they are fairly easy to negotiate if the drive be true or the cleek shot well executed. The prospect of either the Brookline or the Tuxedo course being developed

into a first-class golfing course seems remote.

Morristown and Knollwood are both prettily surrounded, and in their perfected form promise fairly good golf; but there, again, the holes are too short, particularly at Morristown, the putting-greens small, and in many instances terraced. At

beautifully situated greens in America, and its environment is among the best. To a first-class golfer the course is easy, but he of uncertain form is severely penalized.

The Philadelphia Country Club has a small but excellent course, and though one of the more recent converts to the



A VIEW OF THE MEADOW BROOK LINKS.

Morristown trees abound, while at Knollwood the course is too full of stones, both abominations to the golfer. Both courses are being improved immensely by lavish expenditure, and promise well in a year or two.

Nearly all these courses reveal the common error made by most golf clubs in laying out their putting-greens with the spirit-level; whereas, while the green must be fairly level, the surface should partake somewhat of the undulations of the general country, by which means the putting-greens differ and the quality of the golfing increases correspondingly. It is in this particular that the course of the Chicago Golf Club excels.

Ardasley-on-the-Hudson has a handsome country club house, and a course that commands an entrancing view throughout its entire length of eighteen holes. Its hazards are well placed, and the course is practically free of the rocky character which spoils good golf. Indeed, one may use the brassy between all the holes. There are, however, trees in abundance. It has perhaps the most

game, there is no lacking in enthusiasm, and the form is of a very fair grade.

So from a handful of clubs in 1894, and possibly not over two or three men of first-class form, we have come in two years to have some eighty clubs belonging to the Association, and there is no knowing how many outside of it, while of good form there is a most encouraging showing.

Thus is the conquest of America complete!

It would be interesting to discover what it is that has given this game, after a century of indifferent life, such emphatic popularity in the last few years. It would be satisfactory to learn why a man once a golfer is always a golfer. The explanation of its only moderate success for so many years may probably be found in the fact that the world moved slower and people lived easier and life demanded less of them then than now. And not golf alone, but every other sport has shared in the modern movement. The last ten or fifteen years have witnessed a tremendously increased popularity in all depart-



THE GRAVEL-PIT BUNKER, BROOKLINE.

ments of athletic endeavor. As men use their brain more, there is the greater need of some use of the body. Out-of-door life, exercise, sport, generate the oil that keeps the human machinery moving smoothly; without it the bearings wear out untimely.

Golf has achieved success because it is clean and honorable and healthful; because it takes men out of doors, brings them in touch with nature; because the game is adapted to all conditions and character of man and woman kind; and because a poor player can get as much fun out of it, as much exercise, and as much air and health as an expert. There is no danger of golf being monopolized by a few skilled performers. Any man, the veriest duffer, can enjoy himself on the links to his heart's content. He may go over the same course a dozen times, and have differing situations to contend with on each round. Once the golfing germ is planted there is no respite. He is a golfer in spite of himself. Its fascinations are manifold, and chief of them is the variety of situations which rise during the course of play. Variety

is the spice of golf as it is of life.

You may view it with contempt, as most men did; you may call it the putting of little balls into little holes; but you may be sure, once you have taken up the club and essayed to drive that little ball into those little holes, your peace is undone until you have attained sufficient form to enable you to do it with at least a fair degree of accuracy and some cause for satisfaction. The secret of the game's hold upon man

lies in its elusoriness, and his altogether human vanity is not to be appeased short of mastery. And so he tries and fails, and tries again, and keeps on trying until he can drive that ball in the direction and to the distance he wishes it to go.

The experience of one scoffer turned golfer is the experience of nearly all that have succumbed to the game's allurements.

At first you viewed your friend's enthusiasm with disdain barely concealed. One day he persuaded you to go out to the course and see some play, and with an



THE ARDSLEY CLUB.

air that suggested a superior intelligence you perhaps stood at the teeing-ground wondering at the seriousness of the man addressing the ball. Possibly you smiled pityingly if its flight was less accurate than you thought it should have been or the player hoped it might be. Perhaps you followed the player over the course, impatient at his repeatedly unsuccessful attempts to drive safely beyond a bunker, or disgusted at his inability to keep the ball out of some trees that lined the distance between a couple of the holes. No doubt you thought him a very poor specimen of the genus golfer, and became convinced of his stupidity when he reached the putting-green and made several ineffectual attempts to hole his ball. It all

seemed so absurdly easy you told your friend you would try a round—just to please him. You accepted his club, and with fitting condescension a few preliminary instructions on how to hold it; with a patronizing swagger you reached the teeing-ground, and with smiling complacency addressed yourself to the ball.

And now your vanity received the greatest shock it had ever been called on to sustain. You swung that club in full determination to drive the ball at least over the bunker about fifty yards away, and were astonished, if you hit it at all, that your supreme effort was rewarded by a puny flight of probably ten or twenty yards, and many yards to the left of where you intended it to go.



GETTING OUT OF A BUNKER.



A TRYING MOMENT.

You made sure it was only a case of "hard luck" on the drive; that you would do better through the green; but the ball responded to your iron as erratically as it had to your driver. You could not understand why it persistently went into the long grass to the right or left, or why you found all the stone walls and ditches throughout the course. And when you finished you were certain something had been all wrong which you could rectify on a second attempt.

So there you are,—a convert, with no rest for you henceforth until you have overcome the obstinacy of that gutta-percha sphere.

You were surprised to find in how many different ways you could hold that club, and in how many different directions you could drive the ball except the one in which you desired it to go. And so surprise follows surprise, and the greatest surprise of all, if you stop to ponder, is that a game which seems so easy should

prove so perplexing. Your wrath will wax strong and your soul be torn with vexation, yet will nothing turn you from your now deadly earnest pursuit of the mysterious "something" which you must needs capture to achieve your now dearest wish. There is no explosion,—the little gutta-percha is unmindful of your most highly colored expletives,—just a fervid,

form. You will see many extraordinary styles on the course, but beware how you copy the eccentricities of experts, and remember that while genius knows no rule, the chances of success for the ordinary mortal lie along conventional lines. Good driving form is probably the easiest to acquire. It is in approaching the green, in the three-quarter and one-half



A GOOD BRASSY LIE.

silently registered vow to become the master rather than the mastered.

Time, patience, and careful practice under skilled instruction are the only means to the end of attaining proper

and wrist shots, where skill and experience count. You will find it easier to attain skill on the putting-green, although, strangely enough, this branch of the play is the most ignored; many



LOFTING A STYMIE.

games are won and lost on the putting-green.

There has been, and continues to be, much discussion as to the proper manner of the swing, of holding the club, and of the position of the feet, and this paper is not a didactic treatise. The surest way to attain good golfing form is to supplement instruction by the imitation of some golfer who plays in accepted good form. Hard practice will do the rest.

In the old country the caddie is a distinct institution; he is the adviser and the father-confessor, and his suggestions and criticisms are accepted by the player in silent acknowledgment of his office. In this country the caddie as yet is just the ordinary small boy, with no peculiar individualism, unless it be evinced in a

supreme indifference to the precise flight of your ball. On the other side, generations of service have schooled him to conceal his contempt for the hapless golfer; on this side he has not attained so high a degree of refinement; more often he is an unreliable guardian and a disconcerting counsellor. But we have no fault to find with him; he comes of a quick-witted race that promises well for the caddies of the days to come. Meanwhile we are adjusting ourselves to the requirements of this Old World game that has made so complete a conquest of the New World. And if golf has defied tradition and overrun barriers, it has set up the better ideal of wholesome sport healthfully played.

We need not resist the invasion of such a game.



MAUNA LOA AS SEEN FROM HILO, FORTY MILES DISTANT.

KILAUEA, THE HOME OF PELE.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM LIBBEY.



Far away on the bosom of the Pacific Ocean a small group of islands has been raised to the surface of the water, and their main peaks thrust far above it, by the giant forces of nature

which lie imprisoned beneath the solid crust of the earth. We gaze upon Popocatepetl and Vesuvius with feelings of awe and respect; but in these cases we can see their connection with the solid earth; they are a part of it, and the elasticity of the mind, grasping the relation, is not strained to the same extent that we experience when we are brought face to face with the same phenomena under such new conditions. Here we are as far away from the continental masses as it is possible to isolate ourselves, and yet here we find the same powers have been at work in the past, and are to-day in full operation on the most gigantic scale. One island after another has appeared above the water,

and gone through its cycle of struggle with the surrounding elements. In each instance the forces meet in deadly conflict, a terrific battle is waged, the island, its scene and cause, is wrecked, and Pele, the goddess of fire, conquered but not subdued, has encamped in a new field not far away, has thrown up new breastworks, and again is prepared to contest every inch of encroachment of the ocean's waters, which seemed bent upon the extinction of her altar fires. Many times through long ages have these camp fires flung defiant flags of flame far out over the watchful waves of the quiet ocean; they have been answered by a secret attack through a ruptured bastion; a frightful explosion has taken place which might well shake the foundations of the earth itself; but when the smoke had cleared away, the huge broken battlements still reared their blackened and stained fronts proudly in the air as the monument of the conflict.

Scientifically these islands are of vastly greater interest than the political and economic factors which have brought them so prominently before the eye of the public within the last decade. To

trace their origin, to read their history, written indeed in lines of fire upon the very rocks themselves, possesses a fascination that appeals even to the merest tyro in science. The magnificence of the scale of the phenomena can only be thought of in the same category with the greatest wonders of nature. The element of time alone, in connection with their formation, compares with the time and distances of astronomy.

The fables and myths of the ancient Kanakas always locate the hearth-stone of Pele upon the blackened sides of Mauna Loa, though they tell of her having come from the North; and they thus guessed at the historic fact of the successive formation of the islands from their likeness in structural features long before the scientific man had laid eyes upon them, or had verified this tradition by pointing out the steps in the process.

Our vessel comes to anchor in the beautiful bay of Hilo—Hilo that has been shaken and submerged by the vicious and angry power of the capricious goddess; that has been repeatedly threatened by glowing walls of fire, reaching almost to her very gates; where the ground has opened in yawning crevasses; where craters have been thrown up which have breathed forth the air of the pit itself, and built up cones of huge proportions within a few minutes' walk from the heart of the town; where thousands of

lives have been lost in a catastrophe whose violence was over and gone in the course of a few hours. This is the spot that to-day is bathed in the sunshine of the most charming tropical climate; where the air is heavy with the perfume of millions of the choicest flowers of all climes, as well as its own profuse and brilliant productions.

Here, as your thoughts wander back over such an eventful history, where nature has had absolute sway even over the structure and position of the rocks themselves, where such tremendous demonstrations of hidden power have shown the littleness of man and his works, where he and the products of his industry have been but cobwebs before the blast of this vent-hole from the internal furnace of the earth—here, I say, it is hard to realize that such things have taken place, and may take place again any time. Speak of inspiration, your breath is taken away by the violence of the almost cyclonic sweep of the possibilities as you look upon that beautiful and peaceful panorama stretching away for forty miles up the gentle slope of Mauna Loa, which points upwards to the skies with its crest over 14,000 feet above you, and glistens with the pure white snows of heaven itself. But when the signal-fires glow from this same light-house of nature, night becomes day for miles around, and for hundreds of miles its terribly porten-



STEAM RISING FROM FISSURES.



THE FLOOR OF KILAUEA AND ITS WALL.

tous glare warns off such mites as human beings to a safe distance.

We hear people talk in a glib way of living on a volcano, and they create an impression of mild danger; but let them once visit a real live volcano such as this, which would demolish the whole of Manhattan Island with one fitful gulp of its insatiable maw, and living on a volcano becomes something more of a stunning reality.

The trip to Kilauea, one of the great centres of disturbance in this region, and the largest active crater of its type in the world, is not without its especial charms. The road has been most carefully planned and graded, and you have climbed 4000 feet when you reach the end of your journey, almost without knowing it. You pass through the wildest profusion of tropical plants and trees, with an endless tangle of vines uniting and beautifying them with the gayest flowers and most luscious fruits. We are here upon the border-line of the tropics, and through the ceaseless efforts of the winds the island is always found in a perpetual state of spring and summer. There is no harsh winter period, and the heat of the midsummer months is tempered by the constant flow of the soft trade-breezes.

A whole day is consumed in the trip, which is broken by a lunch at a pleasantly located way-side inn under the charge of the company which runs the stages. Two or three fine vistas are obtained on the journey when the weather is clear, but as it would apparently rather rain than not on this slope of Mauna Loa, it may be that only snatches of these views can be obtained in the intervals between the showers, when the air is beautifully clear. The mountain itself is seldom seen except early in the morning, as this is the only time when the trade-wind clouds are not grouped about it in the shape of a gigantic streamer of stratified cumulus masses.

Towards evening you notice that the vegetation has become much thinner, and presently you cross a small rent in the solid material under your feet. This fissure, extending on either side of the road, would be the first indication, besides the character of the soil, which would serve to show a scientific man that he was probably near a crater. Still, no view of the great circular opening has been obtained, and it is only when you pull up before the welcome doors of the Volcano House that it is possible to gain even a glimpse of the gulf itself. The first impulse is to leave baggage and everything and go out

to the ledge, which is about fifty feet distant; and when once there every one is fascinated. It is all that the ingenuous and ingenious Chinaman, who serves as office-boy, clerk, cook, waiter, and chamber-maid, can do to persuade you that you have to go to your room and get ready for the elaborate dinner he has prepared for you. This hotel is a charming place. No such visitors' book is to be found in any other part of the world. It would be well worth publishing, in great part. Be-

tire you gaze from your window across two miles of blackness to a glowing lake of reddish fire. If the crater be active, every few moments a column of molten material will be thrown up and will sink back again in the most quiet and mysterious manner. You will linger long, riveted to the spot; for while outside all is apparently quiet and peaceful, that glowing fountain, which tells of such frightful unrest below, has a charm which it is hard to resist.



A FISSURE IN THE FLOOR OF KILAUEA.

sides the names of many of the notables of the earth in all spheres of life, pages are devoted to opinions, some of first visits, and others of repeated trips, giving experiences, humanistic and scientific, of the great outbreaks of lava and the terrible scenes which have been enacted on or near this spot.

Seated in a comfortable great-chair before the roaring fire, where logs are burning to take the keen edge off the evening air, it is a pleasure to glance over its pages and glean from them the history of many years, as recorded sometimes in a frivolous vein, and again in the most serious and thoughtful verse or prose. If the night is clear, as it is apt to be, as you re-

The view of the immense crater, which stretches away three miles in diameter, as obtained from the ledge in front of the Votcano House, is one of the never-forgotten sights of this place. You realize for the first time its true significance, however, when, glancing about you, steam is seen rising from the fissures close at hand, and occasionally a whiff of strong sulphur adds a touch which is altogether too suggestive of some other place—not exactly the happy hunting-grounds. Before you lies the great circular depression, and five hundred feet below you is what appears to be a level floor of black glistening lava. There all seems to be fixed and firm, but as you descend into



A SPATTER CONE ON THE ARCH OF A LAVA FLOW.

the gulf the idea forces itself upon you that the ledge is gradually receding; one enormous bench after another is passed as you go down, representing each successive mass that has been rent from the plateau, and is slowly but surely passing out of sight downward along the edge of the crater, thereby enlarging its diameter.

In spite of the apparent quiet, an enormous amount of work is constantly going on along the edge of the crater in this grist-mill, which is always active, for the débris which falls along the line between the floor of the crater and its wall is kept continually cleared up; hence it looks as though it had been swept clean each morning and every remnant pushed into the mouth of the grinding-machine close at hand.

You step out on the crust of the rolling sea of rounded and hardened lava billows beside your path, and the surface crackles under your feet like the snow crust on a crisp winter morning. Its glittering, iridescent colors please the eye, and tempt you to carry away a veritable load of the sparkling, glassy pieces. Here and there, even at a distance from the edge, the fern spores have taken root, and relieve the eye with their graceful waving fronds—and this on a soil like glass, and formed no one knows how long ago, though its

surface appears as fresh as if laid down yesterday.

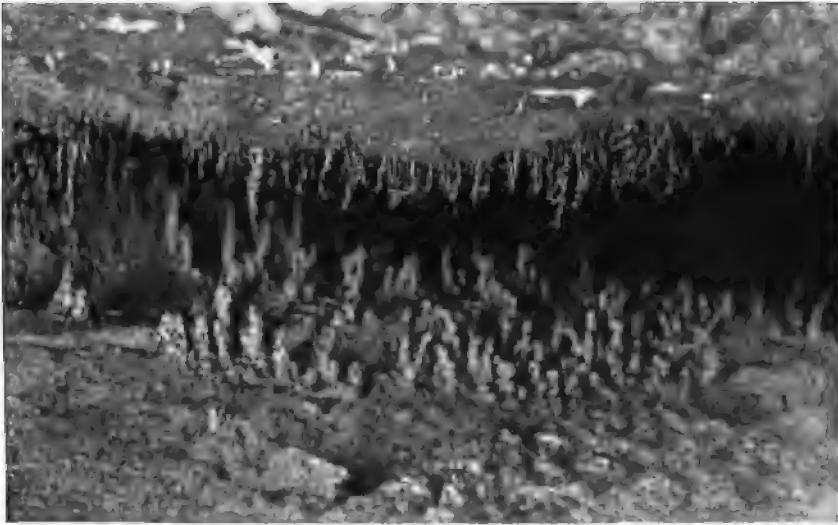
As you follow the well-beaten trail over the surface you pass other evidences of the quiet activity of even this floor of the crater. Great fissures open to right and left of the pathway, witnessing to the strains to which the surface is being subjected. Looking down into them, at a depth of only a few feet, it is easy to note the fresh flow of lava at the bottom which bubbled up when the chasm opened, indicating that perhaps at no great depth even here the rocks about you, which seem so stable, may be in a fluid condition. After a while you pass a curious species of chimney which rises about breast-high, and on looking down the circular opening you can see into the now deserted bed of an ancient lava flow. When any considerable body of lava leaves the central crater, as it flows along, a crust forms upon its outer surface as it cools. After a while the flow is checked by this formation, and then when a fissure is produced by the further cooling and snapping asunder of the crust, the molten mass flows along under this archway, formed from its own mass, and passes out at the fissure, to repeat the process further along in its course. Here and there the archway

snaps in other places, and as the boiling, sputtering mass passes beneath the opening, small, globular, glowing bits are flung out and deposit themselves around the orifice, and these masses gradually accumulating give rise to such spatter cones or chimneylike structures.

In other places, where fractures have been more abundant on these arches, a portion of the bridge has fallen in, leaving the chasm, with its vaulted roof, in full view. As anything and everything is safe in such a place, where all is so terribly and significantly dangerous, you can climb down into these caves, pass far into the crust of the crater, and wander about by the dim light of candles in the densest gloom, with an atmosphere which is almost steaming hot, and pretend to enjoy it. On every side the marks of the fiery origin of the passageway are only too evident. Long, banded, and sharp-pointed ribbons of lava project from the sides and roof, looking as if they had

from no one knows where is refreshing, even if hot. These gnarled and irregular stalactites have been a puzzle to the chemical geologist because of their composition. When viewed in their original position, each with a bright crystalline drop of water ready to fall from its lower end, and leaving part of its dissolved substance behind to surrender the remainder to its companion stalagmite below, one is persuaded to believe in their watery origin; but the chemists will tell you "No, that cannot be"; they can only be formed by fire. There is, however, much to be said on both sides of the question.

The outside air is very welcome after such a trip, no matter if only a short one, towards the centre of the earth. You have obtained evidence of a new fact from this voyage of discovery, however, which has an important bearing upon the action of this crater, if it is not applicable to the entire mountain. The whole mass of the



STALACTITES IN LAVA CAVES.

been pulled out while still plastic, as though they were so many gigantic masses of molasses candy. Further on, the roof of the cave becomes lower, and here and there, as pendants from the small fissures at the sides and roof, another form of stalactite is seen. Here the air is decidedly warm, and a draught coming

crater seems to be honeycombed by such cavities, and consequently it is easy to understand why Kilauea can be said never to overflow its rim, only one instance of such an overflow having been reported. For, when the column of molten magma rises to such a height in the more active centre that its weight is sufficient to burst

an opening into these channels, the column is drawn off through the aperture thus formed, and flows along out of sight in these subterranean passages, and finally fills them.

After two miles of such a tramp as has been described, where such strange sights and many more are constantly awakening new interest at every step, you find yourself at last upon the brink of a new crater. Here another opening with a similar depressed floor is spread before you, and you stop and hold your breath as you view the awe-inspiring sight of what is going on in this smaller amphitheatre. Scarcely three-quarters of a mile across and fifty feet deep, its blackened walls and dark floor form a fitting setting for the lake of fire, the boiling caldron of Halemaumau, the home of Pele. This is the centre of interest you have been seeking. Here the eternal fires glow, and if your visit has

an enlargement which took place in the circumference of the basin at that time. Here you could obtain refuge from the glare of the mid-day sun or from the passing showers, which at times occur at frequent intervals during the day. It is a point of vantage from which the best general view can be obtained of the boiling lake when active. At first you are content with this distant view, but there is a fascination which draws you on. To the inexperienced there is danger in a nearer approach when the inner crater is overflowing, because it is hard to tell whether the crust over which you pass is sufficiently stiff to support you from a downfall into fluid lava. In descending from the floor of Kilauea, over which you have been travelling for some time, there has been no indication, from the temperature of the rocks at least, that everything below your feet was in a



THE HUT ON THE EDGE OF HALEMAUMAU.

been timed to see it when even moderately active, the impression which will be produced will be lasting.

On the edge of this crater a small house, or rather a shelter, was built some time ago, which stood until March of last year, when it was engulfed by

glowing condition; but when you reach the floor of Halemaumau no one need be told that the ground he is upon is hot. The radiation from it comes up strongly into the face, and you next notice that the nails in your shoes are present by the sensation derived from their heated



THE CALDRON OF HALEMAUMAU.

points, and then the leather begins to feel warm.

On you go, punching the crust in front of you vigorously with a staff to determine whether it is safe or not, until finally, after about 200 yards of such material has been crossed, you reach the rounded edge of the caldron itself, perhaps after some slight scares and probably getting your staff on fire once or twice.

Here you pause for a moment to pick out a way up the side, which varies in height from ten to thirty feet, and is composed of masses of slag of all sizes, joined together by lava which has forced its way out between the blocks. Here and there you notice that through some of the larger openings the white-hot fluid is running out upon the floor, and often in quantities which would make an ordinary blast-furnace blush with shame. Here you can study on a small scale all the phenomena of a lava flow—the formation of the crust, the fissures, and many other phenomena. At length you pass, by a few steps, to the rim, and there before you is the sea of lava in all its terrible brilliancy.

It is no wonder that the nature-loving and nature-fearing natives deified the cause of this tremendous display, and that they held their fire goddess perhaps in greater reverence than any other. Restless, easily provoked, and jealous of all

restraint, no pathway seemed open to gain her good-will but that of absolute submission. Every effort was made to pacify her capricious and wild fancies, and votive offerings of the most costly character, even, it is said, of human lives, were freely given to turn aside her wrath. Until within a few years it has been a difficult matter to persuade a native to approach the caldron. Their old superstitions have lingered down to the present generation, and the memory of the deeds of the dread Pele are still too fresh in the minds of most of them to be easily set aside. The crossing of the intervening crust between the wall of the crater and the caldron by daylight is about as serious an affair as most people wish, but more than half of its glories and hidden dangers are lost through the effect of that same daylight. Wait till the stars are out, and then pass carefully down to the surface of the same floor, and it becomes a very different place. It had all the fascination of danger by day, it inspires all the terror of an approaching catastrophe by night. You feel your way by the lurid glare of the lake which lies ahead of you, and the half-gloom of your surroundings is lighted up by the fitful gleam of fire which sheds its grewsome colored tints upon the knotted and gnarled lava which crunches beneath your feet. Where there were dark cracks under you in the daytime, you now



LAVA FLOWING THROUGH THE WALL OF THE CALDRON.

see that you are crossing a pavement of blocks each edge of which is fringed with glowing light, and as your eye glances down along those lines the white-hot molten lava is plainly visible but a few inches from the surface. To say that the perspiration rises all over you when you first experience the full meaning of your situation under such conditions expresses your feelings only too mildly, for often the native who may be acting as your guide trembles and wants to turn back from this test of his nerves. None of them go out over this crust at night with any degree of willingness. The trip should be made, however, if it can be done safely, and one can generally judge of the amount of danger from the condition of the caldron, as the volcano has heretofore been a very law-abiding one. At no time can the full beauty of the spot be apprehended so well as by night. By daylight much of the color of the bright lava and the burning gases is lost; while by night the whole effect is most impressive, and the mind is nearly stifled by the rush of sensations, if only the fear of immediate danger is lost sufficiently to allow you to give yourself wholly to the enjoyment of a scene which, in the elements of grandeur, is not to be surpassed on the face of the globe.

The lake of fire might almost be described as a variable quantity. There are times when all appearance of activity is absent. When it is approached under such conditions it presents the appearance of a great irregular hole in the earth, the sides of which reach down hundreds of feet in utter blackness and darkness, and nothing but the sulphur fumes which rise from this orifice indicates its character. This condition is usually after a so-called eruption, that is, when the lava has burst a pathway into some deep-seated channel and the fluid magma has been drawn off.

Eventually this channel becomes clogged with a solid plug of lava, and the main tube begins to fill up again. Even when the molten material is still a long distance from the upper portion of the tube, in fact before it becomes visible, the rumbling struggles of the angry imprisoned forces are plainly audible, and a rush of the fetid blast from below, sometimes bursting into a bluish-green flame, proclaims the reassertion of the sway of the mysterious mistress of the mountain, as they herald her power in their own peculiar and unapproachable manner.

When the lava finally reaches the top of the tube, the more interesting and visible signs of activity are upon a plane



A GLIMPSE OVER THE TOP OF THE WALL OF THE CALDRON.

where some conception can be formed of their nature.

The surface of the lake in 1893 was about one thousand feet in diameter, and was as near a perfect circle as possible. It is covered with a slag some five or six inches in thickness which has a decidedly red color, and the heat which is radiated from this mass is very trying even when approached, as it always should be, with the wind behind you, in order to avoid the suffocating sulphur vapor which is constantly arising from the mass. This slag is not a complete surface, since it is traversed by long rents or fissures in all directions, through which the intensely white-hot lava below it becomes visible.

If we watch this surface carefully we shall note that it is constantly moving towards the edges of the caldron from the centre, and in a moment we shall see the reason for this motion. Far out towards the centre of the seething, hissing mass the slag will suddenly begin to rise in the form of a gigantic wave; it will rise and fall several times, each time more violently than the last, and then with one wild leap tons of white-hot material will be flung high into the air. This will be repeated once or twice, and then, with a thundering roar, the mass will settle back to its former level, and all will be quiet again, except for the crushing and squeez-

ing of the parts of the slag near the walls of the caldron, as they are pushed outward by this violent undulation of the surface. By the strains thus produced the slag is ruptured along those fissures, which hiss and sputter as they are formed, and they branch in all sorts of directions as the surface meets the resistance of the walls of the caldron. The cakes of slag which are thus produced are pushed up against the walls, sometimes passing down out of sight and being redissolved before your eyes at the open edge below your feet. Again they are lifted up and forced over the edge of the wall, thereby building it higher, block by block, and then, when the hot lava has reached this new level, these blocks are united by the fiery cement supplied from within. Once in a while this wall is not strong enough to retain the enormous weight of molten material, and it comes rushing out upon the floor of the crater, thereby building it up to a considerable height. This process is continued until suddenly some day the whole mass disappears downward, ultimately to repeat a similar cycle of operations. Judging from the descriptions given of many of the stages of activity which have been recorded, the violence of these fire fountains varies within considerable limits. In some years the columns of lava which are hurled aloft over

the lake of fire reach great heights, and at other times they only pass twenty-five or fifty feet into the air. Even then they are grand enough. They are usually accompanied by burning gases of an intense bluish tinge, and the regularity of their occurrence at certain points in the caldron leads one to the conclusion that there are probably channel-like subdivisions of the caldron far down in its interior, which guide these gases as they rise through the magma, and possibly act as one of the main causes of the ex-

passes without being noticed, and the belated traveller goes back late at night to dream in a comfortable bed of one of the most astonishing and bewildering experiences that it is ever the lot of mortals to gaze upon. The everlasting fitness of things is for the time being lost sight of, and the fiery beacon reflected from the fleecy clouds which hang over it, and which witness to its activity for miles around and far at sea, seems merely the reminder that long, long ago the whole earth passed through such a stage of ex-



INSIDE THE CALDRON.

plosive eruptions which take place at the upper surface. There are usually more than one, but not often more than three such points of activity, well within the edge of the caldron, and they are seldom active at the same time. The frequency with which the explosions take place is also very variable, and it is quite possible that changing atmospheric pressure has much to do with such variations—that is, when the air is rising over the region, or the pressure of the atmosphere becomes lighter from any other cause, they will become much more frequent than under the reverse conditions. A near view of these wonderful displays at night is a sight which borders on the sublime; time

istence, when all was fire and burning gas. The countless ages which swept on until the solid crust of the earth was formed and first imprisoned the fiery elements of its birth beneath its sombre surface have left little trace of their passage, and were we not reminded by such scenes as these of that past, it would be almost impossible to realize the facts or the conditions which formed the preface to the first chapter of our earth's history.

It is not within the province of this short article to discuss causes, attractive as that would be. It is only as one of the great phenomena of our globe, in fact hardly as yet satisfactorily explained,

that this single crater of many on this group of islands has occupied our attention at this time; and the few faithful sun-pictures which accompany the sketch are but as "moonlight to sunlight," and even the memory's canvas is but a lazy blur when nature's face seeks reflection for another's benefit upon its surface. It becomes, indeed, "the cupful to the ocean," and here is an ocean of fire as vastly more terrifying than the ocean of water, even in its fiercest moods, as even the wildest fancy of the mind can draw it. The force which plays with miles of the surface of our solid globe, which tosses it into the air to such fabulous distances, after having rent it into microscopic shreds, that it takes years of our time for it to return to the earth once more, can here be studied at leisure, for the present at least. How long such conditions may last no one knows. The future of volcanic soil has never been a very safe insurance risk; for while the soil may be rich and fertile, the possibility of its being distributed throughout the cosmic system in a hasty manner detracts from

its permanent value as a place of residence.

The Hawaiian kings must have been pre-Adamites, judging from their chronologies and genealogies, but it never occurred to them that some time their paradise in the Pacific might assume a very smoky hue and pass out of existence as suddenly as it came. Here, nevertheless, the traveller can enjoy, under the most delightful conditions, one of the greatest treats physically and mentally that can be imagined, and can dream the hours away in an Arcadia of his own; and as he leaves the peaceful shores of Hilo he will never fail to cast one last, almost reverential, glance upwards to the fiery halo which hangs in the clouds above the home of the goddess Pele. He has doubtless a tress of her golden-brown hair among the treasures of his trip to her throne, a becoming memento of her peaceful hospitality. He will read the native legends of her acts with renewed pleasure, and the vistas of memory will be illumined by a new light and a new appreciation of the grandeur and beauty of nature.

LOVE'S BEGGAR.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

WHO is not loved lives not at all,
 And knows not either joy or woe;
 And lest such fate should him befall
 He came a beggar, louting low.
 "I bend," said he, "that I may live;
 I bow before the one I prize,
 That she the alms I crave may give,
 Drawn from the treasury of her eyes."

Who begs for love but wastes his speech
 When far too humbly he implores;
 He sets too high above his reach
 The being whom he thus adores.
 And so, though courtly were her ways,
 A veil of scorn her visage bore;
 Indifferent to his prayers and praise,
 She turned the beggar from the door.

The beggar was not overshrewd,
 And perfect love had made him blind;
 Not his to see a changing mood,
 Not his to fathom woman's mind.
 For she in musing on his fate
 Felt pity for the suitor spurned,
 And pity turned to love—too late,—
 The beggar nevermore returned.



"I'LL NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, SO LONG AS I LIVE."

MRS. UPTON'S DEVICE.

A TALE OF MATCH-MAKING.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I. THE RESOLVE.

For when two
Join in the same adventure, one perceives
Before the other how they ought to act.
—BRYANT.

MRS. UPTON had made up her mind that it must be, and that was the beginning of the end. The charming match-maker had not indulged her passion for making others happy, willy-nilly, for some time—not, in fact, since she had arranged the match between Marie Willoughby and Jack Hearst, which, as the world knows, resulted first in a marriage, and then, as the good lady had not foreseen, in a South Dakota divorce. This unfortunate termination to all her well-meant efforts in behalf of the unhappy pair was a severe blow to Mrs. Upton. She had been for many years the busiest of match-makers, and seldom had she failed to bring about desirable results. In the houses of a large number of happy pairs her name was blessed for all that she had done, and until this no unhappy marriage had ever come from her efforts. One or two engagements of her designing had failed to eventuate, owing to complications over which she had no control, and with which she was in no way concerned; but that was merely one of the risks of the business in which she was engaged. The most expert artisan sometimes finds that he has made a failure of some cherished bit of work, but he does not cease to pursue his vocation because of that. So it was with Mrs. Upton, and when some of her plans went askew, and two young persons whom she had designed for each other chose to take two other young people into their hearts instead, she accepted the situation with a merely negative feeling of regret. But when she realized that it was she who had brought Marie Willoughby and Jack Hearst together, and had, beyond all question, made the match which resulted so unhappily, then was Mrs. Upton's re-

gret and sorrow of so positive a nature that she practically renounced her chief occupation in life.

"I'll never, never, never, so long as I live, have anything more to do with bringing about marriages!" she cried, tearfully, to her husband, when that worthy gentleman showed her a despatch in the evening paper to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Jack had invoked the Western courts to free them from a contract which had grown irksome to both. "I shall not even help the most despairing lover over a misunderstanding which may result in two broken hearts. I'm through. The very idea of Marie Willoughby and Johnny Hearst not being able to get along together is preposterous. Why, they were made for each other."

"I haven't a doubt of it," returned Upton, with whom it was a settled principle of life always to agree with his better half. "But sometimes there's a flaw in the workmanship, my dear, and while Marie may have been made for Jack, and Jack for Marie, it is just possible that the materials were not up to the specifications."

"Well, it's a burning shame, anyhow," said Mrs. Upton, "and I'll never make another match."

"That's good," said Upton. "I wouldn't—or, if I did, I'd see to it that it was a safety, instead of a fusee that burns fiercely for a minute and then goes out altogether. Stick to vestas."

"I don't know what you mean by vestas, but I'm through just the same," retorted Mrs. Upton; and she really was—for five years.

"Vestas are nice quiet matches that don't splurge and splutter. They give satisfaction to everybody. They burn evenly, and are altogether the swell thing in matches—and their heads don't fly off either," Upton explained.

"Well, I won't make even a vesta, you old goose," said Mrs. Upton, smiling faintly.

"You've made one, and it's a beauty,"

observed Upton, quietly, referring of course to their own case.

So, as I have said, Mrs. Upton forswore her match-making propensities for a period of five years, and people noting the fact marvelled greatly at her strength of character in keeping her hands out of matters in which they had once done such notable service. And it did indeed require much force of character in Mrs. Upton to hold herself aloof from the matrimonial ventures of others; for, although she was now a woman close upon forty, she had still the feelings of youth; she was fond of the society of young people, and had been for a long time the best-beloved chaperon in the community. It was hard for her to watch a growing romance and not help it along as she had done of yore; and many a time did her lips withhold the words that trembled upon them—words which would have furthered the fortunes of a worthy suitor to a waiting hand—but she had resolved, and there was the end of it.

It is history, however, that the strongest characters will at times falter and fall, and so it was with Mrs. Upton and her resolution finally. There came a time when the pressure was too strong to be resisted.

"I can't help it, Henry," she said, as she thought it all over, and saw wherein her duty lay. "We must bring Molly Meeker and Walter together. He is just the sort of a man for her; and if there is one thing he needs more than another to round out his character, it is a wife like Molly."

"Remember your oath, my dear," replied Upton.

"But this will be a vesta, Henry," smiled Mrs. Upton. "Walter and you are very much alike, and you said the other night that Molly reminded you of me—sometimes."

"That's true," said Upton. "She does—that's what I like about her—but, after all, she isn't you. A mill-pond might remind you at times of a great and beautiful lake, but it wouldn't be the lake, you know. I grant that Walter and I are alike as two peas, but I deny that Molly can hold a candle to you."

"Oh you!" snapped Mrs. Upton. "Haven't you got your eyes opened to my faults yet?"

"Yessum," said Upton. "They're great, and I couldn't get along without 'em, but

I wouldn't stand them for five minutes if I'd married Molly Meeker instead of you. You'd better keep out of this. Stick to your resolution. Let Molly choose her own husband, and Walter his wife. You never can tell how things are going to turn out. Why, I introduced Willie Timpkins to George Barker at the club one night last winter, feeling that there were two fellows who were designed by Providence for the old Damon and Pythias performance, and it wasn't ten minutes before they were quarrelling like a couple of cats, and every time they meet nowadays they have to be introduced all over again."

"I don't wonder at that at all," said Mrs. Upton. "Willie Timpkins is precisely the same kind of a person that George Barker is, and when they meet each other and realize that they are exactly alike, and see how sort of small and mean they really are, it destroys their self-love."

"I never saw it in that light before," said Upton, reflectively, "but I imagine you are right. There's lots in that. If a man really wrote down on paper his candid opinion of himself, he'd have a good case for slander against the publisher who printed it—I guess."

"I should think you'd have known better than to bring those two together, and under the circumstances I don't wonder they hate each other," said Mrs. Upton.

"Sympathy ought to count for something," pleaded Upton. "Don't you think?"

"Of course," replied Mrs. Upton; "but a man wants to sympathize with the other fellow, not with himself. If you were a woman you'd understand that a little better. But to return to Molly and Walter—don't you think they really were made for each other?"

"No, I don't," said Upton. "I don't believe that anybody ever was made for anybody else. On that principle every baby that is born ought to be labelled: *Fragile*. Please forward to Soandso. This 'made-for-each-other' business makes me tired. It's predestination all over again, which is good enough for an express package, but doesn't go where souls are involved. Suppose that through some circumstance over which he has no control a Michigan man was made for a Russian girl—how the deuce is she to get him?"

"That's all nonsense, Henry," said Mrs. Upton, impatiently.

"I don't know why," observed Upton. "I can quite understand how a Michigan man might make a first-rate husband for a Russian girl. Your idea involves the notion of affinity, and if I know anything about affinities, they have to go chasing each other through the universe for cycle after cycle, in the hope of some day meeting—and it's all beastly nonsense. My affinity might be Delilah, and Samson's your beautiful self; but I'll tell you, on my own responsibility, that if I had caught Samson hanging about your father's house during my palmy days I'd have thrashed the life out of him, whether his hair was short or long, and don't you forget it, Mrs. Upton."

Mrs. Upton laughed heartily. "I've no doubt you could have done it, my dear Henry," said she. "I'd have helped you, anyhow. But affinities or not, we are placed here for a certain purpose—"

"I presume so," said Upton. "I haven't found out what it is, but I'm satisfied."

"Yes—and so am I. Now," continued Mrs. Upton, "I think that we all ought to help each other along. Whether I am your affinity or not, or whether you are mine—"

"I *am* yours—for keeps, too," said Upton. "I shall be just as attentive in heaven, where marriage is not recognized, as I am here, if I hang for it."

"Well—however that may be, we have this life to live, and we should go about it in the best way possible. Now I believe that Walter will be more of a man, will accomplish more in the end, if he marries Molly than he will as a bachelor, or if he married—Jennie Perkins, for instance, who is so much of a manly woman that she has no sympathy with either sex."

"Right!" said Upton.

"You like Walter, don't you, and want him to succeed?"

"I do."

"You realize that an unmarried physician hasn't more than half a chance?"

"Unfortunately yes," said Upton. "Though I don't agree that a man can cut your leg off more expertly or carry you through the measles more successfully just because he has happened to get married. As a matter of fact, when I have my leg cut off I want it to be done by a man who hasn't been kept awake all

night by the squalling of his lately arrived son."

"Nevertheless," said Mrs. Upton, "society decrees that a doctor needs a wife to round him out. There's no disputing that fact—and it is perfectly proper. Bachelors may know all about the science of medicine, and make a fair showing in surgery, but it isn't until a man is married that he becomes the wholly successful practitioner who inspires confidence."

"I suppose it's so," said Upton. "No doubt of it. A man who has suffered always does do better—"

"Henry!" ejaculated Mrs. Upton, severely. "Remember this: I didn't marry you because I thought you were a cynic. Now Walter as a young physician needs a wife—"

"I suppose he's got to have somebody to confide professional secrets to," said Upton.

"That may be the reason for it," observed Mrs. Upton; "but whatever the reason, it is a fact. He needs a wife, and I propose that he shall have one; and it is very important that he should get the right one."

"Are you going to propose to the girl in his behalf?" queried Henry.

"No; but I think he's a man of sense, and I know Molly is. Now I propose to bring them together, and to throw them at each other's heads in such a way that they won't either of them guess that I am doing it—"

"Now, my dear," interrupted Upton, "don't! Don't try any throwing. You know as well as I do that no woman can throw straight. If you throw Molly Meeker at Walter's head—"

"I may strike his heart. Precisely!" said Mrs. Upton, triumphantly. "And that's all I want. Then we shall have a beautiful wedding," she added, with enthusiasm. "We'll give a little dinner on the 18th—a nice informal dinner. We'll invite the Jacksons and the Peltons and Molly and Walter. They will meet, fall in love like sensible people, and there you are."

"I guess it's all right," said Upton, "though to fall in love sensibly isn't possible, my dear. What people who get married ought to do is to fall unreasonably, madly in love—"

But Mrs. Upton did not listen. She was already at her *escritoire*, writing the invitations for the little dinner.

II.

A SUCCESSFUL CASE.

The pleasantest angling is to see the fish
 . . . greedily devour the treacherous bait.
 —"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

THE invitations to Mrs. Upton's little dinner were speedily despatched by the strategic maker of matches, and, to her great delight, were one and all accepted with commendable promptness, as dinner invitations are apt to be. The night came, and with it came also the unsuspecting young doctor and the equally unsuspicious Miss Meeker. Everything was charming. The Jacksons were pleased with the Peltons, and the Peltons were pleased with the Jacksons, and, best of all, Walter was pleased with Miss Meeker, while she was not wholly oblivious to his existence. She even quoted something he happened to say at the table, after the ladies had retired, leaving the men to their cigars, and had added that "*that* was the way she liked to hear a man talk" —all of which was very encouraging to the well-disposed spider who was weaving the web for these two particular flies. As for Bliss — Walter Bliss, M.D. — he was very much impressed; so much so, indeed, that as the men left their cigars to return to the ladies he managed to whisper into Upton's ear,

"Rather bright girl that, Henry."

"Very," said Upton. "Sensible, too. One of those bachelor girls who've got too much sense to think much about men. Pity, rather, in a way, too. She'd make a good wife, but, Lord save us! it would require an Alexander or a Napoleon to make love to her."

"Oh, I don't know," said Bliss, confidently. "If the right man came along—"

"Of course; but there aren't many right men," said Upton. "I've no doubt there's somebody equal to the occasion somewhere, but with the population of the world at the present figures there's a billion chances to one she'll never meet him. What do you think of the financial situation, Walter? Pretty bad, eh?"

Thus did the astute Mr. Upton play the cards dealt out to him by his fairer half in this little game of hearts of her devising, and it is a certain fact that he played them well, for the interjection of a more or less political phase into their discussion rather whetted than oth-

erwise the desire of Dr. Bliss to talk about Miss Meeker.

"Oh, hang the financial situation! Where does she live, Henry?" was Bliss's answer, from which Upton deduced that all was going well.

That his deductions were correct was speedily shown, for it was not many days before Mrs. Upton, with a radiant face, handed Upton a note from Walter asking her if she would not act as chaperon for a little sail on the Sound upon his sloop. He thought a small party of four, consisting of herself and Henry, Miss Meeker and himself, could have a jolly afternoon and evening of it, dining on board in true picnic fashion, and returning to earth in the moonlight.

"How do you like that, my lord?" she inquired, her eyes beaming with delight.

"Dreadful!" said Henry. "Got to the moonlight stage already—poor Bliss!"

"Poor Bliss indeed," retorted Mrs. Upton. "Blissful Bliss, you ought to call him. Shall we go?"

"Shall we go?" echoed Upton. "If I fell off the middle of Brooklyn Bridge, would I land in the water?"

"I don't know," laughed Mrs. Upton. "You might drop into the smoke-stack of a ferry-boat."

"Of course we'll go!" said Upton. "I'd go yachting with my worst enemy."

"Very well. I'll accept," said Mrs. Upton, and she did. The sail was a great success, and everything went exactly as the skilful match-maker had wished. Bliss looked well in his yachting suit. The appointments of the yacht were perfect. The afternoon was fine, the supper entrancing, and the moonlight irresistible. Miss Meeker was duly impressed, and as for the doctor, as Upton put it, he was "going down for the third time."

"If you aren't serious in this match, my dear, throw him a rope," he pleaded, in his friend's behalf.

"He wouldn't avail himself of it if I did," said Mrs. Upton. "He wants to drown—and I fancy Molly wants him to, too, because I can't get her to mention his name any more."

"Is that a sign?" asked Upton.

"Indeed yes; if she talked about him all the time I should be afraid she wasn't quite as deeply in love as I want her to be. She's only a woman, you know, Henry. If she were a man, it would be different."

The indications were verified by the results. August came, and Mrs. Upton invited Miss Meeker to spend the month at the Uptons' summer cottage at Skirton, and Bliss was asked up for "a day or two" while she was there.

"Isn't it a little dangerous, my dear?" Upton asked, when his wife asked him to extend the hospitality of the cottage to Bliss. "I should think twice before asking Walter to come."

"How absurd you are!" retorted the match-maker. "What earthly objection can there be?"

"No objection at all," returned Upton, "but it may destroy all your good work. It will be a terrible test for Walter, I am afraid—breakfast, for instance, is a fearful ordeal for most men. They are so apt to be at their very worst at breakfast, and it might happen that Walter could not stand the strain upon him through a series of them. Then Molly may not look well in the mornings. How is that? Is she like you—always at her best?"

Mrs. Upton replied with a smile. It was evident that she did not consider the danger very great.

"They might as well get used to seeing each other at breakfast," she said. "If they find they don't admire each other at that time, it is just as well they should know it in advance."

Hence it was, as I have said, that Bliss was invited to Skirton for a day or two. And the day or two, in the most natural way in the world; lengthened out into a week or two. There were walks and talks; there were drives and long horseback rides along shaded mountain roads, and when it rained there were mornings in the music-room together. Bliss was good-natured at breakfast, and Molly developed a capacity for appearing to advantage at that trying meal that aroused Upton's highest regard; and finally—well, finally Miss Molly Meeker whispered something into Mrs. Upton's ear, at which the latter was so overjoyed that she nearly hugged her young friend to death.

"Here, my dear, look out," remonstrated Upton, who happened to be present. "Don't take it all. Perhaps she wants to live long enough to whisper something to me."

"I do," said Molly, and then she announced her engagement to Walter Bliss; and she did it so sweetly that Upton had all he could do to keep from manifesting

his approval after the fashion adopted by his wife.

"I wish I was a literary man," said Upton to his wife the next day, when they were talking over the situation. "If I knew how to write I'd make a fortune, I believe, just following up the little romances that you plan."

"Oh, nonsense, Henry," replied Mrs. Upton. "I don't plan any romances—I select certain people for each other and bring them together, that is all."

"And push 'em along—prod 'em slightly when they don't seem to get started, eh?" insinuated Upton.

"Well, yes—sometimes."

"And what else does a novelist do? He picks out two people, brings them together, and pushes them along through as many chapters as he needs for his book," said Henry. "That's all. Now if I could follow your couples I'd have a tremendous advantage in basing my studies on living models instead of having to imagine my realism. I repeat I wish I could write. This little romance of Molly and Walter that has just ended—"

"Just what?" asked Mrs. Upton.

"Just ended," repeated Upton. "What's the matter with that?"

"You mean just begun," said Mrs. Upton, with a sigh. "The hardest work a match-maker has is in conducting the campaign after the nominations are made. When two people love each other madly, they are apt to do a great deal of quarrelling over absolutely nothing, and I'm not at all sure that an engagement means marriage until the ceremony has taken place."

"And even then," suggested Henry, "there are the divorce courts, eh?"

"We won't refer to them," said Mrs. Upton, severely; "they are relics of barbarism. But as for the ending of my romance, my real work now begins. I must watch those two young people carefully and see that their little quarrels are smoothed over, their irritations allayed, and that every possible difference between them is adjusted."

"But you and I didn't quarrel when we were engaged," persisted Upton.

"No, we didn't, Henry," replied Mrs. Upton. "But that was only because it takes two to make a quarrel, and I loved you so much that I was really blind to all your possibilities as an irritant."

"Oh!" said Henry, reflectively.

III.

A SET-BACK.

All is confounded, all!
 Reproach and everlasting shame
 Sits mocking in our plumes.

—“HENRY V.”

TIME demonstrated with great effectiveness the unhappy fact that Mrs. Upton knew whereof she spoke when she likened an engagement to a political campaign, in that the real battle begins after the nominations are made. Walter Bliss was a man of decided views as to life, and Miss Meeker was hardly less so. Long before she had met Bliss, in default of a real she had builded up in her mind an ideal man, which at first, second, and even third sight Walter had seemed to her to represent. But unfortunately there is a fourth sight, and the lover or the *fiancée* who can get beyond this is safe—comparatively safe, that is, for everything in this world has its merits or its demerits from comparison, and the comparison is more often than not made from the point of view of what ought to be rather than of what really is. Mrs. Upton was a realist—that is, she thought she was; and so was Miss Meeker. Everybody looks at life from his or her own point of view, and there must always be, consequently, two points of view, for there will always be a male way and a female way of looking at things. Walter was in love with his profession. Molly was in love with him as an abstract thing. She knew nothing of him as a Washington fighting measles; she was not aware whether he could combat tonsillitis as successfully as Napoleon fought the Austrians or not, and it may be added that she didn't care. He was merely a man in her estimation: a thing in the abstract, and a most charming thing on the whole. He, on the other hand, looked upon her not as a woman, but as a soul, and a purified soul at that: an angel, indeed, without the incumbence of wings, was she, and with a rather more comprehensive knowledge of dress than is attributed to most of angels. But two people cannot go on forming an ideal of each other continuously without at some time reaching a point of divergence, and Walter and Molly reached that point within ten weeks. It happened that while calling upon her one evening Walter received a professional summons which he admitted was all nonsense—why should

people call in doctors when it is “all nonsense”?

The call came while Walter was turning over the leaves at the piano as Molly played.

“What is this?” he said, as he opened the note that was addressed to him. “Humph! Mrs. Hubbard's boy is sick—”

“Must you go?” Molly asked.

“I suppose so,” said Walter. “I saw him this afternoon, and there is not the slightest thing the matter with him, but I must go.”

“Why?” asked Molly. “Are you the kind of doctor they call in when there's nothing the matter?”

She did not mean to be sarcastic, but she seemed to be, and Walter, of course, like a properly sensitive soul, was hurt.

“I must go,” he said, positively, ignoring the thrust.

“But you say there is nothing the matter with the boy,” suggested Molly.

“I'm going just the same,” said Walter, and he went.

Molly played on at the piano until she heard the front door slam, and then she rose up and went to the window. Walter had gone and was out of sight. Then, sad to say, she became philosophical. It doesn't really pay for girls to become philosophical, but Molly did not know that, and she began a course of reasoning.

“He knows he isn't needed, but he goes,” she said to herself, as she gazed dejectedly out of the window at the gas-lamps on the other side of the street. “And he will of course charge the Hubbards for his services, admitting, however, that his services are nothing. That is not conscientious—it is not professional. He is not practising for the love of his profession, but for the love of money. I am disappointed in him—and we were having such a pleasant time, too!”

So she ran on as she sat there in the window-seat looking out upon the dreary street; and you may be sure that the comingling of her ideals and her disappointments and her sense of loneliness did not help Walter's case in the least, and that when they met the next time her manner toward him was what some persons term “sniffy,” which was a manner Walter could not and would not abide. Hence a marked coolness came up between the two, which by degrees so intensified that at about the time when Mrs. Upton was expected to be called in to assist at a

wedding, she was stunned by the information that "all was over between them."

"Just think of that, Henry," the good match-maker cried, wrathfully. "All is over between them, and Molly pretends she is glad of it."

"Made for each other too!" ejaculated Upton, with a mock air of sorrow. "What was the matter?"

"I can't make out exactly," observed Mrs. Upton. "Molly told me all about it, and it struck me as a merely silly lovers' quarrel, but she won't hear of a reconciliation. She says she finds she was mistaken in him. I wish you'd find out Walter's version of it."

"I respectfully refuse, my dear Mrs. Upton," returned Henry. "I'm not a partner in your enterprise, and if you get a misfit couple returned on your hands it is your lookout, not mine. Pity, isn't it, that you can't manage matters like a tailor? Suit of clothes is made for me, I try it on, don't like it, send it back and have it changed to fit. If you could make a few alterations now in Molly—"

"Henry, you are flippant," asserted Mrs. Upton. "There's nothing the matter with Molly—the least little thing; and Walter ought to be ashamed of himself to give her up, and I'm going to see that he doesn't. I believe a law ought to be made, anyhow, requiring engaged persons who want to break off to go into court and show cause why they shouldn't be enjoined from so doing."

"A sort of antenuptial divorce law, eh?" suggested Upton. "That's not a bad idea; you ought to write to the papers and suggest it—using your maiden name, of course, not mine."

"If you would only find out from Walter what he's mad at, and tell him he's an idiot and a heartless thing, maybe we could smooth it out, because I know that 'way down in her soul Molly loves him."

"Very well, I'll do it," said Upton, good-naturedly; "but mind you it's only to oblige you, and if Bliss throws me out of the club window for meddling in his affairs, it will be your fault."

The doctor did not quite throw Upton out of the window that afternoon when the subject came up, but he did the next thing to it. He turned upon him, and with much gravity remarked: "Upton, I'll talk politics, finance, medicine, surgery, literature, or neck-ties with you, but under no circumstances will I talk

about woman with anybody. I prefer a topic concerning which it is possible occasionally to make an intelligent surmise at least. Woman is as comprehensible to a finite mind as chaos. Who's your tailor?"

"You ought to have seen us when he said that," observed Upton to his wife, as he told her about the interview at dinner that evening. "He was as solemn as an Alp, and apparently as immovable as the Sphinx; and as for me, I simply withered on my stalk and crumbled away into dust. Wherefore, my love, I am through; and hereafter if you are going to make matches for my friends and need outside help, get a hired man to help you. I'm did. If I were you I'd let 'em go their own way, and if their lives are spoiled, why, your conscience is clear either way."

But Mrs. Upton had no sympathy with any such view as that. She had been so near to victory that she was not going to surrender now without one more charge. She tried a little sounding of Bliss herself, and finally asked him point-blank if he would take dinner with herself and Upton and Molly and make it up, and he declined absolutely; and it was just as well, for when Molly heard of it she asserted that she had no doubt it would have been a pleasant dinner, but that nothing could have induced her to go. She never wished to see Dr. Bliss again—not even professionally. Mrs. Upton was gradually becoming utterly discouraged. The only hopeful feature of the situation was that there were no "alternates" involved. Bliss was done forever with woman; Miss Meeker had never cared for any man but Walter. Time passed, and the lovers were adamant in their determination never to see each other again. Repeated efforts to bring them together failed, until Mrs. Upton was in despair. It is always darkest, however, just before dawn, and it finally happened that just as hopelessness was beginning to take hold of Mrs. Upton's heart her great device came to her.

IV.

THE DEVICE.

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.
—CHILDE HAROLD."

"HENRY," said Mrs. Upton, one cold January morning, a great light of possibilities dawning upon her troubled soul,

"don't you want to take me to the opera next Saturday? Calvé is to sing in *Ca-valleria*, and I am very anxious to hear her again."

"I am sorry, but I can't," Upton answered. "I have an engagement with Bliss at the club on Saturday. We're going to take lunch and finish up our billiard tournament. I've got a lead of forty points."

"Oh! Well, then, get me two seats and I'll take Molly," said the astute match-maker. "And never mind about their being aisle seats. I prefer them in the middle of the row, so that everybody won't be climbing over us when they go out and in."

"All right; I will," said Henry, and the seats were duly procured.

Saturday came, and Upton went to the club, according to his appointment with Walter; but Bliss was not there, nor had he sent any message of explanation. Upton waited until three o'clock, and still the doctor came not; and finally he left the club and sauntered up the Avenue to his house, calling down the while imprecations upon the absent Walter.

"Hang these doctors!" he said, viciously. "They seem to think professional engagements are the only ones worth keeping. Off in his game, I fancy. That's the milk in the cocoanut."

Fifteen minutes later he entered his library, and was astonished to see Mrs. Upton there reading.

"Why, hullo! You here?" he said. "I thought you were at the opera."

"No. I didn't go," Mrs. Upton replied, with a smile.

"There seems to be something in the air that prevents people from keeping their engagements to-day. Bliss didn't turn up," said Henry. "What did you do with the tickets?"

"I sent Molly hers by messenger, and told her I'd join her at the opera-house," said Mrs. Upton, her face beaming. "Did you say Walter didn't go to the club?" she added, anxiously.

"Yes. He's a great fellow, he is! Got no more idea about sticking to an engagement than a cat," said Upton. "Afraid of my forty points, I imagine."

"Possibly; but maybe this will account for it," said Mrs. Upton, with a sigh of relief, which hardly seemed necessary under the circumstances, handing her husband a note:

"What's this?" asked Upton, scanning the address upon the envelope.

"A note—from Walter," Mrs. Upton replied. "Read it."

And Upton read as follows:

"SATURDAY MORNING, *January* —, 189—.

"MY DEAR MRS. UPTON,—I am sorry to hear that Henry is called away, but there are compensations. If I cannot take luncheon with him, it will give me the greatest pleasure to listen to Calvé in your company. I may be a trifle late, but I shall most certainly avail myself of your kind thought of me.

Yours faithfully,
WALTER BLISS."

"What the deuce is this?" asked Upton. "I called away? Who said I was called away?"

"I did," said Mrs. Upton, pursing her lips to keep from indulging in a smile. "As soon as you left this morning I wrote Walter a note, telling him that you had been hurriedly called to Philadelphia on business, and that you'd asked me to let him know, not having time to do it yourself. And I closed by saying that we had two seats for *Cavalleria*, and that, as my expected guest had disappointed me, I hoped he might come in if he felt like it during the afternoon and hear Calvé. That's his answer. I enclosed him the ticket."

"So that—" said Upton, beginning to comprehend.

"So that Molly and Walter are at the opera together. Hemmed in on both sides, so that they can't escape, with the Intermezzo before them!" said Mrs. Upton, with an air of triumph which was beautiful to look upon.

"Well, you are a genius!" cried Upton, finding his wife's enthusiasm contagious. "I'm almost afraid of you!"

"And you don't think I did wrong to fib?" asked Mrs. Upton.

"Oh, as for that," said Upton, "all geniuses lie! An abnormal development in one direction always indicates an abnormal lack of development in another. Your bump of ingenuity has for the moment absorbed your bump of veracity; but I say, my dear, I wonder if they'll speak?"

"Speak?" echoed Mrs. Upton. "Speak? Why, of course they will! Everybody talks at the opera," she added, joyously.



DURING THE INTERMEZZO.

An hour later the door-bell rang, and the maid announced Miss Meeker and Dr. Bliss. They entered radiant, and not in the least embarrassed.

"Why, how do you do?" said Upton, as calmly as though nothing had happened. "Didn't see you at the club," he added, with a sly wink at his wife.

"Thought you were out of town," said Bliss; and then he turned and glanced inquiringly at the lovely deceiver. But Mrs. Upton said nothing. She was otherwise engaged; for Molly, upon entering the room, had walked directly to her side, and throwing her arms about her neck, kissed her several times most affectionately.

"You dear old thing!" she whispered.

"Mrs.—Upton—I'm very much obliged to you for a very pleasant afternoon," stammered Bliss, recovering from his surprise,

the true inwardness of the situation dawning upon him, "as well as for—a good many pleasant afternoons to come. I—ah—I didn't see—ah—Molly until I got seated."

"No," said Molly; "and if he could have gotten away without disturbing a lot of people, I think he'd have gone when he realized where he was. And he wouldn't speak until the Intermezzo was half through."

"Well, I tried hard not to even then," said Walter; "but somehow or other, when the Intermezzo got going, I couldn't help it, and—well, it's to be next month."

And so it was. The wedding took place six weeks later; and all through the service the organist played the Intermezzo in subdued tones, which some people thought rather peculiar—but then they were not aware of all the circumstances.



"Perhaps I may find my shoes."

THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS.*

BY

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ICY GATEWAY.

WHEN Mr. Gibbs and his party returned to the *Dipsey*, after descending the iceberg, their report created a lively sensation.

"Why, it's like goin' home," said Mrs. Block. "Perhaps I may find my shoes."

It was not a very strange thing that they should have again met with this little icelocked lake, for they had endeavored to return by a route as directly south as the other had been directly north. But no one had expected to see the lake again, and they were not only surprised, but pleased and encouraged. Here was a spot where they knew the water was deep enough for perfectly safe submarine navigation, and if they could start here under the ice they would feel quite sure that they would meet with no obstacles on the rest of their voyage.

As there was no possible entrance to

this lake from the point where the *Dipsey* now lay at the end of her canal, Sammy proposed that they should make a descent into the water at the place where they were, if, after making soundings, they should find the depth sufficient. Then they might proceed southward as well as if they should start from Lake Shiver.

But this did not suit Mr. Gibbs. He had a very strong desire to reach the waters of the little lake, because he knew that at their bottom there lay the telegraphic cable which he had been obliged to abandon, and he had thought he might be able to raise this cable and re-establish telegraphic communication with Cape Tariff and New Jersey.

Sammy believed that Mr. Gibbs's desire could be accomplished by sinking into the water in which they now lay and sailing under the icebergs to the lake; but Mr. Gibbs did not favor this. He was afraid to go under the icebergs. To be sure, they had already sailed under one of them

* Begun in June number, 1897.

when the *Dipsey* had made her way northward from the lake, but they had found that the depth of water varied very much in different places, and the icebergs in front of them might be heavier, and therefore more deeply sunken, than those which they had previously passed under. If it were possible to extend their canal to Lake Shiver, Mr. Gibbs wanted to do it; but if they should fail in this, then of course they would be obliged to go down at this or some adjacent spot.

"It's all very well," said Captain Hubbell, who was a little depressed in spirits, because the time was rapidly approaching when he would no longer command the vessel, "but it's one thing to blow a canal through fields of flat ice, and another to make it all the way through an iceberg; but if you think you can do it, I am content. I'd like to sail above-water just as far as we can go."

Mr. Gibbs had been studying the situation, and some ideas relating to the solution of the problem before him were forming themselves in his mind. At last he hit upon a plan which he thought might open the waters of Lake Shiver to the *Dipsey*, and as it would not take very long to test the value of his scheme, it was determined to make the experiment.

There were but few on board who did not know that if a needle were inserted into the upper part of a large block of ice, and were then driven smartly into it, the ice would split. Upon this fact Mr. Gibbs based his theory of making an entrance to the lake.

A climbing party, larger than the previous one, set out for the iceberg, carrying with them, on several sledges, a long and heavy iron rod, which was a piece of the extra machinery on the *Dipsey*, and some explosives of a special kind.

When the iceberg had been reached, several of the party ascended with a hoisting apparatus, and with this the rod was hauled to the top and set up perpendicularly on a central spot at the summit of the iceberg, the pointed end downward, and a bomb of great power fastened to its upper end. This bomb was one designed to exert its whole explosive power in one direction, and it was so placed that this force would be exerted downward. When all was ready the electric wire attached to the bomb was carried down the iceberg and carefully laid on the ice as the party returned to the *Dipsey*.

Everybody, of course, was greatly interested in this experiment. The vessel was at least two miles from the iceberg, but in the clear atmosphere the glittering eminence could be plainly seen, and with a glass the great iron rod, standing high up upon its peak, was perfectly visible. All were on deck when Mr. Gibbs stood ready to discharge the bomb on top of the rod, and all eyes were fixed upon the iceberg.

There was an explosion—not very loud, even considering the distance—and those who had glasses saw the rod disappear downward. Then a strange grating groan came over the snow-white plain, and the great iceberg was seen to split in half, its two peaks falling apart from each other. The more distant of the two great sections toppled far backward, and with a great crash turned entirely over, its upper part being heavier than its base. It struck an iceberg behind it, slid upon the level ice below, crashed through this, and sunk out of sight. Then it was seen to slowly rise again, but this time with its base uppermost. The other and nearest section, much smaller, fell against an adjacent iceberg, where it remained leaning for some minutes, but soon assumed an erect position. The line of cleavage had not been perpendicular, and the greater part of the base of the original iceberg remained upon the nearer section.

When the scene of destruction had been thoroughly surveyed from the deck of the *Dipsey*, volunteers were called for to go and investigate the condition of affairs near the broken iceberg. Four men, including Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Marcy, went out upon this errand—a dangerous one, for they did not know how far the ice in their direction might have been shattered or weakened by the wreck of the iceberg. They found that little or no damage had been done to the ice between them and the nearer portion of the berg; and pursuing an eastward course on their sledges, they were enabled to look around this lofty mass and see a body of open water in the vicinity of the more distant section almost covered with floating ice. Pressing forward still farther eastward, and going as far south as they dared, they were enabled at last to see that the two portions of the original iceberg were floating at a considerable distance from each other, and that therefore there was nothing to prevent the existence of an



"HE WAS STRUCK FULL IN THE FACE."

open passage between them into the lake.

When the party returned with this report, work was suspended, but the next day blasting parties went out. The canal was extended to the base of the nearer iceberg, a boat was rowed around it, and after a careful survey it was found that if the sections of the iceberg did not move nearer each other, there was room enough for the *Dipsey* to pass between them.

When the small boat and the sledges had returned to the vessel, and everything was prepared for the start along the canal and into the lake, one of the men came to Captain Hubbell and reported that the Pole, Rovinski, was absent. For one brief moment a hope arose in the soul of Samuel Block that this man might have fallen overboard and floated under the ice, but he was not allowed to entertain this pleasant thought. Mr. Marcy had seized a glass and was sweeping with it the icy plain in all directions.

"Hello!" he cried.
 "Some one come here!
 Do you see that moving speck off there to the north? I believe that is the scoundrel."

Several glasses were now directed to the spot.

"It is the Pole!" cried Sammy. "He has stolen a sledge and is running away!"

"Where on earth can he be running to?" exclaimed Mr. Gibbs. "The man is insane!"

Mr. Marcy said nothing. His motor sledge, a very fine one, furnished with an unusually large wheel, was still on the deck. He rushed towards it.

"I am going after him!" he shouted. "Let somebody come with me. He's up to mischief; he must not get away!"

"Mischief!" exclaimed Mr. Gibbs. "I don't see what mischief he can do. He can't live out here without shelter; he'll be dead before morning."

"Not he," cried Sammy. "He's a born devil with a dozen lives! Take a gun with you, Mr. Marcy, and shoot him if you can't catch him!"

Mr. Marcy took no gun — he had no time to stop for that. In a few moments he was on the ice with his sledge, then away he went at full speed towards the distant moving black object.

Two men were soon following Mr. Marcy, but they were a long way behind him, for their sledges did not carry them at the speed with which he was flying over the ice and snow.

It was not long before Rovinski discovered that he was pursued, and frequently turning his head backward, he saw that the foremost sledge was gaining upon him; but, crouching as low as he could to avoid a rifle-shot, he kept on his way.

But he could not help turning his head every now and then, and at one of these moments his sledge struck a projecting piece of ice and was suddenly overturned.

Rovinski rolled out on the hard snow, and the propelling-wheel revolved rapidly in the air. The Pole gathered himself up quickly and turned his sledge back into its proper position. He did this in such haste that he forgot that the wheel was still revolving, and therefore was utterly unprepared to see the sledge start away at a great speed, leaving him standing on the snow, totally overwhelmed by astonishment and rage.

Marcy was near enough to view this catastrophe, and he stopped his sledge and burst out laughing. Now that the fellow could not escape, Marcy waited for his companions. When the others had reached him, the three proceeded towards Rovinski, who was standing facing them and waiting. As soon as they came within speaking distance, he shouted:

"Stop where you are! I have a pistol, and I will shoot you in turn if you come any nearer. I am a free man! I have a right to go where I please. I have lost my sledge, but I can walk. Go back and tell your masters I have left their service."

Mr. Marcy reflected a moment. He was armed, but it was with a very peculiar weapon, intended for use on shipboard in case of mutinous disturbances. It was a pistol with a short range, carrying an ammonia shell. If he could get near enough to Rovinski, he could settle his business very quickly, but he believed that the pistol carried by the Pole was of the ordinary kind, and dangerous.

Something must be done immediately. It was very cold; they must soon return to the vessel. Suddenly, without a word, Mr. Marcy started his sledge forward at its topmost speed. The Pole gave a loud cry and raised his right hand, in which he held a heavy pistol. For some minutes he had been standing, his glove off,

and this pistol clasped in his hand. He was so excited that he had entirely forgotten the intense coldness of this air. He attempted to aim the pistol and to curl his forefinger around the trigger, but his hand and wrist were stiff, his fingers were



"I WOULD HAVE SHOWN YOU WHAT SORT OF AN IMBECILE I AM."

stiff. His pistol barrel pointed at an angle downward; he had no power to straighten it or to pull the trigger. Standing thus, his face white with the rage of impotence, and his raised hand shaking as if it had been palsied, he was struck full in the face with the shell from Marcy's wide-mouthed pistol. The brittle capsule burst, and in a second, insensible from the fumes of the powerful ammonia it contained, Rovinski fell flat upon the snow.

When the Pole had been taken back to the vessel, and had been confined below, Mr. Gibbs, utterly unable to comprehend the motives of the man in thus rushing off to die alone amid the rigors of the

polar regions, went down to talk to him. At first Rovinski refused to make any answers to the questions put to him; but at last, apparently in rage at the imputation that he must be a weak-minded, almost idiotic man to behave himself in such an imbecile fashion, he suddenly blazed out.

"Imbecile!" he cried. "Weak-minded! If it had not been for that accursed sledge, I would have shown you what sort of an imbecile I am. I can't get away now, and I will tell you how I would have been an idiot. I would have gone back to the pole—at least to the little house—where, like a fool, you left the end of your cable open to me—open to anybody on board who might be brave enough to take advantage of your imbecility. I had food enough with me to last until I got back to the pole, and I knew of the 'cache' which you left there. Long, long before you ever reached Cape Tariff, and before your master was ready to announce your discoveries to the world, I would have been using your cable. I would have been announcing my discoveries, not in a cipher, but in plain English; not to Sardis, but to the observatory at St. Petersburg. I would have proclaimed the discovery of the pole; I would have told of your observations and your experiments—for I am a man of science; I know these things. I would have had the honor and the glory. The north pole would have been Rovinski's pole; that open sea would have been Rovinski's sea. All you might have said afterward would have amounted to nothing; it would have been an old story; I would have announced it long before. The glory would have been mine—mine for all ages to come."

"But, you foolish man," exclaimed Mr. Gibbs, "you would have perished up there—no fire, no shelter but that cabin, and very little food. Even if, kept warm and alive by your excitement and ambition, you had been able to send one message, you would have perished soon afterwards."

"What of that?" said Rovinski. "I would have sent my message; I would have told how the north pole was found. The glory and the honor would have been mine."

When Mr. Gibbs related what was said at this interview, Sammy remarked that it was a great pity to interfere with ambi-

tion like that; and Sarah acknowledged to her husband, but to him only, that she had never felt her heart sink as it had sunk when she saw Mr. Marcy coming back with that black-faced and black-hearted Pole with him.

"I felt sure," said she, "that we had got rid of him, and that after this we would not be a party of thirteen. It does seem to me as if it is wicked to take such a creature back to civilized people. It's like carrying diseases about in your clothes, as people used to do in olden times."

"Well," said Sammy, "if we could fumigate this vessel and feel sure that only the bad germs would shrivel, I'd be in favor of doin' it."

In less than two hours after the return of Mr. Marcy with his prisoner, the *Dipse*y started along the recently made canal, carefully rounded the nearer portion of the broken iceberg, and slowly sailed between the two upright sections. These were sufficiently far apart to afford a perfectly safe passage, but the hearts of those who gazed up upon their shining precipitous sides were filled with a chilling horror, for if a wind had suddenly sprung up, these two great sections of the icy mountain might have come together, cracking the *Dipse*y as if it had been a nut.

But no wind sprung up; the icebergs remained as motionless as if they had been anchored, and the *Dipse*y entered safely the harboring waters of Lake Shiver.

CHAPTER XX.

"THAT IS HOW I LOVE YOU."

FOR several days the subject of the great perforation made by the automatic shell was not mentioned between Margaret and Roland. This troubled her a great deal, for she thoroughly understood her lover's mind, and she knew that he had something important to say to her, but was waiting until he had fully elaborated his intended statement. She said nothing about it, because it was impossible for her to do so. It made her feel sick even to think of it, and yet she was thinking of it all the time.

At last he came to her one morning, his face pale and serious. She knew, the moment her eyes fell upon him, that he had come to tell her something, and what it was he had to tell.

"Margaret," said he, beginning to speak as soon as he had seated himself, "I have made up my mind about that shaft. It would be absolutely wicked if I were not to go down to the bottom and see what is there. I have discovered something—something wonderful—and I do not know what it is. I can form no ideas about it; there is nothing on which I can base any theory. I have done my best to solve this problem without going down, but my telescope reveals nothing; my camera shows me nothing at all."

She sat perfectly quiet, pallid, and listening.

"I have thought over this thing by day and by night," he continued, "but the conclusion forces itself upon me steadily and irresistibly that it is my duty to descend that shaft. I have carefully considered everything, positively everything, connected with the safety of such a descent. The air in the cavity where my shell now rests is perfectly good; I have tested it. The temperature is simply warm, and there is no danger of quicksands or anything of that sort, for my shell still rests as immovable as when I first saw it below the bottom of the shaft.

"As to the distance I should have to descend—when you come to consider it, it is nothing. What is fourteen miles in a tunnel through a mountain? Some of those on the Great Straight-cut Pacific Railroad are forty miles in length, and trains run backward and forward every day without any one considering the danger; and yet there is really more danger from one of these tunnels caving in than in my perpendicular shaft, where caving is almost impossible.

"As to the danger which attends so great a descent—I have thoroughly provided against that. In fact, I do not see,

if I carry out my plans, how there could be any danger, more than constantly surrounds us, no matter what we are doing. In the first place, we ought not to think of

that great depth. If a man fell down any one of the deep shafts in our silver-mines he would be as thoroughly deprived of life as if he should fall down my shaft. But to fall down mine—and I want you to consider this, Margaret, and thoroughly understand it—would be almost impossible. I have planned out all the machinery and appliances which would be necessary, and I want to describe them to you, and then, I am sure, you will see for yourself that the element of danger is more fully eliminated than if I should row you on the lake in a boat."

She sat quiet, pale, still listening, her eyes fixed upon him.

"I have devised a car," he said, "in which I can sit comfortably and smoke my cigar while I make the descent. This, at the easy and steady rate at which my engines would move, would occupy less than three hours. I could go a good deal faster if I wished, but this would be fast enough. Think of that—fourteen miles in three hours! It would be considered very slow and easy travelling on the surface of the earth. This car would be suspended by a double chain of the very best toughened steel, which would be strong enough to hold ten cars the weight of mine. The windlass would be moved by an electric engine of sufficient power to do twenty times the work I require of it; but in order to make everything what might be called supersafe, there would be attached to the car another double chain, similar to the first, and this would be wound upon another windlass, and worked by another engine as powerful as the first one. Thus, even if one of these double chains should break



—an accident almost impossible—or if anything should happen to one of these engines, there would be another engine more than sufficient for the work. The top of this car would be conical, ending in a sharp point, and made of steel, so that if any fragment in the wall of the tunnel should become dislodged and fall, it would glance from this roof and fall between the side of the car and the inner surface of the shaft; for the car is to be only twenty-six inches in diameter—quite wide enough for my purpose—and this would leave at least ten inches of space all around the car. But, as I have said before, the sides of this tunnel are hard and smooth. The substances of which they are composed have been pressed together by a tremendous force. It is as unlikely that anything should fall from them as that particles should drop from the inside of a rifle barrel.

"I admit, Margaret, that this proposed journey into the depths of the earth is a very peculiar one, but, after all, it is comparatively an easy and safe performance when compared to other things that men have done. The mountain-climbers of our fathers' time who used to ascend the highest peaks with nothing but spiked shoes and sharpened poles ran far more danger than would be met by one who would descend such a shaft as mine.

"And then, Margaret, think of what our friends on board the *Dipsey* have been and are doing. Think of the hundreds of miles they have travelled through the unknown depths of the sea. Their expedition was fifty times as hazardous as the trip of a few hours which I propose."

Now Margaret spoke: "But I am not engaged to be married to Samuel Block, or to Mr. Gibbs, or to any of the rest of them."

He drew his chair closer to her, and he took both of her hands in his own. He held them as if they had been two lifeless things.

"Margaret," he said, "you know I love you, and—"

"Yes," she interrupted, "but I know that you love science more."

"Not at all," said he, "and I am going to show you how greatly mistaken you are. Tell me not to go down that shaft, tell me to live on without ever knowing what it is I have discovered, tell me to explode bombs in that great hole until I

have blocked it up, and I will obey you. That is how I love you, Margaret."

She gazed into his eyes, and her hands, from merely lifeless things, became infused with a gentle warmth; they moved as if they might return the clasp in which they were held. But she did not speak; she simply looked at him, and he patiently waited. Suddenly she rose to her feet, withdrawing her hands from his hold as if he had hurt her.

"Roland," she exclaimed, "you think you know all that is in my heart, but you do not. You know it is filled with dread, with horror, with a sickening fear, but it holds more than that. It holds a love for you which is stronger than any fear or horror or dread. Roland, you must go down that shaft; you must know the great discovery you have made; even if you should never be able to come back to earth again, you must die knowing what it is. That is how I love you."

Roland quickly made a step forward, but she moved back as if she were about to seat herself again; but suddenly her knees bent beneath her, and before he could touch her she had fallen over on her side, and lay senseless on the floor.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CAVE OF LIGHT.

MARGARET was put into the charge of her faithful housekeeper, and Roland did not see her again until the evening. As she met him she began immediately to talk upon some unimportant subject, and there was that in her face which told him that it was her desire that the great thought which filled both their minds should not be the subject of their conversation. She told him she was going to the sea-shore for a short time; she needed a change, and she would go the next day. He understood her perfectly, and they discussed various matters of business connected with the works. She said nothing about the time of her return, and he did not allude to it.

On the day that Margaret left Sardis, Roland began his preparations for descending the shaft. He had so thoroughly considered the machinery and appliances necessary for the undertaking, and had worked out all his plans in such detail in his mind and upon paper, that he knew exactly what he wanted to do. His orders for the great length of chain ex-



"BEFORE HE COULD TOUCH HER SHE HAD FALLEN."

hausted the stock of several manufactories, and the engines he obtained were even more powerful than he had intended them to be; but these he could procure immediately, and for smaller ones he would have been obliged to wait.

The circular car which was intended to move up and down the shaft, and the peculiar machinery connected with it, with the hoisting apparatus, were all made in his works. His skilled artisans labored steadily day and night.

It was ten days before he was ready to make his descent. Margaret was still at the sea-shore. They had written to each other frequently, but neither had made mention of the great shaft. Even when he was ready to go down he said nothing to any one of any immediate intention of descending. There was a massive door which covered the mouth of the pit; this he ordered locked, and went away.

The next morning he walked into the building a little earlier than was his custom, called for the engineers and for Mr. Bryce, who was to take charge of everything connected with the descent, and announced that he was going down as soon as preparations could be made.

Mr. Bryce and the men who were to assist him were very serious. They said nothing that was not necessary. If their employer had been any other man than Roland Clewe, it is possible they might have remonstrated with him; but they knew him, and they said and did nothing more than was their duty.

The door of the shaft was removed; the car, which had hung high above it, was lowered to the mouth of the opening, and Roland stepped within it and seated himself. Above him and around him were placed geological tools with instruments of many kinds, a lantern, food and

drink—everything, in fact, which he could possibly be presumed to need upon this extraordinary journey. A telephone was at his side, by which he could communicate at any time with the surface of the earth. There were electric bells; there was everything to make his expedition safe and profitable. When he gave the



"HE LIGHTED A CIGAR."

word to start the engines there were no ceremonies, and nothing was said out of the common.

When the conical top of the car had descended below the surface, a steel grating, with orifices for the passage of the chains, was let down over the mouth of the shaft, and the downward journey was begun. In the floor of the car were grated openings, through which Clewe could look downward; but although the shaft below him was brilliantly illuminated by electric lights placed under the car, it did not frighten him or make him dizzy to look down, for the aperture did not appear to be very far below him. The upper part of the car was partially open, and bright lights shone upon the sides of the shaft.

As he slowly descended he could see the various strata appearing and disappearing in the order in which he knew them. Not far below the surface he

passed cavities which he believed had held water; but there was no water in them now. He had expected these, and had feared that upon their edges there might be loosened patches of rock or soil, but everything seemed tightly packed and hard. If anything had been loosened it had gone down already.

Down, down he went, until he came to the eternal rocks, where the inside of the shaft was polished as if it had been made of glass. It became warmer and warmer, but he knew that the heat would soon decrease. The character of the rocks changed, and he studied them as he went down, and continually made notes.

After a time the polished rocky sides of the shaft grew to be of a solemn sameness. Clewe ceased to take notes; he lighted a cigar and smoked. He tried to quietly imagine what he would reach when he got to the bottom; it would be some sort of a cave, into which his shell had made an opening, and he wondered what sort of a cave it would be, and how high the roof of it was from the bottom. He hoped his gardener had remembered what he had told him about some flower-beds in front of his house where he wanted changes made which Margaret had suggested. He tried to keep his mind on the flower-beds, but it drifted away to the cave below. He began to wonder if he would come to some underground body of water, where he would be drowned, but he knew that was a silly thought. If the shaft had gone through subterranean reservoirs, the water of these would have run out, and before they reached the bottom of the shaft would have been dissipated into mist.

Down, down he went. He looked at his watch: he had been in that car only an hour and a half. Was it possible? He had supposed he was almost at the bottom. Suddenly he thought of the people above, and of the telephone. Why had not some of them spoken to him? It was shameful! He instantly called Bryce, and his heart leaped with joy when he heard the familiar voice in his ear. Now he talked steadily on for more than an hour. He had his gardener called, and he told him all that he wanted done in the flower-beds. He gave many directions in regard to the various operations of the Works. Things had been delayed a great deal of late, and he hoped soon to have everything going on in the

ordinary way. There were two or three inventions in which he took particular interest, and of these he talked at great length with Mr. Bryce. Suddenly, in the midst of some talk about hollow steel rods, he told Bryce to let the engines move faster; there was no reason why the car should descend so slowly.

The windlasses moved with a little more rapidity, and Clewe now turned and looked at the indicator, which was placed on the side of the car, a little over his head. This instrument showed the depth to which he had descended; but he had not looked at it yet, for if there should be anything which would make him nervous it would be the continual consideration of the depth to which he had descended.

The indicator showed that he had gone down fourteen and one-eighth miles. Clewe turned and sat stiffly in his seat. He glanced down, and saw beneath him only an illuminated hole, fading away at the bottom. Then he turned to speak to Bryce, but, to his surprise, he could think of nothing to say. After that he lighted another cigar and sat quietly.

Some minutes passed—he did not know how many—and he looked down through the gratings in the floor of the car. The electric light streamed downward through a deep orifice, which did not fade away and end in nothing; it ended in something dark and glittering. Then, as he came nearer and nearer to this glittering thing, he saw that it was his automatic shell lying on its side, but he could see only a part of it through the opening of the bottom of the shaft which he was descending. In an instant, as it seemed, the car emerged from the narrow shaft, and he seemed to be hanging in the air—at least there was nothing he could see except that great shell, lying some forty feet below him. But it was impossible that the shell should be lying on the air! He rang to stop the car.

"Anything the matter?" cried Bryce, almost at the same instant.

"Nothing at all," Clewe replied. "It's all right; I am near the bottom."

In a state of the highest nervous excitement, Clewe gazed about him. He was no longer in a shaft; but where was he? Look out on what side he would, he saw nothing but the light going out from his lamps, but which seemed to extend indefinitely all about him. There seemed to be no limit to his vision in any direction. Then he leaned over the side of his car and looked downward. There was the great shell directly under him; but under it and around it, extending as far beneath it as it extended in every other direction, was the light from his own lamps; and



"HE RETREATED TO THE SHELL."



"HE FELT HIMSELF ENCIRCLED."

yet that great shell, weighing many tons, lay as if it rested upon the solid ground.

After a few moments Clewe shut his eyes: they pained him. Something seemed to be coming into them like a fine frost in a winter wind. Then he called to Bryce to let the car descend very slowly. It went down, down, gradually approaching the great shell. When the bottom of the car was within two feet of it, Clewe rang to stop. He looked down at the complicated machine he had worked upon so long with something like a feeling of affection; this he knew; it was his own. Looking upon its familiar form he felt that he had a companion in this region of unreality.

Pushing back the sliding-door of the car, Clewe sat upon the bottom, and cautiously put out his feet and legs, lowering them until they touched the shell. It was firm and solid. Although he knew it must be so, the immovability of the great mass of iron gave him a sudden shock of mysterious fear. How could

it be immovable when there was nothing under it?

But he must get out of that car; he must explore; he must find out. There certainly could be no danger so long as he could cling to his shell.

He now cautiously got out of the car and let himself down upon the shell. It was not a pleasant surface to stand upon, being uneven, with great spiral ribs, and Clewe sat down upon it, clinging to it with his hands. Then he leaned over to one side and looked beneath him. The shadow of that shell went down, down, down, until it made him sick to look at it. He drew back quickly, clutched the shell with his arms, and shut his eyes. He felt as if he were about to drop with it into a measureless depth of atmosphere.

But he soon raised himself. He had not come down here to be frightened; to let his nerves run away with him. He had come to find out things. What was it that this shell rested upon? Seizing two of the ribs with a strong clutch, he let himself hang over the sides of the shell until his feet were level with its lower side. They touched something hard. He pressed them downward; it was very hard. He raised himself and stood upon the substance which supported the shell. It was as solid as any other rock. He looked down, and saw his shadow stretching far beneath him. It seemed as if he were standing upon petrified air. He put out one foot, and he moved a little, still holding on to the shell. He walked, as if upon solid air, to the foremost end of the long projectile. It relieved him to turn his thoughts from what was around him to this familiar object. He found its conical end broken and shattered.

After a little he slowly made his way back to the other end of the shell; and now his eyes became somewhat accus-

tomed to the great radiance about him. He thought he could perceive here and there faint indications of long, nearly horizontal lines—lines of different shades of light. Above him, as if it hung in the air, was the round, dark hole through which he had descended.

He rose, took his hands from the shell, and made a few steps. He trod upon a horizontal surface; but in putting one foot forward he felt a slight incline. It seemed to him that he was about to slip downward. Instantly he retreated to the shell, and clutched it in a sudden frenzy of fear.

Standing thus, with his eyes still wandering, he heard the bell of the telephone ring. Without hesitation, he mounted the shell and got into the car. Bryce was calling him.

"Come up," he said. "You have been down there long enough. No matter what you have found, it is time for you to come up."

Roland Clewe was not accustomed to receive commands, but he instantly closed the sliding-door of the car, seated himself, and put his mouth to the telephone.

"All right," he said. "You can haul me up, but go very slowly at first."

The car rose. When it reached the orifice in the top of the cave of light, Clewe heard the conical steel top grate slightly as it touched its edge, for it was still swinging a little from the motion given to it by his entrance; but it soon hung perfectly vertical, and went silently up the shaft.

CHAPTER XXII.

CLEWE'S THEORY.

SEATED in the car, which was steadily ascending the great shaft, Roland Clewe took no notice of anything about him. He did not look at the brilliantly lighted interior of the shaft, he paid no attention to his instruments, he did not consult his watch, nor glance at the dial which indicated the distance he had travelled. Several times the telephone bell rang, and Bryce inquired how he was getting along, but these questions he answered as briefly as possible, and sat looking down at his knees and seeing nothing.

When he was half-way up he suddenly became conscious that he was very hungry. He hurriedly ate some sandwiches and drank some water, and then again

he gave himself up entirely to mental labor. When at last the noise of machinery above him and the sound of voices aroused him from his abstraction, and the car emerged upon the surface of the earth, Clewe hastily slid back the door and stepped out. At that instant he felt himself encircled by a pair of arms. Bryce was near by, and there were other men by the engines, but the owner of those arms thought nothing of this.

"Margaret!" cried Clewe. "How came you here?"

"I have been here all the time," she exclaimed, "or at least nearly all the time." And as she spoke she drew back and looked at him, her eyes full of happy tears. "Mr. Bryce telegraphed to me the instant he knew you were going down, and I was here before you had descended half-way."

"What!" he cried; "and all those messages came from you?"

"Nearly all," she answered. "But tell me, Roland, tell me, have you been successful? What have you discovered?"

"I am successful," he answered. "I have discovered everything!"

Mr. Bryce came forward.

"I will speak to you all very soon," said Clewe. "I can't tell you anything now. Margaret, let us go. I shall want to talk to you directly, but not until I have been to my office; I will meet you at your house in a very few minutes." With that he left the building, and fairly ran to his office. A quarter of an hour later Roland entered Margaret's library, where she sat awaiting him. He carefully closed the doors and windows.

They sat side by side upon the sofa.

"Now, Roland," she said, "I cannot wait one second longer. What is it that you have discovered?"

"Margaret," said he, "I am afraid you will have to wait a good many seconds. If I were to tell you directly what I have discovered, you would not understand it. I am the possessor of wonderful facts, but I believe also that I am the master of a theory more wonderful. The facts I found out when I got to the bottom of the shaft, but the theory I worked out coming up."

"But give them to me quickly!" she cried. "The facts first; I can wait for the theory."

"No," he said, "I cannot do it; I must tell you the whole thing as I have it ar-

ranged in my mind. Now, in the first place, you must understand that this earth was once a comet."

"Oh, bother your astronomy! I really can't understand it. What did you find in the bottom of that hole?"

"You must listen to me," he said. "You cannot comprehend a thing I say if I do not give it to you in the proper order. There have been a great many theories about comets, but there is only one of them in which I have placed any belief. You know that as a comet passes around the sun its tail is always pointed away from the sun, so that no matter how rapidly the head may be moving in its orbit, the end of the tail—in order to keep its position—must move with a rapidity impossible to conceive. If this tail were composed of nebulous mist or anything of that sort, it could not keep its position. There is only one theory which could account for this position, and that is that the head of a comet is a lens, and the tail is light. The light of the sun passes through the lens and streams into space, forming the tail, which does not follow the comet in the inconceivable manner generally supposed, but is constantly renewed, always of course stretching away from the sun."

"Oh dear!" ejaculated Margaret; "I have read that."

"A little patience," he said. "When I arrived at the bottom of my shaft, I found myself in a cleft—I know not how large—made in a vast mass of transparent substance, hard as the hardest rock, and transparent as air in the light of my electric lamps. My shell rested securely upon this substance; I walked upon it. It seemed as if I could see miles below me. In my opinion, Margaret, that substance was once the head of a comet."

"What is the substance?" she asked, hastily.

"It is a mass of solid diamond!"

Margaret screamed. She could not say one word.

"Yes," said he, "I believe the whole central portion of the earth is one great diamond. When it was moving about in its orbit as a comet, the light of the sun streamed through this diamond and spread an enormous tail out into space. After a time this nucleus began to burn."

"Burn!" exclaimed Margaret.

"Yes. The diamond is almost pure carbon; why should it not burn? It burned

and burned and burned. Ashes formed upon it and encircled it, still it burned; and when it was entirely covered with its ashes it ceased to be transparent; it ceased to be a comet; it became a planet, and revolved in a different orbit. Still it burned within its covering of ashes, and these gradually changed to rock, to metal, to everything that forms the crust of the earth."

She gazed upon him, entranced.

"Some parts of this great central mass of carbon burn more fiercely than other parts. Some parts do not burn at all. In volcanic regions the fires rage; where my great shell went down it does not burn at all. Now you have my theory. It is crude and rough, for I have tried to give it to you in as few words as possible."

"Oh, Roland," she cried, "it is absurd. Diamond! Why, people will think you are crazy. You must not say such a thing as that to anybody. It is simply impossible that the greater part of this earth should be an enormous diamond."

"Margaret," he answered, "nothing is impossible. The central portion of this earth is composed of something; it might just as well be diamond as anything else. In fact, if you consider the matter, it is more likely to be, because diamond is a very original substance. As I have said, it is almost pure carbon. I do not intend to say one word of what I have told you to any one—at least until the matter has been well considered—but I am not afraid of being thought crazy. Margaret, will you look at these?"

He took from his pocket some shining substances resembling glass. Some of them were flat, some round; the largest was as big as a lemon; others were smaller fragments of various sizes.

"These are pieces of the great diamond which were broken off when the shell struck the bottom of the cave in which I found it. I picked them up as I felt my way around this shell when walking upon what seemed to me to be solid air. I thrust them into my pocket, and I would not come to you, Margaret, with this story until I had gone to my office to find out if these fragments were really diamond. I tested them; their substance is diamond."

Half dazed, she took the largest piece in her hand.

"Roland," she whispered, "if this is

really a diamond, there is nothing like it known to man!"

"Nothing indeed," said he.

She sat staring at the great piece of glowing mineral which lay in her hand. Its surface was irregular; it had many faces; the subdued light from the window gave it the appearance of animated water. He felt it necessary to speak.

"Even these little pieces," he said, "are most valuable jewels."

She still sat silent, looking at the glowing object she held.

"You see, these are not like the stones which are found in our diamond-fields," he said. "Those, most likely, were little unconsumed bits of the original mass, afterwards gradually forced up from the interior in the same way that many metals and minerals are forced up, and then rounded and dulled by countless ages of grinding and abrasion, due to the action of rocks or water."

"Roland," she cried, excitedly, "this is riches beyond imagination! What is common wealth to what you have discovered? Every living being on earth could—"

"Ah, Margaret," he interrupted, "do not let your thoughts run that way. If my discovery should be put to the use of which you are thinking, it would bring poverty, not wealth, to the world, and not

a diamond on earth would be worth more than a common pebble. Everywhere, in civilized countries and in barbaric places, people would see their riches vanish before them as if it had been blighted by the touch of an evil magician."

She trembled. "And these, are they to be valued as common pebbles?"

"Oh no," said he; "so long as that great shaft is mine, these broken fragments are to us riches far ahead of our wildest imaginations."

"Roland," she cried, "are you going down into that shaft for more of them?"

"Never, never, never again," he said.

"What we have here is enough for us, and if I were offered all the good that there is in this world which money cannot buy, I would never go down into that cleft again. There was one moment when I stood in that cave in which an awful terror shot into my soul which I shall never be able to forget. In the light of my electric lamps sent through a vast transparent mass I could see nothing, but I could feel. I put out my foot, and I found it was upon a sloping surface. In another instant I might have slid—where? I cannot bear to think of it!"

She threw her arms around him and held him tightly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CENTURY'S PROGRESS IN CHEMISTRY.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

I.

SMALL beginnings have great endings—sometimes. As a case in point, note what came of the small original effort of a self-trained back-country Quaker youth named John Dalton, who along toward the close of the last century became interested in the weather, and was led to construct and use a crude rain-gauge to test the amount of the water-fall. The simple experiments thus inaugurated led to no fewer than two hundred thousand recorded observations regarding the weather, which formed the basis for some of the most epochal discoveries in meteorology, as we have seen. But this was only a beginning. The simple rain-gauge pointed the way to the most important generalization of our century in a field of science with which, to

the casual observer, it might seem to have no alliance whatever. The wonderful theory of atoms, on which the whole gigantic structure of modern chemistry is founded, was the logical outgrowth, in the mind of John Dalton, of those early studies in meteorology.

The way it happened was this: From studying the rainfall, Dalton turned naturally to the complementary process of evaporation. He was soon led to believe that vapor exists in the atmosphere as an independent gas. But since two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, this implies that the various atmospheric gases are really composed of discrete particles. These ultimate particles are so small that we cannot see them—cannot, indeed, more than vaguely imagine them—yet each particle of vapor, for example,

is just as much a portion of water as if it were a drop out of the ocean, or, for that matter, the ocean itself. But again, water is a compound substance, for it may be separated, as Cavendish had shown, into the two elementary substances hydrogen and oxygen. Hence the atom of water must be composed of two lesser atoms joined together. Imagine an atom of hydrogen and one of oxygen. Unite them, and we have an atom of water; sever them, and the water no longer exists; but whether united or separate the atoms of hydrogen and of oxygen remain hydrogen and oxygen and nothing else. Differently mixed together or united, atoms produce different gross substances; but the elementary atoms never change their chemical nature—their distinct personality.

It was about the year 1803 that Dalton first gained a full grasp of the conception of the chemical atom. At once he saw that the hypothesis, if true, furnished a marvellous key to secrets of matter hitherto insoluble—questions relating to the relative proportions of the atoms themselves. It is known, for example, that a certain bulk of hydrogen gas unites with a certain bulk of oxygen gas to form water. If it be true that this combination consists essentially of the union of atoms one with another (each single atom of hydrogen united to a single atom of oxygen), then the relative weights of the original masses of hydrogen and of oxygen must be also the relative weights of each of their respective atoms. If one pound of hydrogen unites with five and one-half pounds of oxygen (as, according to Dalton's experiments, it did), then the weight of the oxygen atom must be five and one-half times that of the hydrogen atom. Other compounds may plainly be tested in the same way. Dalton made numerous tests before he published his theory. He found that hydrogen enters into compounds in smaller proportions than any other element known to him, and so, for convenience, determined to take the weight of the hydrogen atom as unity. The atomic weight of oxygen then becomes (as given in Dalton's first table of 1803) 5.5: that of water (hydrogen plus oxygen) being of course 6.5. The atomic weights of about a score of substances are given in Dalton's first paper, which was read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, October 21,

1803. I wonder if Dalton himself, great and acute intellect though he had, suspected, when he read that paper, that he was inaugurating one of the most fertile movements ever entered on in the whole history of science?

II.

Be that as it may, it is certain enough that Dalton's contemporaries were at first little impressed with the novel atomic theory. Just at this time, as it chanced; a dispute was waging in the field of chemistry regarding a matter of empirical fact which must necessarily be settled before such a theory as that of Dalton could even hope for a hearing. This was the question whether or not chemical elements unite with one another always in definite proportions. Berthollet, the great co-worker with Lavoisier, and now the most authoritative of living chemists, contended that substances combine in almost indefinitely graded proportions between fixed extremes. He held that solution is really a form of chemical combination—a position which, if accepted, left no room for argument.

But this contention of the master was most actively disputed, in particular by Louis Joseph Proust, and all chemists of repute were obliged to take sides with one or the other. For a time the authority of Berthollet held out against the facts, but at last accumulated evidence told for Proust and his followers, and toward the close of the first decade of our century it came to be generally conceded that chemical elements combine with one another in fixed and definite proportions.

More than that. As the analysts were led to weigh carefully the quantities of combining elements, it was observed that the proportions are not only definite, but that they bear a very curious relation to one another. If element A combines with two different proportions of element B to form two compounds, it appeared that the weight of the larger quantity of B is an exact multiple of that of the smaller quantity. This curious relation was noticed by Dr. Wollaston, one of the most accurate of observers, and a little later it was confirmed by Johan Jakob Berzelius, the great Swedish chemist, who was to be a dominating influence in the chemical world for a generation to come. But this combination of elements in numerical proportions was exactly what Dalton had

noticed as early as 1802, and what had led him directly to the atomic weights. So the confirmation of this essential point by chemists of such authority gave the strongest confirmation to the atomic theory.

During these same years the rising authority of the French chemical world, Joseph Louis Gay-Lussac, was conducting experiments with gases, which he had undertaken at first in conjunction with Humboldt, but which later on were conducted independently. In 1809, the next year after the publication of the first volume of Dalton's *New System of Chemical Philosophy*, Gay-Lussac published the results of his observations, and among other things brought out the remarkable fact that gases, under the same conditions as to temperature and pressure, combine always in definite numerical proportions as to volume. Exactly two volumes of hydrogen, for example, combine with one volume of oxygen to form water. Moreover, the resulting compound gas always bears a simple relation to the combining volumes. In the case just cited the union of two volumes of hydrogen and one of oxygen results in precisely two volumes of water vapor.

Naturally enough the champions of the atomic theory seized upon these observations of Gay-Lussac as lending strong support to their hypothesis—all of them, that is, but the curiously self-reliant and self-sufficient author of the atomic theory himself, who declined to accept the observations of the French chemist as valid. Yet the observations of Gay-Lussac were correct, as countless chemists since then have demonstrated anew, and his theory of combination by volumes became one of the foundation-stones of the atomic theory, despite the opposition of the author of that theory.

The true explanation of Gay-Lussac's law of combination by volumes was thought out almost immediately by an Italian savant, Amadeo Avogadro, and expressed in terms of the atomic theory. The fact must be, said Avogadro, that under similar physical conditions every form of gas contains exactly the same number of ultimate particles in a given volume. Each of these ultimate physical particles may be composed of two or more atoms (as in the case of water vapor), but such a compound atom conducts itself as if it were a simple and indivisible atom,

as regards the amount of space that separates it from its fellows under given conditions of pressure and temperature. The compound atom, composed of two or more elementary atoms, Avogadro proposed to distinguish, for purposes of convenience, by the name molecule. It is to the molecule, considered as the unit of physical structure, that Avogadro's law applies.

This vastly important distinction between atoms and molecules, implied in the law just expressed, was published in 1811. Four years later, the famous French physicist Ampère outlined a similar theory, and utilized the law in his mathematical calculations. And with that the law of Avogadro dropped out of sight for a full generation. Little suspecting that it was the very key to the inner mysteries of the atoms for which they were seeking, the chemists of the time cast it aside, and let it fade from the memory of their science.

This, however, was not strange, for of course the law of Avogadro is based on the atomic theory, and in 1811 the atomic theory was itself still being weighed in the balance. The law of multiple proportions found general acceptance as an empirical fact; but many of the leading lights of chemistry still looked askance at Dalton's explanation of this law. Thus Wollaston, though from the first he inclined to acceptance of the Daltonian view, cautiously suggested that it would be well to use the non-committal word "equivalent" instead of "atom"; and Davy, for a similar reason, in his book of 1812, speaks only of "proportions," binding himself to no theory as to what might be the nature of these proportions.

At least two great chemists of the time, however, adopted the atomic view with less reservation. One of these was Thomas Thomson, professor at Edinburgh, who in 1807 had given an outline of Dalton's theory in a widely circulated book, which first brought the theory to the general attention of the chemical world. The other, and even more noted advocate of the atomic theory, Johan Jakob Berzelius. This great Swedish chemist at once set to work to put the atomic theory to such tests as might be applied in the laboratory. He was an analyst of the utmost skill, and for years he devoted himself to the determination of the combining weights, "equivalents," or "proportions" of the different elements. These

determinations, in so far as they were accurately made, were simple expressions of empirical facts, independent of any theory; but gradually it became more and more plain that these facts all harmonize with the atomic theory of Dalton. So by common consent the proportionate combining weights of the elements came to be known as atomic weights—the name Dalton had given them from the first—and the tangible conception of the chemical atom as a body of definite constitution and weight gained steadily in favor.

From the outset the idea had had the utmost tangibility in the mind of Dalton. He had all along represented the different atoms by geometrical symbols—as a circle for oxygen, a circle enclosing a dot for hydrogen, and the like—and had represented compounds by placing these symbols of the elements in juxtaposition. Berzelius proposed to improve upon this method by substituting for the geometrical symbol the initial of the Latin name of the element represented—O for oxygen, H for hydrogen, and so on—a numerical coefficient to follow the letter as an indication of the number of atoms present in any given compound. This simple system soon gained general acceptance, and with slight modifications it is still universally employed. Every schoolboy now is aware that H_2O is the chemical way of expressing the union of two atoms of hydrogen with one of oxygen to form a molecule of water. But such a formula would have had no meaning for the wisest chemist before the day of Berzelius.

The universal fame of the great Swedish authority served to give general currency to his symbols and atomic weights, and the new point of view thus developed led presently to two important discoveries, which removed the last lingering doubts as to the validity of the atomic theory. In 1819 two French physicists, Dulong and Petit, while experimenting with heat, discovered that the specific heats of solids (that is to say, the amount of heat required to raise the temperature of a given mass to a given degree) vary inversely as their atomic weights. In the same year Eilhard Mitscherlich, a German investigator, observed that compounds having the same number of atoms to the molecule are disposed to form the same angles of crystallization—a property which he called isomorphism.

Here, then, were two utterly novel and independent sets of empirical facts which harmonize strangely with the supposition that substances are composed of chemical atoms of a determinate weight. This surely could not be coincidence—it tells of law. And so as soon as the claims of Dulong and Petit and of Mitscherlich had been substantiated by other observers, the laws of the specific heat of atoms, and of isomorphism, took their place as new levers of chemical science. With the aid of these new tools an impregnable breastwork of facts was soon piled about the atomic theory. And John Dalton, the author of that theory, plain provincial Quaker, working on to the end in semi-retirement, became known to all the world and for all time as a master of masters.

III.

During those early years of our century, when Dalton was grinding away at chemical fact and theory in his obscure Manchester laboratory, another Englishman held the attention of the chemical world with a series of the most brilliant and widely heralded researches. Humphry Davy had come to London in 1801, at the instance of Count Rumford, to assume the chair of chemical philosophy in the Royal Institution, which the famous American had just founded.

Here, under Davy's direction, the largest voltaic battery yet constructed had been put in operation, and with its aid the brilliant young experimenter was expected almost to perform miracles. And indeed he scarcely disappointed the expectation, for with the aid of his battery he transformed so familiar a substance as common potash into a metal which was not only so light that it floated on water, but possessed the seemingly miraculous property of bursting into flames as soon as it came in contact with that fire-quenching liquid. If this were not a miracle, it had for the popular eye all the appearances of the miraculous.

What Davy really had done was to decompose the potash, which hitherto had been supposed to be elementary, liberating its oxygen, and thus isolating its metallic base, which he named potassium. The same thing was done with soda, and the closely similar metal sodium was discovered—metals of a unique type, possessed of a strange avidity for oxygen,

and capable of seizing on it even when it is bound up in the molecules of water. Considered as mere curiosities, these discoveries were interesting, but aside from that they were of great theoretical importance, because they showed the compound nature of some familiar chemicals that had been regarded as elements. Several other elementary earths met the same fate when subjected to the electrical influence, the metals barium, calcium, and strontium being thus discovered. Thereafter Davy always referred to the supposed elementary substances (including oxygen, hydrogen, and the rest) as "undecompounded" bodies. These resist all present efforts to decompose them, but how can one know what might not happen were they subjected to an influence, perhaps some day to be discovered, which exceeds the battery in power as the battery exceeds the blow-pipe?

Another and even more important theoretical result that flowed from Davy's experiments during this first decade of the century was the proof that no elementary substances other than hydrogen and oxygen are produced when pure water is decomposed by the electric current. It was early noticed by Davy and others that when a strong current is passed through water, alkalies appear at one pole of the battery and acids at the other, and this though the water used were absolutely pure. This seemingly told of the creation of elements—a transmutation but one step removed from the creation of matter itself—under the influence of the new "force." It was one of Davy's greatest triumphs to prove, in the series of experiments recorded in his famous Bakerian lecture of 1806, that the alleged creation of elements did not take place, the substances found at the poles of the battery having been dissolved from the walls of the vessels in which the water experimented upon had been placed. Thus the same implement which had served to give a certain philosophical warrant to the fading dreams of alchemy banished those dreams peremptorily from the domain of present science.

Even though the presence of the alkalies and acids in the water was explained, however, their respective migrations to the negative and positive poles of the battery remained to be accounted for. Davy's classical explanation assumed that different elements differ among them-

selves as to their electrical properties, some being positively, others negatively, electrified. Electricity and "chemical affinity," he said, apparently are manifestations of the same force, acting in the one case on masses, in the other on particles. Electro-positive particles unite with electro-negative particles to form chemical compounds, in virtue of the familiar principle that opposite electricities attract one another. When compounds are decomposed by the battery, this mutual attraction is overcome by the stronger attraction of the poles of the battery itself.

This theory of binary composition of all chemical compounds, through the union of electro-positive and electro-negative atoms or molecules, was extended by Berzelius, and made the basis of his famous system of theoretical chemistry. This theory held that all inorganic compounds, however complex their composition, are essentially composed of such binary combinations. For many years this view enjoyed almost undisputed sway. It received what seemed strong confirmation when Faraday showed the definite connection between the amount of electricity employed and the amount of decomposition produced in the so-called electrolyte. But its claims were really much too comprehensive, as subsequent discoveries proved.

IV.

When Berzelius first promulgated his binary theory he was careful to restrict its unmodified application to the compounds of the inorganic world. At that time, and for a long time thereafter, it was supposed that substances of organic nature had some properties that kept them aloof from the domain of inorganic chemistry. It was little doubted that a so-called "vital force" operated here, replacing or modifying the action of ordinary "chemical affinity." It was, indeed, admitted that organic compounds are composed of familiar elements—chiefly carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen—but these elements were supposed to be united in ways that could not be imitated in the domain of the non-living. It was regarded almost as an axiom of chemistry that no organic compound whatever could be put together from its elements—synthesized—in the laboratory. To effect the synthesis of even the simplest

organic compound it was thought that the "vital force" must be in operation.

Therefore a veritable sensation was created in the chemical world when, in the year 1828, it was announced that the young German chemist Friedrich Wöhler, formerly pupil of Berzelius, and already known as a coming master, had actually synthesized the well-known organic product urea in his laboratory at Sacrow. The "exception which proves the rule" is something never heard of in the domain of logical science. Natural law knows no exceptions. So the synthesis of a single organic compound sufficed at a blow to break down the chemical barrier which the imagination of the fathers of the science had erected between animate and inanimate nature. Thenceforth the philosophical chemist would regard the plant and animal organisms as chemical laboratories in which conditions are peculiarly favorable for building up complex compounds of a few familiar elements, under the operation of universal chemical laws. The chimera "vital force" could no longer gain recognition in the domain of chemistry.

Now a wave of interest in organic chemistry swept over the chemical world, and soon the study of carbon compounds became as much the fashion as electro-chemistry had been in the preceding generation.

Foremost among the workers who rendered this epoch of organic chemistry memorable were Justus Liebig in Germany and Jean Baptiste André Dumas in France, and their respective pupils, Charles Frédéric Gerhardt and Augustus Laurent. Wöhler, too, must be named in the same breath, as also must Louis Pasteur, who, though somewhat younger than the others, came upon the scene in time to take chief part in the most important of the controversies that grew out of their labors.

Several years earlier than this the way had been paved for the study of organic substances by Gay-Lussac's discovery, made in 1815, that a certain compound of carbon and nitrogen, which he named cyanogen, has a peculiar degree of stability which enables it to retain its identity, and enter into chemical relations after the manner of a simple body. A year later Ampère discovered that nitrogen and hydrogen, when combined in certain proportions to form what he called ammonium, have the same property. Ber-

zelius had seized upon this discovery of the compound radical, as it was called, because it seemed to lend aid to his dualistic theory. He conceived the idea that all organic compounds are binary unions of various compound radicals with an atom of oxygen, announcing this theory in 1818. Ten years later, Liebig and Wöhler undertook a joint investigation which resulted in proving that compound radicals are indeed very abundant among organic substances. Thus the theory of Berzelius seemed to be substantiated, and organic chemistry came to be defined as the chemistry of compound radicals.

But even in the day of its seeming triumph the dualistic theory was destined to receive a rude shock. This came about through the investigations of Dumas, who proved that in a certain organic substance an atom of hydrogen may be removed, and an atom of chlorine substituted in its place without destroying the integrity of the original compound—much as a child might substitute one block for another in its play-house. Such a substitution would be quite consistent with the dualistic theory, were it not for the very essential fact that hydrogen is a powerfully electro-positive element, while chlorine is as strongly electro-negative. Hence the compound radical which united successively with these two elements must itself be at one time electro-positive, at another electro-negative—a seeming inconsistency which threw the entire Berzelian theory into disfavor.

In its place there was elaborated, chiefly through the efforts of Laurent and Gerhardt, a conception of the molecule as a unitary structure, built up through the aggregation of various atoms, in accordance with "elective affinities" whose nature is not yet understood. A doctrine of "nuclei" and a doctrine of "types" of molecular structure were much exploited, and, like the doctrine of compound radicals, became useful as aids to memory and guides for the analyst, indicating some of the plans of molecular construction, though by no means penetrating the mysteries of chemical affinity. They are classifications rather than explanations of chemical unions. But at least they served an important purpose in giving definiteness to the idea of a molecular structure built of atoms as the basis of all substances. Now at last the word molecule came to have a distinct mean-

ing, as distinct from "atom," in the minds of the generality of chemists, as it had had for Avogadro a third of a century before. Avogadro's hypothesis that there are equal numbers of these molecules in equal volumes of gases, under fixed conditions, was revived by Gerhardt, and a little later, under the championship of Cannizzaro, was exalted to the plane of a fixed law. Thenceforth the conception of the molecule was to be as dominant a thought in chemistry as the idea of the atom had become in a previous epoch.

V.

Of course the atom itself was in no sense displaced, but Avogadro's law soon made it plain that the atom had often usurped territory that did not really belong to it. In many cases the chemists had supposed themselves dealing with atoms as units where the true unit was the molecule. In the case of elementary gases, such as hydrogen and oxygen, for example, the law of equal numbers of molecules in equal spaces made it clear that the atoms do not exist isolated, as had been supposed. Since two volumes of hydrogen unite with one volume of oxygen to form two volumes of water vapor, the simplest mathematics shows, in the light of Avogadro's law, not only that each molecule of water must contain two hydrogen atoms (a point previously in dispute), but that the original molecules of hydrogen and oxygen must have been composed in each case of two atoms—else how could one volume of oxygen supply an atom for every molecule of two volumes of water?

What, then, does this imply? Why, that the elementary atom has an avidity for other atoms, a longing for companionship, an "affinity"—call it what you will—which is bound to be satisfied if other atoms are in the neighborhood. Placed solely among atoms of its own kind, the oxygen atom seizes on a fellow oxygen atom, and in all their mad dancings these two mates cling together—possibly revolving about one another in miniature planetary orbits. Precisely the same



JOHN DALTON.

thing occurs among the hydrogen atoms. But now suppose the various pairs of oxygen atoms come near other pairs of hydrogen atoms (under proper conditions which need not detain us here), then each oxygen atom loses its attachment for its fellow, and flings itself madly into the circuit of one of the hydrogen couplets, and—presto!—there are only two molecules for every three there were before, and free oxygen and hydrogen have become water. The whole process, stated in chemical phraseology, is summed up in the statement that under the given conditions the oxygen atoms had a greater affinity for the hydrogen atoms than for one another.

As chemists studied the actions of various kinds of atoms, in regard to their unions with one another to form molecules, it gradually dawned upon them that not all elements are satisfied with the same number of companions. Some elements ask only one, and refuse to take more; while others link themselves, when occasion offers, with two, three, four, or more. Thus we saw that oxygen forsook a single atom of its own kind and linked itself with two atoms of hydrogen. Clear-

ly, then, the oxygen atom, like a creature with two hands, is able to clutch two other atoms. But we have no proof that under any circumstances it could hold more than two. Its affinities seem satisfied when it has two bonds. But, on the other hand, the atom of nitrogen is able to hold three atoms of hydrogen, and does so in the molecule of ammonium (NH_3); while the carbon atom can hold four atoms of hydrogen or two atoms of oxygen.

Evidently, then, one atom is not always equivalent to another atom of a different kind in combining powers. A recognition of this fact by Frankland about 1852, and its further investigation by others (notably A. Kekulé and A. S. Couper), led to the introduction of the word equivalent into chemical terminology in

hand with which to grasp—while oxygen has capacity for two bonds, nitrogen for three (possibly for five), and carbon for four. The words monovalent, divalent, trivalent, tetravalent, etc., were coined to express this most important fact, and the various elements came to be known as monads, diads, triads, etc. Just why different elements should differ thus in valency no one as yet knows; it is an empirical fact that they do. And once the nature of any element has been determined as regards its valency, a most important insight into the possible behavior of that element has been secured. Thus a consideration of the fact that hydrogen is monovalent, while oxygen is divalent, makes it plain that we must expect to find no more than three compounds of these two elements, namely, $\text{H}-\text{O}-$ (writ-

ten HO by the chemist, and called hydroxyl); $\text{H}-\text{O}-\text{H}$ (H_2O , or water), and $\text{H}-\text{O}-\text{O}-\text{H}$ (H_2O_2 , or hydrogen peroxide). It will be observed that in the first of these compounds the atom of oxygen stands, so to speak, with one of its hands free, eagerly reaching out, therefore, for another companion, and hence, in the language of chemistry, forming an unstable compound. Again in the third compound, though all hands are clasped, yet one pair links oxygen with oxygen; and this also must be an unstable union, since the avidity of an atom for its own kind is relatively weak. Thus the well-known properties of hydrogen peroxide are explained, its easy decomposition, and the eagerness with which it seizes upon the elements of other compounds.

But the molecule of water, on the other hand, has its atoms arranged in a state of stable equilibrium, all their affinities being satisfied. Each hydrogen atom

has satisfied its one affinity by clutching the oxygen atom; and the oxygen atom has both its bonds satisfied by clutching back at the two hydrogen atoms. Therefore the trio, linked in this close bond, have no tendency to reach out for any other companion, nor, indeed, any power to hold another should it thrust itself upon them. They form a "stable"



JOHAN JAKOB BERZELIUS.

a new sense, and in particular to an understanding of the affinities or "valency" of different elements, which proved of the most fundamental importance. Thus it was shown that, of the four elements that enter most prominently into organic compounds, hydrogen can link itself with only a single bond to any other element—it has, so to speak, but a single

compound, which under all ordinary circumstances will retain its identity as a molecule of water, even though the physical mass of which it is a part changes its condition from a solid to a gas—from ice to vapor.

But a consideration of this condition of stable equilibrium in the molecule at once suggests a new question: How can an aggregation of atoms, having all their affinities satisfied, take any further part in chemical reactions? Seemingly such a molecule, whatever its physical properties, must be chemically inert, incapable of any atomic readjustments. And so in point of fact it is, so long as its component atoms cling to one another unremittingly. But this, it appears, is precisely what the atoms are little prone to do. It seems that they are fickle to the last degree in their individual attachments, and are as prone to break away from bondage as they are to enter into it. Thus the oxygen atom which has just flung itself into the circuit of two hydrogen atoms, the next moment flings itself free again and seeks new companions. It is for all the world like the incessant change of partners in a rollicking dance.

This incessant dissolution and reformation of molecules in a substance which as a whole remains apparently unchanged was first fully appreciated by Ste.-Claire Deville, and by him named dissociation. It is a process which goes on much more actively in some compounds than in others, and very much more actively under some physical conditions (such as increase of temperature) than under others. But apparently no substances at ordinary temperatures, and no temperature above the absolute zero, are absolutely free from its disturbing influence. Hence it is that molecules having all the valency of their atoms fully satisfied do not lose their chemical activity—since each atom is momentarily free in the exchange of partners, and may seize upon different atoms from its former partners, if those it prefers are at hand.

While, however, an appreciation of this ceaseless activity of the atom is essential to a proper understanding of its chemical efficiency, yet from another



JOSEPH LOUIS GAY-LUSSAC.

point of view the "saturated" molecule—that is, the molecule whose atoms have their valency all satisfied—may be thought of as a relatively fixed or stable organism. Even though it may presently be torn down, it is for the time being a completed structure; and a consideration of the valency of its atoms gives the best clew that has hitherto been obtainable as to the character of its architecture. How important this matter of architecture of the molecule—of space relations of the atoms—may be was demonstrated as long ago as 1823, when Liebig and Wöhler proved, to the utter bewilderment of the chemical world, that two substances may have precisely the same chemical constitution—the same number and kind of atoms—and yet differ utterly in physical properties. The word isomerism was coined by Berzelius to express this anomalous condition of things, which seemed to negative the most fundamental truths of chemistry. Naming the condition by no means explained it, but the fact was made clear that something besides the mere number and kind of atoms is important in the architecture of a molecule. It became certain that atoms are not thrown together haphazard to build a molecule,



JUSTUS VON LIEBIG.

any more than bricks are thrown together at random to form a house.

How delicate may be the gradations of architectural design in building a molecule was well illustrated about 1850, when Pasteur discovered that some carbon compounds—as certain sugars—can only be distinguished from one another, when in solution, by the fact of their twisting or polarizing a ray of light to the left or to the right, respectively. But no inkling of an explanation of these strange variations of molecular structure came until the discovery of the law of valency. Then much of the mystery was cleared away; for it was plain that since each atom in a molecule can hold to itself only a fixed number of other atoms, complex molecules must have their atoms linked in definitive chains or groups. And it is equally plain that where the atoms are numerous, the exact plan of grouping may sometimes be susceptible of change without doing violence to the law of valency. It is in such cases that isomerism is observed to occur.

By paying constant heed to this matter of the affinities, chemists are able to make

diagrammatic pictures of the plan of architecture of any molecule whose composition is known. In the simple molecule of water (H_2O), for example, the two hydrogen atoms must have released one another before they could join the oxygen, and the manner of linking must apparently be that represented in the graphic formula $H-O-H$. With molecules composed of a large number of atoms, such graphic representation of the scheme of linking is of course increasingly difficult, yet, with the affinities for a guide, it is always possible. Of course no one supposes that such a formula, written in a single plane, can possibly represent the true architecture of the molecule; it is at best suggestive or diagrammatic rather than pictorial. Nevertheless it affords hints as to the structure of the molecule such as the fathers of chemistry would not have thought it possible ever to attain.

VI.

These utterly novel studies of molecular architecture may seem at first sight to take from the atom much of its former prestige as the all-important personage of the chemical world. Since so much depends upon the mere position of the atoms, it may appear that comparatively little depends upon the nature of the atoms themselves. But such a view is incorrect, for on closer consideration it will appear that at no time has the atom been seen to renounce its peculiar personality. Within certain limits the character of a molecule may be altered by changing the positions of its atoms (just as different buildings may be constructed of the same bricks), but these limits are sharply defined, and it would be as impossible to exceed them as it would be to build a stone building with bricks. From first to last the brick remains a brick, whatever the style of architecture it helps to construct; it never becomes a stone. And just as closely does each atom retain its own peculiar properties, regardless of its surroundings.

Thus, for example, the carbon atom may take part in the formation at one

time of a diamond, again of a piece of coal, and yet again of a particle of sugar, of wood fibre, of animal tissue, or of a gas in the atmosphere; but from first to last—from glass-cutting gem to intangible gas—there is no demonstrable change whatever in any single property of the atom itself. So far as we know, its size, its weight, its capacity for vibration or rotation, and its inherent affinities, remain absolutely unchanged throughout all these varying fortunes of position and association. And the same thing is true of every atom of all of the sixty-odd elementary substances with which the modern chemist is acquainted. Every one appears always to maintain its unique integrity, gaining nothing and losing nothing.

All this being true, it would seem as if the position of the Daltonian atom as a primordial bit of matter, indestructible and non-transmutable, had been put to the test by the chemistry of our century, and not found wanting. Since those early days of the century when the electric battery performed its miracles and seemingly reached its limitations in the hands of Davy, many new elementary substances have been discovered, but no single element has been displaced from its position as an undecomposable body. Rather have the analyses of the chemist seemed to make it more and more certain that all elementary atoms are in truth what John Herschel called them, "manufactured articles"—primordial, changeless, indestructible.

And yet, oddly enough, it has chanced that hand in hand with the experiments leading to such a goal have gone other experiments and speculations of exactly the opposite tenor. In each generation there have been chemists among the leaders of their science who have refused to admit that the so-called elements are really elements at all in any final sense, and who have sought eagerly for proof which might warrant their scepticism. The first bit of evidence tending to support this view was furnished by an English physician, Dr. William Prout, who in

1815 called attention to a curious relation to be observed between the atomic weight of the various elements. Accepting the figures given by the authorities of the time (notably Thomson and Berzelius), it appeared that a strikingly large proportion of the atomic weights were exact multiples of the weight of hydrogen, and



GUSTAV ROBERT KIRCHHOFF.

that others differed so slightly that errors of observation might explain the discrepancy. Prout felt that this could not be accidental, and he could think of no tenable explanation, unless it be that the atoms of the various alleged elements are made up of different fixed numbers of hydrogen atoms. Could it be that the one true element—the one primal matter—is hydrogen, and that all other forms of matter are but compounds of this original substance?

Prout advanced this startling idea at first tentatively, in an anonymous publication; but afterward he espoused it openly and urged its tenability. Coming just after Davy's dissociation of some supposed elements, the idea proved al-

luring, and for a time gained such popularity that chemists were disposed to round out the observed atomic weights of all elements into whole numbers. But presently renewed determinations of the atomic weights seemed to discountenance this practice, and Prout's alleged law fell into disrepute. It was revived, however, about 1840, by Dumas, whose great authority secured it a respectful hearing, and whose careful redetermination of the weight of carbon, making it exactly twelve times that of hydrogen, aided the cause.

Subsequently Stas, the pupil of Dumas, undertook a long series of determinations of atomic weights, with the expectation of confirming the Proutian hypothesis. But his results seemed to disprove the hypothesis, for the atomic weights of many elements differed from whole numbers by more, it was thought, than the limits of error of the experiments. It is noteworthy, however, that the confidence of Dumas was not shaken, though he was led to modify the hypothesis, and, in accordance with previous suggestions of Clark and of Marignac, to recognize as

the primordial element, not hydrogen itself, but an atom half the weight, or even one-fourth the weight of that of hydrogen, of which primordial atom the hydrogen atom itself is compounded. But even in this modified form the hypothesis found great opposition from experimental observers.

In 1864, however, a novel relation between the weights of the elements and their other characteristics was called to the attention of chemists by Professor John A. R. Newlands, of London, who had noticed that if the elements are arranged serially in the numerical order of their atomic weights, there is a curious recurrence of similar properties at intervals of eight elements. This so-called "law of octaves" attracted little immediate attention, but the facts it connotes soon came under the observation of other chemists, notably of Professors Gustav Hinrichs in America, Dmitri Mendélèeff in Russia, and Lothar Meyer in Germany. Mendélèeff gave the discovery fullest expression, expositing it in 1869, under the title of "periodic law."

Though this early exposition of what has since been admitted to be a most important discovery was very fully outlined, the generality of chemists gave it little heed till a decade or so later, when three new elements, gallium, scandium, and germanium, were discovered, which, on being analyzed, were quite unexpectedly found to fit into three gaps which Mendélèeff had left in his periodic scale. In effect, the periodic law had enabled Mendélèeff to predicate the existence of the new elements years before they were discovered. Surely a system that leads to such results is no mere vagary. So very soon the periodic law took its place as one of the most important generalizations of chemical science.

This law of periodicity was put forward as an expression of observed relations independent of hypothesis; but of course the theoretical bearings of these facts could not be overlooked. As Pro-



ROBERT WILHELM BUNSEN.



LOUIS JACQUES MANDÉ DAGUERRE.

From a daguerrotype made in Paris for Mende Brothers, New York, now in possession of Abraham Bogardus, New York.

fessor J. H. Gladstone has said, it forces upon us "the conviction that the elements are not separate bodies created without reference to one another, but that they have been originally fashioned, or have been built up from one another, according to some general plan." It is but a short step from that proposition to the Proutian hypothesis.

But the atomic weights are not alone in suggesting the compound nature of the alleged elements. Evidence of a totally different kind has contributed to the same end, from a source that could hardly have been imagined when the Proutian hypothesis was formulated, through the addition of a novel weapon to the armamentarium of the chemist—the spectro-scope. The perfection of this instrument, in the hands of two German scientists, Gustav Robert Kirchhoff and Robert Wilhelm Bunsen, came about through the investigation, toward the middle of the century, of the meaning of the dark lines

which had been observed in the solar spectrum by Fraunhofer as early as 1815, and by Wollaston a decade earlier. It was suspected by Stokes and by Fox Talbot in England, but first brought to demonstration by Kirchhoff and Bunsen, that these lines, which were known to occupy definite positions in the spectrum, are really indicative of particular elementary substances. By means of the spectro-scope, which is essentially a magnifying lens attached to a prism of glass, it is possible to locate the lines with great accuracy, and it was soon shown that here was a new means of chemical analysis of the most exquisite delicacy. It was found, for example, that the spectro-scope could detect the presence of a quantity of sodium so infinitesimal as the one two-hundred-thousandth of a grain. But what was even more important, the spectro-scope put no limit upon the distance of location of the substance it tested, provided only that sufficient light came from

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world was cold, and every riotous drop in the veins of his reckless forefathers was running wild in his, when he went sleepless to bed and to an all-night struggle that sent him groping back through his past for the things that were the stay of his unthinking childhood. For the first time in years he was ready to go with his mother to church next morning when the carriage drove before the door. It was a sign to her of some unusual distress of mind, and a grateful surprise that she was too wise to show. Instinctively she took him to the old country church where she used to take him when he was a boy; and, going and coming, the little school-house where he and Anne had been play-mates gave him a sharp pang; but the old church that had brought its brick walls and sturdy faith down from the pioneers, the saddle-horses hitched to the plank fence, the long stiles, with the country girls dismounting in their long black skirts, the atmosphere of reverence, the droning old hymns—all helped little by little to draw him back to the faith from which he had started adrift; to stir memories that were good for him and would make easier what was to come. From church several neighbors went home with them to dinner, after a custom of the neighborhood; and it was after they were gone that a negro boy brought the morning paper to Marshall's room. He opened it, and read one paragraph on the first page twice. Then he threw the paper on the table and rose. It was a terse telegram from Stallard to the Governor. The fight was over. Stallard was safe and successful, and he was coming back. Marshall's acceptance of the fact and its probable significance was quick, proud, and fiery. Only he picked up his hat and got quickly out into the open air. His mother was in the front yard, and he did not want to see her quite yet; so he went into the parlor, where a fire was still burning, and sat down by the window—forestalling the days that were at hand. He was before Anne now, paying her his tribute to Stallard; and from the depths of his unworthy satire rose the bitter fact that what he was saying to himself, and mentally to Anne, was literal truth. The mountaineer *was* worthy. And with this realization he suddenly lost the power to feel the thousand subtleties that he had always believed would prevent Anne from joining her life to Stallard's, no matter

what her admiration for him, her respect, her pity, or even her love.

Then, for the first time in his life, jealousy started throbbing through him, and he knew the hell of two passions fighting his soul at once. It stretched him out on the sofa where he sat, and he lay there a long time dully watching the evening sunlight as it rose slowly to the face of his boyish uncle on the wall, whose life and death was a tragedy that seemed meant for him to play again. He looked with a deeper sympathy now behind the smiling lips and the reckless smiling eyes, and with a throb of pity for him which was half for himself he hurried out into the woods and the dusk.

It was startling to realize that nothing, not even religion nor his mother, had governed his life as had his love of Anne. Without her it seemed as though he must lose anchor and go adrift. And once, in the night, sick with fever and mad for a little relief, he sprang from his bed to take his buggy and go back to town and lose himself in the old way. This time it was the swift vision of his mother's face that stopped him in the middle of the floor—his duty was to her now—and forced him in an agony of helplessness to his knees in the first prayer that had been wrung from him in years. That was his crucial hour, and he faced the morning grateful; but he staid at home that day through distrust of himself—and to keep away from the capital.

Life had almost begun anew for him a year ago; he believed now that without Anne it must begin quite new. It was like walking back into childhood when he started out after breakfast on foot, and every memory was a healing comfort. When he passed the spring-house, the geese raised their wings with a reedy cackling, and, with the ducks, went swinging down the riffles, as though they yet expected him to throw pebbles at them. At the stone fence beyond he stopped to look at the water bubbling over the water-gap, through which he used to drop his hook for perch and catfish. Then he followed the winding branch by a pig-path through the thickly matted long grass that was crisscrossed by tiny beaten roads that used to lead many a musk-rat to death in his traps. A hawk was sweeping the field with his wings, hovering close to the grass in his hunt

for a breakfast of mice. The old impulse came to run back to the house for his gun, and the gray bird swerved like a glancing arrow to safety on a dead tree far out in the meadow. Up in the sun the hill-side was covered with sheep. A ewe with one white lamb was lapping water at the grassy edge of the creek. Just to one side of the path lay another—its twin, no doubt—dead and mutilated, and across the creek hung its murderer, a robber crow, dangling by his wings from a low limb, with his beak between his feet.

He was not the only thing on earth that had to suffer. Life was a chain of suffering, with nature at one end and nature at the other; a pyramid of cruelty with man at the apex exacting the tribute of sacrifice from below, paying it right and left to the strong, and above to the unseen. He must take his share. There were other motives to action in life than love, than duty to his mother—the duty to those of whom he had not thought much, and of whom suffering was teaching him to think now: others than himself—his duty to the world around, above and below. He might have drawn tears from an audience on that theme once with his tongue and his brain: it was sinking to his heart now.

Anne was right; he had made a wretched use of himself. He had been weak and reckless, and wasteful of the time, energy, and the talents, whatever they were, that God had given him. He had made of his love a moping luxury instead of a motive to deeds that were worth doing; he was selfish and degenerate. He loved his State, he thought, and he was intensely proud of it and of his people. Yet there was Stallard fighting like a savage on its border—that was a stain; and there was he provoking the same man to a deadly conflict at the very seat of order and law. Where was the difference, except that the mountaineer, as he claimed, had the better right to fight in the one place, and, as Marshall admitted, the better excuse in the other. It was hypocrisy for him to blame Stallard and to justify himself. Courage was a passionate ideal in him, as it is in his people. Human life was worth less, he believed, and was proud that his State believed, and would not have it otherwise, than certain old-fashioned ideals that were still alive; but was it not possible to lift life and yet not lower those

ideals at all? That was something he might have helped to do. Once a political career was an honored one. He could help bring the honor of it back. There were consolations, too—the thrill of power as a speaker, the exhilaration of conflict, the pride in a good cause—there was much in the world even after love was gone out.

All these years it had taken him to realize simple facts about which he had thundered with such confidence in college; and now, far out in the woods, he lay on a stone wall in the sun taking in the comfort of his discovery until the mellow tone of the dinner-bell rang noon across the fields. From everywhere came answering shouts from the darkies at work, and when he climbed the yard fence going home he could hear the jingling traces of the plough-horses crowding into the barn-yard, and the laughing banter of the darkies about the whitewashed cabins. It was all very busy and peaceful and comforting, and it was his to have day after day when he pleased. It seemed a bigger and kindlier world that afternoon when he started out again through the winter blue-grass, past the white tobacco-barn, past the spring in the woods, gushing from under a rock over rich bent-grass, May-green; on over brown turf under gray woods to the "field" where the breakers were at work. How he would fool the birds that croaked evil of him! All over the hill-side the hemp lay in shining swaths. Two darkies were picking it up with wooden hooks; another was working at a brake, which, at that distance, looked absurdly like a big doll-baby with tow-linen skirts blowing in the wind. The rest were idling about a fire of hurds. The overseer stood near with his hand outstretched, as though he were arguing. He was having trouble of some kind, for but one other darky was at work, an old fellow with gray whiskers, thick lips, and a striped over-suit of cotton. Nobody could hear Marshall's tread on the thick turf.

"Hemp gone down, boys," the overseer was saying. "Can't pay you more—sorry. If you don't like the price, you needn't work. Nobody's feelin's hurt. Brakes won't go beggin'."

The old darky picked on. The brawny breaker swooped up a fresh armful with his left hand, and with his right brought the heavy upper swords crackling down

on the stiff stalks until his figure was lost in a gray cloud of hurds.

"Dat's right," said one of the idlers. "I ain't gwine to wuck."

"All right," said the overseer. "Hit the pike. Nobody's feelin's hurt. Brakes won't go beggin'. Could 'a' got hands in town yesterday, but wanted to give you boys a chance. Hit the pike."

The man at the brake seemed not to hear. His hemp had got bright and flexible, and it sank like folds of iron-gray hair down through the lower swords, which were smooth, shining, and curved like the throat of a harp. The idlers had all started from the fire. Only one reached the fence at the pike, and he turned on the top rail and looked back. Slowly, one after another, the men were going to work. It was Marshall's own orders that the shrewd overseer had given the simple darkies. There was another thing that he might have done than cut their wages down—he could have taken less profit for himself—and he did that now.

"Give them the old price," he called in a low voice, but they heard, and a row of white teeth shone in every black face. It was to him like light to darkness—that grateful flash. It helped the deeps to open as he turned away. Love was not everything. All day that fact had beat in on him persistently, and it was strange that never once came with it the suspicion that Anne too might know that, with a man, love should not be everything; that she might be generous enough to accept the fact; unselfish enough not to exact it of him; that his love for her was a weakness that kept her from perfect respect for him as long as it kept him from paying the debt that he owed to his State, his name, and to himself; and that, being a goal in itself, her love might lose value when he had gained it. Stallard was coming back. Until Anne should open her lips, it was no more his business than if he had never known her. Again and again the thought had forced itself on him, with some bitterness, that she had not been altogether just and frank. Now he straightway gave her absolution. Women did not understand friendship as men did; besides both were not friends—he was a lover. She may not have wanted to pain him. The flash may have come to her as to him from a clear sky. But it had come, and his way was straight,

and it led him into a calm that was like the quiet sunset that he faced going home.

Away off in the east, across the gently concave sky, some little blue clouds had begun to turn golden. The air had grown cold and the shadows long. The crows were coming home to roost; there was a line of black specks across the low even band of yellow that lay across the west like a stubble wheat-field at noon. Against this the trees, with trunks invisible, were set bright, sharp, and clear; and when he reached the brow of a low hill he saw, black and distinct against the after-glow, the last of the many pictures that were etched on his brain that day to stay—the dim sloping barn, the black cedars with one light shining through them, and, above, the roof that sheltered his mother, his father's memory, and a name of which, henceforth, please God, he should make himself worthy.

At once he put his purpose to a bitter test, when he reached the darkened house, by going up stairs and straight to his book of memories. And there, in the dusk, he tore out the leaves one by one and heaped them in the grate. Then he set them afire and left the room that he might not see them burn.

The blaze lit up the room and showed the picture of Anne on the mantel—in white muslin, with a blue ribbon about her throat and a Leghorn hat in her lap. It showed, too, the paper on the table, where Marshall had thrown it the day before. By the light one could have read Stallard's message to the Governor. It was as laconic as *Cæsar's*:

"I told you I should retake my fire-side. It's done."

XIV.

Colton himself had gone to the scene of the conflict, and, on the second day, the people in the capital read the story of the fight; and nothing was lost to it, nor to Stallard, in the telling. Colton had got the mountaineer's terse message to the Governor, and the ring of it and the passion for analogy spun the story around a circuit that made Stallard notorious. The mountaineer had led his law-and-order party into the town, as a sheriff's posse, at daybreak. At that hour the sheriff disappeared and Stallard alone was in command. His coolness, wittiness said, was extraordinary. One man

had seen him stop shooting in the heat of the fight, deliberately touch the muzzle of his Winchester to the ground, and, while two Keatons were crossfiring at him, deliberately resume again. He was nervous, he explained afterwards, having been without sleep and on an intense strain for forty-eight hours, and he had been told that, in a fight, it would calm a man simply to touch his gun to the earth. Evidently it did calm him, for at his first shot thereafter a Keaton dropped to the ground with a broken shoulder. Mace Keaton and three others would give no further trouble, Colton concluded; and, indeed, the feud in that county was done. The intimidated were plucking up heart. The good men of the county were taking Stallard's part. Several ringleaders had been arrested, and would be sent to the blue-grass for trial. Boone Stallard had made his word good.

That afternoon Marshall asked that his old bill for disruption be voted down, gave Stallard a eulogy, and went home half ill. The House entered a unanimous protest against the mountaineer's resignation of his seat, though Colton had written that Stallard would return to the capital for only a few days, and would go back, then, where he was needed—home.

A week later, Marshall and the mountaineer reached the capital on the same day. As the purpose of both was the same, it was not unnatural that when Marshall came to see Anne in the afternoon, she should have just received a note from Stallard, asking if he could come that night. She was in the haze of great mental distress when Marshall's name was brought to her; she was stifling for the open air, and the day was a sunny promise of spring—a day that may stand sharply out in any season as a forecast of the next to come. So Anne came down dressed for a walk, and it was a trick of the fate whose hand seemed ever at Stallard's throat that led the three together on the hill. As they passed through the old bridge they met several people driving—so warm was the air—and when they turned off from the river, Anne directed Marshall's attention up the hill and smiled.

"I'm not as freakish as you might think," she said.

Colton and Katherine were far above them, walking slowly, and when they reached the curve of the road, Colton was

waving at them from the other end of the segment and close to the crest of the hill. Twice he pointed significantly towards the road below him, and in a moment Anne saw why. Stallard's tall figure was moving slowly up the pike, with his hands clasped behind him and his head bent far over. The gate at the oak-tree was opposite, and Anne turned toward it from the road. Marshall, seeing Stallard just then, knew why, and turned too without a word. Had a thunder-cloud swept suddenly over the sun, the day could not have been more swiftly darkened for both; for Anne's silent recoil was to Marshall another surprised confession, however vague, and had Anne but glanced at him she would have known that with him, too, a decisive moment was at hand. She could not help looking back, even after she had passed through the gate and was following Marshall up the path. The mountaineer had turned, and was walking down the road, his figure unchanged. While she looked, he slowly turned again, as though he were pacing to and fro waiting for some one. He looked weak and he looked wretched, and the girl's breath came hard. The mountaineer had come back to tell her what she already knew, that Buck, the young trusty who had worked in her garden, was the brother of whom he had spoken, and to ask her—what? And what should she say? It was plain now—his course from the beginning: his struggle with his duty to his people, his temptation to hide from the world the one thing that he had left untold to her. If she forgave that—and she had—he meant to ask her—she well knew what—and what should she say? What could she say? For days she had not been able to think of anything else—she could think of nothing else now. The horror of it all had swept freshly over her after the relief of Stallard's safety came—horror at what he had done, though she knew she would have despised him had he even hesitated doing it; horror at the life with which he was so mercilessly linked, of which she knew so little, and from which she was beginning to shrink as she shrank from the terrible convict who typified to her all the evil she had heard, and was the one distinct figure in the awful darkness of which she dreamed. And yet, one by one, the barriers that would have made Stallard's question absurd a year ago had

slowly fallen until now it troubled her as nothing else of the kind ever had. Never had love in another man thrilled her as it thrilled her in Stallard—that much was sure. She had for him perfect respect, high admiration, deep pity—what else more she did not know.

It was odd that Marshall should stop at the same tree where she and Stallard had stopped nearly a year before; that she should sit quite mechanically on the same root where she had sat before; odd that he should lie where Stallard had lain. The contrast was marked now between the clean, graceful figure stretched easily on the sun-warmed, yellow grass and the loose, powerful bulk of the mountaineer. She remembered Stallard's unshorn head looking now at Marshall's carefully kept brown hair. The sunlight showed its slight tendency to crinkle; she had always hated that, but no more, she knew, than did he. It was odd that so slight a thing should so worry her now. The faces of both were smooth, and to Anne's searching insight the life of both was written plain except for one dark spot from which, in each, she shrank. It had kept her from fully trusting one; it had held her sometimes in an unaccountable dread of the other. Marshall was not gaining ground as he lay there with his hat tilted over his eyes and a blade of withered grass between his teeth—easy, indolent, an image to her of wasting power—for Anne was thinking of Stallard down in the road, and it was well for him that he began to speak. No woman could listen with indifference to a voice that was so rich and low; that told all the good in him and none of the evil.

"Anne," he said, and the girl raised her head quickly. She could hardly remember when he had called her by her first name, and the tone of his voice was new. "Anne," he repeated, with a firm note of possession, as it seemed to her, that made her pulse with sudden resentment, "I am done now."

His tone was almost harsh, and he was not looking at her, but at a vivid patch of young wheat that glanced like an emerald on the brown top of a distant sunlit hill. And Anne, looking hard at him, saw again the change that the summer had brought. The fieriness was gone from him, and the old impetuous way of breaking into a torrent of words, and as suddenly breaking off in a useless effort to frame thought

and feeling. He looked as calm as a young monk she had once seen at Gethsemane—as calm as though his peace too was made for earth as well as heaven.

"Let me see. It must have been ten years ago. It was coming home through the woods from the old school-house. I had a red welt on my forehead. I told you I had got it playing town-ball. That was not true. I got it fighting about you. It was Indian-summer, I remember that, and sunset—you remember, don't you?"

"Yes," she said, wonderingly and almost gently; but she was thinking, too, of Stallard going up and down the road. He looked lonely.

"I asked you to be my sweetheart, and I was just sixteen." Marshall might have been repeating words that had been carefully prepared, so finished were his sentences, so dramatic the quality of them. "And you said 'yes'; yes, you said 'yes'; and that was ten years ago, and I have never loved another woman since. I have made no pretence of loving another or of not loving one. When I came home from college something happened, and you began to say 'no'; but I kept on loving you just the same, and you kept on saying 'no.' I am doing the one thing now, and you are still doing the other. Ten years! That gives me some rights, little as I may otherwise deserve them, doesn't it, Anne?" The voice was doing good work now.

"Yes, Rannie," she said, and she had never called him by that name since he went away to school; but if he noticed it, he gave no sign. The green on the hill-top still held his eyes, and for a moment he said nothing. The sunlight was very rich for midwinter, as rich as though it had been sifted through gold-dust somewhere. It seemed palpable enough to grasp with the hand across the running water that was making it pulse in quivering circles along bush and tree. It foretold an early spring, and made Anne think of the shy green of young leaves and the gold of the same sunlight a year ago, and then of Stallard, through the soft gray cloud of winter trees, walking up and down the road, waiting.

"I'm going to take them now. People inherit tendencies to go down."

Anne turned to him again: he was speaking of himself, and he had never done that before but once.

"Everybody knows and remembers

that. People may, at the same time, inherit the aspiration for better things and the strength to rise to them. Everybody seems to forget that sometimes—even you. And yet you were right, and I haven't a word of blame."

Nor had he, she remembered quickly, that night after the dance, when, losing patience, she had broken out with her defence of Stallard. She remembered now the start her outburst gave him, the quick flush of his face, his quick restraint, and the steady quiet with which he had unflinchingly taken to heart the bitter truth she gave him, and his courtesy to the end. She was too much aroused that night to care what pain she caused him, but the memory of it hurt her now.

"You have been hard, but you have not been unjust. I have been fighting a long time, and you might have given me a little more credit for the fight. I think you would have given me more, if you had cared more. Because you seemed not to care, I did not ask it. It was a weakness to want it. . . I don't need it now . . . whatever happens I shall keep my own path just the same . . ."

Anne hardly took in what he was saying, his voice was so dispassionate. Marshall had always been generous, winning, faithful—that was what she was thinking. Why had she never loved *him*? It was as strange as that she should not know what it was she felt for Stallard.

"For I'm done now," repeated Marshall, inexorably. "I'm going to take my rights. I'm going to leave you altogether."

She heard now, and she turned, half dazed. Marshall was steeling himself against his own tenderness and going calmly on:

"When you want me, if you ever do, you must send for me. It is all or nothing I must have. And you must give it unasked now, if you should ever have it to give. Yes," he went on, as though to answer her unuttered cry of surprise and indignation . . . "I know your pride—your foolish, steely pride—but I'm done now."

Anne's eyes were wide with bewilderment—was he gone crazy?

"I have loved you for ten years. I don't wonder at your distrust of me, but it's different now. Perhaps you don't yet trust me? In that event, I don't care how long a test you put upon me. Only,

if by some miracle you should want me to come back, you will have no right to say, 'Maybe he has ceased to care for me now.' You will have no right to say that, even to yourself—to think it. I promise, if that ever happens, to come and tell you myself. I promise that. I have done all I can—all I should. The rest is with you now, wholly."

Marshall was rising. He had not looked at her since he began to talk—he had hardly dared for fear his purpose should fail him—and Anne rose too, as though he had bidden her.

"If you marry anybody else, I'll wait for him to die. You can't escape me in the end." He was smiling faintly, but his tone was almost rough, and Anne was ready both to laugh and to cry. "And I'll never come till you send for me. We'd better go now," he said coolly, and he started down, Anne following, quite helpless, without a word, and with a growing sense of desertion that oppressed her and made her unconsciously look for Stallard when they emerged from the undergrowth. She was quite sure she would see him, and there he was, walking rapidly past the gate. He did not seem to see them, so intent was he on something down the road. Her dress caught on a bush as Marshall pulled back the gate, and when he stooped to disentangle it, she heard the mountaineer's voice around a clump of bushes below them. Marshall rose quickly, and the next moment both heard what he was saying.

"No," he said, sternly. "I'll give you the money, but you must go back. I got you out, and I gave my word you wouldn't run away. You've got to go back."

A rough voice, strangely like his own to the girl's ears, answered something unintelligible.

"Then I'll take you back myself."

A low oath of rage and the shuffling of feet came through the bushes, and Marshall caught Anne's arm.

"You stay here," he said, and he hurried through the gate and around the bushes. Stallard was blocking the road against a rough-looking fellow, who started to run when he saw Marshall. Stallard caught him by the arm, and with the other hand the fellow struck the mountaineer a fearful blow in the face.

"God, man!" shouted Marshall, indignantly; for, to his amazement, Stallard

did not give back the blow but caught his assailant by the other wrist.

"Come here and help," he said. "This is an escaped convict."

Marshall ran forward, and the convict gave up and dropped stubbornly to the road, crying from rage and cursing Stallard by his first name.

"You're a fine brother, hain't ye?" he repeated, with savage malice, starting another string of curses and stopping short, with his eyes fixed on something behind Stallard. The mountaineer wheeled. Anne was standing there, her face quite bloodless, and her eyes wide and full upon his.

"You heard what he said?"

It was the mountaineer's voice that broke at last through the awful silence, and in this test even it was steady.

"I know what you thought. This—this is my brother."

Anne's eyes turned slowly to the convict, who lay at Stallard's feet with his sunken cheek towards her; and slowly the truth forced its terrible way to her brain and then back again to Stallard in one look of unspeakable horror, unspeakable pity.

"This was what I had to tell you," he said, quietly; but his face had whitened quickly, all but the red welt where the convict had struck. "I have nothing to ask—now." Not in voice or bearing was there the slightest reproach for her.

"Get up, Bud," he said, kindly. Anne turned for an instant to Marshall when the convict rose, but it was a second rending of the veil for him, and he had moved away that he might not hear. Before the two could take a step she was at the mountaineer's side.

"I . . . I'm—going with you!"

Marshall heard that, and, but for his agitated face, Stallard's calm must have broken. For he understood even then what was beyond Marshall to know, and at that moment, perhaps, beyond Anne. She had struck into his heart when he was most helpless, and to atone she would walk with him through the streets of the town, back to the very walls of the prison, on through life even, if he asked. All this Stallard saw—and more—and he shook his head.

"God bless you!" he said. . . . "Come on, Bud!"

The two brothers started down the road towards town—and towards the

shifting black column of smoke that rose over the gray prison beyond.

A year later one of them, faithful to the end as the other's keeper, came to the capital to deliver his charge back to the Keeper of the things that die.

"If that had happened before—" said Katherine, questioningly; but Anne shook her head.

"Not that—not that," she said, sadly. "I don't know. . . I . . ." And there she stopped still.

A flood of development was at high tide in the mountains before another year was gone, and it seemed as though the prophecy of Stallard's first speech at the capital was coming true. His name was slowly radiating from the great capital then; and a year later still, Marshall rose as a senator of the State, and in a fervid piece of oratory, in which he was now without a rival, spoke for Boone Stallard for the Senate of the nation. Stallard was defeated; but when Katherine Colton, who was a guest in the Bruce homestead, told Anne of the Quixotic fight that Marshall, to his own hurt, had made for the mountaineer, Anne let her head sink back out of the light into a shadow. Then Katherine, who knew how matters stood between the two, spoke sharply and with the authority that had lately come to her. As a result, a night or two afterwards a buggy creaked softly over the turf from the pike gate and a dark active figure climbed the stiles. Katherine rose for flight.

"Please . . ." said Anne, ". . . not yet."

From an upstairs window Katherine saw the moon rising on them and on the gracious sweep of field, meadow, and woodland that had always been and would always be, perhaps, his home and hers. Lying all along the east, and hardly touched as yet by the coming light, was a bank of dark clouds, as mountainlike and full of mystery as though they were faithful shadows of the great range behind and beyond; and Katherine's eyes filled. When she went to bed she could hear the voices of the two now and then on the porch below, until she fell asleep. She felt a pair of arms around her next and a pair of lips at her ear.

"Katherine!"

"Yes?" she said, sleepily.

Anne kissed her.

THE END.

"I KNOW WHAT YOU THOUGHT."





PSYCHE.

BY GEORGE HIBBARD.

THE great brown curtain slowly descended as, after many withdrawals, the Elsa von Brabant of the evening, with the Lohengrin of the occasion, entered the door of the cathedral. Ortrud and Friedrich von Telramund had appeared, and in turn been worsted, and the much forbidden nuptials, at which there seemed so little inclination on the part of any one to "forever hold his peace," had at length been allowed to take their stage course. The leader descended from his desk; the orchestra rose in groups; and all through the place men sprang up and hastily made their way along the aisles to find the boxes which, during the act, they had concluded to seek. There was a stir and change and movement all through the big house, and the disturbed finery of the women as they turned away from the stage made a quick ripple of color. The "stalls" were all

full, the topmost gallery was full. The Lohengrin was a tenor long celebrated from St. Petersburg to New York, and well known as the greatest of the day, while the Elsa was a new prima donna whose great success in London had made her famous, but about whom there was still curiosity and the charm of novelty. Later there was to be a great ball, and the curving lines of the boxes gleamed and glittered. Every one was there. On the next day the newspapers would announce the house as the most brilliant of the season, as indeed it was.

From a box in the first tier, and not far from the central entrance to the stalls below, Kitty Cliffe had watched the stage until the curtain fell; then she turned slowly away and faced her husband and the others who were with her.

"The second act I always have liked

the least," she said, "except bits. But I suppose really it's because it's there I always begin to get out of patience and furious."

"With the music?" asked Mrs. Kercheval, as she began to look about, and, as was her wont, to assay and appraise the house.

"No, no," replied Kitty, quickly, as she glanced at the older woman, in whose box she was; "with the story."

"I never thought very much about it," said Mrs. Kercheval. "One does so little about the stories of most of the operas—one takes them for granted, as it were."

"But think," said Kitty, earnestly, "how could a woman be so silly as this Elsa?"

"You mean about doubting and wanting to know?"

"Yes," answered the other. "Remember, she has just been rescued by a knight, who, since she is a lady, she must see is a gentleman. And why is not that enough? Still, at the very first suggestion she becomes uncertain and curious—curious—as if a woman could not tell all that it is necessary for her to know about any man from seeing him; and then the pettiness of it, and the cowardice."

"The cowardice?" said Mrs. Kercheval.

"Yes—not to have confidence in her own judgment," she replied, quickly. "For not to have confidence in one's own judgment is often a moral cowardice, you know, really."

Kercheval laughed.

"You think, then, a woman knows all about her husband?"

"No," said Kitty, positively, "of course not. I did not say that at all. I'm not so silly. But she generally knows all that it is necessary for her to know—all that she ought to care to know."

"And still they are not satisfied," sighed Cliffe, who was sitting behind Mrs. Kercheval, with a seriousness which his wife saw, as she quickly looked, was only assumed.

"But they are," she insisted, "almost always."

"There seems for a very long time to have been a prevailing impression that they were not," Cliffe persisted. "There was the case of Psyche. It's the story of Elsa von Brabant exactly, only happening centuries ago. So you see the world has always had the same idea. Psyche cer-

tainly was not a solar myth—for she was a little late—but a very real young person, with a very real story that was clearly meant to represent a real typical experience."

"I don't think I know about it," said Mrs. Kercheval.

"About a solar myth?"

"No, no; about Psyche."

"You've forgotten, for every one does," he said. "But it's a very simple tale, and instructive in this connection. The learned, I believe, maintain that she was an allegory—"

"Never mind all that," interrupted Mrs. Kercheval. "She probably was all sorts of things, and among them, I have no doubt, not in the least respectable. None of them were at that time, or if they were, they are not the ones about whom we hear."

"She was the daughter of a king," urged Cliffe.

"That doesn't make any difference," Mrs. Kercheval insisted.

"Anyway," he continued, "she was very beautiful, and excited the jealousy of Venus."

"You see?" she said.

"What?" he asked.

"She couldn't have been respectable, or she'd never have made Venus jealous."

"I know," he admitted, apologetically.

"All the rivals of Venus were apt to be—giddy."

"I don't mean that," she said. "But what woman, no matter how exemplary she is herself, is ever jealous of another's goodness?"

"Oh!" murmured Kitty.

"We're always jealous of what we can't be; and the best woman, in her heart, is mostly envious of the things others do and that she can't or won't."

"At any rate," said Cliffe, hurrying on, "by way of revenge, Venus sent Cupid to place in her heart a love for the most contemptible man to be found on earth; but when Cupid saw her he fell in love with her himself. He could not let her see him or let her know who he was, and so they only met at night. This might have gone on pleasantly enough, only when her sisters heard that her lover would not allow her to know what manner of being he was, they persuaded her that he was some monster who was afraid to be seen in the light. Her fear or her curiosity became too great for her to con-

trol, and one night she approached him with a lamp when he was asleep—"

"And, just like the fairy stories, found the most beautiful prince in all the world," continued Mrs. Kercheval.

"Yes," he said, "only in this case Cupid had to go, and that was the end of it. There, I'm sure you must say I've told the tale in a most seemly manner. It has always been supposed, as I said, that Psyche was an allegory, and represented the human soul, which, purified by passions and misfortunes, is prepared for the enjoyment of true happiness; but it has always seemed to me that those wise old Greeks, who had singularly simple ideas, intended something very different if they intended anything."

"What?" asked Kitty.

"I believe it was probably just a story based on a great human fact, but if it signifies anything, it's that desire we all have to know the ever unknowable in another, and particularly the desire of every man and woman to possess the *impossible* all of the one loved."

"And you think one can't," asked Kitty, wistfully, "know all?"

"Harold's too young to be obliged to answer that question. It is not fair," said Kercheval. "I'll say *no*."

"I believe you can," Kitty replied; "at least, as I said before, all—absolutely all that is of the least importance to both. I think that's what love is—knowing—and therefore there should be trust."

"That's certainly the romantic theory," Kercheval replied, "but the reality is different, and love is always beating its wings against that closed door of the unattainable in knowledge. The first impulse and instinct of love is for each to know 'all about' the other—and generally both think they do. Then something happens, and Psyche's suspicions are aroused, and she goes and looks—only for the most part she finds the monster, and then there is a tragedy that's worse than Psyche's when Cupid merely flew away; for she has to live with the discovery."

"I think," said Kitty, "that you are cynical—and horrid. And, moreover, what you say is nonsense. Generally the man and the woman have lived the same lives—in the same surroundings and under the same influences—and they must know really about one another."

"Enough for all practical purposes, but not ideally."

"Don't you suppose that the greater part of the married people here," said the young woman, looking about the vast, glittering house, "know each other ideally? Don't you suppose," she said, unable to escape the temptation of appealing to the direct personal example—"don't you suppose that Marion knows you ideally?"

Again Kercheval laughed.

"My dear," said Mrs. Kercheval, "I am a wise woman, and I don't wish it."

The younger woman sighed.

"It's awful—really," she murmured, "for, with any other principle, how can there be any confidence?" She paused a moment, then spoke again: "Don't you suppose—"

She began, paused, and did not continue; but Kercheval smiled, as if he, for one, knew what she would have said.

"Of course," continued Mrs. Kercheval, "I understand what Sidney means—that one can't know. Generally there are only little things; but occasionally we hear of a big one, and it's rather disturbing to our chance of utter belief and ideal confidence. There's a girl I see over there with a story she once told me that proves it, I suppose."

"What was it?" asked Kitty, listlessly.

"Nothing very much, but rather a sad little tale, all the same. She's an only child, with only her father, and they are racing people. She met a man not long ago where he and she were staying at a country house. He went in for steeple-chasing—"

"You must have known him," said Kitty, turning to Cliffe, who had relapsed into silence in his corner of the box, "when you used to race."

"Probably," he answered, looking about the house.

"She didn't tell me his real name," continued Mrs. Kercheval, "but always used his racing name—and—I suppose I ought not to tell you even that. Well, they fell in love with each other, absolutely, irretrievably, hopelessly—"

"Then what was the matter?" asked Kitty, curiously.

"The matter was that he was engaged to another girl. That was the fact, and there was nothing to be done about it. They talked it over, and concluded that he must marry the other one."

"So the last girl really gave him to the first?" and Kitty half turned in her new interest.

"She told me the first engagement had not been a long one, but even then he couldn't have said he'd changed his mind and broken it," replied Mrs. Kercheval; "and this last was all one of those sudden, unexpected, fateful sort of things with which there is no dealing. They just had to acknowledge that they loved one another, although there was the obstacle of the other engagement, and then they came to their senses and—he went away."

"But the other girl?" remonstrated Kitty.

"Who?"

"The one he married," she answered.

"Did she know and did she consent?"

"I don't suppose she was ever told."

"But it wasn't fair. She was not marrying the same man to whom she was engaged, because, since he loved another, for her he no longer existed in the same way."

"Yes," admitted Mrs. Kercheval, "I suppose in that way it was hard on her; but what could be done?"

"Think how it was forcing her to live under a terrible mistake all her life; for even if he always acted as if there were nothing, the thought must always be in his heart; and if she ever should know, why, the very foundations of her life would be shaken and the whole fabric of her existence would come tumbling down about her."

"Don't you think he ought to have done it?" asked Mrs. Kercheval.

"That is not the question at all," said Kitty, positively. "That is quite another question. What is important is the girl—and her life. Think if she ever knew!"

"She was probably just as happy as if all had been real, and she would have been a little idiot to want to know the truth if she could."

"But she would," insisted the younger woman. Kitty was silent for a while, gazing steadily before her. "I don't think your stories are amusing," she said at length.

"No," Mrs. Kercheval admitted, "and the poor girl made me very sad about her 'Captain White.' Oh, I did not mean to tell you that; but, as I said, it wasn't his real name, after all, and only his racing one."

"'Captain White!'" exclaimed Kercheval, with involuntary quickness, while Cliffe moved slightly.

"Oh," cried Mrs. Kercheval, "have I

done anything awful? But I always thought of it as an assumed name, and as it never meant anything to me, it did not occur to me that it might to any one else. Have you ever heard it before?"

"Not I," said Kercheval, with great heartiness.

"When you were racing, Harold, you must have heard it," said Kitty to Cliffe, who was looking steadily before him.

"There was such a name registered—" he began, slowly.

"Then, in mercy," interrupted Mrs. Kercheval, "don't tell us anything about it; and do you all forget how stupid I have been."

"You knew him?" continued Kitty.

"Some would have said I knew him very well, and some not at all," Cliffe answered, with a laugh.

"Now don't say anything," continued Mrs. Kercheval, "though I know Kitty will ask you."

"I am not curious; I can't remember to be," the younger woman said, carelessly. She took up her glass and looked across the house. "What a pretty girl!" she continued. "I've never seen her before. I think she must be a stranger." Then she continued: "How very funny to have other names under which people race!"

"It's very usual," said Kercheval. "One very well known name on the English turf was the assumed name under which an old dowager countess or something raced her horses."

"Did you ever have one, Harold?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, slowly.

"What was it?"

He did not answer at once, and hesitated almost as if in embarrassment. Had the pause lasted the fraction of a second longer his silence would have been noticeable, but the rattle of the rings of the curtain at the back of the box drew the attention of every one from him, and he was not forced to reply.

"Sandys, by Jove!" Cliffe cried, and jumping up, he seized the hand of the tall slight man who entered.

"Yes," the man answered, "and I came as soon as I could, after I saw you, to speak to Mrs. Kercheval," and he bowed and shook hands with her, "and to you."

"When did you get here?" she asked.

"I am so pleased!"

"Only just this afternoon—from Tex-

as," Sandys replied. "And I came on directly here."

"You have been away a long time."

"I've simply been exiled in an out-of-the-way corner with an irrigating scheme which is going to enrich a county, and ourselves incidentally."

"I am glad to see you," continued Cliffe, heartily. "Kitty, you know Sandys, of whom I have spoken so often, though I think I've generally called him 'Phil.'"

"And who sent me such a beautiful wedding-present. I wrote to you; but I am so glad to see you and thank you again."

"I wish I could have been at the wedding, but I was called away."

"I know, I know," continued Harold, quickly, and with evident desire to change the subject. "But we'll forgive you, since you've come back now."

"I came back for—business," Sandys said, slowly. "But the orchestra is coming in. I must go. Still, if you will let me, I'll come back before the end."

"Yes," exclaimed Mrs. Kercheval, "and go to the ball with us. You know the Outtons, and if you had not been lost to the sight of men and women they'd have sent you an invitation. Anyway, you're a stranger and a pilgrim, although in your own land, and I'll take the responsibility of taking you."

"Is it a big affair?" he asked.

"Very."

"Every one will be there," he demanded—"every one that's in town that's likely to go to such things?"

"Every one," she answered, much surprised.

"It's one of those things, really," he insisted, with strange determination, "for which all turn out—not only the *débütantes* of the year, who go to everything, but the young women who have dropped back and got into the way of only going to what is worth while?"

"Yes," she said, astonished by his persistence, "that's exactly the kind of thing it is."

"Thank you," he said, joyfully. "I shouldn't hesitate for a moment, under the circumstances, at going even without you, for after I have been away so long I don't think a formal bid would be necessary when I know the Outtons so well. But I shouldn't have heard of it in time except for you. And I want to go. I

have a particular reason for wishing to go."

"Very well," said Mrs. Kercheval. "Don't forget."

"Never," he replied, as he passed out.

"I like him so much," said Kitty: "and I was afraid that I should not, after I'd heard so much about him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Kercheval, as she turned toward the stage, on which the curtain was slowly rising. "Finding one's husband's friends are really bearable is like finding that your dentist is not going to hurt you. Escape in either case is hopeless, and the relief is proportionate."

Moving to the measure of that march which has come to mean so much—that march which is almost a necessary part of every wedding ceremony, and almost in itself a sanctification—advancing slowly to the ever-significant music, the chorus entered and passed across the stage. The day on which Kitty had heard the first bars roll from the organ, as she stood waiting for the doors to open so that as bride she might pass up the hushed aisle, was still so near that the notes now sent a little shiver through her; then she smiled happily, and half turned, and glancing about to see that no one saw her, she looked shyly toward Cliffe. But at that instant he turned, for an usher had appeared at the door, and he was whisperingly inquiring his purpose. The man held in his hand a note, which he presented. Silently Cliffe took it, glanced at the inscription, and with a sudden movement half started up. He did not rise at once, but sank back considering a moment, then jumped quickly up, and motioning the man to precede him, passed out of the box.

At the stir and slight noise Mrs. Kercheval looked about, and seeing what was going on, glanced inquiringly at Kitty, who shook her head.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I can't imagine," answered the girl.

The chorus had gone, leaving the newly wedded pair alone. Side by side on the stiff bench they sat, and the Knight of the Swan breathed forth his first words of love:

"Elsa, mein Weib, du süsse, reine Braut,
Ob glücklich du, das sei mir nur vertraut."

And she tremulously answered:

"Wie wär' ich kalt mich glücklich nur zu nennen,
Besitz' ich aller Himmel Seligkeit."

Again there was a slight noise, and Kitty, looking, saw the usher who before had appeared, once more standing in the doorway. He bent toward her, holding out a handkerchief, and whispered,

"The gentleman—Captain White—dropped this, and as I couldn't catch him, I brought it here."

"Who?" she asked.

"Captain White—the gentleman to whom the note was addressed," the man replied.

"Oh!" she exclaimed; then she added, carelessly: "Very well. I will see that he receives it."

The man was gone, and again she turned to the stage.

Elsa had expressed her inability to find a word to define her love, and concluded with her remark that it was like her lover's name, by which she would never be permitted to know him. He had just uttered his remonstrating endearment, and she was beginning to announce her longing to hear the lips that had pronounced her name so sweetly speak his own.

For a moment Kitty sat silent, then starting up, passed swiftly into the small satin-covered anteroom. She had hardly entered when Mrs. Kercheval, following, was with her.

"What is it?" she asked. "You are so pale!"

"Nothing," the other replied, uncertainly. "I thought I was tired—that I would go home. I don't exactly know. Go back. I'll come in a moment."

"What is it?" demanded the other, curiously; "it is something."

"Nothing—nothing—oh—I should like to ask Mr. Kercheval a question."

"I'll call him," and the other passed out, while the girl sank back on the tufted divan.

Kercheval pulled aside the curtain and stood in the doorway.

"You can tell me something," she began, "perhaps—that I want to know—to know very much—"

"Yes?" he answered.

"It's—it's—" she began again, and then paused. "But perhaps I shouldn't ask you now—suddenly it doesn't seem right—it doesn't seem honorable. I don't know what to do."

"If I could help you—" he said.

"I can't tell you without telling you what I want—and—and it does not seem right. What shall I do?"

For a moment both were silent.

"Where is—he?" she asked.

"Who?" Kercheval demanded.

"Harold," she said.

"He went out," he said, perplexedly.

"I don't know. If you want him, I'll go and find him."

"No," she said, "no."

"I—" began Kercheval, but he interrupted himself quickly: "Here he is now."

"Oh, I'm so glad—glad!" she cried, turning to Cliffe, who, slowly entering, put down his hat.

With a glance from one to the other, Kercheval quietly withdrew.

"Why, Kitty, why are you here?" said Cliffe, turning to her.

"I was tired—but—oh—I will not pretend. Something has happened."

He looked at her perplexedly, but did not speak.

"Harold," she said, "is there anything I do not know?"

"I don't understand," he replied.

"Anything that might concern me in your life, that you have kept from me?"

"No," he answered, positively.

"You are sure—sure?" she insisted.

"Positively," he maintained; "but, Kitty, you are very strange."

"I may be—but I don't care. I want to know—I want to be sure—but I am afraid. I could, with one question, have learned the truth a moment ago from Mr. Kercheval, but it didn't seem fair to ask even him."

"What about?" he said.

"You," she answered.

"A question about me!" he exclaimed, in a tone of utter bewilderment.

"A question I asked you a little time ago, and which you did not answer."

"What was it?"

"Your name," she said.

"My name?" he repeated, slowly.

"I mean your racing name. I could have asked Mr. Kercheval—but I did not." Cliffe laughed, shortly, abruptly.

"Do you remember what we were saying about Elsa—her wanting to know?"

"Oh," cried the girl, indignantly, "how can you remember such a thing now—unless—because you wish to make me silent?"

"That is not fair," he said, shortly.

"Besides, I did not ask Mr. Kercheval," she said.

"But you have asked me."



"WHAT COULD MY RACING NAME IMPLY?"

"No, I have not," she said, positively.

"I misunderstood," he replied.

For a moment they stood looking at one another. The music swelled up from the house through the half-drawn curtain, and Elsa's appeal fell on their unheeding ears:

"Lass' dein Geheimniss mich erschauen,
Dass wer du bist ich offen seh'?"

He laughed a little as Lohengrin sang his despairing "Ach, schweige, Elsa."

"It is just the same," he said.

"I will not have you treat it in this way," she cried, passionately. "Besides, what I want to know is more important."

"But she did not know who her lover and her husband was."

"No more do I," she answered, boldly.

"I should not ask the name, as a name—nor would she—but because of what it implies and tells."

"What could my racing name imply and tell?" he asked.

"Do you remember Marion's story?" she answered, swiftly. "If one knew, for example, who was 'Captain White,' one would know a good deal of—hidden history."

He glanced at her quickly.

"Kitty," he said, "just because I did not happen to answer what you asked, you would not so quickly suspect? It would be worse than the woman on the stage."

"But if that were not all—if there were other things that made me suspect—would it not be natural that I should want to know when there is all this that it implies?"

"And you do suspect?"

"I—I don't—no—but—I cannot think of it. The possibility is so awful. That you have not loved me all the time—that there was—is—some one else."

Cliffe took a step towards her.

"Kitty," he said.

"No, no," she cried, as she drew back;

"I don't, but—but it is there—between us—and until you tell, it always will be."

"Couldn't you forget it?" he asked, curiously. "If I never told—couldn't you have that trust in me?"

"Yes, yes," she hurried on. "But, Harold, if there isn't anything, why should it be? It is only a little, little thing," she entreated, "and I do trust you so much that I know that it is no-

thing, and therefore dare to be willing to know."

As she paused again Elsa's song broke through the curtain:

"Woher du kommst sag' ohne Reue—"

"But if I wanted you to trust me without my telling you?" he said.

"I should—I should," she answered; "only—why?"

"Because it might seem strange that so little a thing could make any difference in such a big thing as our love."

"There is no little thing in love," she urged, "or rather every little thing is big—for little are the things that influence a woman—and it's from them that she judges a man—and it is so strange—and the thought so awful—"

"I can understand," he replied, gently, "and I'll tell you. My name was 'Captain White.'"

She stood for a moment motionless, then hastily picked up the heavy wrap that hung on a chair near her, again she paused, stood for a moment, and throwing it down, turned to go through the curtain to the other part of the box.

"But, Kitty! Kitty!" he exclaimed, laughing, but with an undertone of anxiety in his voice, "that isn't all."

"There can't be anything else," she said, fiercely.

"Yes," he replied, as he seized her hand—"yes, there is," he went on, rushing over the words. "When we were going to be married I gave all the horses to Sandys, who was the dearest friend I had in the world, and as it was easier in a number of ways, I gave notice to the Association, and he took my name with the horses. I couldn't have told about the name out there without giving his story away. It was then he met Connie Paulton, and it all happened as Mrs. Kercheval said."

"But the note just now," she said, "that you received—that you answered—"

"It was for Sandys, I saw at once. You know Mrs. Kercheval said they always used that name. He had just been in the box. The girl is in the house, and saw him. She sent a man to get pencil, paper, and an envelope. When the usher came, Phil was gone. I started to get it to him as soon as I could, for I knew he wanted to see her, and was not sure that she still wanted to see him. The other

girl, to whom he was engaged, has run away with another man, and he is free."

"And he can marry the girl he loves?"

"Yes," said Cliffe. "That's why he wanted to go to the ball—because he wanted to meet her, as she did him."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I am so glad—happy! And, Harold, will you forgive me?"

There was no time for him to answer, since, on the instant, her arms were around his neck and it was impossible for him to speak.

"Come," she said, "we must go back. The Kerchevals must think it's all very strange."

Mrs. Kercheval looked curiously at the two as they re-entered the box, and she nodded to Kercheval reassuringly.

"There she is," said Cliffe, as he bent over Kitty's shoulder and directed her attention to the girl who, by her prettiness, had already attracted her notice.

"He'll hardly go before the act is finished," Kitty whispered, now deeply interested in the reunited lovers.

But she had hardly spoken the last word before the curtain of the opposite box was drawn, and Sandys entered, much to the astonishment of the greater number of its occupants. As Kitty watched through a glass, she saw Miss Paulton's face turn white and then suddenly flush with a quick, hot blush.

"It's the end of a story," she said.

"And perhaps the beginning," Harold answered.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, sometimes things happen to people after they are married."

For a moment she did not speak.

"I can only hope they'll be as happy as we are," she said, meekly, and her hand stirred in the least suggestion of a movement toward him, and then was quickly drawn back. Again she was silent. "Anyway," she said, positively, "I did not ask Mr. Kercheval."

"No," he answered, "you did not."

"And I didn't ask you," she continued, bravely—not looking at him, but glancing away to the stage.

Cliffe laughed.

A STRANGE TALE OF GHEEL.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

GHEEL, a town of Belgium, is one of the ancient miracle-places of the Catholic Church in Europe. It has a shrine at which for centuries insane people have been reputed to be cured. Whatever may be the facts or the superstitions in such cases, modern science has wrought what one might claim to be miracles there in the treatment of nervous diseases, for when Belgium, always alert in social reforms, wished to make an experiment of caring for her insane poor by giving them the freedom of the open air and the fields, she chose Gheel as the place where the trial of the new method should be made. Here her Department of Charitable Institutions has reversed most of the methods of the past in the care of nervous patients by placing such invalids in small boarding-houses in the wide, open, sea-cooled country, and giving them their freedom under sympathetic supervision. The experiment of the Belgian government, at first held to be perilous, has proved as successful as its purpose was beneficent; it is one of

the merciful miracles of modern science, whose influence seems destined to fill the world. The streets of Gheel, worn for a thousand years by the footsteps of unhappy pilgrims, are now visited by the philanthropic investigators of all lands, who study the most merciful ways of treating the most pitiable of human afflictions.

Gheel is a green oasis of crofters' cottages, in a wide sea of sand called the Campine. Its attractive features are its great churches, its ever-turning, castlelike windmills, and its bright and rippling linden-trees.

The lindens of Gheel! What broken spirits have walked under their long, cool shadows—an empress; a prince; men of rank, crushed by care; men of genius and intellectual power; people separated from their families; people with no families and few friends; Belgium's insane poor; the trembling epileptic; the outcast, who has been made what he is by the strange conduct of long, slow invasion of mental disease—all reduced to a

common level in the sympathy of their sorrow. Gheel has been a miracle-place for the healing of the insane for so many centuries that one recalls with a heart-throb the long procession of these pilgrims of hope and fear as one sits down on the gray, mossy walls under the avenue of lindens, an avenue that stretches far, far away in the green garden of the sandy Campine.

I shall never forget a tale of mental suffering and of relief through a new imagination that was told me by a Swiss-English physician as we sat down on the long low stone wall under the lindens of Gheel.

My interest in Gheel had been curiously awakened. I was travelling from Geneva to Antwerp with a medical friend who had made a long study of the morbid manifestations of nervous disease. An asylum seemed to fly by the swift car window, and it left in my mind the shadow of its wing.

"Is it true," I asked my friend, "that there is a town in Belgium where thousands of insane or nervously afflicted people are allowed to roam free, and where the farm folk for many miles are employed in boarding them and caring for them?"

"You mean Gheel in the Campine, the place where Belgium has made a new experiment in the care and treatment of her insane poor—the old miracle-place of St. Dymphnea. Yes," he continued, "it is true that some two or more thousand nervous patients are so cared for there in the freedom of the open air. I myself once sent there a patient whose case was the strangest I have ever known. I will tell you the curious story some day; it is a mystery of the imagination, and one that so touched my heart and awakened my curiosity that it has never ceased to haunt me."

The green, sunny fields and bowery towns of Belgium were moving past us like an unrolling picture. We had been together to the battle-field of Waterloo, had visited the famous well of Hogomont, so vividly described in *Les Misérables*, and had been to the place of the orchard where Napoleon I., a fugitive and all alone, had spent an hour in reflection after the red twilight on that field which had decided his destiny and the lines of the map of Europe. What an hour to the suddenly fallen Emperor that must

have been! What thoughts, what feelings must have come to him in that orchard, in the twilight after the sun-burst and clouds, when the god shrunk into the man! I had shared the imaginations of the place with my friend the Doctor.

He continued to answer my question, as he saw that I was so greatly interested.

"Gheel in the Campine, or open-sea country," he said, "is a place of wide horizons, of green gardens and fields, where the arms of the great windmills are always going. It is situated some twenty-six miles from Antwerp, in the province of Antwerp. Its titular saint is the Princess Dymphnea, who was slain by her father, an ancient King of Ireland, for her virtuous conduct there, at whose death or martyrdom deranged people were said to have been restored to health. A shrine arose there to commemorate this supposed miraculous healing. It is now a very beautiful church, with a long history—a place of prayers for the recovery of the insane, full of legendary lore.

"St. Dymphnea's tomb became a place of pilgrimages for the healing of deranged folk. The patients used to undergo a kind of novitiate in a house near the church, or that formed a part of it, before they entered the mausoleum.

"The town now is a state hospital, some thirty miles in circumference, where the patients are treated in cottage boarding-houses, and where wonderful cures are reported to have been wrought. You have heard the story of the Miller of Gheel?"

"No, Doctor, I never so much as heard the name of Gheel before. Who was the miller?"

"He is represented as a kind of Belgian 'Wise Man of Gotham'; he set up two windmills in the same lot, and he reflected that there would not be wind enough in one lot for two windmills, and so he had one of the mills removed.

"The strange thing about Gheel is," he continued, "that most of the patients become harmless there. As the open-air hospital is now conducted, it is one of the most successful experiments in mental healing that has ever been made."

I became intensely interested. "How, my friend, do you account for this result?" I asked, with a nervous curiosity.

"By hypnotism, in part. Gheel makes for the patients a new imagination. The

insane folk believe that they will be harmless there, and they are harmless. It is a new imagination that helps to heal in mental disease. The atmosphere of the place is quiet, and is haunted with legends of wonderful recovery. 'I am a little deranged,' said a prince who was being treated there, 'but the *quiet* here helps me.' The quiet that helps one there is not only that of the air, fields, gardens, and linden-trees, but of the hope in all faces. The afflicted people are sent there to recover, and many of them do either recover or come to have a more hopeful imagination."

I began to dream of all that the Doctor had told me about Gheel as we passed along towards Antwerp, the sunny villas and the open fields still flying past us. The partial failure of mental powers accounts for so many things that are strange and sad in life that I have long felt, though not myself a physician, a most sympathetic interest in what relates to the help and healing of the insane.

While I was thus dreaming, the Doctor said to me, "Gheel is a 'commune,' a 'kindergarten,' for those who have become children again. It leads the imagination into free air and fields."

A "commune"—a "kindergarten." I recalled the old New England traditions of tying those whose wills became weak, and nerves unbalanced and irresponsible, to bedposts and staples; of such as rattled their chains on the approach of friends, and whose cries and moans made wakeful nights in lonely houses, until merciful death brought the healing of silence; of suicides who, on account of their disease, were buried in lots apart from the common villages of the dead, and upon whose graves in old England, if not in New, the ignorant cast stones with looks of terror. "I am going to be mad," said poor George III., "and I wish that I were dead." But death did not come; he came to live at last in a padded room, and Waterloo passed and he knew it not. As said poor Charles Lamb—

for ills like these
Christ is the only cure: say less than this,
And say it to the winds.

There is no experience in life, however hard or sad, that one may not glorify by a noble sympathy. Charles Lamb was a better man for the loving care that he bestowed upon his periodically insane sister; he saw life with a clearer vision

for this experience, and it imparted to his genius and wit the grace and tone of a beautiful charity that was the love of the world.

"It is not hypnotism," I said to the Doctor; "it is the power of the human heart that has made a healing fountain of Gheel."

The high tower of Antwerp cathedral began to rise in the blue air—the "lace tower," whose chimes never cease—the crown of glory of the land and sea. We were in the city of Rubens soon, and the next day the Doctor met me in the hotel reading-room, and said,

"Where shall we go—to the Rubens collection?"

"It is a lovely day; let us go to Gheel."

"To confirm your view that the wonder one may observe there is the result of sympathetic faith in human nature, and not of hypnotism?" said he. "We will go."

It was a lovely day, and the country was most beautiful along our way. I never saw a more restful, level landscape. There is a vivid, lustrous greenness in the low countries of Belgium and Holland that, except in England, is seldom to be seen elsewhere in the world—a greenness that leads to the semicircle of the embanked sea, where everything gleams, glows, and glistens. Red poppies, like those one sees in early summer on the battle-field of Waterloo, sprinkle the airy verdure. Everywhere were blooming gardens, and picturesque peasant women at work in them. At a little distance from the city giant windmills began to appear, antique, castlelike structures, with great arms that seemed to be putting to flight some invading foe. On the level landscape, and in the clear bright air, near and far, they always attracted and delighted the eye.

The conductor on guard cried out, "Gheel!" I looked out.

"Where?" I asked.

There was spread out before us much the same broad green landscape, bright sunlight, and windmills. We passed from the car to the platform. In the distance two great churches arose, one of them seemingly in the fields. They looked like cathedrals from which the city had vanished.

Quiet? We recalled the prince who sought the influences of the place some

ten or more years ago, and said to a friend whom he met there, "I am a little deranged, but the *quiet* here helps me." There is something pathetic in the condition of one who thus understood so well his own case, and whose apprehensions must have been that he would lose control of self. His view of Gheel will be shared at once by the nervous visitor. The quiet is atmospheric—it can be felt. It is hypnotic.

The people who left the cars walked leisurely along the blooming sidewalk of a winding road. A *hôte*, as a host is called, or one who boards the paying patients, came down to the depot to meet some one who was being treated there. A *nourricier*, as a cottager who cares for the poor is called, appeared there also in a peasant frock, and went away alone. There were dog-carts in the road: there are these cheerful carts, in which three dogs do the work of a horse, everywhere in Gheel. The peasants peddle their milk and vegetables in these picturesque vehicles. The patients ride in them.

I followed the Doctor, who followed the people.

We came at last to a little town like a place in a German story-book. The houses were old, the streets clean and simple; the square was like that of "Old Antwerp" as exhibited at last year's exposition, or in 1894. Over all, like a mountain, loomed the old church.

The door of the church was open to the sun. The Doctor went in, and I followed him. It was a vision: the great crucifix hanging from the arch over the resplendent altar; the fine carvings of the Stations of the Cross; the pulpit borne up by cherubs; the pictures, decorations, and the harmony of the whole. I could have remained there for hours in the silence of such a beautiful revelation.

"We will now go to the hospital village," said the Doctor.

"Where?"

I saw no hospital—nothing that would remind one of such an institution. But the hospital there is not an institution; it is a place, a village, a hamlet.

We turned a corner at last, when there came to view a vision as lovely as that in the church. It was an arch formed by a mile or more of linden-trees. The vista was a long cool shadow in the broad fields of the sun. On one side of this avenue was the hospital, a little village

of neat brick houses, and on the other side houses of the farm folk, with thatched or straw-covered roofs, with green moss about the roomy chimneys.

We stopped, for the scene was a charm. Then the shadow of the place came into my mind. Think of the anxiety, the suffering, the flickering hopes, the long hours of despair, the sleepless nights, the thoughts of loved ones, the heart pain at the neglect of the world, the longings for life, the longings for death that does not come, that this old bowery town has seen!

"Doctor," I asked, "what is the best preventive against a diseased mind?"

"The habit of self-control in youth," he answered.

"And what is the cure?"

"A new imagination in a free life like that you may find here. Nearly all of the methods of treatment of the insane in the past have been a mistake."

Two patients passed by us. One had a cheerful face, the other seemed to be the ghost of a life. The Doctor directed my attention to them.

"At Gheel," he said, "a patient who is recovering is given the charge of one who is disordered and depressed. The method gives to one responsibility, and to the other hope; it helps both."

A little woman came ambling by with a fantastic handkerchief over her head. She seemed to be in the realm of the imagination. She stopped and dropped a courtesy.

"Have you lost your way?" she asked.

"I never was here before," I replied.

"Always keep your way when you have it, and you will never get lost." She dropped another courtesy and said: "Trouble dwells in houses. I live out-of-doors; it is good for my head. I should be well enough if I hadn't any head." She added, "Some people think that I do not know much, and I rather guess that they are not much mistaken." She had evidently used one word too many. She looked happy and ambled away.

More pleasing scenes were coming into view. The peasants were returning from some market in dog-carts. The little dogs were perfect pictures of the happiness of helpful industry.

We entered a small neat brick house, and there met Dr. Peeters, the superintendent of the Commune, who speaks English well.

"Gheel," said Dr. Peeters to us, evidently intending the information for me, "is an open establishment without walls, without gates, or any instruments of force. The patients who come here are examined, and their cases are studied in the hospital cottages; they are then sent out into the Commune, each district of which is under a medical inspector. A large number of these patients think that they are persecuted, and the *nourriciers*, or farm people who board them, have learned such control as to dispel such illusions from their minds. It is not intended that a harsh, censorious word should be spoken at Gheel."

"Nagging keeps fresh the sore of the mind," said my friend the Swiss doctor. "Let us go out into the roads of the Commune."

The Doctor led the way, and bidding good-by to Dr. Peeters, I followed him. We passed by green gardens and vine-shaded doors. We became tired at last, and sat down on a wall under the trees, near which the fans of a giant windmill were circling in the bright clear air.

"Doctor, you said that you once sent a patient here, and that the case was a very strange one."

"Her name was Lucia Van Ness," said the Doctor. "I will tell you her story, for the scene of her last hours has never ceased to impress me:—

"Lucia Van Ness was a beautiful French peasant girl. She lived near Geneva, Switzerland, in the little town of Voltaire-Ferney, near the château that contains the heart of Voltaire, and whose garden commands a glorious view of Mt. Blanc. Her mother was a widow, and the girl grew up among the peasantry, and attracted attention wherever she went by her singular beauty and grace. She was very devoted to her mother, and won the love of all people by her wit, sympathy, and charity; and yet she was peculiar. There were times when she seemed to be absent from herself, to lose the consciousness of things around her, and to live in a dream. When her mother spoke to her in these moods, she would start up and say, 'Oh, mother, where was I? I have been away.'

"An English gentleman, a wealthy bachelor of a worthy family, took a villa or château that overlooked Lake Lemán, at a place near to the widow's cottage. His name was Cyril. He was possessed

of a fine face and manner; was very susceptible, amiable, and generous; and he won the affection of the French and Swiss peasants. He liked to make picnics for these people on Mt. Salève and in the wood overlooking the junction of the Arve and the Rhone, and at one of these picnics he chanced to meet Lucia Van Ness; and, delighted with her fresh beauty and amiable simplicity, he showed her much attention. The girl immediately fell madly in love with him, and from that time her only thought seemed to be how she might see him or meet him. She would loiter about his gates to see him pass out in his carriage, and to receive the kindly recognition that he gave to those whom he knew. Her earnest face began to haunt him in his thoughts of companionship as no other ever had done. She used to go with her old mother on sunny afternoons to Voltaire's Garden, which was open to the public, and sit on the seats that commanded the magnificent mountain view. Cyril once met her there, and they passed together through the long covered arbor, among the ivies and myrtles, and curious outlooks to the vistas cut in the hedge walls.

"Her soul in that walk appealed to him. She became the vision of his love. He came to feel that his happiness in life was at the mercy of this simple and beautiful French girl, and one day he came to her cottage and said to the widow:

"I wish to see your daughter alone this evening, and to pay her the greatest honor that a man can offer to a woman. Have I your consent?"

"I would not deny my daughter a crown," said the old French lady, overwhelmed with surprise.

"That night he declared his love to Lucia. She received such a shock of joy that she fell at his feet, saying:

"This is too much! I only wish that I could die for you. I have no will but yours."

"The wedding was planned. It was to take place in one of the churches in Geneva; and Cyril was so pleased with the spirit of his bride that he wished to make the event a notable one. He bestowed upon the girl the most beautiful presents. But it was observed that she had not been herself since the shock of joy that followed the young man's avowal of his love. There were times that she seemed to forget who she was; to lose, as it were,

her identity; and to recover from the state of mental absence as from a trance or dream.

"The wedding-day came. The little village was like a holiday, all the peasant folk were so happy, and the simple French women were so proud of the bride. The bells rang out, and all hearts beat with the bells. The church doors opened, and a crowd filled the church amid pealing music and strewings of flowers.

"Cyril's coach waited at the door of the cottage, and in it the bridegroom watched for that door to open under the vines. It did not open, but the bells rang on. The bridegroom's face was framed in the coach door.

"A man, at last, who had come out of a back door, appeared in the hedge rows.

"'Why does she not come?' gasped Cyril.

"'It is awful!' said the man.

"'What is awful?' asked Cyril, with white face, leaping out of the coach.

"'Haven't they told you?' said the man.

"'They have told me nothing. For God's sake, what has happened?'

"'She has gone mad.'

"So it was. When the bells were filling the streets with joy, and she did not appear, they had forced open the door of her room, and her mother had found her there on her bed, lying in a heap, her bridal dress and veil and flowers wrapped around her. She lifted her hands and cried:

"'My brain burns; I cannot bear it! This is too much. Let me die!'

"Presently she knew no one, not even her mother.

"There was no wedding. The bells ceased ringing. The news of what had happened stopped the joyous pulse-beat of every heart. People looked into each other's faces. There were tears in many eyes. The people all gathered in the street before the door.

"Cyril rushed into the house. She did not know him. The old mother fell into his arms. He pressed her to his bosom, and said:

"'I am a man of honor, and be she mad or sane, I will marry her. She will be better soon. Oh, my Lucia, that this should come to thee!'

"She recovered slowly. Cyril became her nurse, and he privately married her.

"They were happy for some years,

when she became strange at times, and people saw that a shadow was coming. She became jealous of Cyril without cause, and her love turned into hatred. She for a time avoided him and refused to speak to him, and she then made an attempt to take his life.

"What was he to do?

"He brought the case to me.

"'Let me take her to Gheel,' I said, 'the Belgian miracle-town, and find a place there with some experienced *hôte* where she would have rest and quiet in the wide, still country, and pure open air.'

"'Yes, but she can have quiet and good air in the Alpine valleys.'

"'Her imagination is disordered,' I said. 'Gheel corrects the imagination beyond any place that I ever knew.'

"'How is that?' he asked.

"'The open air, as I said, the plain nourishing food, the atmosphere of hope and sympathy, the religious faith, the sight of restored people, all favorably affect the deranged fancy. That is the place for her. Let me take her away.'

"I brought her here. She talked constantly about the cruelty and tyranny of her husband on the way.

"Lucia's cloud began to lift at Gheel. But, as it did so, she seemed to have forgotten Cyril. He visited her, but she received him as a stranger. She recalled that she had had a husband, but she did not associate him with Cyril.

"Her mother died in these dark days, but she seemed to have forgotten that she had had a mother. Thus a year passed.

"'Did you ever know a case like mine?' she would ask, pitifully, when there came to her a dim consciousness that she was a patient here.

"There was a case at Gheel that somewhat resembled hers, and as soon as this patient began to recover, I saw in the experience a ray of hope for her. The woman was called Annie.

"I placed poor Lucia under the charge of this woman, who had been subject to like illusions. As soon as they met, Lucia seemed to become cheerful. I noted the change, and sent for Cyril.

"I recall the meeting well. Cyril came to Gheel, and following my directions he sat down upon the bank under the lindens at her hour for a walk.

"The old beauty had come back to her face. It was early summer, and the birds

were singing in the fields, and she herself approached us that day humming some scrap of a song.

"As she came up to us she stopped. She spoke to me in a very cheerful way; then looked Cyril full in the face, and said: 'I seem to have met you somewhere before. I have seen you in my *dreams*.'

"I have come here hoping to meet you," said Cyril. "Do you not know me?"

"She stepped back; her eyes swam with tears.

"Then you do pity me, don't you?"

"Yes, Lucia."

"And you will undertake my case?"

"Yes. What case, Lucia?"

"You will protect me from him, from *him*. I do not seem to remember now; from him who was my enemy. They used to say that he was my husband, or something like that, but he was not; he never was. I feel sure that you will protect me. Will you come and see me at the cottage?"

"The two went back to the cottage hand in hand. They talked long and lovingly together, and as they parted, she said to me:

"I am happy again. This man has promised to be my protector."

"Day after day Cyril went to see her, and many were the long walks that they took under the lindens.

"One day I met her, and she touched my arm and said,

"Doctor, I have a secret to tell you. It makes me so happy. *I am engaged*."

"Engaged? To whom?"

"To Cyril! It is a good engagement. He has a true heart, and if there be a heaven, it was paved in gold for such as he."

"He is a true man," said I.

"Yes, he is a true man," she added. 'And he will be good to me.'

"He surely will."

"May I go away with him?"

"You may. That would be a wise thing to do. I know Cyril. He will always be good to you. I am glad that you are going away together."

"Cyril had courted his wife again, and had again received from her the promise of her love.

"I honor the man who is true to his wife under all conditions and circumstances in such a case of irresponsible mental affliction, who suffers from her and with her, and whose heart never for-

gets the vow at the altar. His experience will ennoble his life, and make the vista of it an everlasting support for his own infirmities.

"Cyril called in a priest one day, and he joined the hands of the two, and blessed them, and told them that they were husband and wife.

"Ten years of happiness passed in this newly wedded love, and then the poor woman withered, and one day she lay dying.

"Cyril, I am nearing the gates. I have been looking out on the Alpine glow; it is the last time. I had a husband once, before you. My mind became weak, and a darkness came into it; I was not myself—I did not treat him well. It hurts me now to think of it. I did not treat him well. He was good to me, but I was not myself."

"Lucia, what was his name?"

"His name was— I have tried to remember his name. It comes to me now. His name was Cyril—like yours. He lived on the borders of Lake Lemán, near Geneva. I loved him. We used to walk together in the garden of Voltaire-Ferney. Did you ever know him?"

"Yes, Lucia, I know him well."

"Cyril, come here. I did not treat him well—I was not myself. You do pity me, don't you? Could you find him and send him to me? Is he near?"

"Yes, Lucia"

"Then go, Cyril, go. Send him to me. I want to tell him that I was not myself, that there came a great darkness upon me and I was lost in life. I can die easy then. God knows that I have done the best I could in life! You do pity me?"

"He left the room. As he was going out, she said,

"Send him alone."

"He presently returned. She put out her hands.

"You are Cyril, my old husband long gone. I can see that you are. Do you remember the picnic on the Salève, and the garden, and the lake?"

"Yes, Lucia, I remember them well."

"The bells rung. We did not marry then; but you were true. You loved and pitied me. I turned against you—my mind lost its power. I was tempted, and I did not know. You will forgive me, won't you?"

"It was all overlooked long ago.

There was nothing to forgive. You were sick.'

"Go and call Cyril.'

"He went out, and came back again.

"He has forgiven me, and now I forgive everybody; and may God forgive me! I am going; I feel life leaving me. You have been true to me. He was true, and you have been true, and I did the best I could in the darkness. Go and call Cyril again. I want to see you both. You both have been true.'

"He left her, and presently returned, and stood in the door.

"You are Cyril. Both of you are Cyril? I see now; both of you are Cyril, and you have been true. Oh, this is too much! I am too happy to bear it; I do not deserve such happiness as this. I am going fast.' Her face brightened. 'Cyril, do you remember Gheel?'

"Yes, Lucia, and the gardens and the fields and the windmills.'

"And the linden-trees. I was healed at Gheel; only my memory was not left right. Do you know what it was that healed me? It was Annie's hand. *She* had been like me, and she could feel for me. In cases like mine it is sympathy that saves. You brought Annie to me.

"How serene and happy I was when healing came and I used to walk under the linden-trees! I can hear the winds

there now, and the ripple of the leaves, and all the birds singing.

"I can feel Annie's hand still. Let me take yours. I am faint; I am going now. Take me by the hand once more. The bells are ringing; there will be no disappointment there, where I am going.'

"She breathed feebly.

"Cyril, I can feel your hand. It—is—growing—dark, but I can feel your hand, and you have led me all the way in the sunlight and in the shadow. Your heart is beating in your hand, and, Cyril, oh, Cyril, I am so happy in the shadow, your—hand—has—been—true.'

"They carried her body back to the little village on Lake Leman, and the old French bell that had rung out for her wedding tolled forty times; and the peasants stripped the roses from their gardens and covered with them the new earth of her grave."

The story told among the lindens of Gheel that whispered of hope in the green garden of the sands of the sea had for my ears this simple interpretation: the power of the human heart to make a better imagination is one of the most transforming influences of life. This is the lever of uplifting hands everywhere, and this is one of the secrets of the miracles of beautiful Gheel in the Campine.

"EINST, O WUNDER!"

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

HERE in the sun the thrushes sing;
Here in the sun the tulips shine;
White clouds wander and wet leaves swing—
Where is the shadow of Winter's wing,
And where this sorrow of yours and mine?

The long, long years and the twilight way
Close in a mist of the sun's own gold;
Youth is lord of the world to-day—
Only the early dews are gray;
Only the last year's leaves are old.

With youth's wild heart and with youth's wet eyes
We wait once more what the hour may bring,
Young once more with the woods and skies,
Rich with the sun's gold—rich and wise—
O Wind that blows from Paradise!
O strange soft-whispering Wind of Spring.

THE FUTURE OF RAILROAD INVESTMENTS.

BY W. A. CRANE

MILLIONS of dollars are invested in railroad properties in the United States. Bond and stock issues, representing this enormous accumulation of capital, are held in every quarter of the globe where investments are made. The return on this investment has gradually been reduced, and at the present time is at the minimum rate. Through expansion, reorganization, and refunding, stock and bond issues afloat have been enormously swollen, while the return in interest and dividends has tended gradually toward a lower level. The refunding of the New York Central and Lake Shore debts is one of the most important events in recent financial history, but it means more to the future of all railroad investments than the mere saving in fixed charges to these two companies.

Railroad companies in the United States now paying high interest rates are, in the main, companies which are financially strong. Weaker companies have been relieved of many of their high-rate interest bonds through bankruptcy proceedings, instituted once or, in some cases, twice during the past ten or fifteen years. Solvent companies, many of them, are paying interest on bonds issued twenty or more years ago, when 7 and even 8 per cent. per annum was the rule.

Below is a carefully prepared tabulation of high-rate interest bonds of leading railroad companies in the United States, maturing in the next six or eight years.

No. 1.

	Principal.	Interest.	
		Present Rate.	At 3 1/2 per Cent.
8 per cent.	\$13,884,000	\$1,110,720 00	\$485,940 00
7 per cent.	312,987,785	21,909,144 95	10,954,572 48
6 per cent.	264,897,889	15,893,861 84	9,271,419 12
5 per cent.	98,966,849	4,948,342 45	3,463,889 71
Total..	\$690,736,323	\$43,862,068 74	\$24,175,771 91

In this table bonds bearing from 5 to 8 per cent. are included. The annual interest charge is given, together with the interest charge computed at 3½ per cent., the rate at which the New York

Central and Lake Shore debts are refunded.

To refund these issues at 3½ per cent. would mean a yearly saving of \$12,686,297 43; but these figures by no means represent the amount of high-rate interest bonds outstanding.

Table No. 2 shows the aggregate of stock and bond issues of leading roads and systems in the United States, embracing 138,680 miles of road, over three-fourths of the total mileage of the country. The classes of bonds are given, and the percentage each class bears to the total.

No. 2.

		Per Cent.	Total United States.
Miles	138,680	..	179,821
Stock	\$3,512,830,811	..	\$5,182,121,999
(Bonds.)			
8 per cent.	12,159,400	.8
7 per cent.	455,912,564	11.5
6 per cent.	980,198,964	23.6
5 per cent.	1,268,918,767	31.8
4½ per cent.	294,508,500	7.5
4 per cent.	846,865,963	21.5
All other	148,482,060	8.8
Total bonds..	\$3,941,826,197	100.0	\$5,640,942,667

Of companies embracing 138,680 miles of road, 11.5 per cent. of the funded debt bears 7 per cent. interest; 23.6 per cent., 6 per cent. interest; and 31.8 per cent., 5 per cent. interest. In 1878, 48.3 per cent. were 7 per cent. bonds, and 44.6 per cent., 6 per cent. bonds—93 per cent. of the total issue. At the present time two-thirds of the total bonded debt bears 5 per cent. interest or more. The total annual interest charge is \$199,215,000. At 3½ per cent. the interest charge would be \$137,946,417—a yearly saving of \$61,268,583, equal to 2 per cent. on the stock.

In table No. 3 the classes of bonds given above are divided so as to show the better class of companies—roads that have not been through bankruptcy—and the weaker class.

The table is interesting chiefly as showing the higher rate of interest borne by

the strong companies. The strong companies are paying 7 per cent. interest on one-fifth of their total funded debt; the weaker companies, 7 per cent. only on one-twentieth. The strong companies have relatively a smaller amount of 5 and 6 per cent. bonds outstanding than the weaker companies, and about the same of 4 and $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. The lower-rate bonds issued by the strong companies represent new issues made in recent years for improvements; the high-rate interest bonds represent issues made twenty or more years ago.

No. 3.

	Strong Companies.	Per Cent.	Reorganized Companies.	Per Cent.
Miles	68,393	..	75,382	..
Stock	\$1,483,938,078	..	\$2,028,897,733	..
(Bonds.)				
8 per cent.	6,659,200	.4	5,500,200	.2
7 per cent.	345,625,732	20.4	109,598,752	4.9
6 per cent.	286,115,243	16.8	644,073,711	28.7
5 per cent.	477,808,662	28.2	776,110,115	34.6
$4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.	190,726,000	7.1	173,732,500	7.7
4 per cent.	413,734,858	24.4	433,121,104	19.3
All other	45,031,191	2.7	103,450,359	4.6
Total bonds	\$1,695,695,926	100.0	\$2,246,680,271	100.0

The total amount of 8 per cent. bonds that mature in the next five or six years, as shown in table No. 1, is \$13,884,000. The total amount of 8 per cents. outstanding for the companies included in table No. 2 is \$12,159,400. The aggregate of 6 and 7 per cent. bonds maturing in the next few years, as shown in table No. 1, is \$577,885,474. The total amount of 6 and 7 per cent. bonds of roads included in the statement of strong companies is \$631,741,025. The Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy has outstanding bonds bearing 7 per cent. interest to the amount of \$31,557,000; the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, \$31,720,000; and the Chicago and Northwestern, \$46,514,000. It is mainly the bonds of these strong companies which will shortly mature, and which, by reason of the financial strength of the companies issuing them, can be refunded at a very low rate of interest.

To refund these bonds at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. will mean an enormous saving. The annual saving to the Lake Shore road by the refunding of its debts, on the basis of the company's report for 1896, will be \$1,290,000. The bonds to be retired aggregate \$43,442,000; they mature at varying periods up to 1903. The annual saving to the New York Central will be \$1,044,760. The bonds to be retired aggregate \$70,377,333, and mature at vary-

ing periods up to 1905. In place of the \$43,442,000 of the Lake Shore bonds, \$50,000,000 of new $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds will be issued; and in place of the \$70,377,333 of the New York Central bonds to be retired, \$85,000,000 of new $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds will be issued.

The money saved to these companies by reduced fixed charges will be absorbed in other directions; it may be at first in improvements or in larger dividends on stock, but whatever the earlier disposition of this money, it will ultimately be absorbed in reduced charges for transportation. A study of transportation statistics covering many years shows that to be the certain end. It is the same with all companies—those considered to be conservatively managed as well as the others. The tendency of all railroad rates is constantly toward a lower level. Competition gradually carries the rate down. Only where competition has been stifled do rates remain stationary. The pursuit for traffic between competing lines is extremely active. Every consideration except the determination to get business is thrown to the winds. The rights of stock and bond holders—if they have any—are wholly disregarded. The stronger companies financially are in much better position to hold their own in this race, but the financial weakness of the others does not in any way retard them in keeping up with or leading their competitors. The result may be bankruptcy, but the friendly protection of the courts is always at hand, and unlucky stock and bond holders can be compelled to submit to reorganization, no matter how drastic the terms.

The effect of this competition is reflected in table No. 4. This table shows the

No. 4.

	1895.	1890.	1880.
New England..... (3)	1.479	1.493	1.440
Trunk, East..... (4)	.615	.675	.870
Trunk, West..... (5)	.631	.666	.843
Southern..... (2)	.441	.543	1.059
" "..... (3)	.877	1.011	1.600
Granger..... (4)	1.033	.954	1.390
Southwest..... (2)	1.241	1.543	2.431
" "..... (4)	1.038	1.097	1.600
Pacific..... (3)	1.030	1.275	2.180
Total..... (31)	.787	.850	1.280

average rate per ton per mile, for the years mentioned, for certain leading competing lines, in different sections of the country, or of roads having similar classes

of traffic. The figures in parentheses opposite the title of each group indicate the number of roads or systems included in the group in this comparison.

In the New England group are included the New Haven, the Boston and Albany, and the Boston and Maine roads; with the trunk lines, East, are New York Central, Erie, Pennsylvania, and Baltimore and Ohio, and West, Michigan Central, Lake Shore, "Big Four," and other competing lines; in the Granger group, St. Paul, Northwest, Burlington and Quincy, and Omaha; and in the others the same class of roads.

The figures for 1880 cover the same roads, except as to the Southern, Southwest, and Pacific groups, where combinations since made make it impossible to carry the comparison back to that year for all the systems; but in the main the figures are for the same roads, and afford adequate means for comparison. On all roads the reduction is from 1.290 in 1880 to .850 in 1890, and to .787 in 1895. On all classes of roads there has been a reduction, except the New England.

The average rate per ton per mile of the Lake Shore road in 1895 was .561, .07 below the average rate of the roads of the same group. In 1890 the average rate was .626, .04 below the average of roads in the same group that year. Apportion the saving in the annual interest charge to be effected by the refunding of the company's bonds between the passenger and freight earnings, on the basis of an equal percentage of saving in the average passenger rate and the average freight rate per ton per mile, and the freight rate of 1895 would be reduced from .561 to .532.

Apply the same calculation to the earnings of the New York Central. This company will save in fixed charges by the proposed refunding \$1,044,760. Apportion this so that the saving in the passenger rate will be at the same ratio as the freight, and the rate per ton per mile on freight will be reduced from .729, the rate per ton per mile in 1895, to .701. Both of these roads are important lines in the class to which they belong. They control a large percentage of the tonnage of all roads in their class. A lower rate means a larger traffic—much larger, in

fact, than it was in 1895, which was a year of depression. In computing the rates on the basis of the reduced interest charge incident to the refunding of existing bond issues no allowance can be made for the larger tonnage, but with a larger tonnage the average rate would be still further reduced.

A saving of \$19,686,297 43 by the refunding of the bonds included in table No. 1, printed above, would ultimately mean the same thing to the roads concerned. The stronger companies are in a position to take advantage of this saving. In the race for traffic they can meet the competition of the weak roads. Restriction of competition by combination may enable all to secure sufficient revenue to meet all charges. The effect of partial restriction is illustrated by the conditions existing in the New England States. There the traffic is controlled by a few lines, and the effect is seen in the average rate, which was a trifle lower in 1895 than it was in 1890, but higher in both years than it was in 1880. The stronger companies have secured control of the weaker, and while traffic has increased enormously, the average rate charged is maintained at a point where it will provide sufficient revenue to cover all charges.

Partial reports of earnings and charges of some of the companies reorganized since the latest reconstruction period show that one or two of these companies, even under the severe conditions imposed by reorganization, are not now earning fixed charges. This is in part due to the depressed condition of all business, which has curtailed all traffic. But reorganization was in part, at least, based on the restricted traffic of the past three or four years. Improved business was expected to bring about improved conditions in earnings. Business has slightly improved, but the change has not been reflected in improved earnings, because of the reduced rates, which, in the competition for such traffic as there is, all roads have been forced to accept. With some roads better able to meet this competition than others, in consequence of reduced fixed charges, rates must go lower, or combination become so effective that every company can earn fixed charges.

NOSTALGIA.

BY RICHARD BURTON.

ALL through their lives men build or dream them homes,
Longing for peace and quiet and household love;
All through their lives—though offering hecatombs
To worldly pleasures and the shows thereof.

And at the last, life-sick, with still the same
Unconquerable desire within their breast,
They yearn for heaven, and murmur its dear name,
Deeming it, more than mortal homes are, blest.

THERE AND HERE.

BY ALICE BROWN.

PERHAPS Ruth Hollis was no more conscious at one time than another of her loneliness and heart-hunger for Rosamond Ware, the friend of her childhood, and, indeed, her entire life. It was an ever-present pain—not poignant now, but grown into that emptiness of loss which attends a broken kinship. Ruth had lived for her thirty-one years in the standstill, colonial-flavored town of Devonport. Rosamond, on the death of her father, mother, and two brothers in the space of a week, had gone to Italy to be with an older brother, a man with a jangled body and a tempered artist soul. That had not been altogether desirable, for the very fineness of his nature imposed its limitations, and he exacted much, even while he gave. She had been there eight years, from month to month prophesying her return, but never being quite able to effect it. Her unwilling feet would not drag themselves back to America. She longed for it, she brooded over shivered associations with a passionate regret, but when the moment came for clasping the lax link again, cowardice shot up in her and cried off. Her grief was poignant enough already; when she thought of voluntarily sharpening its edge, the apprehensive nerves rebelled. The house at Devonport had been given her by will, and now it was standing exactly as the family tragedy left it. The unworn garments in the closets could hardly fall more absolute prey to mice and moth; they were in

ruins already. But daily the dust and mildew of time wrote a sadder record on the blurring page, and the inexorable master of all spurred himself to show what havoc he could compass, left to his own cruel will. Again and again Ruth wrote her friend, begging her to have the house opened, aired, and cleaned; not for the sake of thrift only, she urged, but because the place was dear to both of them. There they had played together at mimic living, and loved and dreamed after living began. It was her home too, according to spiritual tenure, and she had a right to speak. But Rosamond always answered, "Not yet!" Time had rent her web of life, and she was still too selfish to enlarge the rift made in the nature of things.

One late twilight, in an ice-bound spring, Ruth was wandering about the rooms of her own home, setting them in order by an observant touch here and there, and making ready to close the house for the night. The rest of the family had gone, on sudden summons, to spend a day or two with an uncle twenty miles away, whose prodigal son had come home, and who thus bade all his accessible kin to the rejoicing. Ruth, for no tangible reason, had been disinclined to go; as the day drew nearer, her unwillingness increased, and at the very last she refused entirely, promising to spend the night and the next day with Aunt Barnard, a mile's distance out of the town. The two maids, having been given sudden

holiday, had already fastened their domain and departed. Ruth meant every minute to follow them, but the house so wooed her in its simmering afternoon warmth that she still lingered and dallied with her purpose. The fires were dying safely down, but there was a red glow in every room. The scented geraniums were sweet from the windows, and the stillness seemed benignant. At length, unable to conjure up more excuses for idling, she did get on her hat and cloak, and stood fastening the last button before the front window, where the snow lay dead white, and the great chestnut-tree stretched gaunt arms against the darkening blue. She stopped, with an arrested motion, in putting on her gloves. Some one was coming. It was a woman, walking very fast, yet very lightly, with a buoyant motion Ruth seemed to know. She wore a flowing cloak, and a great hat with a long feather. Ruth watched her with a tightening at her throat and a straining of the eyes. She came nearer, stopped, and waved her hand. It was growing dark so fast that a tangible veil seemed falling between them, but Ruth was sure she smiled.

"Rose!" she called wildly from the window. "Rosamond! Rosamond!"

The woman nodded. Ruth tore out of the front door, dropping her gloves behind her, and ran down the path. Now the new-comer was laughing, and Ruth felt a sudden passionate relief at the sweet familiarity of the sound. She began to see, in that instant, what her loneliness had been. She sobbed a little.

"I don't believe it," she whispered. "You are not really *you*!"

"That's your impudence," said Rosamond. "As if I'd take the trouble to be anybody else!"

They were walking into the house together, side by side and hand in hand. Ruth never knew whether they had kissed or not. It was quite likely they had not, for Rosamond was an elusive creature, who held that there are few moments when the soul is the better for the body's sacrament. Inside, the dark had fallen thick.

"Let me get a lamp," said Ruth, again with a little sob of joy completed. "I want to see you."

"No, Grandmother Wolf, not to-night. You're going over to the house with me."

Ruth turned back from the table and let her match burn out.

"Not to-night, dear," she entreated. "It's cold. It's—awful! You would break your heart."

"Ah, say yes!" coaxed Rosamond, in her old spoiled fashion. "Just to step inside and see whether we want to stay. Just to peep in. Why, Ruth, it's *home*!"

But while she spoke she was at the door, and Ruth was following her, saying, martyrwise:

"You'll have your way, of course. It's to be expected; but I do wish you wouldn't. Wait till morning, Rose. Only till the fires are built."

Rosamond laughed lightly and happily.

"Not an hour. Not a minute. Come, shut that door, and race me to the old stump. No letters in it now."

The door banged behind them, and they ran together down the frozen drive. Rose was mad with glee. She sped like a stream of darkness, softly, glidingly. She was first at the stump, and she staid there till Ruth came up, panting.

"Over the crust now," she laughed, in a bright exhilaration. "Come! come!" But though she ran in little dashes, and waited between, Ruth, making what shift she could to follow, crashed through and gave it up.

"Come back!" she called. "You're a fay. I'm a good twenty pounds heavier. That's according to precedent. Don't you see, it won't bear?"

But Rosamond skimmed back like a leaf, and then they went on soberly, side by side again. Ruth kept turning to look at her.

"You certainly are changed," said she; "but, oh, you're so pretty! You've got a radiance! You seem to shine! Are you my old chum?"

"Your old chum, your pal in vulgar moments, your Rose to keep."

"Then don't you wither!"

Rosamond laughed again, with that thrilling undercurrent more significant than mirth.

"I may be transplanted," said she, "but wither, no! See the little twigs pricking through the crust! Hear the tips of the pine-trees talking! Oh, what a world! what a world!"

"How you enjoy! Exactly like your old apostrophes, 'hot and hot'! You're the most universal lover I know. You're the moon that looks on many brooks.

Berries? How ever do you manage to see them in this light? But then, you always were owl-eyed and cat-footed."

It was only a short stretch of road to the Ware homestead, and then a long driveway wound up through the grounds. There the thick evergreens, untrimmed for many years, so encroached upon the way that they half sheltered it from snow, and made it still accessible. Rosamond kept darting into the fir woods, to return laden with news.

"Do you remember how we used to gather cones and burn them on the Anvil Rock? The pines are full. And the hollow locust where we found the squirrel's nest? Nobody has touched it since that day, and his greatest-great-grandson lives there now. Do you remember how we used to do up nuts in our hair, and sit under the tree to let him pull them out? The hepaticas on the bank are in such a temper—you can't think! They're waked up and ready to sprout, and there's no encouragement."

"That's according to the light of the spirit. Even you can't see under the snow, Sharp Eyes!" Ruth spoke from the dreamy acquiescence born of full content. She knew quite well that they ought not to be going by night into a deserted house, but Rosamond's assurance had lulled her will to sleep. She was penetrated by the wonder of seeing this dearest creature in the world, whom she had pictured broken and desolate, so light-some and free of care; she had no thought beyond the happy relief.

The last sweep of the driveway brought them out in front of the old house, spacious and still imposing, though so evidently the subject of a lingering death. Ruth paused an instant, not daring to look into her friend's face, and only guessing what grief must be painted there. But Rosamond dropped her arm and ran up the steps alone.

"Welcome home!" she called, blithely. "Welcome! Why do you wait?"

Ruth had stopped now in a detaining after-thought. "We're simpletons," said she. "The key is at the Daytons', where you left it. That's a sign we're not to go in. Come back, dear, and wait till morning."

But Rosamond held her place. "Come up here, doubter," cried she. "When was anything lost by trying? The oracle appears because you have previously be-

sieged the shrine. Come on! There, now. Shall I lift the latch? Shall I?"

It yielded with the old familiar click, and the great door swung open. Ruth gave a joyous little cry.

"You witch, you've got the key already!" She put a hand on Rosamond's cloak, in gentle suasion. "Let me go in first. Please! I can't bear to have you feel how cold it is, with no one to welcome you. Why, it's light!" An airy intangibility of warmth and fragrance poured out upon them like a river delayed and eager. The odors were familiar and sweet—a mystic alembic made of the breath of flowers, but so fused that you could never say which was heliotrope and which the spice of pinks. They made up a sweetness bewildering to the sense. "Oh!" she cried again; "enchantress! Merlin and Ariel in one!"

Rosamond shut the door behind them. The spirit of a delicate witchery was playing on her face while she led the way into the front room on one side of the hall; this had been the family meeting-place and talking-place in days gone by. It lay there smiling, in happy renewal of the past. A fire flickered on the hearth with the burgeoning of new flame above old embers. The tall clock ticked in measureless content. The firelight seemed to fill the room. Ruth drew a long breath of rapturous recognition.

"How like you!" she murmured. "You came days ago, weeks ago! You put it all in order—for me. But the intention isn't all. Somebody else might have thought of it, but nobody could have done it."

"So you like it? Then I'm glad."

Two chairs were ready before the blaze. They threw off their wraps, and sank into the accustomed places. They sat for a time in silence, while the clock ticked.

"Do you remember—" began Ruth.

"Yes; that was the last time we were here together. I was telling you, over and over again, that the lonesome house would kill me. I behaved like a child—an ignorant, untrained child."

"I won't hear you blamed. You were beside yourself."

"I was a child," repeated Rosamond, conclusively. "I can't imagine any one so ignorant, so pathetic in ignorance. I told you death denied the laws of life. I could only think of my mother in her coffin. I was a savage."

Ruth turned and looked at her in the firelight. Her face lay soft and lovely under a very happy seriousness. She seemed absolutely serene, with the well-being of out-door things, the pine-trees, and the snow.

"Rosamond," said her friend, impulsively, "have you got religion?"

Rosamond laughed out. "You are so droll!" she answered at once. "I might as well ask, have you got air in your lungs? Have you?"

"But you're so changed, and for the better. You've grown."

"I had to grow," said Rosamond, whimsically. "Part of it at a jump! But let's not talk about finalities. There's one thing I meant to write you about. I made my will, two months ago, and left this house for a home for tired women. It's to be called the Margaret Home—for my own mother, you know. It's to be for middle-aged, tired women: their very own, so that they can come here from the cities and rest. I have named you executor, but I wanted to speak about it, too. There's nothing in particular to say, for you would always know how I should like things; still, I thought it would be well to mention it."

Ruth drew nearer, in sudden fear; but the firelight, still playing over Rosamond's face, only brought out the wholesome tints of ruddy cheek and clear gray eye.

"You're not going to die?" She spoke with that poignant, foolish alarm ever "hid in the heart of love." Rosamond smiled straight into her eyes, and her strength and beauty seemed to diffuse a certain power like beams of light. Her voice thrilled through the ear to the heart:

"I'm not going to die. I am safe, contented, happy."

"I've often thought," began Ruth, hesitatingly—"I have hoped you would marry. I never expected you to be serene, a lone stick like me. You have such an appetite for joy! How could you be contented with that one glory left out?"

Rosamond did not answer at once, but the peace of her presence still made itself felt, and Ruth was sure she had not proved her too far.

"That is one of the things I meant to tell you to-night," she began, slowly, as if she had some difficulty in making her phrases fit. "It was not left out. Three

years ago I met some one in Italy. He died, and so if I— In any case, I should never have married." Her voice was still musical and unmoved, and Ruth looked at her in amazement. There seemed to be nothing to say. Rosamond went on, broodingly: "You will be glad to know how perfect it was. We understood each other from the first. Whatever it may mean to say, 'I am yours—you are mine,' was true for us. It was when that feeling came that I began to understand life a little better. It was my alphabet. I never spoke about it to you because he died so soon after we found each other. And I didn't take it well. Then I was a child too." For the first time some remote sadness crept into her voice—a tinge of regret for a beauty missed. Ruth could not answer; she was beginning not to understand. Her friend seemed to speak from the state of one charged with a knowledge not to be shared.

"However," continued Rosamond, rousing herself and calling back her former lightness, "it's absurd to wish we had been better and braver and sweeter. What's done is done, and now—the winter is past, the rain is over and gone."

Ruth dared probe her no further; she felt invisible barriers.

"Is this another of your witch ways?" she asked, with a groping return to the tangible. "Flowers everywhere? I've been speerin' through the dark and naming them. That's golden-rod in the big jar at my feet; asters, too. Those are columbines on the mantel, and you've put mignonette and heliotrope on the table, just where they used to stand. Do you carry the magic lamp? In my day florists never brought the seasons quite together like righteousness and peace."

Rosamond put on a merry disdain.

"Magic lamp!" quoth she—"a kitchen cupboard full. You might as well learn now that lamps seem magical only when they're out of place. Come, old lady, isn't it your bedtime? Do you still go when it's dark under the table?"

"Yes, but not to-night! Still, I suppose we ought to be getting home. I hate to leave this fire. At least, let's take some of the flowers with us."

"With us, forsooth! We're going to stay here."

"No, child; not in mildewed beds! I draw my line at that."

Rosamond took both her hands and drew her up from the chair.

"Come and see!" she said. "The ocular proof! I scorn to argue." She led the way out into the hall, and up the broad worn stairs. Ruth followed, like a child.

"I'm a coward, and you know it," said she. "But to-night I'm not afraid. I wouldn't have believed I could be induced to stay till this hour in a deserted house with only sweet you to protect me. But here I am, and here 'I means to stick,' if you say so."

The spacious hall above was peopled with playing lights and moving shadows. The clock on the landing ticked with ancient peace. The firelight came smiling and beckoning from the two opposite rooms at the head of the stairs. Ruth, speechless, stepped into one chamber and then the other. The fires blazed opulently; the beds were ready, turned down in the V shape both girls had learned from their mothers; it seemed to belong to their childhood together.

"Are we going to stay here?" Ruth cried. "Here together? Why, it's like Christmas! It's like heaven!"

"Into bed with you! I'm going down, but I'll come back again presently and tuck you up. And—if you lie still, like a good little lady, I'll tell you a story."

Ruth began throwing off her clothes in haste.

"Rosamond," she called blithely after her, "cover up the sitting-room fire. We forgot the fender."

So much of life is a barren gleaning after the true harvest! Little broken impressions, scintillæ of feeling, stay floating about in the memory, and happy is he who can fit them into some sort of a patch-work when days are bare again. Ruth was never so happy, so well content, she remembered afterwards, as when, with an absorbing delight in physical well-being, and a charming sense of the new and absolutely desirable, she made ready for bed, stopping here and there as she moved about the room to greet some ancient treasure with a murmur of delight. There was the red cow with one horn; they had milked her daily in other times. There were the wax flowers they had tried to imitate; but, alas! poor little handmaids, because they worked surreptitiously, with the curious secre-

tiveness of childhood, they had no instruction, and no material save the beeswax in their mothers' work-baskets, chewed into wads by their patient teeth. There, oh joy! was Miranda, the oldest doll of all, with her abbreviated skirt and long pantalettes, sitting woodenly in a corner, quite unmoved by this strange, bright resurrection. Ruth gave her a kiss in passing—a passionate kiss for the sake of former days. She took a handful of sweet-pease from the bunch on the mantel and dropped them in Miranda's lap. Joy was cheap enough to share. Then she slipped into bed and waited. Rosamond came. She placed a chair by the bedside, and seating herself, drew Ruth's hand into hers.

"Once upon a time—" she began.

"Did you cover up the fire?"

"It's all right. Once upon a time there was a little Child, and he was always crying because he didn't know the difference between Here and There. He was always hating to be Here, and longing to be There. So one day a Strong One came and said to him, 'Come, you Silly Thing, you may go There if you want to.' And he set him on a feather of one of his wings and took him There. And There was a place you couldn't imagine if I should describe it to you. The best I can do is to say it was all flowers, and living odors, and pine-trees, and clear sunlight, and sweet winds. It's a place where everybody can be tucked up at night—"

"What makes you have any night?" asked Ruth, from her doze. "Have it all day!"

"Leave out the stars, the night dews, the counsel of the leaves! No; we must have night There. But There black is just as lovely as white; so it's all one. And the Child was happy at once, but the Strong One smiled, and said to him: 'It is always so. They are all happy at once, and they might have been before, if they had had eyes to see that Here is There and There is Here.' And the Child said—" But Ruth was soft asleep and breathing peacefully, and Rosamond smiled with great tenderness. Ruth remembered afterwards that Rosamond bent over her once to kiss her on the eyelids, but only to check herself and to draw back among the shadows.

The late moon was regnant in the chamber when she came broad awake.

Rosamond was standing over her, one hand on hers.

"Oh, what made you wake me? what made you?" she cried, quite querulous in her loss. "I was dreaming such a dream! I was in a place I never saw—I can't describe it—I'm forgetting it now. But they were telling me something; the one thing, you know, that explains everything." She sat up in bed, and tried to grasp at the fleeting memory. "It's gone!" She was near crying as she said it. "I almost had the words, but they won't stay."

Rosamond paid no attention.

"Hurry!" she whispered. "Get up and dress. We are going over to your house now. Come!"

Ruth sprang out of bed, and mechanically laid hands on her clothing. She hesitated for a moment to study Rosamond's face.

"You're not frightened?" she asked. "What is it?"

"I've let you sleep too long, that's all. Don't question, my dear one. Come!"

She did, indeed, look pale, but something so sweet and comforting still hung about her and the smiling room that Ruth was not afraid. It did not come to her till afterwards that somebody—an alien somebody or something—might be in the house. Rosamond gave a quick little movement of relief when the last hook was fastened. She had Ruth's hat and cloak on her arm, and she pressed them upon her in eager haste. Then she threw her own cloak about her, and drew Ruth down the stairs. Ruth forgot to step cautiously lest they be heard; she remembered afterwards how her boots clicked, and the rustling of her dress. The fire still flickered in the sitting-room, and the air of the house exhaled a summer sweetness. Rosamond threw open the front door to an icy breath; she parted her lips and caught at it in sobbing relief.

"Ah," she sighed, "that's good!"

The door closed behind them, and they hurried away down the path. Rosamond swept on like a shadow, her cloak billowing behind her in the wind. A picture flashed before Ruth's vision of their coming, when they had hurried in play; now their haste was tragic.

"Rosamond!" she called, with all the breath left in her, "you've forgotten your hat. You'll get your death."

"Come! come!" called Rosamond, over her shoulder. "Hurry! hurry!"

"Then give me your hand. I can't keep up with you."

"Not now!"—her voice came back like a dying sound on the wind. "Hurry!"

They ran like fleeting clouds. Ruth was capable of more than she could have believed; but, fast as she sped, Rosamond was ever before her, a shapeless dusk in the moonlight.

"There, you mad thing—" Ruth began, as they reached her own door, but the urgency of haste clung to her, and she could not finish. She fitted the key to the lock and stood aside.

"Go in," breathed Rosamond, faintly.

"Go in, dear one, dear one!"

Ruth stepped over the sill, and the door closed behind her. She turned and tugged at it with a sudden sense of loss. It would not yield. She put forth all her strength. "Rosamond," she called, "push! I can't move it!"

When the door opened, Ruth looked out on the sterile dusk of the early morning. The moon had gone down, and the earth seemed mourning her. And no one was there. She bent forward into the darkness. "Rosamond," she said. "Rosamond!"

There was no answer. A rustle came from the one oak-tree in the yard. Then there was silence, for the wind had died. In the midst of her gathering alarm a strange peace, a sense of the sweetness and naturalness of the world, fell upon her like a charm, and she smiled out into the darkness as if it had become a friendly face. Then, in serenity of soul, she thought it all out. Rosamond was ever a sprite; now she was playing her a trick. She had gone into the shrubbery to hide. Call, and she would not answer; leave her unnoticed, and a moment would bring her tapping at the window. She shut the door and went in. The rooms were still warm, though the hearth fires had died; and she took a fur cloak from the hall in passing, threw it about her, and sat down by the window to wait. And as she waited, the same lovely content of the evening stole over her again. She closed her eyes, and to a purring sense of spiritual warmth the dream began where it left off, and she learned the secret which explains everything. But she never could remember that dream.

She started awake with the sense of

some one in the room. The fire was blazing up over new kindling; the sun lay warm on her shoulder. Her mother stood there, and the maid was bringing in wood. Ruth rubbed her eyes and worked her way out of her wraps.

"What a sleep!" she yawned. "Oh, I remember. But what made you come home?"

Her mother was looking at her very sadly. She took Ruth's hand. "I had to come," said she. "We've had bad news, and I didn't want you to hear it from any one else. Ruth, you must be brave. Rosamond died yesterday. They wired her aunt Amy from Italy."

Ruth regarded her with straining eyes. Then she began to laugh.

"My poor child," said her mother, beginning to rub the hand she held. Ruth drew it away.

"You mustn't, mummy, you mustn't," said she. "Don't be sorry for me. It isn't sad. It's lovely, only you don't know it. There's been a queer mistake. No, I won't tell you. Just come with me and I'll give you a surprise. Here's your shawl. Put it on." She threw it about her, found some gloves and pressed them upon her. Life seemed very dramatic since last night's prologue. She drew her mother along in merry haste; but at the door Mrs. Hollis left her for a moment to step back into the kitchen and whisper a word to Nora:

"Watch the way we go, and tell Mr. Hollis to follow us. Tell him I can't explain, but he must come."

Then she went out where Ruth was waiting, tapping her foot impatiently, and scanning the path, the shrubbery, the road, lest she be caught herself by her own surprise. She ran an arm through her mother's, and hurried her down the walk. When they passed the stump post-office she laughed again; but her mother's quick look of pain recalled her.

"Poor mother!" she said, in a demure coaxing. "Wait a bit, and you'll laugh too. So Rosamond is dead?"

The tears came fast down her mother's cheeks.

"Yes, dead," she said. "You don't realize it."

Ruth tried hard to be serious.

"Not yet," she assented. "Just now you're realizing for two." They were rounding the curve of the drive. "But I don't see any smoke! The thriftless

thing! she's let the fires go down." They mounted the steps together, and Ruth, in happy assurance, laid her hand upon the latch. It did not yield. Her mother stood looking wildly down the drive, and praying for her husband to come. Ruth, her self-possession inexplicably overthrown, was beating at the door.

"Rosamond!" she was calling. "Oh, Rosamond, let me in! Don't be cruel! Let me in!"

"Dear, come home," said her mother, crying bitterly. "Come home."

Ruth knelt and tried to look through the key-hole. She sprang to her feet.

"I'm going in," she said. "I will go in."

She ran round to the side piazza, on a level with the long windows, opened a blind, and broke a pane with her hand. The blood dripped down on the glass. She turned the fastening, threw up the window, and stepped in, and her mother followed. The room was dark, save for the light from that one window, for all the other blinds were closed. She ran up to the clock and looked it in the face. It was dead and still, the impassive hands pointing stolidly to a lying hour. She laid her hands upon it, as if to shake it into life. The dust lay thick over table and chairs. She threw herself upon her knees before the fireplace and thrust her hand into the ashes. They were cold.

"Mother!" she cried out, piteously.

"Mother!"

"Come home, dear, come home!"

Ruth rose to her feet, sick with wonder, yet reanimated by one last hope.

"Just a minute!" she implored, and ran up the dusty stairs. The door of her own sleeping-room was closed, but she flung it open and walked shudderingly into the darkness within. The bed was unmade, with only a mildewed cover over the mattress. A mouse fled silently across the floor, a swift brown shadow. Where was the china cow? Where was Miranda? With a throb of premonitory knowledge she threw up the cover of the trunk near the bed. There lay the doll, on orderly rows of playthings packed away for doomsday; they looked as if they might have been there years.

Her mother had followed her, and Ruth turned about, trying to smile.

"I begin to understand it now," she said. "I'll go home. You mustn't think

"I'm crazy. I'm not." They descended the stairs together and crossed the deserted sitting-room. At the window, Mrs. Hollis paused before stepping out.

"I can't understand it," she said, musingly. "The house isn't in the least musty. It's as sweet as a garden. Sweeter!"

Ruth stopped short, arrested by the

truth. The odors of the night were all about her, and as she stood there accepting them, great peace and the sense of security fell upon her like a mantle. She began to smile.

"And they might all be happy," she said to herself, "if they could only remember that There is just the same as Here!"

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

POSSIBLY a large number of readers will take seriously Mr. Edward Bellamy's latest book, *Equality*. Possibly he has come to take himself and his work seriously. It was evident that his former book, *Looking Backward*, which had an enormous sale, was begun as a literary lark. The author had published two or three very ingenious psychological stories, and was encouraged to pursue this line of fantastic adventure. The book began with a preposterous situation, suggested seemingly by About's romance of "The Man with a broken Ear." The hero was put in "cold storage" for a century, and then awakened in the era 2000. For a time nothing interfered with this bizarre and funny conception. The world to which the preserved sleeper awoke was as much out of human experience and probability as the accident that brought him there. Granting the premises, no flight of fancy was inconsistent with them, and the skilful writer was free to construct a world to suit himself and amuse his readers. Unfortunately, however, midway he seems to have been carried away by his own dreams, and have convinced himself that they were true and capable of being realized, and that outside of his fantastic conception of what might be, the whole world was a hideous mistake. How much the writer was masquerading it was impossible to say. But the reception of the book convinced him that he had struck a bonanza. The appeal of the book was not so much that of the Apocalypse of St. John, showing a better country—that is, a heavenly—as it was to the ever-present discontent inhering in human nature. Now discontent

is a noble condition, the mother of all progress, but only so if it is guided by reason to the attainment of the possible. Otherwise it is only a way to misery and personal deterioration. And of all quick riders to destruction the swiftest is discontent mounted on a false theory of life. Guided by mixed motives, the book became a curious jumble of amusing prophecies of inventions and transformations and of socialistic nonsense. But Mr. Bellamy's description of the society which his hero retired from into his cellar was as fantastic as the description of the society into which he awoke, so that the reader could not tell whether the writer was principally intent on a literary sensation or whether he meant to be a social agitator.

In *Equality* he has declared himself, and though he keeps up his cold-storage invention, he probably wishes to be taken as a guide and prophet combined. Mr. Bellamy has many qualities as a writer that are as admirable as his qualities as a man. He has a lively fancy, the command of a style that is clear, forcible, engaging, and commonly readable, and he has, or had, a nice sense of humor that should have saved him from many absurdities. Popularity has had, however, the effect on him that it has had on many contemporary writers—of making him take himself very seriously, which induces dictatorial assertion, founded not on sane and wide observation of life, but upon the nursing of an individual fad. From the author's preface, which says that he is constrained to write this book because he was not able to put into the former all that he wished to say, we expected much that should be new. There is very little new in it, very little addi-

tion even of those paradisiacal conditions about which we all like to speculate as the future of mankind. The reader of the former book will be disappointed. *Equality* is a socialistic tract, long, and rather thin. And it is dull. Patience is required to read it through. We do not mean that it is written in a dull way—on the contrary, it is well written; but it is tiresome in its endless repetition of the proposition upon which the doctrine of “collectivism” rests. Its temper also is impaired. It is in the main a diatribe upon those called the “rich,” with an unconcealed scorn of priests, political economists, learned professors, and all men prominent in the world who do not accept the theory of “collectivism.” It is not a book to win thinking men, who require that assertions should be based upon trustworthy statistics or upon conditions universally recognizable. But it is a book to affect visionary or queerly educated brains, and the discontented who accept as true anything put forward in the form of statistics, and positive statement as argument. The book is addressed to the spirit of revolt. And the ingenious author seems to think that the best way to attain universal brotherly kindness and the reign and religion of “humanity” is to excite the most rancorous hatred of class against class.

The author's statement is that all evils of the modern world arise from the present method of the production and distribution of wealth; that no theory of political economy is worthy of the name which permits of private profit in production or distribution. It is the item of “profit” that on the one hand limits production, and on the other cuts off the capacity of consumption. Profits, rents, and interest give superfluous wealth to a favored few, and reduce the vast majority of mankind to the condition of toiling, starving slaves. The remedy is economic equality, which should logically follow our theory of political equality. This can only be brought about by the abolition of the capitalist, who is a sort of distinct monster who has somehow got possession of all that is valuable on earth. This remedy can be enforced by “collectivism,” that is, by having the state take possession of all real and personal property, all the means of production and distribution of materials, and give to every person in the community the same

and an equal share in all that is produced. In order that thrift or economy shall not be rewarded, and so produce inequality of possession, a certain credit is to be given each person at the beginning of the year, and if it is not all drawn at the end, the remainder is withdrawn and passes into the general fund. If any one has been extravagant in the use of his credit, and is in want before the year is up, he must be taken care of by his friends. The government owns everything and employs everybody, and allows the same compensation for all sorts of labor; that is, everybody works on public account, and receives from the state the same yearly amount, in all occupations. The argument is that by this equal partnership the amount of production, not being limited by the “profit” the capitalist can make, will be vastly increased, and that the capacity of consumption will increase in proportion, so that there can never be over-production or a glut in the market, and that want and poverty will disappear. The author illustrates the theory of “profit” by the following parable: Certain rich men obtained possession of all the springs of water in a certain district, and built a reservoir in the centre of the town. Then they compelled all the other people of the district to carry the water from the springs in buckets and empty it into the reservoir. They paid for this one cent a bucket. Then they charged two cents a bucket to the carriers (who were the people) for every bucket of water they used. Consequently the consumers could not afford to pay two cents where they received only one, and the consumption lessened, and the people suffered, and the reservoir overflowed (over-production), and the water was wasted. Clearly it was the “profit” on this water transaction that killed the whole community. This is Mr. Bellamy's concrete statement of the conditions of modern life. One would like to know how much this literary inventor is amused by his success in getting a sympathetic response to this sort of twaddle.

All of the suffering and misery and most of the crime in the world are directly traced to this element of private “profit.” In order to eliminate it, it is only necessary to establish economic equality. This is accomplished by a simple process. The government gradually takes possession of all property, of all the means of produ-

cing and distributing wealth, of all industries, public and private service, and of the whole machinery of education, and also of charities, if charity should be any longer needed. The result of the application of this simple doctrinarian formula is amazing. In the year 2000 the millennium has arrived. The application of science to human needs, now no longer hindered by greed for private profit, is so stimulated by equality and the enthusiasm of humanity that it has made miraculous progress. Quick transportation in the air and on land makes every place the centre, and the congestion of the cities is ended. There is, for instance, a continuous park from Boston to the Pacific Ocean. The telephone and the phonograph and the electroscope bring the sounds and the scenes of the whole globe into every man's residence. There are no more rich and no more poor. Crime has practically disappeared; for, with economic equality, with less or more work, there is no temptation to theft or fraud. The few "incorrigibles" are shut up for life. (This is about the only sensible suggestion of the book.) The state having charge of all physical and mental education, every one is well educated, and trained into almost physical perfection. Every one is so well educated in knowledge of himself that the profession of the physician is as superfluous as that of the lawyer. The religion of humanity has made such progress in bringing in brotherly love that churches are little needed, and with the disappearance of sects there seems no room for clergymen. There is left a God, who is defined in one place as the Greater Self. The rule of Fashion is absolutely over, and women dress very much as men dress, and all wear paper clothes, which are sent back to the factory after one or two wearings, so that the state does not need to maintain a laundry. The houses are furnished with no hangings or stuffs or carpets that cannot be renewed day by day (thus there is no place for germs), and when a room needs cleaning, the hose is turned into it, as if it were an immigrant car. There is the most marvellous change in the condition of women. They are all healthy, and all as strong as men, and able to endure the same amount and kind of labor. Being economically independent of men, they are mistresses of themselves, and there is no longer any worry about the

theory of Malthus. The author is, however, a little foggy in his treatment of marriage and of children. He lacks the courage of the German socialists, who see that marriage and the family are the basis of property, and logically strike out all marriage. But the intellectual change brought about by the elimination of "profit" is more surprising than the physical and moral. We are introduced to a class of girls and boys who discuss the profoundest questions of government and political economy in language every bit as good as that used by Mr. Bellamy himself. We are not sure but these children have inspired Mr. Bellamy.

In order to heighten the attractiveness of the Paradise of which he dreams, the author paints the present society in the blackest colors. There are a few rich selfish people; all the rest are slaves, either hangers-on of the rich or in abject suffering. All the labor-saving inventions of modern life have only deepened the misery of the masses. There are evils enough in the world, and there is injustice enough. It is easy to point this out. But Mr. Bellamy's picture is as fantastic of this society as it is of the year 2000. Mr. Bellamy seems to forget that there is any design in the universe and any overruling Providence. It always seems as if, under the rule of man in evolution, the world were going to the dogs. But every era since Christ came has been better than that which preceded it. Take the item of labor-saving machinery. The Lancashire district in England is black enough and pitiful enough, but the condition of the individual weavers is much better than it was in 1830, when these miserable creatures worked in their unwholesome cottages and gained only a pittance, and wanted all the alleviations and opportunities which an enlightened humanity now brings to the meanest of them. We are always in a transition state, and there is much misery still, and much cause of alarm and of heartache; but we are all slowly, and with many setbacks, working into a better condition. Every human being in a civilized society is or may be, but for his vices, better off than he could have been fifty years ago; that is, he has more of that which gives value to life. We cannot here go into this matter. It must suffice to say that the author's "statistics" are untrue or perverted, and that to any reader of sense

the picture he draws is, with many recognizable details, monstrously false.

Equality is a mischievous book, because it tends to divert the attention from the serious and awful social and political problems we have to solve, and which we should go at like men and Christians, to the dreams, the impossible fantasies, of feather-headed socialism. The evolution of the world to better conditions is slow. There is not much, perhaps, that any one man or any one generation can do in the steady advance. But it is none the less the duty of every one to address himself to that which is attainable. We must have better men and women before we have a much better world. And human nature is not going to be essentially changed by any economic formula.

Mr. Bellamy has been misled as to his vocation. He has a gift to amuse the world and add to its gayety by writing fairy-stories.

II.

In our vigorous remodelling of methods of education of the very young, attention is called with renewed interest to children's books—that is, books written for children. They are mainly a product of modern times, and their manufacture has grown to as great proportions as that of the wonderful French and German toys. The toys and the books profitably occupy the time of a great many clever and ingenious people, and employ much adult labor and a vast amount of capital. The toys rather have the best of it so far, and probably do less injury, for they increase in complexity and ingenuity, and it is getting to be difficult to produce a child who is intellectually up to the complicated toys that are put into his hands. Many of the toys are more interesting to adults than to children. And again, it may be doubted if children ever put their deep affection so much upon a boughten as upon a domestic toy. The tendency with children's books is the other way. The notion of the writers is that the books must be written down to the level of the infant mind. They have succeeded. They have got below the level of any kind of mind. They are as mediocre and almost as commonplace as half the novels that are bought and read by adults. Is domestic twaddle, because it is printed, of service to any mind, young or old?

It is admitted that the best education a child receives is from the daily intelli-

gent conversation of superior minds, and that the most belittling is the common household tattle and commonplace talk of every-day life, with never an idea beyond the petty personalities of unawakened minds. Is it to be supposed that a book that is not above this level of the commonplace will be any more stimulating or helpful to the child's mind than the ordinary talk it hears? But there is a difference in children's books? Yes. Some are vapid. Some are vicious, being highly spiced with suggestions of lawlessness, even of crime. Some are mawkish, premature suggestions of coquetry between the sexes. Some are faithful transcripts of what children do and say. And these are pretty poor stuff with which to feed a hungry mind or to awaken a dull mind. In one sense the most injurious of all children's books are those commonly called the best, written by popular authors, and often eagerly read by children. They are not always altogether sentimental, and they are called "wholesome," but they are trivial. The child may read them forever and get no intellectual impulse out of them and no real mental awakening. They excite no desire to read anything better, any real literature. There are stories which have been immensely popular in this country, and been read by generations of girls, which have only served to increase the number of commonplace minds. The books are well enough morally, and written often in a sprightly manner, but they have not the least inspiration in them, and cultivate neither the imagination nor the reasoning faculty. The cultivation of the imagination is the great thing for children, for this enables them to see life not in its flatness, but in its roundness. Girls brought up on petty domestic books get their minds enfeebled in the process, and find it laborious to become interested in any real literature. Children have an instinct for what they need, and hence their avidity for folk-stories, fairy-tales, and legends. The office of these is to stimulate the imagination.

The ponderous Dr. Johnson lived when the attempt to dilute the minds of children was just beginning to be made, and he characterized it with his usual directness and good sense. In that inexhaustible and wholly charming store-house of anecdote and entertainment, *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, edited by Birkbeck Hill,

there is a record of Johnson's disapproval of putting Newbery's books into the hands of children as too trifling to engage their attention. "Babies," he said, "do not want to hear about babies; they like to be told of giants and castles, and of somewhat that can stretch and stimulate their little minds." They like genuine stories, and a genuine story has always a strong flavor of human nature or some supernatural lift in it. It is quite true that the young mind wants the stories put into simple language, without superfluous flourishes—just as the signs used by deaf-mutes discard everything that does not directly produce the image to the mind. The signs approach the linguistic simplicity of *Æsop's Fables*. And this necessity for simplicity is the apology for some of the books written specially for children—that is, the class represented by Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, and prose tales from Homer, and generally the Greek legends and the fairy-stories and mediæval narratives, half supernatural. The "reductions" of good books for the use of children are, however, on the border-land of the admissible, and in most cases it is better for the children, as soon as they can read easily, to read *Shakespeare* and a good translation of Homer, or have them read to them. If the real things are not put into their hands they will read something, and go on and enfeeble their minds with the attractive volumes that are prettily illustrated, and require not so much mental effort as the conversation at a little girls' tea party. The result of reading endless volumes of this sort, that have flooded the households of America and England in the last generation, has been to incapacitate the minds, especially of girls, to take hold of and enjoy good literature. Doubtless it is to the influence of such books, absorbed in tender years, that much of the present demoralization of taste is to be attributed. The seed has been sown for two generations, and the fruit is seen in the sort of reading that is preferred by most young men and women. I believe that there are influences at work to change this taste—the liberal education of girls in colleges is doing much in that direction; but the reform, in order to be radical, must begin in the common schools and in the very early years in households.

It was a very unfortunate suggestion that there needed to be books written for

children. My impression is that, taken altogether, they have done more harm than good. It is not treating the little ones fairly. No doubt they need guidance in the wilderness of books of this world, and to have many things explained before they can comprehend and enjoy them, but they enjoy the same things in substance that we do—not everything, but many things of primal importance. And the enjoyment of these few good things they can comprehend is the gate to the enjoyment of all good literature. The gate is not the "Little Twaddle" books. They recognize a genuine thing almost as soon as we do. Mark with what eagerness they heard and read the stories of "Uncle Remus" and Kipling's "Jungle Books," turning their backs upon the fictitious twaddle of little Joe and little Lucy and the impossible goody-goody children of recent years! Stories about children are one thing; stories merely for children are quite another thing. We and all healthy-minded children are at one in our admiration of the Grimm stories and the Andersen stories, and of every bit of folk-lore and every legend that is touched with creative imagination.

A malicious person might make another observation on the effect of the children's books. There is a sort of boomerang movement about them. He might say, looking at a considerable product of the printing-press, that we are well come up with: we have been long writing for children; now the children are writing for us.

III.

What is to be said about *The Martian*, Mr. Du Maurier's latest, and, alas! his last? Is it a book? Is it a novel? Is it a biography? Is it an autobiography? Is it written in English, or in French, or in French-English, or in English-French? What would Lawrence Sterne have said about it? By what rules shall it be judged? How did the author produce it? Is this really the "Blaze," glorified shorthand, that he and Barty invented? Is it made with a pen or a brush or a conjuring-stick? Whatever it is, it is *original*. Can an original thing be accepted? Furthermore, it is a complete revelation of the dear personality of Du Maurier. Take it for that for the moment. And what a fascinating personality!

EDITOR'S DRAWER

SERENA GOES A-BLACKBERRYING.

BY MILDRED HOWELLS.



SERENA lay back luxuriously in her hammock, watching her aunt knit, while her shadow, coolly attired in white duck, stretched his long limbs on the piazza steps.

It was one of the warm days of early September, when lingering Summer refuses to abdicate her throne, and still holds her lazy court. Serena's aunt was not lazy; she sat very up-

right, and her knitting-needles clicked reproach to all idlers.

"I can't think just what it is I want," Serena observed, thoughtfully. "I only know that I want it very badly and at once."

"Perhaps it's a soda lemonade," suggested her shadow.

"Or an occupation," her aunt seconded, dryly.

"No, I don't think it's either of those," Serena reflected. "What I really want are blackberries."

"It's a pity you didn't think of them before Thomas started for the village," her aunt commented.

"Yes; but I won't be foiled by a mere lack of Thomas. I must have some, if I have to go blackberrying myself," and she rose firmly from the hammock and shook out the folds from her gown.

"In my day," her aunt said, "we didn't consider muslins as particularly appropriate to brambles."

"Poor aunty, what painfully practical days they must have been!" Serena sympathized, and then vanished in search of a basket, while her aunt knitted on in unrelenting disapproval. Presently Serena reappeared, armed with a small basket, and a large shade hat covered with pink ribbon and roses. "The great thing in life," she announced, "is to know what you want, and the next greatest is to have it at once. I think I shall find what I want on the

way to Riverdale," and she stepped gayly forward in that direction.

"Do you mean blackberries?" her aunt inquired, with malicious innocence, while the shadow rose and prepared to follow Serena.

"What else should I mean?" Serena retorted, with counter-innocence, starting down the garden path. "I am filled with an unreasonable, irrepressible desire for blackberries, which must be gratified at once."

"May I carry your basket?" asked her shadow, when they reached the road.

"I'm not quite sure whether you were invited on this expedition or not," Serena objected, with becoming candor.

"No, I wasn't invited, but I came. Coming is, after all, the main thing."

"Are you fond of blackberries?"

"Passionately; there's nothing in the world I like better."

"Oh!" Serena demurred, with an incipient pout.

"Few things, I mean. Where do you expect to find them?"

"I don't know exactly, but along the road somewhere."

They walked on in silence, the dust rising in little yellow puffs from under their feet.

"Don't you think it's rather hot and dusty here?" suggested her shadow to Serena. "Let's go into the pine woods."

"You forget," she said, turning severely on him, "that this is a blackberrying expedition. If you don't like it, of course you can go back."

"Oh, I do! Only, I thought— Well, there are things I prefer to blackberries."

Serena smiled. "There's nothing that I like better," she declared, cheerfully.

"Not even yourself?"

Serena lifted her chin a little and looked at him from under drooping lids. "Do you think it's quite safe to say that sort of thing to me?" she asked, with the velvety softness of a leopardess.

Her shadow shrank visibly. "No; it isn't really safe to say anything to you, nor even to look at you. Of all heartless, unfeeling—"

"Oh," Serena sighed, resignedly, "if you're going to begin that sort of thing, I'm afraid you'll have to go back. I'm much too interested in blackberries to listen to it."

"Do you ever listen to me?"

"I don't know; I may, sometimes, by accident."

The shadow ground its teeth, and Serena went gayly on. The tangle of vines and bush-

es along the road-side was growing wilder; golden-rod and asters garlanded themselves over the bank, and here and there a sumac rose with its upper leaves aflame.

"This begins to look more promising," she declared. "I'm sure we'll come to some berries soon." Her shadow preserved a sulky silence, and she continued, with a little laugh, "Do you remember how we used to go berrying when we were small?"

"Vaguely."

"I do, very distinctly. You always ate your berries on the way home, and I generally succeeded in spilling mine every time we climbed a stone wall. We never used to quarrel then."

"We don't quarrel now."

"You mean that it's all my fault?" she asked, sweetly. "Well, perhaps it is. Only, in that case, why don't you renounce me?"

"Do you want me to tell you why?"—with sudden intensity.

"I—oh—I think I really see a blackberry over there," and Serena darted swiftly across the road. "No, it's only a red leaf, after all. How disappointing!"

"Serena, are you a human being or a butterfly?"

"That," she replied, cheerfully, "is exactly what I can never decide. Sometimes I feel sure I'm a butterfly, and then again I'm so miserable that I know I must be a human being. It would be simpler to be all butterfly, wouldn't it?"

"It would be simpler for me."

"You always consider yourself first," she objected.

"If I didn't, I'm sure no one else would."

Serena nodded thoughtfully. "No, nobody would."

"You wouldn't, for instance?"

"Do I never show consideration for you?" she asked, with tender earnestness.

"Not very often—do you? If I asked you, now, to sit down on the bank under that tree and listen to me for a while—I have so much to say to you—would you do it?"

"I don't know," Serena answered, watching the point where the distance faded into the horizon. "How can I possibly decide until we reach the tree—"

Serena's aunt was sitting on the piazza, freshly dressed for dinner, and still knitting, when Serena and her shadow, both dusty, travel-worn, and flushed, came straggling up the garden path in the late afternoon light.

"Well," asked her aunt, from the vantage-ground of the piazza, and conscious of her superior neatness, "did you find the blackberries all you had expected? You must have picked quite a mountain of them by this time."

Serena and her shadow paused simultaneously in the middle of the path, and both gave a hasty downward glance at the basket, while Serena vaguely repeated, "Blackberries?"

Then her shadow stepped boldly forward and faced her aunt. "Blackberries!" he said, derisively. "Did you think we, either of us, went for blackberries?"



THE SANE POET.

LET Klondike mines to others go, with all their
fabled ore.

Let others golden fortune seek upon the Yukon's
shore.

I know a mine that holds for me a surer vein of
gold

Than any Klondike "placer," with its hunger and
its cold.

One need not take his life in hand to win my
store of pelf.

One need not elbow others to advance the cause
of self.

One need not travel far from home, to suffer and
to freeze,

To win the fortune I can gain in quiet and in
ease.

One need not sleep on adamant, exposed to storm
and wind,

And delve into the mother-earth for what he'll
chance to find.

One need not run the risk of thirst, of famine,
and of woe,

To gain the treasures that are in this spot of
which I know.

And so I'll join you never in your fortune-seeking
train,

And in the end I'll have far more than half of
you will gain.

I'll never scar Sweet Nature's face for millions—
largely naughts—

But work the mine she gave me as I scratch my
head for thoughts.

CARLYLE SMITH.



AN EMPHATIC REJECTION.

"There's that pretty Miss Smart."

"Yes. I understand she has just given Richer the mitten."

"It was worse than that. She did it so emphatically, he thought it was a boxing-glove."

ALL THAT WAS NEEDED.

RASTUS was like most other Southern darbies, full of good-humor and wit. One of his chief possessions was a worn-out jaded mule, and Rastus was never happy unless boasting of this "wonderful animal," as he called it.

One day the sheriff of the town, in a joking way, remonstrated with him for loading his mule too heavily.

"Ise done loaded dat mule heaby, sah? Why, sah, I's owned dat mule for years, sah, an' I's neber yet exhausted de possibilities of de animal."

"But, Rastus, he's getting old now, you know, and you shouldn't load him so."

"Massa Sheriff, youse don' know dat animal. De load dat mule can tote am wonderful. Ise know'd dat long-eared son of a gun so long, sah, dat I's long ago furgot to know when Ise furst know'd him. Yes, sah; and Ise neber yet know'd his cap'ibilities. Ise load dat mule too heaby? Why, dat mule kin tote dis yere world?"

"Oh, come, Rastus. That's impossible."

"I's right, massa, anre."

"Rastus, I am going to make you prove that."

"I's willin'."

"Well, then, bring along the mule to the green, and I'll get some witnesses."

Rastus, the mule, the sheriff, and a number of people were soon gathered on the green.

"Ise want two stakes, sah," which were quickly procured. "Now, if one of youse gen'emans 'll drive dose stakes in de ground, 'bout ten feet apart, Ise 'll do de trick."

The stakes were driven into the ground as directed, and then Rastus called his mule.

"Goloshus," he cried; "come here, sah!"

The mule paid no attention, and one of the bystanders remarked, "He don't seem to respond, Rastus."

"Gwine away. W'at youse know 'bout dat mule?"

Goloshus, however, after a great deal of addressing on Rastus's part, was finally persuaded to walk between the two stakes, and Rastus, looking him in the eye, said: "Youse lie down on de ground: does you heah me?"

The patient animal, after a tug on the rope bridle, keeled over and flopped to the ground.

Rastus proceeded to tie a rope around the mule's body and to attach an end to each stake. Then grabbing each of the fore feet he pulled them up into the air, causing the poor beast to roll over on his back.

"Dere, sah. Dat mule am ready to do de trick."

"But, Rastus," replied the sheriff, "I don't see that he is carrying the world."

"Dat's strange, Massa Sheriff; de world am strapped to 'im back. If youse 'll give dat mule somethin' to walk on, he tote dis yere world sure 'nough!"

MIKE'S LEGACY.

MY friend Mike was section foreman for the Railroad. He held the position for twenty years with credit, and some profit to himself. One morning, while looking over the paper, I was electrified to read that he had fallen heir to one and a half million dollars, through the death of a brother in Arizona.

A few days later I met Mike equipped for a journey. A silk hat swathed in crape adorned his head; he wore a sack-coat that had not benefited by free wool; his hands were "cased up" in gloves that made them look like the danger flag he had waved so often; a pair of tau shoes covered his feet; his smile was as broad and comprehensive as a Populist party platform: it was, however, kept in decorous subjection, so as not to indicate too clearly the wearer's deep satisfaction over the demise of a millionaire brother he had not seen for a score of years. He felt the necessity of an explanation, and said:

"Chairles, oi'm on me way to Arizony afther me le-gassey. Arrah, poor Pat! The lasht toime oi seen him phwat an illigant black oye he gave me! and now, bedad, oi've black on me hat. Say, Chairles, phwat d' ye t'ink av ut?"

"Of what?" said I.

"Oh, shure, the hat. Aiu't ut a daisy? Look at the glooves on me hands! shure they slupake for thimselves. And me dhude shoes! Ye didn't t'ink ould Mike could blaze ont loike this, did ye? And shure, Chairles, the ould mon behaved dacent. Oi wint up to see him, and he says, says he, 'Phwat can oi do fer ye, Mike?' And oi says, 'Kape the sietion in as good shape as oi have, sor, or, bedad, oi'll give up bein' av a millyonaire and take ut mesel.' 'Shure it's a hard job ye do be lavin' me,' says he. 'Divil the mon oi know can do thot. And now here's passes fer ye to Arizony and back. Accpt thim with the compliments av the road ye've served so long.' Shure there's no dacent-er mon than the old felly."

Later I received a marked copy of an Arizona paper, noting the arrival of "Col. Michael McCue, of Kentucky, who had come to take charge of the estate of the late Patrick McCue." Some months later still, while out hunting, I crossed the railroad track near a gang of section men. The foreman was evidently out of humor, and in him I recognized my friend Mike.

"A hair's-briidth to roight. Aisy, now. Howld on, ye wreckers; d'ye want to put in a thirty-degra curb on a straight loin? Thot'll do ye. Shtop, oi say! Howly Moses! Don't ye know whin to shtop? Now, will ye gintle-men obloige me by bringin' thot thrack out av the woods and puttin' ut back on the roight av way? Thot'll do ye, now. Oi want thot j'iut raised the half av wan inch, and moind ye, oi don't want to put a trissle under ut."

"Hello, Mike!" said I. "What does this mean? What has become of all that money?"

"Phwat money?" he asked.

"The Arizona legacy," I replied.

"Oh, is thot phwat ye maue? Well, ye see, Chairles, it was a shlotk-dividind le-gassey. Divil a ciut changed hands, savin' phwat oi paid out mesel'. Ye see, when oi met ye in Louishville oi was on me way to Arizony, and oi says to mesel', says oi, 'To the divil wid expines! shure Pat's money pays the bill. Oi'll take a shlapay cair.' So when oi raiched the dippo oi walks up to ould Braass Buttous, and oi says, 'Does this cair go tro to Arizony?' 'Not quite,' says he; 'she shtops at Saint Lonie.' 'Oi want wan iud of her,' says oi. 'The parley?' says Buttous. 'Yees,' says oi. 'It'll casht ye a tin,' says he. 'Divil the care for thot,' says oi.

"Wid thot oi got aboard. Oi say, Chairles, was ye iver on the insoide av wan av thim? Shure aiu't they corkers? No use talkin'. Thot man Pullum knows his business. The coon marches me into the parley. 'Thin oi took off me shoes, as they ware hurtin' av me fate, and oi says, 'Let her go, George; oi'm riddy.' And, begob, she did go. Thim shlapay cairs are great things. Ye can ate, shlapay, dhrink, and shmoke in wan av thim.

"Oi was falin' illigint, sittin' there on wan av thim red satin sates, and me fate on t'other, and all thim solid gould fixiu's ginglin' ferinist me. Afther whiles Braass Buttous called on me in a social way, and oi paid him the tin, and he gave me a resait fer ut, and thin oi let that coon bate me out av ut. Me ould poipe was too robusht, so oi calls the daarkey, and oi orders some av thim all-Haveny sagares that Pullum has made in Sout Chacaga. Afther a while he comes in, and says:

"'Will de Kernal order his dinuah?' maniu' mesel'. And oi says, 'Phwat have ye?' He run over t' mauo—shure thot's phwat he called ut—and oi says, 'Could tong, haird-boiled aiggs, bread, butther, and caffey.' 'No vigitable?' says t' coon. 'No,' says oi; 'oi've got wan av yer sagares lift.' Shure the cosht av that male aqualled three days' pay on the sietion. But, thinks oi, poor Pat's money pays the bill, and oi lived on the bist in ould Pullum's laboratory all the rist av t' way.

"Now, Chairles, plase take your pincil and a bit av paper, and oi'll give the cosht av me le-gassey up to the prisint toime. Shure oi want to know the sum mesel'. Could tong, forty-three dollars—yees, that's phwat oi said. Vigitable, sixty—wan dollars. Ye put ut down as oi tell ye, and plase don't be interraptin' av me. Oi know thot, but, shure, wasn't oi there? Phwat did oi do with thim? Shure, oi ate some and oi shmoked some. Bhos-tou baked banes and sagares, av coarse. Didn't oi till ye phwat ould Braass Buttous sid? Shure oi changed cairs ivery morniu' at two av the clock. Shoinas, twilve dollars. Thim dhude shoes came near breakin' me—the cosht av the parley, fifty-two dollars. Oi had to kape up the shtoile. And now oi'm in Arizony—the divil fly away wid ut!

"The firsht t'ing oi called on the praste. A

slick ould Mixican he was, too. Oi give him sivinty-foive dollars to pray poor Pat's soule out of purgatory. Chape enough ut thot, if he'd done an honest job. Me lyar man, a hundred aven up; sarchin' the ricords, twinty more; hotel in Arizony, two days, thirty dollars; tin days, foive dollars. No, oi've not got thim mixt. The first two days oi thought poor Pat's money paid the bill; the lasht tin it was me own. You see ut makes a dale av difference. Chaze and crackers, sivinty-foive cints. Oi don't care fer yer 'Ah-ha!' Shure oi know me business.

"The le-gassey amounted to several billyan dollars. No; oi mane phwat oi said. All uv ut in minin' stocks, and the ould divil himsel' couldn't locate the mines; no more could his childrin, the wans that had the shtock printed.

"Well, ye see, Chairles, oi was so glad to get out av Arizony that oi did not t'ink much av the disappointmint. A betther land av good intintions doesn't lay above ground than thot same Arizony. Just as oi was lavin', that ould Mixican praste come a-smoilin' and a-rubbin' av his two hands together, and says, 'Michael, ye'll have to give me a tin; yer dear brother Pat do be out av purgatory, all savin' wau fut.' 'Which wau av thim?' says oi. 'The lift wau,'

says he. 'L'ave ut there,' says oi; 'ut's cork'; and so it was, Chairles. And now oi've told ye all, phwat's the footin'?

"How did oi get back? Shure didn't I tell ye the ould man gave me passes fer the round thrip? Well, ye see, oi didn't take a parley-cair comin' back. Ye have all the money oi spint on the boul thrip.

"Am oi falin' bad? Arrah! divil the bit, now oi'm back in me ould place on the siction. If ye'll coom out some rainy day, oi'll show ye me le-gassey."

C. W. HOWARD.

THE SMALL BOY AGAIN.

JIMMIEBOY having once seen his father opening a bottle of soda, highly charged, called upstairs to his brother recently to come down and witness a repetition of the event.

"Hi, Buster," he called, "put on a bathrobe and your rubbers, and come down. Pop's going to open a bottle of soda-water."

The same lad on a rainy day not long ago started in to while the hours away by reading the *Encyclopædia Britannica* through.

"Well, my son," said his father, "how do you like it?"

"Pretty good," was the answer. "Algebra's slow, but alligators is bully."



A STELLAR FRACTURE.

"Who broke this pane? I'd know his name," the angry master cried.
 "It must have been a shooting star," these clever rogues replied.

IMPORTANT DAMAGE CASE.

"FINALLY," said Mr. Bush, "the railroad company gave this here Pugsley \$500 to leave town and settle on a rival line, and it 'ud been money in the company's pocket if it had done it sooner. When Pugsley got at a petit jury on a damage case agin a corporation, the courthouse janitor always just sent out and got a bale of pocket-handkerchiefs for the twelve men, so's to save the floor from getting all sloppy. The sheriff knewed that Pugsley was reg'larly bound to make 'em cry 'fore he got through with 'em. 'Silence in the court!' the judge used to holler; 'the jury musn't cry out loud. No. 4, stop that boo-hooing!'"

"Pugsley was the making of one of our citizens, and that's Old Man Knight. The old man goes 'round now with his hair sticking out a hole in his hat and his shoes tied up with bits of wire, but when Pugsley was here he wore a hair-tight hat and congress gaiters. The old man just *couldn't* go near the railroad without something happening. 'Fore he'd ride ten mile his thumb would get caught, or his toe nipped, or *something* would happen, and there he was. Pugsley would take it up, on shares, of course—and the jury, a-swabbing its eyes and a-wiping its nose, would find for the plaintiff. It begun with the old man's sorrel hoss. In his prime that hoss was prob'ly worth \$12. There was a gradal bear movement in the hoss till he got down so's he was worth consid'able less than nothing. He just stood in the stable and et his head off from day to day, the old man being too lazy to dispose of him. Finally he took sick, and then the old man seen he'd got to do something, so he led him away down the railroad track, his intention being to shoot him. Somehow a train struck him and killed him, and the old man come back tickled because he had got out of the job. Pugsley heard of it, went to the old man, told him he had been outraged, took the case, sued the company, and the jury, all vet a-looking at the picture of a poor, helpless feller-citizen, whose family nag and sole support had been snatched away by a heartless corporation, brought in a verdict for \$200 damages.

"But the biggest case Pugsley ever pulled off was when the company busted the old man's back. You see, the old scoundrel was the lazi-

est man that ever tired himself out resting. Never done a stroke of work in his life. Never *thought* of working. Never *dreamt* of it. The *idea* of working never in his whole long life popped into his mind. Used to go over to the depot at about 9 o'clock and wait for the 11-o'clock passenger. Always stood and leaned against the east end of the building with his back and waited. After the 11-o'clock passenger had come he would wait for the 12.30 freight, eating a little crackers and cheese he had stopped at Shanks's grocery and hooked on the way over. When the freight had gone he would wait for the 2.15 down passenger. After that he would linger for the 4-o'clock up freight. Then he'd keep on leaning till 5, or mebby half past, kinder hoping for an extra, but if it didn't come he'd make a big effort, straighten up, say he 'lowed the country was going to the dogs if we didn't have more greenbacks, and then p'int for home by way of Shanks's. Done this reg'lar from the 1st of March till November 30th. Got took with cramps one morning and didn't get over in time for the 11-o'clock passenger. Engineer missed him as he come round the bend, socked on the brakes, and stopped down a hundred yards. Station agent had to go down and tell him it was all right 'fore he'd come on.

"Well, one summer the company decided to move its depot up nearer the water-tank. Got it all ready one day and hitched twelve mules on the west end. Of course the old man was in his place agin the east end. The drivers started the mules, yanked along the building, and naturally down went the old man on his back. That afternoon he brought suit agin

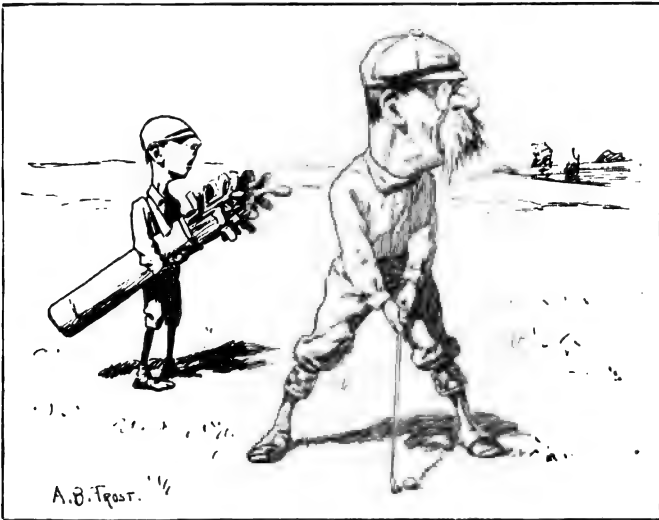


THE BACILLUS.

THE SCOFFER. "I really cannot understand how any rational human being can spend hours, even days, in knocking that miserable bacillus about the country. Will I try one shot? Certainly! Just to oblige you!"



THE SCOFFER (after missing the ball five times). "Confound you, I will hit you!"



THE SCOFFER (one week later). "Fore!"

the railroad company through Pugsley for \$5000 damages. When the trial come on it was a great day for Pugsley. Had the old man there on a stretcher with two doctors and an eddicated nurse. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' says Pugsley, 'what did this here low-lived, leather-souled corporation do? Snatched away the natural support of my client and your feller-townsmen! Sneaked up and without doo warning attached and hitched on twelve base mules, knowing full well that my client was in position, and then yanked away its depot from behind my innocent and unsuspecting client, allowing him to fall to the

ground and break his spiral colyum in two places! Gentlemen of the jury, can such things be and overcome us like a thunder-cloud? This company is a common carrier. By holding up my client once it had entered into an agreement to hold him up again. By not yanking its depot once it had entered into an agreement never to yank it. My client, as you know, is a poor man, the sole support of a wife and seven children and a widdered mother. Has a plain private citizen no rights? If things go on thus, gentlemen of the jury, how long before some corporation will attach hireling mules to our beds and snake 'em from under our helpless bodies in the still watches of the night? Are we safe in this court-house? How do we know that twelve railroad mules may not at this moment be snorting outside eager to jerk us into eternity? What is the answer of the twelve intelligent men I see before me to these twelve mules?

"The jury put their various heads together, and awarded the damages without leaving their seats. Then the company seen it had best compromise with Pugsley and get him off its line." H. C.

IRISH WIT.

A LAWYER, having some papers to be signed by an old Irish lady, went to her house one morning for her signature. On his arrival he requested her to sign her name "here," indicating the spot.

"Och," said she, with a bland smile, "you sign it for me. For sure since I lost me glasses I can't write."

"Well, how do you spell your name, Mrs. S.?"

"Martha dear," she cried to her daughter, "come here directly an' shpell me name for the gentleman, for sure since I lost me teeth I can't shpell a word."



THE LATEST CONTRIBUTION TO THE GERM THEORY.



See "A Pair of Patient Lovers," by W. D. Howells.

A PAIR OF PATIENT LOVERS.

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WITH THE GREEK SOLDIERS.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THE strategic position of the Greek and Turkish armies in the late campaign was but little more complicated than the strategic position of two football teams when they are lined up for a scrimmage. When the game began, the Greeks had possession of the ball, and they rushed it into Turkish territory, where they lost it almost immediately on a fumble, and after that the Turks drove them rapidly down the field, going around their ends and breaking through their centre very much as they pleased.

The Greeks were outnumbered three to one, but there are many people who think that they would have run away even had the number of men on both sides been equal. There is, however, no way of proving that they would have done this, while it can be proved that they were outnumbered, and were nearly always for that reason attacked as strongly on the flank as in the front. This fact should be placed to their credit side in summing up their strange conduct. If an eleven from Princeton played three elevens from Yale at the same time, one can see that the game would hardly be interesting; and to carry out the simile still further, and then to drop it, it was as though this Princeton eleven was untrained, and had no knowledge of tricks nor of team-play, and absolutely no regard for its captain as a captain.

It is a question whether the chief trouble with the Greeks is not that they are too democratic to make good soldiers, and too independent to submit to being led by any one from either the council-chamber or the field. Perhaps the most perfect example of pure democracy that exists anywhere in the world is found among the Greeks to-day—a state of equality the like of which is not to be found with us nor in the republic of France. Each Greek

thinks and acts independently, and respects his neighbor's opinion just as long as his neighbor agrees with him. The King sits in cafés and chats with his subjects, and they buy the wine he sells and the asparagus he grows, and in return he purchases their mutton. My courier, who was a hotel runner, used to shake hands with the Minister of War and the Minister of the Interior, and they called him by his first name, and seemed very glad to meet him; newsboys in Athens argued together as to what the concert of the powers might do next; and private soldiers travelled first class and discussed the war with their officers during the journey in the most affable and friendly manner. The country was like a huge debating society. When these men were called out to act as soldiers, almost every private had his own idea as to how the war should be conducted; he had a map of the country in his canvas bag; and as his idea not infrequently clashed with the ideas of his superiors, there were occasional moments of confusion. The fact that his officers wore a few more stars on their collars than he did, and were called colonel or major, did not impress him in the least. He regarded such distinctions as mere descriptive phrases intended to designate one man from another, just as streets are named differently in order to distinguish them, and he continued to act and to think for himself, as had been his habit. On the march to Domokos three privates argued with a major, who was old enough to have been the father of all of them, as to whether or not they should leave the camp to fill their canteens. The major stamped his feet and threw his hands above his head and expostulated frantically, and they soothed him, and tried to persuade him by various arguments that he was unreason-

able. They treated him respectfully, probably on account of his years, but they showed him clearly that they considered his premises erroneous and his position illogical.

It may be argued that discipline is not the most essential quality in a soldier, and that sometimes natural-born fighting-men, with the advantage of greater numbers, can defeat trained veterans. But the Greeks were neither born fighters nor trained soldiers. The Soudanese, and the head-hunters of Borneo, and Irishmen, are good examples of born fighting-men; they follow it as a form of excitement, and enjoy it as a pastime. Irish Americans who go up the Hudson in barges to a political picnic always mix fighting with the other diversions of the day. A German, on the contrary, is not instinctively a fighting-man, but, owing to geographical and political reasons, it has been found necessary to train him to be a soldier; and so, while he prefers, when he goes on a picnic, to listen to music and to drink beer to pounding his best friend, he is, when in the field, probably the most perfect fighting-machine of our time. His brain works as part of a company, and his legs move as part of a regiment. He does not control the machine, the machine moves him. In Greece every soldier was a little machine by himself, and when he decided that it was time to turn and run, there was no familiar elbow-touch to remind him that he was not alone. He was sure he was just as intelligent as any one else, and quite as able to tell when the critical moment had arrived, and so naturally it arrived very often.

This does not mean that all the Greeks were cowards. That would be an exceedingly absurd thing to suggest. Some of them, officers and men alike, showed admirable calmness and courage, and an excellent knowledge of what they had to do. But a great many of them knew little of campaigning and nothing of fighting. A boy in the States who has camped out for one summer in the Adirondacks would know better how to care for the Greek soldiers in the field than did half of their officers, who had learned what they knew of war around the cafés in Athens. I was with one regiment in which almost every man started for the field in perfectly new shoes. The result was that within five hours or

sooner half of them were walking barefoot, and when we came to the first water-tank, these men ran ahead and stuck their bleeding feet into the cool water, and stamped it full of mud, and made it quite impossible for any of their comrades to fill their thirsty canteens. Whenever we came to water, instead of holding the men back and sending a detail on ahead to guard the well, and then calling up a few men from each company to fill the canteens for the majority, there was always a stampede of this sort, and the water was wasted and much time lost. These are little things, but they illustrate as well as more important blunders how ignorantly the men were handled.

Too many of the Greeks, also, went forth to war with a most exaggerated idea of the ease with which a Turkish regiment can be slaughtered or made to run away, and when they found that very few Turks were killed, and that none of them ran away, the surprise at the discovery quite upset them, and they became panic-stricken, and there was the rout to Larissa in consequence. The rout to Larissa was as actual a disaster for the Greeks as bad ammunition would have been, or an epidemic of fever among the troops. We can remember how the fire in the Charity Bazar in Paris affected the Parisians for weeks after it had occurred, and made them fearful of entering public places of amusement, and that the size of audiences on account of it suffered all over the world. A similar terror lay back in the mind of each Greek soldier. He felt that what one Greek had done he might do. He remembered how his comrades had hurled their arms away from them, how they rode each other down, and how their own artillery left a line of dead and wounded Greeks behind it in its flight. Instead of assuring himself, in lack of any evidence to the contrary, that he was going to stand and fall in his own foot-prints, he was haunted with doubts of his courage. "Am I going to run, as they did at Larissa?" he asked himself repeatedly, and he was considering to what point he could retreat, instead of observing the spot in the landscape to which he would advance. He kept his fingers feeling and probing at the pulse of his courage, instead of pressing them on the hammer of his rifle. If it be possible to inspire men to deeds of bravery by calling upon them to remember Marathon, or Wa-



EVZONES EXECUTING THEIR NATIONAL DANCE, NEAR ARTA.

terloo, or the Alamo, it is easy to understand that the word Larissa, even though it were whispered by a camp fire at midnight, might produce an opposite result.

Many people believe that a true understanding of the Greek campaign depends upon an acquaintance with the letters which passed between the King and his royal relatives in the courts of Europe. Without them no one can guess how much the secret orders he may or may not have received from the Powers served to influence the conduct of the war. The Greek soldiers, at one time at least, were undoubtedly of the opinion that they had been deceived and betrayed by the King at the demands of the Powers, and that their commander-in-chief, the Crown-Prince, had received orders not to give battle, but to retreat continually. This feeling was as strong among the people in the towns and cities as it was among the soldiers in the fields, and portraits and photographs of the royal family were defaced and thrown out into the street, and in Athens a mob led by a Deputy marched upon the palace to assassinate the King, after having helped itself

to arms and ammunition in the different gun-shops. The mob would probably have done nothing to the King, except to frighten him a little, and only desired to make a demonstration, and, as a matter of history, they did not even see him. For when the Deputy at the threshold of the palace demanded to be led at once into the presence of his Majesty, a nervous aide-de-camp replied through the half-open door that his Majesty did not receive on that day. And the Deputy, recognizing the fact that it is impossible to kill a man if he is not at home, postponed the idea of assassination, and explained to the bloodthirsty mob that for purposes of regicide they had chosen an inconvenient time. His Majesty's days for being killed were probably Tuesdays and Thursdays, between four and seven.

King George was unfortunate in having been carried beyond his depths by a people who seem as easily moved as those of a Spanish-American republic, and the worst they say of him is that he is a weak man, and one who plays the part of king badly. Had he told the people stoutly that they were utterly unpre-

pared for war—a fact which no one knew better than himself—they could not, when they received the thrashing which he knew must come, have blamed him for not having warned them like a true friend. But he did not do that. He said, from the balcony of the palace, that if war should come he himself would lead them into Thessaly; and then, by delaying the declaration of war, he allowed the Turkish forces sufficient time in which to take up excellent positions. Even after the war began he made no use whatsoever of the navy. As the Turks had no navy worth considering, the Greek war-ships in comparison formed the most important part of their war equipment. And had their government or the Powers allowed them to do so, the Greek vessels might have seized any number of little Turkish islands and garrisoned them until peace was declared. These would have been of great value to Greece later, when the terms of peace were being drawn up and indemnities were being discussed and demanded. But as it was, except for the siege of Prevesa, no one heard of the Greek navy from the beginning of the war to its end.

It is difficult to arouse much sympathy for the royal family. People of unimaginative minds already suggest that kings and princes are but relics of the Middle Ages, and if the kings and princes who still survive wish to give a reason for their place in the twentieth century, they should at least show themselves to be men. A prince enjoys a very comfortable existence; he is well paid to be ornamental and tactful and not to interfere in affairs of state; but occasionally there comes the time when he has to pay for what has gone before by showing that he is something apart from his subjects—that he is a prince among men. In the old days the Crown-Prince was not exempt from exposing himself in the fighting line. It is true he disguised a half-dozen other men in armor like his own, so that he had a seventh of a chance of escaping recognition. But there was that one chance out of seven that he would be the one set upon by the enemy, and that he would lose his kingdom by an arrow or a blow from a battle-axe. They led their subjects in those days; they did not, at the first sign of a rebuff, desert them on a special train.

That unfortunately was what the

Crown-Prince Constantine did at Larissa. It was only right that, both as the heir-apparent and as commander-in-chief, he should have taken care to preserve his life. But he was too careful; or, to be quite fair to him, it may have been that he was ill-advised by the young men on his staff. Still, his staff was of his own choosing. His chief-of-staff was a young man known as a leader of cotillions in Athens, and who, so I was repeatedly informed, has refused to fight nine duels in a country where that relic of barbarism is still recognized as an affair touching a man's honor. It was this youth who turned the Greek ladies out of a railroad carriage to make room for the Prince, and who helped to fill it with his Highness's linen and dressing-cases. It is pleasant to remember that one of the democratic porters at the railroad station was so indignant at this that he knocked the aide-de-camp full length on the platform. One of the Greek papers, in describing the flight of the Crown-Prince, said, in an editorial, "We are happy to state that on the arrival of the train it was found that not one pocket-handkerchief belonging to the Prince was lost—and so the honor of Greece is saved." Another paper said, "Louïes the peasant won the race from Marathon; Constantine the prince won the race from Larissa."

"It is given to very few men to carry a line to a sinking ship, or to place a flag upon the walls of Lucknow," and even less frequently than to other men is such a chance given to a crown-prince; and when he fails to take the chance the conspicuousness of his position makes his failure just so much the more terrible. When other men make mistakes they can begin a new life under a new flag and a new name, at Buenos Ayres or Callao. But a crown-prince cannot change his name nor his flag. Other men who had no more lives to spare than has his Royal Highness remained in the trenches; indeed, many of them went there out of mere idle curiosity, to see a fight, to take photographs, or to pick up souvenirs from the field. And women, too, with little scissors and lancets dangling like trinkets from their châtelaines, and red crosses on their arms, stood where he did not stand. If he had only walked out and shown himself for a moment, and spoken to the men and questioned the officers,

and then ridden away again, he would have made himself the most popular man in Greece, and would have established his dynasty forever in that country. He did this at Pharsala, but then it was too late; every one knew that when the whole country was calling him a coward he would have to be brave the second time. And so Constantine must spend the rest of his life explaining his conduct, when

the conduct of the Crown-Prince at Larissa. But he found his audience either unsympathetic or sceptical, for at last he laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "After all," he said, "it should mean something even to-day to be a prince."

I first came up with the Greek soldiers at Actium, on the Gulf of Arta, where the artillery and the war-ships were shelling Prevesa.



EVZONES LEAVING VONITZA FOR SALAGORA.

he might have let one brave act speak for him. Nicholas, the other prince, who is a lieutenant in the artillery, was not seen near his battery during the fight before the rout to Larissa; and as for that big, bluff, rollicking sea-dog George, who is always being photographed in naval togs, with his cap cocked recklessly over one ear, he was never heard of from one end of the campaign to the other. It was generally reported that he had taken the navy on a voyage of exploration to the north pole.

One night, on our way to Volo, an Australian correspondent, who was very much of a democrat, and anything but a snob, was trying to explain and to justify

The Gulf of Arta has Greece on its one bank and Turkey on the other, and where it empties into the Adriatic there is Prevesa on the Turkish side, and on the Greek side a solitary stone hut. Below it is the island of Santa Maura, and a town of toy houses as old and black as Dutch ovens, and with overhanging red-tiled roofs. Santa Maura lies below Corfu and above Cephalonia, and close to neither, but those are the places nearest on the map that are displayed in type large enough to serve as an address. From the Greek bank Prevesa was only a wall of white ramparts, shimmering in the sun, with tall poplars and pencil-like minarets pointing against the blue sky; as seen from the other bank.

it was, so they said, a town filled with hungry people and wounded soldiers and shattered cannon. The siege of Prevesa began on the 18th of April, and the Greek officers on the war-ships continued the siege until the armistice.

It was hard to believe that war existed in that part of Greece; it was difficult to see how, with such a background, men could act a part so tragic. For the scene was set for a pastoral play—perhaps for a comic opera. If Ireland is like an emerald, this part of Greece is like an opal; for its colors are as fierce and brilliant as are those of the opal, and are hidden as they are with misty white clouds that soften and beautify them. Against the glaring blue sky are the snow-topped mountains, and below the snow-line green pasture-lands glowing with great blocks of purple furze and yellow buttercups, and waving wheat that changes when the wind blows, and is swayed about like waves of smoke. In the high grass are the light blue flowers of the flax on tall bending stalks, and white flowers with hearts of yellow, and miles of scarlet poppies, and above them tall dark poplars and the grayish-green olive-trees. The wind from the Adriatic and the Gulf of Arta sweeps over this burning landscape in great generous waves, cooling the hot air, and stirring the green leaves and the high grass and the bending flowers with the strong fresh breath of the sea.

White clouds throw shadows over the whole as they sweep past or rest on the hills of gray stones, where the yellow sheep look, from the path below, like fat grains of corn spilled on a green billiard cloth. You may ride for miles through this fair country and see no moving thing but the herds of silken-haired goats and yellow sheep, and the shepherds leaning on their long rifles, and looking, in their tights and sleeveless cloaks and embroidered jackets, like young princes of the soil.

It is hard to imagine men fighting fiercely and with bloodshot eyes in such a place; and, as a matter of fact, no men were fighting there, except in a measured, leisurely, and well-bred way. Over in Thessaly, for all we knew here, there was war, and all that war entails; but by the Arta the world went on much as it had before—the sheep-bells tinkled from every hill-side, the soldiers picnicked under the shade of the trees, and the bombardment

of Prevesa continued, with interruptions of a day at a time, and the answering guns of the Turks returned the compliment in an apologetic and desultory fashion. Sometimes it almost seemed—so bad was the aim of the Turkish soldiers—that they were uncertain as to whether or not they had loaded their pieces, and were pulling the lanyards in order to find out, being too lazy to open the breech and look.

I rode out one day into the camp at Actium, where the solitary stone hut looked across on Prevesa, and Prevesa on the sea, and found a regiment of artillery camping out in the bushes, and two officers and a cable operator bivouacked in the hut. A merry sergeant explained that a correspondent had come all the way from America to describe their victories, and the regiment gathered outside the stone hut and made comments and interrupted their officers and contradicted them, and the officers regarded the men kindly and with the most perfect good feeling. It was not the sort of discipline that obtains in other Continental armies; but it was probably attributable to the scenery: no colonel could be a martinet under such a sky. The cable operator played for us on a guitar, and the major sang second in a rich bass voice, and the colonel opened tinned cans of caviare and Danish butter, and the army watched us eat with serious and hospitable satisfaction. One man brought water, and another made chocolate, and a stern corporal ordered the soldiers away; but they knew he was only jesting, and after turning around came back again, and bowed as one man and removed their caps whenever we drank anybody's health. It reminded one of a camp of volunteers off for a week of sham battles in the country. When I started on my way again the colonel detailed an escort; and when I assured him there was no danger, he assured me in return that he was well aware of that, but that this was a "guard for honor." No man can resist a "guard for honor," and so part of the army detached itself and tramped off, picking berries as it marched, and stopping to help a shepherd lad "round up" a stray goat, or to watch two kids fighting for the supremacy of a ledge of rock. It is impossible to harbor evil thoughts, even of a Turk who is shelling your camp, after you have stood for a quarter of an hour watching two kids roll each other off a



THE RECEPTION TO GARIBALDI AT CORFU.

rock. The state of mind that follows the one destroys the possibility of your entertaining the state of mind that is necessary for the other.

On the next day a company of the Tenth Regiment of Infantry left Salagora for the Five Wells, where there was to be a great battle that afternoon. We were on Turkish soil now, but the soldiers still carried themselves like boys off on a holiday, and like boys enjoyed it all the more because they were trespassing on forbidden ground. We all may have our own ideas as to how an armed force invades the territory of the enemy—the alertness with which the men watch for an ambush, the pickets thrown out in front, and the scowling faces of the inhabitants as the victors and invaders pass. Perhaps to a vivid imagination the situation suggests poisoned wells left behind as mementos, and spiked cannon abandoned by the road-side, and burning fields that mark the wake of the flying enemy. But we saw none of these things on that part of the frontier. It is true the inhabitants of Salagora had abandoned a few

cannon, and (which seemed to cause more delight to the Greek soldiers) a post-office full of postal cards, upon which they wrote messages to their friends at home, with the idea of posting them while on Turkish soil, and so making the Turkish government unwittingly forward these evidences of its own humiliation. The men sang as they marched, and marched as they pleased, and the country people that we met saluted them gravely by touching the forehead and breast. No one scowled at them, and they feared no ambush, but jogged along, strung out over a distance of a quarter of a mile, and only stopping when the Turkish guns, which were now behind us, fired across the gulf at a round fort on a hill in Greece, and a white puff of smoke drifted lazily after the ball to see where it had gone. The field birds and the myriad of insect life and the low chimes of the sheep-bells so filled the hot air with the sounds of peace that it was an effort to believe that the heavy rumble and thick upheaval of the air behind us came from hot-throated cannon. One suspected rather that some workmen were

blasting in a neighboring quarry, and one looked ahead for the man with the red flag who should warn us of descending stones. The soldiers halted near mid-day at a Greek church, for almost all of those Turks who live on the shores of the Arta are Christians: and the old priest came out and kissed each of them on the cheek, and the conquering heroes knelt and kissed his hand. Then there was more picnicking, and the men scattered over the church-yard, and some plucked and cooked the chickens they had brought with them, and others slept stretched out on the tombstones, and others chatted amicably and volubly with the Turkish peasants, who had come, full of curiosity, from the fields to greet them. And after an hour we moved on again; but before we left the village a Turk ran ahead and lifted the glass from the front of the picture of the Saviour that hung under a great tree, and his friends the enemy broke ranks, and, with their caps in their hands and crossing themselves, knelt and kissed the picture that the Turk held out to them, and prayed that his brother Turks might not kill them a few hours later at the Five Wells.

But we never saw the Five Wells; for,

within an hour's ride from it we met peasants fleeing down the road, bent under their household goods, and with wild tales that the battle had already gone to the Turks, and that all the Greek troops were retreating on the city of Arta. And soon we came in sight of long lines of men crawling into the valley from all sides, and looking no larger than tin soldiers against the high walls of the mountain. It was a leisurely withdrawal, and no one seemed to know the reason for it. A colonel, with his staff about him, shrugged his shoulders when I rode up and asked why the battle we had marched so far to see had been postponed. The commander-in-chief had ordered him to return, he said, for what reason he knew not. "But I am coming back again," he added, cheerfully.

The road to Arta was not wider than a two-wheeled ox-cart, and down it for many hours, and until long after the stars began to show, poured and pressed an unbroken column of artillery and cavalry and infantry, which latter carried their guns as they chose and walked in no order. Men sat by the road-side panting in the heat, or stretched sleeping in the wheat-fields, or splashed in the mud



DRAGGING OFF A TURKISH CANNON ABANDONED AT SALAGORA.

The flag is the only flag which was raised on a Turkish building during the war.



A PRIEST OF THE GREEK CHURCH IN TURKEY SURROUNDED BY GREEK SOLDIERS.

around some stone well, where a village maiden dipped the iron bucket again and again, and filled their canteens, and smiled upon them all with equal favor. Now and then a courier would break through the cloud of dust, taking outline gradually like an impression on a negative, his brass buttons showing first in the sunlight, and then the head of the horse, and then the rider, red-faced and powdered white, who would scatter the column into the hedges, and then disappear with a rattle and scurry of hoofs into the curtain of dust. Commissariat wagons stuck in the ruts, and the commissariat mule, that acts in Albania apparently just as he does on the alkali plains of Texas, blocked the narrow way, and blows and abuse failed to move him. To add to the confusion, over a thousand Christian peasants chose that inopportune time to come into Arta for safety, and brought their flocks with them. So that in the last miles of the road sheep and goats jostled the soldiers for the right of way, which they shared with little donkeys carrying rolls of tents and bedding, and women, who in this country come next after the four-legged

beasts of burden, staggering under great iron pots and iron-bound boxes. Little children carried children nearly as big as themselves, and others lay tossed on the packs of bedding, and others slept lashed to their mothers' shoulders in queer three-cornered troughlike cradles. The men and boys, costumed like grand-opera brigands, dashed shrieking in and out of the mob, chasing back the goats and sheep that had made a break for liberty, and the soldiers helped them, charging the sheep with their bayonets, and laughing and shouting as though it were some kind of game. Over all, the dust rose and hung in choking clouds, through which the sun cast a yellow glare; and so for many hours the two armies of peasants and of soldiers panted and pushed and struggled towards the high narrow bridge that guards the way to Arta.

It is such a bridge as Horatius with two others might have held against an army; it rises like a rainbow in the air, a great stone arch as steep as an inverted V. It is made of white stone, with high parapets. Into this narrow gorge cannon and ammunition-wagons, goats and sheep,

little girls carrying other little girls, mules loaded with muskets, mules hidden under packs of green fodder, officers struggling with terrified horses that threatened to leap with them over the parapet into the river below, peasants tugging at long strings of ponies, women

ters and offering their last drachma for a slice of bread, while the shepherds camped out with their flocks on the sidewalks and in the public squares.

But the wine-shops were open, and in and out of them the soldiers and their officers tramped and pushed, hungry and

foot-sore and thirsty; and though no "lights out" sounded that night, or if it did no one heard it, there was not a drunken man, not a quarrelsome man, in that great mob that overwhelmed and swamped the city.

Late at night, when I turned in on a floor that I shared with three others, the men were still laughing and singing in the streets, and greeting old friends like lost brothers, and utterly unconscious of the shadow of war that hung over them, and of the fact that the Turks were already far advanced on



VELESTINOS.

bent to the earth under pans and kettles, and company after company of weary and sweating soldiers pushed and struggled for hours together, while far out on either side hordes of the weaker brothers, who, leaving it to others to demonstrate the survival of the fittest, had dropped by the way-side, lay spread out like a great fan, but still from time to time feeding the bridge, until it stretched above the river like a human chain of men and beasts linked together in inextricable confusion.

Of course it was a feast-day when this happened. It always is a feast-day of the Greek Church when such an event can be arranged to particularly inconvenience the greatest number of people. There were three in succession at Moscow when the Czar was crowned, and for that time no bank was opened, and every one borrowed from every one else, or went hungry. And no shop was opened in Arta that night when the army retreated upon it, and officers and men packed the streets until daylight, beating at the closed shut-

Greek soil, and were threatening Pharsala, Velestinos, and Volo.

The Turks had made three attacks on Velestinos on three different days, and had been repulsed each time. A week later, on the 4th of May, they came back again, to the number of ten thousand, and brought four batteries with them, and the fighting continued for two days more. This was called the second battle of Velestinos. In the afternoon of the 5th the Crown-Prince withdrew from Pharsala to take up a stronger position at Domokos, and the Greeks under General Smolenski, the military hero of the campaign, were forced to retreat, and the Turks came in, and, according to their quaint custom, burned the village, and marched on to Volo. John Bass, an American correspondent, and myself were keeping house in the village in the home of the mayor. He had fled from the town, as had nearly all of the villagers; and as we liked the appearance of his house, I gave Bass a leg up over the wall around his garden, and Bass opened the

gate, and we climbed in through his front window. It was like the invasion of the home of the Dusantes by Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, and, like them, we were constantly making discoveries of fresh treasure-trove. Sometimes it was in the form of a cake of soap or a tin of coffee, and once it was the mayor's fluted petticoats, which we tried on, and found very heavy. We could not discover what he did for pockets. All of these things and the house itself were burned to ashes a few hours after we retreated, and so we feel less troubled now at having made such free use of them than we did at the time of our occupation.

On the morning of the 4th we were awakened by the firing of cannon from a hill just over our heads, and we both got up and shook hands in the middle of the room. There was to be a battle, and we were the only correspondents on the spot. As I represented the *London Times*, Bass was the only representative of an American newspaper who saw this battle from its beginning to its end.

We found all the hills to the left of

the town topped with long lines of men crouching in little trenches. There were four rows of hills. If you had measured the distance from one hill-top to the next they would have been from one hundred to three hundred yards distant from one another. In between the hills were gullies, or little valleys, and the beds of streams that had dried up in the hot sun. These valleys were filled with high grass, that waved about in the breeze, and was occasionally torn up and tossed in the air by a shell. The position of the Greek forces was very simple. On the top of each hill was a trench two or three feet deep and some hundred yards long. The earth that had been scooped out to make the trench was packed on the edge facing the enemy, and on the top of that some of the men had piled stones, through which they poked their rifles. When a shell struck the ridge it would sometimes scatter these stones in among the men, and they did quite as much damage as the shells. Back of these trenches, and down that side of the hill which was further from the enemy, were the reserves, who



AN ENCAMPMENT OF GREEK SOLDIERS.

sprawled at length in the long grass, and smoked and talked, and watched the shells dropping into the gully at their feet.

The battle, which lasted two days, opened in a sudden and terrific storm of hail. It was a phenomenon of nature so unusual at that season that for several months later its coming kept the wise men in London busily engaged in trying to explain it away; but at the time the Greek soldiers, who still are, in some things, as superstitious as their forefathers at Mars Hill, accepted the great overture of thunder and its accompanying volleys of frozen bullets as a good omen, and as sent direct from the gods on Mount Olympus, which reared its head from just the other side of the Turkish border.

The storm passed as quickly as it came, leaving the trenches running with water like the gutters of a city street after a spring shower; but the men soon sopped them up with their overcoats and blankets, and in half an hour the sun had dried the wet uniforms, and the field birds had begun to chirp again, and the grass was warm and fragrant. The sun was terribly hot. There was no other day during that entire brief campaign when its glare was so intense or the heat so suffocating. The men curled up in the trenches, with their heads pressed against the damp earth, panting and breathing heavily, and the heat waves danced and quivered about them, making the plain below flicker like a picture in a cinematograph.

From time to time an officer would rise and peer down into the great plain, shading his eyes with his hands, and shout something at them, and they would turn quickly in the trench and rise on one knee. And at the shout that followed they would fire four or five rounds rapidly and evenly; and then, at a sound from the officer's whistle, would drop back again and pick up the cigarettes they had placed in the grass, and begin leisurely to swab out their rifles with a piece of dirty rag on a cleaning-rod. Down in the plain below there was apparently nothing at which they could shoot, except the great shadows of the clouds drifting across the vast checker-board of green and yellow fields, and disappearing finally through the mountain passes beyond. In some places there were square dark patches that might have been bushes, and nearer to us than these were long lines of fresh earth, from which

steam seemed to be escaping in little wisps. What impressed us most of what we could see of the battle then was the remarkable number of cartridges the Greek soldiers wasted in firing into space, and the fact that they had begun to fire at such long range that, in order to get the elevation, they had placed the rifle butt under the armpit instead of against the shoulder. The cartridges reminded one of corn-cobs jumping out of a corn-sheller, and it was interesting when the bolts were shot back to see a hundred of them pop up into the air at the same time, flashing in the sun as though they were glad to have done their work and to get out again. They rolled by the dozens under foot, and twinkled in the grass, and when one shifted his position in the narrow trench or stretched his cramped legs, they tinkled musically. It was like wading in a gutter filled with thimbles.

Then there began a concert which came from just overhead—a concert of jarring sounds like the wind rushing through telegraph wires, and little whispers. The whispers were the more disturbing; they had the sound of torn silk, and at times they came from far above, and moved slowly, like a humming-bird buzzing about on a warm day; and again they came so close that a man would duck his head instinctively, or throw up his elbow as he would ward off a blow in boxing. It sounded then as though some invisible person had whispered a warning and passed swiftly on, or as though some one had suddenly ripped a silk handkerchief close to your ear. When this concert opened, the officers shouted out new orders, and each of the men shoved his sight nearer to the barrel, and when he fired again rubbed the butt of his gun snugly against his shoulder. The huge green blotches on the plain had turned blue, and now we could distinguish that they moved, and that they were moving steadily forward. Then they would cease to move, and a little later would be hidden behind great puffs of white smoke, which were followed by a flash of flame; and still later there would come a dull report, and at the same instant something would hurl itself jarring through the air above our heads, and the men would fling themselves against the few feet of loose earth, and look across at the hill back of them to mark where the shell had struck.

From where we sat, on the edge of the gravelike trench, with our feet among the cartridges, we could, by leaning forward, look over the piled-up earth into the plain below, and soon, without any aid from field-glasses, we saw the blocks of blue break up into groups of men. These

come up on a run they would not have appeared so contemptuous, for it would have looked then as though they were trying to escape the Greek fire, or that they were at least interested in what was going forward. But the steady advance of so many men, each plodding along by



THE BATTLE OF VELESTINON.

men came across the ploughed fields in long, widely opened lines, walking easily and leisurely, as though they were playing golf, or sowing seed in the furrows. The Greek rifles crackled and flashed at the lines, but the men below came on quite steadily, picking their way over the furrows and appearing utterly unconscious of the seven thousand rifles that were calling on them to halt. They were advancing directly towards a little sugar-loaf hill, on the top of which was a mountain battery perched like a tiara on a woman's head. It was throwing one shell after another in the very path of the men below, but the Turks still continued to pick their way across the field, without showing any regard for the mountain battery. It was worse than threatening: it seemed almost as though they meant to insult us. If they had

himself, with his head bowed and his gun on his shoulder, was aggravating to a degree.

There was a little village at the foot of the hill. It was so small that no one had considered it. It was more like a collection of stables gathered round a residence than a town, and there was a wall completely encircling it, with a gate in the wall that faced us. Suddenly the doors of this gate were burst open from the inside, and a man in a fez ran through them, followed by many more. The first man was waving a sword, and a peasant in petticoats ran at his side and pointed up with his hand at our trench. Until that moment the battle had lacked all human interest; we might have been watching a fight against the stars or the man in the moon, and, in spite of the noise and clatter of the Greek rifles and

the ghostlike whispers and the rushing sounds in the air, there was nothing to remind us of any other battle of which we had heard or read. But we knew that the fez was the sign of the Turk—of the enemy—of the men who were invading Thessaly, who were at that moment planning to come up a steep hill on which we happened to be sitting, and attack the people on top of it. And the spectacle at once became comprehensible, and took on the human interest it had lacked. The men seemed to feel this, for they sprang up and began cheering and shouting, and fired in an upright position, and by so doing exposed themselves at full length to the fire from the men below. The Turks in front of the vil-

The different trenches were not all engaged at the same time. They acted according to the individual judgment of their commanding officer, but always for the general good. Sometimes the fire of the enemy would be directed on one particular trench, and it would be impossible for the men in that trench to rise and reply without having their heads carried away; so they would lie hidden, and the men in the trenches flanking them would act in their behalf, and rake the enemy from the front and from every side, until the fire on that trench was silenced, or turned upon some other point. The trenches stretched for over half a mile in a semicircle, and the little hills over which they ran lay at so many different



THE MOUNTAIN BATTERY AT VELESHTINOS.

lage ran back into it again, and those in the fields beyond turned and began to move away, but in that same plodding, aggravating fashion. They moved so leisurely that there was a pause in the noise along the line while the men watched them to make sure that they were really retreating. And then there was a long cheer, after which they all sat down, breathing deeply, and wiping the sweat and dust across their faces, and took long pulls at their canteens.

angles, and rose to such different heights, that sometimes the men in one trench fired directly over the heads of their own men. From many trenches in the first line it was impossible to see any of the Greek soldiers except those immediately beside you. If you looked back or beyond on either hand there was nothing to be seen but high hills topped with fresh earth, and the waving yellow grass, and the glaring blue sky.

General Smoleuski directed the Greeks



FIRING FROM THE TRENCHES AT VELESTINOS.

from the plain to the far right of the town; and his presence there, although none of the men saw him nor heard of him directly throughout the entire day, was more potent for good than would have been the presence of five thousand other men held in reserve. He was a mile or two miles away from the trenches, but the fact that he was there, and that it was Smolenski who was giving the orders, was enough. Few had ever seen Smolenski, but his name was sufficient; it was as effective as is Mr. Bowen's name on a Bank of England note. It gave one a pleasant feeling to know that he was somewhere within call; you felt there would be no "routs" nor stampedes while he was there. And so for two days those seven thousand men lay in the trenches, repulsing attack after attack of the Turkish troops, suffocated with the heat and chilled with sudden showers, and swept unceasingly by shells and bullets—partly because they happened to be good men and brave men, but largely because they knew that somewhere behind them a stout, bull-necked little man was sitting on a camp-stool, watching them through a pair of field-glasses.

Towards mid-day you would see a man

leave the trench with a comrade's arm around him, and start on the long walk to the town, where the hospital corps were waiting for him. These men did not wear their wounds with either pride or braggadocio, but regarded the wet sleeves and shapeless arms in a sort of wondering surprise. There was much more of surprise than of pain in their faces, and they seemed to be puzzling as to what they had done in the past to deserve such a punishment.

Other men were carried out of the trench and laid on their backs on the high grass, staring up drunkenly at the glaring sun, and with their limbs fallen into unfamiliar poses. They lay so still, and they were so utterly oblivious of the roar and rattle and the anxious energy around them, that one grew rather afraid of them, and of their superiority to their surroundings. The sun beat on them, and the insects in the grass waving above them buzzed and hummed, or burrowed in the warm moist earth upon which they lay; over their heads the invisible carriers of death jarred the air with shrill crescendoes, and near them a comrade sat hacking with his bayonet at a lump of hard bread. He sprawled contentedly



AN AMERICAN WAR-CORRESPONDENT (JOHN BASS) DIRECTING THE FIRE OF THE GREEKS.

in the hot sun, with humped shoulders, and legs far apart, and with his cap tipped far over his eyes. Every now and again he would pause with a piece of cheese balanced on the end of his knife-blade, and look at the twisted figures by him on the grass, or he would dodge involuntarily as a shell swung low above his head, and smile nervously at the still forms on either side of him that had not heeded it. Then he brushed the crumbs from his jacket and took a drink out of his hot canteen, and looked again at the sleeping figures pressing down the long grass beside him, and crawled back on his hands and knees to the trench and picked up his waiting rifle.

The dead gave dignity to what the other men were doing and made it noble, and from another point of view quite senseless. For their dying had proved nothing. Men who could have been much better spared than they were still alive in the trenches, and for no reason but through mere dumb chance. There was no selection of the unfittest; it seemed to be ruled by unreasoning luck. A certain number of shells and bullets passed through a certain area of space, and men of different bulks blocked that space in different places. If they happened to be standing in the line of a bullet they were killed and passed into eternity, leaving a wife and children, perhaps, to mourn him. "Father died," these children will say, "doing his duty." As a matter of fact

father died because he happened to stand up at the wrong moment, or because he turned to ask the man on his right for a match, instead of leaning towards the left, and he projected his bulk of two hundred pounds where a bullet fired by a man who did not know him, and who had not aimed at him, happened to want the right of way. One of the two had to give it, and as the bullet would not, the soldier had his heart torn out. The man who sat next to me happened to move to fill his cartridge-

box just as the bullet that wanted the space he had occupied passed over his bent shoulder; and so he was not killed, but will live for sixty years, perhaps, and will do much good, or much evil. Another man in the same trench sat up to clean out his rifle, and had his arm in the air driving the cleaning-rod down the barrel, when a bullet passed through his lungs, and the gun fell across his face, with the rod sticking in it, and he pitched forward on his shoulder quite dead. If he had not cleaned his gun at that moment he would probably be alive in Athens now, sitting in front of a café, and fighting the war over again. Viewed from that point the fortunes of the game of war seemed as capricious as matching pennies, and as impersonal as the wheel at Monte Carlo. In it the brave man did not win because he was brave, but because he was lucky. A fool and a philosopher are equal at a game of dice. And these men who threw dice with death were interesting to watch, because, though they gambled for so great a stake, they did so unconcernedly and without flinching, and without apparently appreciating the seriousness of the game.

There was a red-headed, freckled peasant boy, in dirty petticoats, who guided Bass and myself to the trenches. He was one of the few peasants who had not run away, and as he had driven sheep over every foot of the hills, he elected to

guide the soldiers through those places where they were best protected from the bullets of the enemy. He did this all day, and was always, whether coming or going, under a heavy fire; but he enjoyed that fact, and he seemed to regard the battle only as a delightful change in the quiet routine of his life, as one of our own country boys at home would regard the coming of the spring circus, or the burning of a neighbor's barn. He ran dancing ahead of us, pointing to where a ledge of rock offered a natural shelter, or showing us a steep gully where the bullets could not fall. When they came very near him he would jump high in the air, not because he was startled, but out of pure animal joy in the excitement of it, and he would frown importantly and shake his red curls at us, as though to say: "I told you to be careful. Now you see. Don't let that happen again." We met him many times during the two days, escorting different companies of soldiers from one point to another as though they were visitors to his estate. When a shell broke he would pick up a piece and present it to the officer in charge, as though it were a flower he had plucked from his own garden, and which he wanted his guest to carry away with him as a souvenir of his visit. Some one asked the boy if his father and mother knew where he was, and he replied with amusement that they had run away and deserted him, and that he had remained because he wished to look at a Turkish army. He was a much more plucky boy than the overrated Casabianca, who may have stood on the burning deck whence all but him had fled because he could not swim, and because it was with him a choice of being either burned or drowned. This boy stuck to the burning deck when it was possible for him at any time to have walked away and left it burning. But he staid on because he was amused, and because he was able to help the soldiers from the city in safety across his native heath. I wrote something about him at the time, but I do not apologize for telling about him again, because he was the best part of the show, and one of the bravest Greeks on the field. He will grow up to be something fine, no doubt, and his spirit will rebel against having to spend his life watching his father's sheep. He may even win the race from Marathon. It would be an excellent thing for

Greece if some one discovered that, in spite of the twenty years' discrepancy in their ages, he and the Crown-Prince had been changed at birth.

Another Greek who was a most interesting figure to us was a Lieutenant Ambroise Frantzis. He was in command of the mountain battery on the flat round top of the high hill. On account of its height the place seemed much nearer to the sun than any other part of the world, and the heat there was three times as fierce as in the trenches below. When you had climbed to the top of this hill it was like standing on a roof garden, or as though you were watching a naval battle from the mast-head of one of the battle-ships. The top of the hill was not unlike an immense circus ring in appearance; the piled-up earth around its circular edge gave that impression, and the glaring yellow wheat that was tramped into the glaring yellow soil and the blue ammunition-boxes scattered about helped out the idea. It was an exceedingly busy place, and the smoke drifted across it continually, hiding us from one another in a curtain of flying yellow dust, while over our heads the Turkish shells raced after each other so rapidly that they beat out the air like the branches of a tree in a storm. On account of its height, and the glaring heat, and the shells passing, and the Greek guns going off and then turning somersaults, it was not a place suited for meditation; but Ambroise Frantzis meditated there as though he was in his own study. He was a very young man and very shy, and he was too busy to consider his own safety, or to take time, as the others did, to show that he was not considering it. Some of the other officers stood up on the breastworks and called the attention of the men to what they were doing; but as they did not wish the men to follow their example in this, it was difficult to see what they expected to gain by their braggadocio. Frantzis was as unconcerned as an artist painting a big picture in his studio. The battle-plain below him was his canvas, and his nine mountain-guns were his paint-brushes. And he painted out Turks and Turkish cannon with the same concentrated, serious expression of countenance that you see on the face of an artist when he bites one brush between his lips and with another wipes out a false line or a touch of the wrong color. You have seen an artist

cock his head on one side and shut one eye and frown at his canvas, and then select several brushes and mix different colors and hit the canvas a bold stroke, and then lean back to note the effect. Frantzis acted in just that way. He would stand with his legs apart and his head on one side, pulling meditatively at his pointed beard, and then he would take a closer look through his field-glasses, and then select the three guns which he had decided would give him the effect that he wanted to produce, and he would produce that effect. When the shot struck plump in the Turkish lines, and we could see the earth leap up into the air like geysers of muddy water, and every one would wave his cap and cheer, Frantzis would only smile uncertainly, and begin again to puzzle out fresh combinations with the aid of his field-glasses.

The battle that had begun in a storm of hail ended on the first day in a storm of bullets that had been held in reserve by the Turks, and which were let off just after sundown. They came from a natural trench formed by the dried-up bed of a stream which lay just below the hill on which the first Greek trench was situated. There were bushes growing on the bank of the stream nearest to the Greek lines, and these hid the men who occupied it. Throughout the day there had been an irritating fire from this trench, from what appeared to be not more than a dozen rifles, but we could see that it was fed from time to time with many boxes of ammunition, which were carried to it on the backs of mules from the Turkish position a half-mile further to the rear. Bass and a corporal took a great aversion to this little group of Turks, not because there were too many of them to be disregarded, but because they were so near; and Bass kept the corporal's services engaged in firing into it, and in discouraging the ammunition-mules when they were being driven in that direction. Our corporal was a sharp-shooter, and accordingly felt his superiority to his comrades; and he had that cheerful contempt for his officers that all true Greek soldiers enjoy, and so he never joined in the volley-firing, but kept his ammunition exclusively for the dozen men behind the bushes and for the mules. He waged, as it were, a little battle on his own account. The other men rose as commanded and fired regular volleys,

and sank back again, but he fixed his sights to suit his own idea of the range, and he rose when he was ready to do so, and fired whenever he thought best. When his officer, who kept curled up in the hollow of the trench, commanded him to lie down, he would frown and shake his head at the interruption, and pay no further attention to the order. He was as much alone as a hunter on a mountain-peak stalking deer, and whenever he fired at the men in the bushes he would swear softly, and when he fired at the mules he would chuckle and laugh with delight and content. The mules had to cross a ploughed field in order to reach the bushes, and so we were able to mark where his bullets struck, and we could see them skip across the field, kicking up the dirt as they advanced, until they stopped the mule altogether, or frightened the man who was leading it into a disorderly retreat.

It appeared later that instead of there being but twelve men in these bushes there were six hundred, and that they were hiding there until the sun set in order to make a final attack on the first trench. They had probably argued that at sunset the strain of the day's work would have told on the Greek *morale*, that the men's nerves would be jerking and their stomachs aching for food, and that they would be ready for darkness and sleep, and in no condition to repulse a fresh and vigorous attack. So, just as the sun sank, and the officers were counting the cost in dead and wounded, and the men were gathering up blankets and overcoats, and the firing from the Greek lines had almost ceased, there came a fierce rattle from the trench to the right of us, like a watch-dog barking the alarm, and the others took it up from all over the hill, and when we looked down into the plain below to learn what it meant, we saw it blue with men, who seemed to have sprung from the earth. They were clambering from the bed of the stream, breaking through the bushes, and forming into a long line, which, as soon as formed, was at once hidden at regular intervals by flashes of flame that seemed to leap from one gun-barrel to the next, as you have seen a current of electricity run along a line of gas-jets. In the dim twilight these flashes were much more blinding than they had been in the glare of the sun, and the crash of the ar-

tillery coming on top of the silence was the more fierce and terrible by the contrast. The Turks were so close on us that the first trench could do little to help itself, and the men huddled against it while their comrades on the surrounding hills fought for them, their volleys passing close above our heads, and meeting the rush of the Turkish bullets on the way, so that there was now one continuous whistling shriek, like the roar of the wind through the rigging of a ship in a storm. If a man had raised his arm above his head, his hand would have been torn off. At the same instant all of the Turkish batteries opened with great, ponderous, booming explosions, and the little mountain-guns barked and snarled and shrieked back at them, and the rifle volleys crackled and shot out blistering flames, while the air was filled with invisible express trains that shook and jarred it and crashed into one another, bursting and shrieking and groaning like great animals. It seemed as though you were lying in a burning forest, with giant tree trunks that had withstood the storms of centuries crashing and falling around your ears, and sending up great showers of sparks and flame. This lasted for five minutes or less, and then the storm ceased, as though exhausted by the fierceness of its own energy, and the Turks withdrew into the coming night, and the Greeks lay back, panting and sweating, and stared open-eyed at one another, like

men who had looked for a moment into hell, and had come back to the world again.

The next day was like the first, except that by five o'clock in the afternoon the Turks appeared on our left flank, crawling across the hills like an invasion of great ants, and the Greek army that had made the two best and most dignified stands of the war at Velesinos withdrew upon Halmiros, and the Turks poured into the village and burned it, leaving nothing standing save two tall Turkish minarets that they had built many years before, when Thessaly belonged to the Sultan.

There have been many Turkish minarets within the last two years standing above burning villages and deserted homes all over Asia Minor and Armenia. They have looked down upon the massacre of twenty thousand people within these last two years, and upon the destruction of no one knows how many villages. If the five Powers did not support these minarets they would crumble away and fall to pieces. Greece tried to upset them, but she was not brave enough nor wise enough nor strong enough, and so they still stand, as these two stand at Velesinos, pointing to the sky above the ruins of the pretty village. Some people think that all of them have been standing quite long enough—that it is time they came down forever.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

DEAR, whom I would not know
If I passed you on the street,
So long and long and long ago
Are the days when we used to meet,

You may be glad to hear
That somewhere out of the blue
Come vague sweet dreams that bring you near,
That I often think of you;

That now and then I thrill
At a rustle in the dark;
That I start as the wind sweeps over the hill,
As I see the fire-fly's spark.

Somebody stepped on my grave?
Or somebody slipped out of yours?
I cannot tell! There are ghosts that crave
A bit of the love that endures.

A PAIR OF PATIENT LOVERS.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

I.

WE first met Glendenning on the Canadian steamboat which carries you down the rapids of the St. Lawrence from Kingston, and leaves you at Montreal. When we saw a handsome young clergyman across the promenade-deck looking up from his guide-book toward us, now and again, as if in default of knowing any one else he would be very willing to know us, we decided that I must make his acquaintance. He was instantly and cordially responsive to my question whether he had ever made the trip before, and he was amiably grateful when in my quality of old habitu  of the route I pointed out some characteristic features of the scenery. I showed him just where we were on the long map of the river hanging over his knee, and I added, with no great relevancy, that my wife and I were renewing the fond emotion of our first trip down the St. Lawrence in the character of bridal pair which we had spurned when it was really ours. I explained that we had left our children with my wife's aunt, so as to render the travesty more lifelike, and when he said, "I suppose you miss them, though," I gave him my card. He tried to find one of his own to give me in return, but he could only find a lot of other people's cards. He wrote his name on the back of one, and handed it to me with a smile. "It won't do for me to put reverend before it, in my own chirography, but that's the way I have it engraved."

"Oh," I said, "the cut of your coat bewrayed you," and we had some laughing talk. But I felt the eye of Mrs. March dwelling upon me with growing impatience, till I suggested, "I should like to make you acquainted with my wife, Mr. Glendenning."

He said, Oh, he should be so happy; and he gathered his dangling map into the book, and came over with me to where Mrs. March sat; and like the good young American husband I was in those days, I stood aside and left the whole talk to her. She interested him so much more than I could that I presently wandered away, and amused myself elsewhere. When I came back, she clutched my arm, and

bade me not speak a word; it was the most romantic thing in the world, and she would tell me about it when we were alone, but now I must go off again; he had just gone to get a book for her which he had been speaking of, and would be back the next instant, and it would not do to let him suppose we had been discussing him.

I was sometimes disappointed in Mrs. March's mysteries when I came up close to them; but I was always willing to take them on trust; and I submitted to the postponement of a solution in this case with more than my usual faith. She found time, before Mr. Glendenning reappeared, to ask me if I had noticed a mother and daughter on the boat, the mother evidently an invalid, and the daughter very devoted, and both decidedly ladies; and when I said, "No. Why?" she answered, "Oh, nothing," and that she would tell me. Then she drove me away, and we did not meet till I found her in our state-room, just before the terrible mid-day meal they used to give you on the *Corinthian*, and called dinner.

She began at once, while she did something to her hair before the morsel of mirror: "Why I wanted to know if you had noticed those people was because they are the reason of his being here."

"Did he tell you that?"

"Of course not. But I knew it, for he asked if I had seen them, or could tell him who they were."

"It seems to me that he made pretty good time to get so far as that."

"I don't say he got so far himself, but you men never know how to take steps for any one else. You can't put two and two together. But to my mind it's as plain as the nose on his face that he's seen that girl somewhere and is taking this trip because she's on board. He said he hadn't decided to come till the last moment."

"What wild leaps of fancy!" I said. "But the nose on his face is handsome rather than plain, and I sha'n't be satisfied till I see him with the lady."

"Yes, he's quite Greek," said Mrs. March, in assent to my opinion of his nose. "Too Greek for a clergyman, al-

most. But he isn't vain of it. Those beautiful people are often quite modest, and Mr. Glendenning is very modest."

"And I'm very hungry. If you don't hurry your prinking, Isabel, we shall not get any dinner."

"I'm ready," said my wife, and she continued, with her eyes still on the glass: "He's got a church out in Ohio, somewhere; but he's a New-Englander, and he's quite wild to get back. He thinks those people are from Boston: I could tell in a moment if I saw them. Well, now, I *am* ready," and with this she really ceased to do something to her hair, and came out into the long saloon with me where the table was set. Rows of passengers stood behind the rows of chairs, with a detaining grasp on nearly all of them. We gazed up and down in despair. Suddenly Mrs. March sped forward, and I found that Mr. Glendenning had made a sign to her from a distant point, where there were two vacant chairs for us next his own. We eagerly laid hands on them, and waited for the gong to sound for dinner. In this interval an elderly lady followed by a young girl came down the saloon toward us, and I saw signs, or rather emotions, of intelligence pass between Mr. Glendenning and Mrs. March concerning them.

The older of these ladies was a tall, handsome matron, who bore her fifty years with a native severity qualified by a certain air of wonder at a world which I could well fancy had not always taken her at her own estimate of her personal and social importance. She had the effect of challenging you to do less, as she advanced slowly between the wall of state-rooms and the backs of the people gripping their chairs, and eyed them with a sort of imperious surprise that they should have left no place for her. So at least I read her glance, while I read in that of the young lady coming after, and showing her beauty first over this shoulder and then over that of her mother, chiefly a present amusement, behind which lay a character of perhaps equal pride, if not equal hardness. She was very beautiful, in the dark style which I cannot help thinking has fallen into unmerited abeyance; and as she passed us I could see that she was very graceful. She was dressed in a lady's acceptance of the fashions of that day, which would be thought so grotesque in this. I have heard con-

temporaneous young girls laugh at the mere notion of hoops, but in 1870 we thought hoops extremely becoming; and this young lady knew how to hold hers a little on one side so as to give herself room in the narrow avenue, and not betray more than the discreetest hint of a white stocking. I believe the stockings are black now.

They both got by us, and I could see Mr. Glendenning following them with longing but irresolute eyes, until they turned, a long way down the saloon, as if to come toward us again. Then he hurried to meet them, and as he addressed himself first to one and then to the other, I knew him to be offering them his chair. So did my wife, and she said, "You must give up your place too, Basil," and I said I would if she wished to see me starve on the spot. But of course I went and joined Glendenning in his entreaties that they would deprive us of our chances of dinner (I knew what the second table was on the *Corinthian*); and I must say that the elder lady accepted my chair in the spirit which my secret grudge deserved. She made me feel as if I ought to have offered it when they first passed us; but it was some satisfaction to learn afterwards that she gave Mrs. March, for her ready sacrifice of me, as bad a half-hour as she ever had. She sat next to my wife, and the young lady took Glendenning's place, and as soon as we had left them, she began trying to find out from Mrs. March who he was, and what his relation to us was. The girl tried to check her at first, and then seemed to give it up, and devoted herself to being rather more amiable than she otherwise might have been, my wife thought, in compensation for the severity of her mother's scrutiny. Her mother appeared disposed to hold Mrs. March responsible for knowing little or nothing about Mr. Glendenning.

"He seems to be an Episcopal clergyman," she said in a haughty summing up. "From his name I should have supposed he was Scotch and a Presbyterian." She began to patronize the trip we were making, and to abuse it; she said that she did not see what could have induced them to undertake it; but one had to get back from Niagara somehow, and they had been told at the hotel there that the boats were very comfortable. She had never been more uncomfortable in her life; as for the rapids, they made her ill, and they

were obviously so dangerous that she should not even look at them again. Then, from having done all the talking and most of the eating, she fell quite silent, and gave her daughter a chance to speak to my wife. She had hitherto spoken only to her mother, but now she asked Mrs. March if she had ever been down the St. Lawrence before.

When my wife explained, and asked her whether she was enjoying it, she answered with a rapture that was quite astonishing, in reference to her mother's expressions of disgust: "Oh, immensely! Every instant of it," and she went on to expatiate on its peculiar charm in terms so intelligent and sympathetic that Mrs. March confessed it had been part of our wedding journey, and that this was the reason why we were now taking the trip.

The young lady did not seem to care so much for this, and when she thanked her again in leaving the table with her mother, and begged her to thank the gentlemen who had so kindly given up their places, she made no overture to further acquaintance. In fact we had been so simply and merely made use of, that although we were rather meek people, we decided to avoid our beneficiaries for the rest of the day; and Mr. Glendenning, who could not, as a clergyman, indulge even a just resentment, could as little refuse us his sympathy. He laughed at some hints of my wife's experience, which she dropped before she left us to pick up a meal from the lukewarm leavings of the *Corinthian's* dinner, if we could. She said she was going forward to get a good place on the bow, and would keep two camp-stools for us, which she could assure us no one would get away from her.

We were somewhat surprised then to find her seated by the rail with the younger lady of the two whom she meant to avoid if she meant anything by what she said. She was laughing and talking on quite easy terms with her apparently, and "There!" she triumphed, as we came up, "I've kept your camp-stools for you," and she showed them at her side, where she was holding her hand on them. "You had better put them here."

The girl had stiffened a little at our approach, as I could see, but a young girl's stiffness is always rather amusing than otherwise, and I did not mind it.

Neither, that I could see, did Mr. Glendenning, and it soon passed. It seemed that she had left her mother lying down in her state-room, where she justly imagined that if she did not see the rapids she should suffer less alarm from them; the young lady had come frankly to the side of Mrs. March as soon as she saw her, and asked if she might sit with her. She now talked to me for a decent space of time, and then presently, without my knowing how, she was talking to Mr. Glendenning, and they were comparing notes of Niagara; he was saying that he thought he had seen her at the Cataract House, and she was owning that she and her mother had at least stopped at that hotel.

II.

I have no wish, and if I had the wish I should not have the art, to keep back the fact that these young people were evidently very much taken with each other. They showed their mutual pleasure so plainly that even I could see it. As for Mrs. March, she was as proud of it as if she had invented them and set them going in their advance toward each other, like two mechanical toys.

I confess that with reference to what my wife had told me of this young lady's behavior when she was with her mother, her submissiveness, her entire self-effacement, up to a certain point, I did not know quite what to make of her present independence, not to say freedom. I thought she might perhaps have been kept so strictly in the background, with regard to young men, that she was rather disposed to make the most of any chance at them which offered. If the young man in this case was at no pains to hide his pleasure in her society, one might say that she was almost eager to show her delight in his. If it was a case of love at first sight, the earliest glimpse had been to the girl, who was all eyes for Glendenning. It was very pretty, but it was a little alarming, and perhaps a little droll, even. She was actually making the advances, not consciously, but helplessly; fondly, ignorantly, for I have no belief, nor had my wife (a much more critical observer), that she knew how she was giving herself away.

I thought perhaps that she was in the habit from pride, or something like it, of holding herself in check, and that this

blameless excess which I saw was the natural expansion from an inner constraint. But what I really knew was that the young people got on very rapidly, in an acquaintance that prospered up to the last moment I saw them together. This was just before the *Corinthian* drew up to her landing at Montreal, when Miss Bentley (we had learned her name) came to us from the point where she was standing with Glendenning and said that now she must go to her mother, and took a sweet leave of my wife. She asked where we were going to stay in Montreal and whether we were going on to Quebec; and said her mother would wish to send Mrs. March her card.

When she was gone, Glendenning explained, with rather superfluous apology, that he had offered to see the ladies to a hotel, for he was afraid that at this crowded season they might not find it easy to get rooms, and he did not wish Mrs. Bentley, who was an invalid, to have any anxieties about it. He bade us an affectionate, but not a disconsolate adieu, and when we had got into the modest conveyance (if an omnibus is modest) which was to take us to the Ottawa House, we saw him drive off to the St. Lawrence Hall (it was twenty-five years ago) in one of those vitreous and tinkling Montreal landaus, with Mrs. and Miss Bentley and Mrs. Bentley's maid.

We were still so young as to be very much absorbed in the love-affairs of other people; I believe women always remain young enough for that; and Mrs. March talked about the one we fancied we had witnessed the beginning of pretty much the whole evening. The next morning we got letters from Boston, telling us how the children were and all that they were doing and saying. We had stood it very well, as long as we did not hear anything about them, and we had lent ourselves in a sort of semi-forgetfulness of them to the associations of the past where they were not; but now to learn that they were hearty and happy, and that they sent love and kisses, was too much. With one mind we renounced the notion of going on to Quebec; we found that we could just get the ten-o'clock train that would reach Boston by eleven that night, and we made all haste and got it. We had not been really happy, we perceived, till that moment since we had bidden the children good-by.

III.

Perhaps it was because we left Montreal so abruptly that Mrs. March never received Mrs. Bentley's card. It may be at the Ottawa House to this day, for all I know. What is certain is that we saw and heard nothing more of her or her daughter. Glendenning called to see us as he passed through Boston on his way west from Quebec, but we were neither of us at home and we missed him, to my wife's vivid regret. I rather think we expected him to find some excuse for writing after he reached his place in northern Ohio; but he did not write, and he became more and more the memory of a young clergyman in the beginning of a love-affair, till one summer, while we were still disputing where we should spend the hot weather within business reach, there came a letter from him saying that he was settled at Gormanville, and wishing that he might tempt us up some afternoon before we were off to the mountains or sea-side. This revived all my wife's waning interest in him, and it was hard to keep the answer I made him from expressing in a series of crucial inquiries the excitement she felt at his being in New England and so near Boston, and in Gormanville of all places. It was one of the places we had thought of for the summer, and we were yet so far from having relinquished it that we were recurring from time to time in hope and fear to the advertisement of an old village mansion there, with ample grounds, garden, orchard, ice-house, and stables, for a very low rental to an unexceptionable tenant. We had no doubt of our own qualifications, but we had misgivings of the village mansion; and I am afraid that I rather unduly despatched the personal part of my letter, in my haste to ask what Glendenning knew and what he thought of the Conwell place. However, the letter seemed to serve all purposes. There came a reply from Glendenning, most cordial, even affectionate, saying that the Conwell place was delightful, and I must come at once and see it. He professed that he would be glad to have Mrs. March come too, and he declared that if his joy at having us did not fill his modest rectory to bursting, he was sure it could stand the physical strain of our presence, though he confessed that his guest-chamber was tiny.

"He wants *you*, Basil," my wife divined from terms which gave me no sense of any latent design of parting us in his hospitality. "But, evidently, it isn't a chance to be missed, and you must go—*instantly*. Can you go to-morrow? But telegraph him you're coming, and tell him to hold on to the Conwell place; it may be snapped up any moment if it's so desirable."

I did not go till the following week, when I found that no one had attempted to snap up the Conwell place. In fact, it rather snapped me up, I secured it with so little trouble. I reported it so perfect that all my wife's fears of a latent objection to it were roused again. But when I said I thought we could relinquish it, her terrors subsided; and I thought this the right moment to deliver a stroke that I had been holding in reserve.

"You know," I began, "the Bentleys have their summer place there—the old Bentley homestead. It's their ancestral town, you know."

"Bentleys? What Bentleys?" she demanded, opaquely.

"Why, those people we met on the *Corinthian*, summer before last—you thought he was in love with the girl—"

A simultaneous photograph could alone reproduce Mrs. March's tumultuous and various emotions as she seized the fact conveyed in my words. She poured out a volume of mingled conjectures, assertions, suspicions, conclusions, in which there was nothing final but the decision that we must not dream of going there; that it would look like thrusting ourselves in, and would be in the worst sort of taste; they would all hate us, and we should feel that we were spies upon the young people; for of course the Bentleys had got Glendenning there to marry him, and in effect did not want any one to witness the disgraceful spectacle.

I said, "That may be the nefarious purpose of the young lady, but, as I understood Glendenning, it is no part of her mother's design."

"What do you mean?"

"Miss Bentley may have got him there to marry him, but Mrs. Bentley seems to have meant nothing more than an engagement at the worst."

"What *do* you mean? They're not engaged, are they?"

"They're not married, at any rate, and I suppose they're engaged. I did not

have it from Miss Bentley, but I suppose Glendenning may be trusted in such a case."

"Now," said my wife, with a severity that might well have appalled me, "if you will please to explain, Basil, it will be better for you."

"Why, it is simply this. Glendenning seems to have made himself so useful to the mother and pleasing to the daughter after we left them in Montreal that he was tolerated on a pretence that there was reason for his writing back to Mrs. Bentley after he got home, and as Mrs. Bentley never writes letters, Miss Bentley had the hard task of answering him. This led to a correspondence."

"And to her moving heaven and earth to get him to Gormanville. I see! Of course she did it so that no one knew what she was about!"

"Apparently. Glendenning himself was not in the secret. The Bentleys were in Europe last summer, and he did not know that they had a place at Gormanville till he came to live there. Another proof that Miss Bentley got him there is the fact that she and her mother are Unitarians, and that they would naturally be able to select the rector of the Episcopal church."

"Go on," said Mrs. March, not the least daunted.

"Oh, there's nothing more. He is simply rector of St. Michael's at Gormanville; and there is not the slightest proof that any young lady had a hand in getting him there."

"As if I cared in the least whether she had! I suppose you will allow that she had something to do with getting engaged to him, and that is the *great* matter."

"Yes, I must allow that, if we are to suppose that young ladies have anything to do with young gentlemen getting engaged to them; it doesn't seem exactly delicate. But the novel phase of this great matter is the position of the young lady's mother in regard to it. From what I could make out she consents to the engagement of her daughter, but she don't and won't consent to her marriage." My wife glared at me with so little speculation in her eyes that I felt obliged to disclaim all responsibility for the fact I had reported. "Thou canst not say *I* did it. *They* did it, and Miss Bentley, if any one, is to blame. It seems, from what Glen-

denning says, that the young lady and he wrote to each other while she was abroad, and that they became engaged by letter. Then the affair was broken off because of her mother's opposition; but since they have met in Gormanville, the engagement has been renewed. So much they've managed against the old lady's will, but apparently on condition that they won't get married till she says."

"Nonsense! How could she stop them?"

"She couldn't, I dare say, by any of the old romantic methods of a convent or disinheritance; but she is an invalid; she wants to keep her daughter with her, and she avails with the girl's conscience by being simply dependent and obstructive. The young people have carried their engagement through, and now such hope as they have is fixed upon her finally yielding in the matter of their marriage, though Glendenning was obliged to confess that there was no sign of her doing so. They agree—Miss Bentley and he—that they cannot get married as they got engaged, in spite of her mother—it would be unclerical if it wouldn't be unfilial—and they simply have to bide their time."

My wife asked abruptly, "How many chambers are there in the Conwell place?"

I said, and then she asked, "Is there a windmill or a force-pump?" I answered proudly that in Gormanville there was town water, but that if this should give out there were both a windmill and a force-pump on the Conwell place.

"It is very complete," she sighed, as if this had removed all hope from her, and she added, "I suppose we had better take it."

IV.

We certainly did not take it for the sake of being near the Bentleys, neither of whom had given us particular reason to desire their further acquaintance, though the young lady had agreeably modified herself when apart from her mother. In fact we went to Gormanville because it was an exceptional chance to get a beautiful place for a very little money, where we could go early and stay late. But no sooner had we acted from this quite personal, not to say selfish, motive than we were rewarded with the sweetest overtures of neighborliness by the Bentleys. They waited, of course, till we were settled in our house before they came to call upon Mrs. March, but they had been pre-

ceded by several hospitable offerings from their garden, their dairy, and their hen-house, which were very welcome in the days of our first uncertainty as to tradespeople. We analyzed this hospitality as an effect of that sort of nature in Mrs. Bentley which can equally assert its superiority by blessing or banning. Evidently, since chance had again thrown us in her way, she would not go out of it to be offensive, but would continue in it, and make the best of us.

No doubt Glendenning had talked us into the Bentleys; and this my wife said she hated most of all; for we should have to live up to the notion of us imparted by a young man from the impressions of the moment when he saw us purple in the light of his dawning love. In justice to Glendenning, however, I must say that he did nothing, by a show of his own assiduities, to urge us upon the Bentleys after we came to Gormanville. If we had not felt so sure of him, we might have thought he was keeping his regard for us a little too modestly in the background. He made us one cool little call, the evening of our arrival, in which he had the effect of anxiety to get away as soon as possible; and after that we saw him no more until he came with Miss Bentley and her mother a week later. His forbearance was all the more remarkable because his church and his rectory were just across the street from the Conwell place, at the corner of another street, where we could see their wooden gothic in the cold shadow of the maples with which the green in front of them was planted.

During all that time Glendenning's personal elevation remained invisible to us, and we began to wonder if he were not that most lamentable of fellow-creatures, a clerical snob. I am not sure still that he might not have been so in some degree, there was such a mixture of joy that was almost abject in his genuine affection for us, when Mrs. Bentley openly approved us on her first visit. I dare say he would not have quite abandoned us in any case; but he must have felt responsible for us, and it must have been such a load off him, when she took that turn with us.

She called in the afternoon, and the young people dropped in again the same evening, and took the trouble to win back our simple hearts. That is, Miss

Bentley showed herself again as frank and sweet as she had been on the boat when she joined my wife after dinner and left her mother in her state-room. Glendenning was again the Glendenning of our first meeting, and something more. He fearlessly led the way to intimacies of feeling with an expansion uncommon even in an accepted lover, and we made our conclusions that however subject he might be to his indefinitely future mother-in-law, he would not be at all so to his wife, if she could help it. He took the lead, but because she gave it him; and she displayed an aptness for conjugal submissiveness which almost amounted to genius. Whenever she spoke to either of us, it was with one eye on him to see if he liked what she was saying. It was so perfect that I doubted if it could last; but my wife said a girl like that could keep it up till she dropped. I have never been sure that she liked us as well as he did; I think it was part of her intense loyalty to seem to like us a great deal more.

She was deeply in love, and nothing but her ladylike breeding kept her from being openly fond. I figured her in a sort of impassioned incandescence, such as only a pure and perhaps cold nature could burn into; and I amused myself a little with the sense of Glendenning's apparent inadequacy. Sweet he was, and admirably gentle and fine; he had an unfailing good sense, and a very ready wisdom, as I grew more and more to perceive. But neither my wife nor I could ignore the fact that he was an inch or so shorter than Miss Bentley, and that in his sunny blondness, with his golden red beard and hair, and his pinkish complexion, he wanted still more the effect of an emotional equality with her. He was very handsome, with features excellently regular; his smile was celestially beautiful, and innocent gay lights danced in his blue eyes, through lashes and under brows that were a little lighter blond than his beard and hair.

V.

The next morning, which was of a Saturday, when I did not go to town, he came over to us again from the shadow of his sombre maples, and fell simply and naturally into talk about his engagement. He was much fuller in my wife's presence than he had been with me alone, and

told us the hopes he had of Mrs. Bentley's yielding within a reasonable time. He seemed to gather encouragement from the sort of perspective he got the affair into by putting it before us, and finding her dissent to her daughter's marriage so ridiculous in our eyes after her consent to her engagement that a woman of her great good sense evidently could not persist in it.

"There is no personal objection to myself," he said, with a modest satisfaction. "In fact, I think she really likes me, and only dislikes my engagement to Edith. But she knows that Edith is incapable of marrying against her mother's will, or I of wishing her to do so; though there is nothing else to prevent us."

My wife allowed herself to say, "Isn't it rather cruel of her?"

"Why, no, not altogether; or not so much so as it might be in different circumstances. I make every allowance for her. In the first place, she is a great sufferer."

"Yes, I know," my wife relented.

"She suffers terribly from asthma. I don't suppose she has lain down in bed for ten years. She sleeps in an easy-chair, and she's never quite free from her trouble; when there's a paroxysm of the disease, her anguish is frightful. I've never seen it, of course, but I have heard it: you hear it all through the house. Edith has the constant care of her. Her mother has to be perpetually moved and shifted in her chair, and Edith does this for her; she will let no one else come near her; Edith must look to the ventilation, and burn the pastilles which help her to breathe. She depends upon her every instant." He had grown very solemn in voice and face, and he now said, "When I think of what she endures, it seems to me that it is I who am cruel even to dream of taking her daughter from her."

"Yes," my wife assented.

"But there is really no present question of that. We are very happy as it is. We can wait, and wait willingly till Mrs. Bentley wishes us to wait no longer: or—"

He stopped, and we were both aware of something in his mind which he put from him. He became a little pale, and sat looking very grave. Then he rose. "I don't know whether to say how welcome you would be at St. Michael's tomorrow, for you may not be—"

"We are Unitarians, too," said Mrs. March. "But we are coming to hear you."

"I am glad you are coming to church," said Glendenning, putting away the personal tribute implied with a gentle dignity that became him.

VI.

We waited a discreet time before returning the call of the Bentley ladies, but not so long as to seem conscious. In fact we had been softened towards Mrs. Bentley by what Glendenning told us of her suffering, and we were disposed to forgive a great deal of patronage and superiority to her asthma; they were not part of the disease, but still they were somehow to be considered with reference to it in her case.

We were admitted by the maid, who came running down the hall stairway, with a preoccupied air, to the open door where we stood waiting. There were two great syringa-bushes on each hand close to the portal, which were in full flower, and which flung their sweetness through the doorway and the windows; but when we found ourselves in the dim old-fashioned parlor, we were aware of this odor meeting and mixing with another which descended from the floor above—the smell of some medicated pastille. There was a sound of anxious steps overhead, and a hurried closing of doors, with the mechanical sound of labored breathing.

"We have come at a bad time," I suggested.

"Yes; *why* did they let us in?" cried my wife in an anguish of compassion and vexation. She repeated her question to Miss Bentley, who came down almost immediately, looking pale, indeed, but steady, and making a brave show of welcome.

"My mother would have wished it," she said, "and she sent me as soon as she knew who it was. You mustn't be distressed," she entreated, with a pathetic smile. "It's really a kind of relief to her; anything is that takes her mind off herself for a moment. She will be so sorry to miss you, and you must come again as soon as you can."

"Oh, we will, we will!" cried my wife, in nothing less than a passion of meekness; and Miss Bentley went on to comfort her.

"It's dreadful, of course, but it isn't as

bad as it sounds, and it isn't nearly so bad as it looks. She is used to it, and there is a great deal in that. Oh, *don't* go!" she begged, at a movement Mrs. March made to rise. "The doctor is with her just now, and I'm not needed. It will be kind if you'll stay; it's a relief to be out of the room with a good excuse!" She even laughed a little as she said this; she went on to lead the talk away from what was so intensely in our minds, and presently I heard her and my wife speaking of other things. The power to do this is from some heroic quality in women's minds that we do not credit them with; we think it their volatility, and I dare say I thought myself much better, or at least more serious in my make, because I could not follow them, and did not lose one of those hoarse gasps of the sufferer overhead. Occasionally there came a stifling cry that made me jump, inwardly if not outwardly, but those women had their drama to play, and they played it to the end.

Miss Bentley came hospitably to the door with us, and waited there till she thought we could not see her turn and run swiftly up stairs.

"Why *did* you stay, my dear?" I groaned. "I felt as if I were personally smothering Mrs. Bentley every moment we were there."

"I *had* to do it. She wished it, and, as she said, it was a relief to have us there, though she was wishing us at the ends of the earth all the time. But what a ghastly life!"

"Yes; and can you wonder that the poor woman doesn't want to give her up, to lose the help and comfort she gets from her? It's a wicked thing for that girl to think of marrying."

"What are you talking about, Basil? It's a wicked thing for her *not* to think of it! She is wearing her life out, *tearing* it out, and she isn't doing her mother a bit of good. Her mother would be just as well, and better, with a good strong nurse, who could lift her this way and that, and change her about, without feeling her heart-strings wrung at every gasp, as that poor child must. Oh, I *wish* Glendenning was man enough to make her run off with him, and get married, in spite of everything. But, of course, that's impossible—for a clergyman! And her sacrifice began so long ago that it's become part of her life, and she'll simply have to keep on."

VII.

When her attack passed off, Mrs. Bentley sent and begged my wife to come again and see her. She went without me, while I was in town, but she was so circumstantial in her report of her visit, when I came home at night, that I never felt quite sure I had not been present. What most interested us both was the extreme independence which the mother and daughter showed beyond a certain point, and the daughter's great frankness in expressing her difference of feeling. We had already had some hint of this, the first day we met her, and we were not surprised at it now, my wife at first hand, or I at second hand. Mrs. Bentley opened the way for her daughter by saying that the worst of sickness was that it made one such an affliction to others. She lived in an atmosphere of devotion, she said, but her suffering left her so little of life that she could not help clinging selfishly to everything that remained.

My wife perceived that this was meant for Miss Bentley, though it was spoken to herself; and Miss Bentley seemed to take the same view of the fact. She said: "We needn't use any circumlocution with Mrs. March, mother. She knows just how the affair stands. You can say whatever you wish, though I don't know why you should wish to say anything. You have made your own terms with us, and we are keeping them to the letter. What more can you ask? Do you want me to break with Mr. Glendenning? I will do that too, if you ask it. You have got everything *but* that, and you can have that at any time. But Arthur and I are perfectly satisfied as it is, and we can wait as long as you wish us to wait."

Her mother said, "I'm not allowed to forget that for a single hour;" and Miss Bentley said, "I never remind you of it unless you make me, mother. You may be thinking of it all the time, but it isn't because of anything I say."

"Or that you *do*?" said Mrs. Bentley; and her daughter answered, "I can't help existing, of course."

My wife broke off from the account she was giving me of her visit: "You can imagine how pleasant all this was for me, Basil, and how anxious I was to prolong my call!"

"Well," I returned, "there were compensations. It was extremely interest-

ing; it was life. You can't deny that, my dear."

"It was more like death. Several times I was on the point of going, but you know when there's been a painful scene you feel so sorry for the people who've made it that you can't bear to leave them to themselves. I did get up to go once, in mere self-defence, but they both urged me to stay, and I couldn't help staying till they could talk of other things. But now tell me what you think of it all. Which should your feeling be with the most? That is what I want to get at before I tell you mine."

"Which side was I on when we talked about them last?"

"Oh, when did we talk about them *last*? We are always talking about them! I am getting no good of the summer at all. I shall go home in the fall more jaded and worn out than when I came! To think that we should have this beautiful place, where we could be so happy and comfortable, if it were not for having this abnormal situation under our nose and eyes all the time!"

"Abnormal? I don't call it abnormal," I began, and I was sensible of my wife's thoughts leaving her own injuries for my point of view so swiftly that I could almost hear them whir.

"Not abnormal!" she gasped.

"No; only too natural. Isn't it perfectly natural for an invalid like that to want to keep her daughter with her; and isn't it perfectly natural for a daughter, with a New England sense of duty, to yield to her wish? You might say that she could get married and live at home, and then she and Glendenning could both devote themselves—"

"No, no," my wife broke in, "that wouldn't do. Marriage is marriage; and it puts the husband and wife with each other first; when it doesn't, it's a miserable mockery."

"Even when there's a sick mother in the case?"

"A thousand sick mothers wouldn't alter the case. And that's what they all three instinctively know, and they're doing the only thing they can do."

"Then I don't see what we're complaining of."

"Complaining of? We're complaining of its being all wrong and—romantic. Her mother has asked more than she had any right to ask, and Miss Bentley has

tried to do more than she can perform, and that has made them hate each other."

"Should you say *hate*, quite?"

"It must come to that, if Mrs. Bentley lives."

"Then let us hope she—"

"My dear!" cried Mrs. March, warningly.

"Oh, come, now!" I retorted. "Do you mean to say that you haven't thought how very much it would simplify the situation if—"

"Of course I have! And that is the wicked part of it. It's that that is wearing me out. It's perfectly hideous!"

"Well, fortunately we're not actively concerned in the affair, and we needn't take any measures in regard to it. We are mere spectators, and as I see it the situation is not only inevitable for Mrs. Bentley, but it has a sort of heroic propriety for Miss Bentley."

"And Glendenning?"

"Oh, Glendenning isn't provided for in my scheme."

"Then I can tell you that your scheme, Basil, is worse than worthless."

"I didn't brag of it, my dear," I said, meekly enough. "I'm sorry for him, but I can't help him. He must provide for himself out of his religion."

VIII.

It was indeed a trying summer for our emotions, torn as we were between our pity for Mrs. Bentley and our compassion for her daughter. We had no repose, except when we centred our sympathies upon Glendenning, whom we could yearn over in tender regret without doing any one else wrong, or even criticising another. He was our great stay in that respect, and though a mere external witness might have thought that he had the easiest part, we who knew his gentle and affectionate nature could not but feel for him. We never concealed from ourselves certain foibles of his; I have hinted at one, and we should have liked it better if he had not been so sensible of the honor, from a worldly point, of being engaged to Miss Bentley. But this was a very innocent vanity, and he would have been willing to suffer for her mother and for herself, if she had let him. I have tried to insinuate how she would not let him, but freed him as much as possible from the stress of the situation, and assumed for him a mastery, a primacy which he

would never have assumed for himself. We thought this very pretty of her, and in fact she was capable of pretty things. What was hard and arrogant in her, and she was not without something of the kind at times, was like her mother; but even she, poor soul, had her good points, as I have attempted to suggest. We used to dwell upon them, when our talk with Glendenning grew confidential, as it was apt to do; for it seemed to console him to realize that her daughter and he were making their sacrifice to a not wholly unamiable person.

He confided equally in my wife and myself, but there were times when I think he rather preferred the counsel of a man friend. Once when we had gone a walk into the country, which around Gormanville is of the pathetic Mid-Massachusetts loveliness and poverty, we sat down in a hill-side orchard to rest, and he began abruptly to talk of his affair. Sometimes, he said, he felt that it was all an error, and he could not rid himself of the fear that an error persisted in was a wrong, and therefore a species of sin.

"That is very interesting," I said. "I wonder if there is anything in it? At first blush it looks so logical; but is it? Or are you simply getting morbid? What is the error? What is your error?"

"You know," he said, with a gentle refusal of my willingness to make light of his trouble. "It is surely an error to allow a woman to give her word when she can promise nothing more, and to let her hold herself to it."

I could have told him that I did not think the error in this case was altogether or mainly his, or the persistence in it; for it had seemed to me from the beginning that the love between him and Miss Bentley was fully as much her affair as his, and that quite within the bounds of maidenly modesty she showed herself as passionately true to their plighted troth. But of course this would not do, and I had to be content with the ironical suggestion that he might try offering to release Miss Bentley.

"Don't laugh at me," he implored, and I confess his tone would have taken from me any heart to do so.

"My dear fellow," I said, "I see your point. But don't you think you are quite needlessly adding to your affliction by pressing it? You two are in the position which isn't at all uncommon with

engaged people, of having to wait upon exterior circumstances before you get married. Suppose you were prevented by poverty, as often happens? It would be a hardship as it is now; but in that case would your engagement be any less an error than it is now? I don't think it would, and I don't believe you think so either."

"In that case we should not be opposing our wills to the will of some one else, who has a better claim to her daughter's allegiance than I have. It seems to me that our error was in letting her mother consent to our engagement if she would not or could not consent to our marriage. When it came to that we ought both to have had the strength to say that then there should be no engagement. It was my place to do that. I could have prevented the error which I can't undo."

"I don't see how it could have been easier to prevent than to undo your error. I don't admit it's an error, but I call it so because you do. After all, an engagement is nothing but an open confession between two people that they are in love with each other and wish to marry. There need be no sort of pledge or promise to make the engagement binding, if there is love. It's the love that binds."

"Yes."

"It bound you from your first acknowledgment of it, and unless you could deny your love now, or hereafter, it must always bind you. If you own that you still love each other, you are still engaged, no matter how much you release each other. Could you think of loving her and marrying some one else? Could she love you and marry another? There isn't any error, unless you've mistaken your feeling for each other. If you have, I should decidedly say you couldn't break your engagement too soon. In fact, there wouldn't be any real engagement to break."

"Of course you are right," said Glendinning, but not so strenuously as he might.

I had a feeling that he had not put forward the main cause of his unhappiness, though he had given a true cause; that he had made some lesser sense of wrong stand for a greater, as people often do in confessing themselves; and I was not surprised when he presently added: "It is not merely the fact that she is bound in that way, and that her young life is passing in this sort of hopeless patience, but

that—that— I don't know how to put the ugly and wicked thing into words, but I assure you that sometimes when I think—when I'm aware that I know— Ah, I can't say it!"

"I fancy I understand what you mean, my dear boy," I said, and in the right of my ten years' seniority I put my hand caressingly on his shoulder, "and you are no more guilty than I am in knowing that if Mrs. Bentley were not in the way, there would be no obstacle to your happiness."

"But such a cognition is of hell," he cried, and he let his face fall into his hands and sobbed heart-rendingly.

"Yes," I said, "such a cognition is of hell; you're quite right. So are all evil concepts and knowledges; but so long as they are merely things of our intelligence, they are no part of us, and we are not guilty of them."

"No; I trust not, I trust not," he returned, and I let him sob his trouble out before I spoke again; and then I began with a laugh of unfeigned gayety. Something that my wife had hinted in one of our talks about the lovers freakishly presented itself to my mind, and I said, "There is a way, and a very practical way, to put an end to the anomaly you feel in an engagement which doesn't imply a marriage."

"And what is that?" he asked, not very hopefully; but he dried his eyes and calmed himself.

"Well, speaking after the manner of men, you might run off with Miss Bentley."

All the blood in his body flushed into his face. "Don't!" he gasped, and I divined that what I had said must have been in his thoughts before, and I laughed again. "It wouldn't do," he added, pitiously. "The scandal—I am a clergyman, and my parish—"

I perceived that no moral scruple presented itself to him; when it came to the point, he was simply and naturally a lover, like any other man; and I persisted: "It would only be a seven days' wonder. I never heard of a clergyman's running away to be married; but they must have sometimes done it. Come, I don't believe you'd have to plead hard with Miss Bentley, and Mrs. March and I will aid and abet you to the limit of our small ability. I'm sure that if I promise to wrap up warm against the night air, she

will let me go and help you hold the rope-ladder taut."

It was not very reverent to his cloth, or his recent tragical mood, but Glendenning was not offended; he laughed with a sheepish pleasure, and that evening he came with Miss Bentley to call upon us. The visit passed without unusual confidences until they rose to go, when she said abruptly to me: "I feel that we both owe you a great deal, Mr. March. Arthur has been telling me of your talk this afternoon, and I think that what you said was all so wise and true! I don't mean," she added, "your suggestion about putting an end to the anomaly!" and she and Glendenning both laughed.

My wife said, "That was very wicked, and I have scolded him for thinking of such a thing." She had indeed forgotten that she had put it in my head, and made me wholly responsible for it.

"Then you must scold me too a little, Mrs. March," said the girl, "for I've sometimes wondered if I couldn't work Arthur up to the point of making me run away with him," which was a joke that wonderfully amused us all.

I said, "I shouldn't think it would be so difficult"; and she retorted:

"Oh, you've no idea how obdurate clergymen are;" and then she went on, seriously, to thank me for talking Glendenning out of his morbid mood. With the frankness sometimes characteristic of her she said that if he had released her, it would have made no difference—she should still have felt herself bound to him; and until he should tell her that he no longer cared for her, she should feel that he was bound to her. I saw no great originality in this reproduction of my own ideas. But when Miss Bentley added that she believed her mother herself would be shocked and disappointed if they were to give each other up, I was aware of being in the presence of a curious psychological fact. I so wholly lost myself in the inquiry it invited that I let the talk flow on round me unheeded while I questioned whether Mrs. Bentley did not derive a satisfaction from her own and her daughter's mutual opposition which she could never have enjoyed from their perfect agreement. She had made a certain concession in consenting to the engagement, and this justified her to herself in refusing her consent to the marriage, while the ingratitude of the young

people in not being content with what she had done formed a grievance of constant avail with a lady of her temperament. From what Miss Bentley let fall, half seriously, half jokingly, as well as what I observed, I divined a not unnatural effect of the strained relations between her and her mother. She concentrated whatever resentment she felt upon Miss Bentley, inasmuch that it seemed as though she might altogether have withdrawn her opposition if it had been a question merely of Glendenning's marriage. So far from disliking him, she was rather fond of him, and she had no apparent objection to him except as her daughter's husband. It had not always been so; at first she had an active rancor against him; but this had gradually yielded to his invincible goodness and sweetness.

"Who could hold out against him?" his betrothed demanded, fondly, when these facts had been more or less expressed to us; and it was not the first time that her love had seemed more explicit than his. He smiled round upon her, pressing the hand she put in his arm; for she asked this when they stood on our threshold ready to go, and then he glanced at us with eyes that fell bashfully from ours.

"Oh, of course it will come right in time," said my wife when they were gone, and I agreed that they need only have patience. We had all talked ourselves into a cheerful frame concerning the affair; we had seen it in its amusing aspects, and laughed about it; and that seemed almost in itself to dispose of Mrs. Bentley's opposition. My wife and I decided that this could not long continue; that by-and-by she would become tired of it, and this would happen all the sooner if the lovers submitted absolutely, and did nothing to remind her of their submission.

IX.

The Conwells came home from Europe the next summer, and we did not go again to Gormanville. But from time to time we heard of the Bentleys, and we heard to our great amaze that there was no change in the situation, as concerned Miss Bentley and Glendenning. I think that later it would have surprised us if we had learned that there was a change. Their lives seemed to have all adjusted themselves to the conditions, and we who

were mere spectators came at last to feel nothing abnormal in them.

Now and then we saw Glendenning, and now and then Miss Bentley came to call upon Mrs. March, when she was in town. Her mother had given up her Boston house, and they lived the whole year round at Gormanville, where the air was good for Mrs. Bentley without her apparently being the better for it; again, we heard in a roundabout way that their circumstances were not so fortunate as they had been, and that they had given up their Boston house partly from motives of economy.

There was no reason why our intimacy with the lovers' affair should continue, and it did not. Miss Bentley made mention of Glendenning, when my wife saw her, with what Mrs. March decided to be an abiding fealty, but without offer of confidence; and Glendenning, when we happened to meet at rare intervals, did not invite me to more than formal inquiry concerning the well-being of Mrs. Bentley and her daughter.

He was undoubtedly getting older, and he looked it. He was one of those gentle natures which put on fat, not from self-indulgence, but from want of resisting force, and the clerical waistcoat that buttoned black to his throat swayed decidedly beyond a straight line at his waist. His red-gold hair was getting thin, and though he wore it cut close all round, it showed thinner on the crown than on the temples, and his pale eyebrows were waning. He had a settled patience of look which would have been a sadness, if there had not been mixed with it an air of resolute cheerfulness. I am not sure that this kept it from being sad, either.

Miss Bentley, on her part, was no longer the young girl she was when we met on the *Corinthian*. She must then have been about twenty, and she was now twenty-six, but she looked thirty. Dark people show their age early, and she showed hers in cheeks that grew thinner if not paler, and in a purple shadow under her fine eyes. The parting of her black hair was wider than it once was, and she wore it smooth, in apparent disdain of those arts of fluffing and fringing, which give an air of vivacity, if not of youth. I should say she had always been a serious girl, and now she showed the effect of a life that could not have been gay for any one.

The lovers promised themselves, as we knew, that Mrs. Bentley would relent, and abandon what was more like a whimsical caprice than a settled wish. But as time wore on, and she gave no sign of changing, I have wondered whether some change did not come upon them, which affected them towards each other without affecting their constancy. I fancied their youthful passion taking on the sad color of patience, and contenting itself more and more with such friendly companionship as their fate afforded; it became, without marriage, that affectionate comradery which wedded love passes into with the lapse of as many years as they had been plighted. "What," I once suggested to my wife, in a very darkling mood—"what if they should gradually grow apart, and end in rejoicing that they had never been allowed to join their lives? Wouldn't that be rather Hawthornesque?"

"It wouldn't be true," said Mrs. March, "and I don't see why you should put such a notion upon Hawthorne. If you can't be more cheerful about it, Basil, I wish you wouldn't talk of the affair at all."

"Oh, I'm quite willing to be cheerful about it, my dear," I returned, "and, if you like, we will fancy Mrs. Bentley coming round and ardently wishing their marriage, and their gayly protesting that after having given the matter a great deal of thought they had decided it would be better not to marry, but to live on separately for their own sake, just as they have been doing for hers so long. Wouldn't that be cheerful?"

Mrs. March said that if I wished to tease it was because I had no ideas on the subject, and she would advise me to drop it. I did so, for the better part of the evening, but I could not relinquish it altogether. "Do you think," I asked, finally, "that any sort of character will stand the test of such a prolonged engagement?"

"Why not? Very indifferent character stands the test of marriage, and that's indefinitely prolonged."

"Yes, but it's not indefinite itself. Marriage is something very distinct and permanent; but such an engagement as this has no sort of future. It is a mere motionless present, without the inspiration of a common life, and with no hope of release from durance except through a chance that it will be sorrow instead of

joy. I should think they would go to pieces under the strain."

"But as you see they don't, perhaps the strain isn't so great after all."

"Ah," I confessed, "there is that wonderful adaptation of the human soul to any circumstances. It's the one thing that makes me respect our fallen nature. Fallen? It seems to me that we ought to call it our risen nature; it has steadily mounted with the responsibility that Adam took for it—or Eve."

"I don't see," said my wife, pursuing her momentary advantage, "why they should not be getting as much pleasure or happiness out of life as most married people. Engagements are supposed to be very joyous, though I think they're rather exciting and restless times, as a general thing. If they've settled down to being merely engaged, I've no doubt they've decided to make the best of being merely engaged as long as her mother lives."

"There is that view of it," I assented.

X.

By the following autumn Glendenning had completed the seventh year of his engagement to Miss Bentley, and I reminded my wife that this seemed to be the scriptural length of a betrothal, as typified in the service which Jacob rendered for Rachel. "But *he* had a prospective father-in-law to deal with," I added, "and Glendenning a mother-in-law. That may make a difference."

Mrs. March did not join me in the humorous view of the affair which I took. She asked me if I had heard anything from Glendenning lately; if that were the reason why I mentioned him.

"No," I said; "but I have some office business that will take me to Gormanville to-morrow, and I did not know but you might like to go too, and look the ground over, and see how much we have been suffering for them unnecessarily." The fact was that we had now scarcely spoken of Glendenning or the Bentleys for six months, and our minds were far too full of our own affairs to be given more than very superficially to theirs at any time. "We could both go as well as not," I suggested, "and you could call upon the Bentleys while I looked after the company's business."

"Thank you, Basil, I think I will let you go alone," said my wife. "But try

to find out how it is with them. Don't be so terribly straightforward, and let it look as if that was what you came for. Don't make the slightest advance toward their confidence. But do let them open up if they will."

"My dear, you may depend upon my asking no leading questions whatever, and I shall behave with far more discretion than if you were with me. The danger is that I shall behave with too much, for I find that my interest in their affair is very much faded. There is every probability that unless Glendenning speaks of his engagement, it won't be spoken of at all."

This was putting it rather with the indifference of the past six months than with the feeling of the present moment. Since I had known that I was going to Gormanville, the interest I denied had renewed itself pretty vividly for me, and I was intending not only to get everything out of Glendenning that I decently could, but to give him as much good advice as he would bear. I was going to urge him to move upon the obstructive Mrs. Bentley with all his persuasive force, and I had formulated some arguments for him which I thought he might use with success. I did not tell my wife that this was my purpose, but all the same I cherished it, and I gathered energy for the enforcement of my views for Glendenning's happiness from the very dejection I was cast into by the outward effect of the Gormanville streets. They were all in a funeral blaze of their shade trees, which were mostly maples, but were here and there a stretch of elms meeting in arches almost consciously gothic over the roadway; the maples were crimson and gold, and the elms the paly yellow that they affect in the fall. A silence hung under their sad splendors which I found deepen when I got into what the inhabitants called the residential part. About the business centre there was some stir, and here in the transaction of my affairs I was in the thick of it for a while. Everybody remembered me in a pleasant way, and I had to stop and pass the time of day, as they would have said, with a good many whom I could not remember at once. It seemed to me that the maples in front of St. Michael's rectory were rather more depressingly gaudy than elsewhere in Gormanville; but I believe they were only thicker. I found Glendenning in his study, and he was so

far from being cast down by their blazon that I thought him decidedly cheerfulest than when I saw him last. He met me with what for him was ardor, and as he had asked me most cordially about my family, I thought it fit to inquire how the ladies at the Bentley place were.

"Why, very well, very well indeed," he answered, brightly. "It's very odd, but Edith and I were talking about you all only last night, and wishing we could see you again. Edith is most uncommonly well. During the summer Mrs. Bentley had some rather severer attacks than usual, and the care and anxiety told upon Edith; but since the cooler weather has come, she has picked up wonderfully." He did not say that Mrs. Bentley had shared this gain, and I imagined that he had a reluctance to confess she had not. He went on, "You're going to stay and spend the night with me, aren't you?"

"No," I said; "I'm obliged to be off by the four-o'clock train. But if I may be allowed to name the hospitality I could accept, I should say luncheon."

"Good!" cried Glendenning, gayly. "Let us go and have it at the Bentleys'."

"Far be it from me to say where you shall lunch me," I returned. "The question isn't where, but when and how, with me."

He got his hat and stick, and as we started out of his door he began: "You'll be a little surprised at the informality, perhaps, but I'm glad you take it so easily. It makes it easier for me to explain that I'm almost domesticated at the Bentley homestead; I come and go very much as if it were my own house."

"My dear fellow," I said, "I'm not surprised at anything in your relation to the Bentley homestead, and I won't vex you with any glad inferences."

"Why," he returned, a little bashfully, "there's no explicit change. The affair is just where it has been all along. But with the gradual decline in Mrs. Bentley—I'm afraid you'll notice it—she seems rather to want me about, and at times I'm able to be of use to Edith, and so—"

He stopped, and I said, "Exactly."

He went on: "Of course it's rather anomalous, and I oughtn't to let you get the impression that she has actually conceded anything. But she shows herself much more—er, shall I say?—affectionate, and I can't help hoping that there

may be a change in her mood which will declare itself in an attitude more favorable to—"

I said again, "Exactly," and Glendenning resumed:

"In spite of Edith's not having been quite so well as usual—she's wonderfully well now—it's been a very happy summer with us, on account of this change. It seems to have come about in a very natural way with Mrs. Bentley, and out of a growing regard which I can't specifically account for, as far as anything I've done is concerned."

"I think I could account for it," said I. "She must be a stonier-hearted old lady than I imagine if she hasn't felt your goodness, all along, Glendenning."

"Why, you're very kind," said the gentle creature. "You tempt me to repeat what she said, at the only time she expressed a wish to have me oftener with them: 'You've been very patient with a contrary old woman. But I sha'n't make you wait much longer.'"

"Well, I think that was very encouraging, my dear fellow."

"Do you?" he asked, wistfully. "I thought so too, at first, but when I told Edith she could not take that view of it. She said that she did not believe her mother had changed her mind at all, and that she only meant she was growing older."

"But, at any rate," I argued, "it was pleasant to have her make an open recognition of your patience."

"Yes, that was pleasant," he said, cheerfully again. "And it was the beginning of the kind of relation that I have held ever since to her household. I am afraid I am there a good half of my time, and I believe I dine there oftener than I do at home. I am quite on the footing of a son, with her."

"There are some of the unregenerate, Glendenning," I made bold to say, "who think it is your own fault that you were not on the footing of a son-in-law with her long ago. If you'll excuse my saying so, you have been, if anything, too patient. It would have been far better for all if you had taken the bit in your teeth six or seven years back—"

He drew a deep breath. "It wouldn't have done; it wouldn't have done! Edith herself would never have consented to it."

"Did you ever ask her?"

"No," he said, innocently. "How could I?"

"And of course *she* could never ask *you*," I laughed. "My opinion is that you have lost a great deal of time unnecessarily. I haven't the least doubt that if you had brought a little pressure to bear with Mrs. Bentley herself, it would have sufficed."

He looked at me with a kind of dismay, as if my words had carried conviction, or had roused a conviction long dormant in his heart. "It wouldn't have done," he gasped.

"It isn't too late to try, yet," I suggested.

"Yes, it's too late. We must wait now." He hastened to add, "Until she yields entirely of herself."

He gave me a guilty glance when he drew near the Bentley place and we saw a buggy standing at the gate. "The doctor!" he said, and he hurried me up the walk to the door.

The door stood open and we heard the doctor saying to some one within: "No, no, nothing organic at all, I assure you. One of the commonest functional disturbances."

Miss Bentley appeared at the threshold with him, and she and Glendenning had time to exchange a glance of anxiety and of smiling reassurance, before she put out her hand in greeting to me, a very glad and cordial greeting, apparently. The doctor and I shook hands, and he got himself away with what I afterwards remembered as undue quickness, and left us to Miss Bentley.

Glendenning was quite right about her looking better. She looked even gay, and there was a vivid color in her cheeks such as I had not seen there for many years; her lips were red, her eyes brilliant. Her face was still perhaps as thin as ever, but it was indescribably younger.

I cannot say that there were the materials of a merrymaking amongst us, exactly, and yet I remember that luncheon as rather a gay one, with some laughing. I had not been till now in discovering that Miss Bentley had a certain gift of humor, so shy and proud, if I may so express it, that it would not show itself except upon long acquaintance, and I distinctly now perceived that this enabled her to make light of a burden that might otherwise have been intolerable. It qualified her to treat with cheerfulness the grimness of her mother, which had certainly not grown less since I saw her last, and

to turn into something like a joke her valetudinarian austerities of sentiment and opinion. She made a pleasant mock of the amenities which passed between her mother and Glendenning, whose gingerliness in the acceptance of the old lady's condescension would, I confess, have been notably comical without this gloss. It was perfectly evident that Mrs. Bentley's favor was bestowed with a mental reservation, and conditioned upon his forming no expectations from it, and poor Glendenning's eagerness to show that he took it upon these terms was amusing as well as touching. I do not know how to express that Miss Bentley contrived to eliminate herself from the affair, or to have the effect of doing that, and to abandon it to them. I can only say that she left them to be civil to each other, and that except when she recurred to them in playful sarcasm from time to time, she devoted herself to me.

Evidently, Mrs. Bentley was very much worse than she had been; her breathing was painfully labored. But if her daughter had any anxiety about her condition, she concealed it most effectually from us all. I decided that she had perhaps been asking the doctor as to certain symptoms that had alarmed her, and it was in the rebound from her anxiety that her spirits had risen to the height I saw. Glendenning seized the moment of her absence after luncheon, when she helped her mother up to her room, to impart to me that this was his conclusion too. He said that he had not seen her so cheerful for a long time, and when I praised her in every way, he basked in my appreciation of her as if it had all been flattery for himself. She came back directly, and then I had a chance to see what she might have been under happier stars. She could not, at any moment, help showing herself an intellectual and cultivated woman, but her opportunities to show herself a woman of rare social gifts had been scantied by circumstance and perhaps by conscience. It seemed to me that even in devoting herself to her mother as she had always done she need not have enslaved herself, and that it was in this excess her inherited puritanism came out. She might sometimes openly rebel against her mother's domination, as my wife and I had now and again seen her do; but inwardly she was almost passionately submissive. Here I thought that Glendenning, if he had

been a different sort of man, might have been useful to her; he might have encouraged her in a little wholesome selfishness, and enabled her to withhold sacrifice where it was needless. But I am not sure; perhaps he would have made her more unhappy, if he had attempted this; perhaps he was the only sort of man whom, in her sense of his own utter selfishness, she could have given her heart to in perfect peace. She now talked brilliantly and joyously to me, but all the time her eye sought his for his approval and sympathy; he for his part was content to listen in a sort of beatific pride in her which he did not, in his simple-hearted fondness, make any effort to mask.

When we came away, he made himself amends for his silence, by a long hymn in worship of her, and I listened with all the acquiescence possible. He asked me questions—whether I had noticed this thing or that about her, or remembered what she had said upon one point or another, and led up to compliments of her which I was glad to pay. In the long ordeal they had undergone they had at least kept all the young freshness of their love.

Glendenning and I went back to the rectory, and sat down in his study, or rather he made me draw a chair to the open door, and sat down himself on a step below the threshold. The day was one of autumnal warmth; the haze of Indian summer blued the still air, and the wind that now and then stirred the stiff panoply of the trees was lulling soft. This part of Gormanville quite overlooked the busier district about the mills, where the water-power found its way, and it was something of a climb even from the business street of the old hill village, which the rival prosperity of the industrial settlement in the valley had thrown into an aristocratic aloofness. From the upper windows of the rectory one could have seen only the red and yellow of the maples, but from the study door we caught glimpses past their boles of the outlying country, as it showed between the white mansions across the way. One of these, as I have already mentioned, was the Conwell place, and after we had talked of the landscape awhile, Glendenning said: "By-the-way! Why don't you buy the Conwell place? You liked it so much, and you were all so well in Gormanville. The Conwells want to sell it, and it would

be just the thing for you, five or six months of the year!"

I explained, almost compassionately, the impossibility of a poor insurance man thinking of a summer residence like the Conwell place, and I combated as well as I could the optimistic reasons of my friend in its favor. I was not very severe with him, for I saw that his optimism was not so much from his wish to have me live in Gormanville as from the new hope that filled him. It was by a perfectly natural, if not very logical transition that we were presently talking of this greater interest again, and Glendenning was going over all the plans that it included. I encouraged him to believe, as he desired, that a sea-voyage would be the thing for Mrs. Bentley, and that it would be his duty to take her to Europe as soon as he was in authority to do so. They should always, he said, live in Gormanville, for they were greatly attached to the place, and they should keep up the old Bentley homestead in the style that he thought they owed to the region where the Bentleys had always lived. It is a comfort to a man to tell his dreams, whether of the night or of the day, and I enjoyed Glendenning's pleasure in rehearsing these fond reveries of his.

He interrupted himself to listen to the sound of hurried steps, and directly a man in his shirt sleeves came running by on the sidewalk beyond the maples. In a village like Gormanville any passer is of interest to the spectator, and a man running is of thrilling moment. Glendenning started to his feet, and moved forward for a better sight of the flying passer. He called out to the man, who shouted back something I could not understand, and ran on.

"What did he say?"

"I don't know." Glendenning's face as he turned to me again was quite white. "It is Mrs. Bentley's farmer," he added feebly, and I could see that it was with an effort he kept himself from sinking. "Something has happened."

"Oh, I guess not, or not anything serious," I answered, with an effort to throw off the weight I suddenly felt at my own heart. "People have been known to run for a plumber. But if you're anxious, let us go and see what the matter is."

I turned and got my hat; Glendenning came in for his, but seemed unable to find it, though he stood before the table where

it lay. I could not help laughing, tho' I felt so little like it, as I put it in his hand.

"Don't leave me," he entreated, as we hurried out through the maples to the sidewalk. "It has come at last, and I feel, as I always knew I should, like a murderer."

"What rubbish!" I retorted. "You don't know that anything has happened. You don't know what the man's gone for."

"Yes, I do," he said. "Mrs. Bentley is— He's gone for the doctor."

As he spoke, a buggy came tearing down the street behind us; the doctor was in it, and the man in shirt sleeves beside him. We did not try to hail them, but as they whirled by the farmer put his face round, and again called something unintelligible to Glendenning.

We made what speed we could after them, but they were long out of sight in the mile that it seemed to me we were an hour in covering before we reached the Bentley place. The doctor's buggy stood at the gate, and I perceived that I was without authority to enter the house, on which some unknown calamity had fallen, no matter with what good-will I had come; I could see that Glendenning had suffered a sudden estrangement, also, which he had to make a struggle against. But he went in, leaving me without, as if he had forgotten me.

I could not go away, and I walked down the path to the gate, and waited there, in case I should be in any wise wanted. After a very long time the doctor came bolting over the walk towards me, as if he did not see me, but he brought himself up short with an "Oh!" before he actually struck against me. I had known him during our summer at the Conwell place, where we used to have him in for our little ailments, and I would never have believed that his round, optimistic face could look so worried. I read the worst in it; Glendenning was right; but I asked the doctor quite as if I did not know, whether there was anything serious the matter.

"Serious, yes," he said. "Get in with me; I have to see another patient, but I'll bring you back." We mounted into his buggy, and he went on. "She's in no immediate danger, now. The faint lasted so long I didn't know whether we should bring her out of it, at one time, but the most alarming part is over for

the present. There is some trouble with the heart, but I don't think anything organic."

"Yes, I heard you telling her daughter so, just before lunch. Isn't it a frequent complication with asthma?"

"Asthma? Her daughter? Whom are you talking about?"

"Mrs. Bentley. Isn't Mrs. Bentley—"

"No!" shouted the doctor, in disgust.

"Mrs. Bentley is as well as ever. It's Miss Bentley. I wish there was a thousandth part of the chance for her that there is for her mother."

XI.

I staid over for the last train to Boston, and then I had to go home without the hope which Miss Bentley's first rally had given the doctor. My wife and I talked the affair over far into the night, and in the paucity of particulars I was almost driven to their invention. But I managed to keep a good conscience, and at the same time to satisfy the demand for facts in a measure by the indulgence of conjectures which Mrs. March continually mistook for them. The doctor had let fall, in his talk with me, that he had no doubt Miss Bentley had aggravated the affection of the heart from which she was suffering by her exertions in lifting her mother about so much; and my wife said that it needed only that touch to make the tragedy complete.

"Unless," I suggested, "you could add that her mother had just told her she would not oppose her marriage any longer, and it was the joy that brought on the access of the trouble that is killing her."

"Did the doctor say that?" Mrs. March demanded, severely.

"No. And I haven't the least notion that anything like it happened. But if it had—"

"It would have been too tawdry. I'm ashamed of you for thinking of such a thing, Basil."

Upon reflection, I was rather ashamed myself; but I plucked up courage to venture: "It would be rather fine, wouldn't it, when that poor girl is gone, if Mrs. Bentley had Glendenning come and live with her, and they devoted themselves to each other for her daughter's sake?"

"Fine! It would be ghastly. What are you thinking of, my dear? How would it be fine?"

"Oh, I mean dramatically," I apolo-

gized, and not to make bad worse, I said no more.

The next day, which was Sunday, a telegram came for me, which I decided without opening it, to be the announcement of the end. But it proved to be a message from Mrs. Bentley, begging in most urgent terms that Mrs. March and I would come to her at once, if possible. These terms left the widest latitude for surmise, but none for choice, in the sad circumstances, and we looked up the Sunday trains for Gormanville, and went.

We found the poor woman piteously grateful, but by no means so prostrated as we had expected. She was rather, as often happens, stayed and held upright by the burden that had been laid upon her, and it was with fortitude if not dignity that she appealed to us for our counsel, and if possible our help, in a matter about which she had already consulted the doctor. "The doctor says that the excitement cannot hurt Edith; it may even help her, to propose it. I should like to do it, but if you did not think well of it, I would not do it. I know it is too late now to make up to her for the past," said Mrs. Bentley, and here she gave way to the grief she had restrained hitherto.

"There is no one else," she went on, "who has been so intimately acquainted with the facts of my daughter's engagement—no one else that I can confide in or appeal to."

We both murmured that she was very good; but she put our politeness somewhat peremptorily aside.

"It is the only thing I can do now, and it is useless to do that now. It will be no reparation for the past, and it will be for myself and not for her, as all that I have done in the past has been; but I wish to know what you think of their getting married now."

I am afraid that if we had said what we thought of such a tardy and futile proof of penitence, we should have brought little comfort to the mother's heart. But we looked at each other in the disgust we both felt, and said there would be a sacred fitness in it.

She was apparently much consoled.

It was touching enough, and I at last was affected by her tears; I am not so sure my wife was. But she had instantly to consider how best to propose the matter to Miss Bentley, and to act upon her decision. After all, as she reported the

fact to me later, it was very simple to suggest her mother's wish to the girl, who listened to it with a perfect intelligence in which there was no bitterness.

"They think I am going to die," she said, quietly, "and I can understand how she feels. It seems such a mockery; but if she wishes it; and Arthur—"

It was my part to deal with Glendenning, and I did not find it so easy.

"Marriage is for life and for earth," he said, solemnly, and I thought very truly. "In the resurrection we shall be one another's without it. I don't like to go through the form of such a sacrament idly; it seems like a profanation of its mystery."

"But if Miss Bentley—"

"She will think whatever I do; I shall feel as she does," he answered, with dignity.

"Yes, I know," I urged. "It would not be for her; it would not certainly be for yourself. But if you could see it as the only form of reparation which her mother now can offer you both, and the only mode of expressing your own forgiveness—Recollect how you felt when you thought that it was Mrs. Bentley's death; try to recall something of that terrible time—"

"I don't forget that," he relented. "It was in mercy to Edith and me that our trial is what it is: we have recognized that in the face of eternity. I can forgive anything in gratitude for that."

I have often had to criticise life for a certain caprice with which she treats the elements of drama, and mars the finest conditions of tragedy with a touch of farce. No one who witnessed the marriage of Arthur Glendenning and Edith Bentley had any belief that she would survive it twenty-four hours; they themselves were wholly without hope in the moment which for happier lovers is all hope. To me it was like a funeral, but then most weddings are rather ghastly to look upon; and the stroke that life had in reserve perhaps finally restored the lost balance of gayety in this. At any rate, Mrs. Glendenning did live, and she is living yet, and in rather more happiness than comes to most people under brighter auspices. After long contention among many doctors, the original opinion that her heart trouble was functional, not organic, has been elected final, and upon

these terms she bids fair to live as long as any of us.

I do not know whether she will live as long as her mother, who seems to have taken a fresh lease of years from her single act of self-sacrifice. I cannot say whether Mrs. Bentley feels herself deceived and defrauded by her daughter's recovery; but I have made my wife observe that it would be just like life if she bore the young couple a sort of grudge

for unwittingly outwitting her. Certainly on the day we lately spent with them all at Gormanville, she seemed, in the slight attack of asthma from which she suffered, to come as heavily and exactly upon both as she used to come upon her daughter alone. But I was glad to see that Glendenning eagerly bore the greater part of the common burden. He grows stouter and stouter, and will soon be the figure of a bishop.

SPANISH JOHN.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

III.

How I accepted a secret mission towards Prince Charles and journeyed into Scotland, where Father O'Rourke and I fell in with false friends, and were in at the end of a Lost Cause.

THE next morning Father O'Rourke's words came true, for there were many aching heads among us, of which my own was one, and the jolting of the Paris diligence did not in any way improve their condition nor their owners' tempers. It is surprising how mightily the hot enthusiasms of overnight will cool down by daylight, and here was an example. Last night there was not one of us but would have embarked to the Prince's support without a second thought of the chances, and not one would have admitted that the chances, if any, were aught but rose-colored; but with the morning everything took on a different complexion, and the whole of our way to Paris was filled with the most dismal forebodings.

I went to Mr. Sempil and found that the Duke would expect me in about a week at Boulogne, and in the mean time I did what I could to raise the spirit and determination of my companions.

At length we had a general consultation, when, much to my disgust, they one and all began to raise difficulties against our joining the Prince, and to proffer the most excellent reasons why it was expedient they should then and there return. The Prince had retreated from England; the passage thither was dangerous on account of the English fleet; the French could not be relied upon for any material aid; and lastly, spring was approaching, and, if absent, they would lose their chances of promotion in the ensuing campaign.

"In short, gentlemen," said I, out of

patience at last, "you all came here prepared to sing the same song, and you do it to perfection. Your arguments do more credit to your heads than to your hearts. If the Prince were safe in London, you would be the first to flock after him, but now, when he most needs your assistance, you are like a pack of old women, inventing terrors to excuse your cowardice."

There were some of them who pretended to take exception to my words, but as I assured them I would be only too pleased to make any or all of them good, and the sooner the better, they did not go beyond their protest.

But if they found my words unpalatable, Father O'Rourke gave them something more difficult to digest.

"I object to the gentleman's manner of putting it myself," he began; "he is altogether too mealy-mouthed, which comes, no doubt, from his diet in boyhood. If he were only a blathering Irishman like the rest of you, he would be shouting Jacobite songs, and guzzling Jacobite toasts, and whispering Jacobite treasons, and never venture an inch of his precious carcass until the moon turned into a Jacobite cheese and was ready to drop into his mouth. I'm ashamed of you all! Go back to your macaroni and polenta, and brag about Cremona and other battles *you* never fought, and see if you cannot breed some mongrel mixture that will make you ashamed of the way you have behaved this day! There! That's what I say to you! And if any of you don't like it, get down on your marrow-bones and thank Heaven that the rules of his Church prevent Father O'Rourke, late chaplain of the Company of St. James, from wearing a sword, or, by the powers!

you would go back like so many pinked bladders!"

And to my surprise, these men, who were wont to smell an insult afar off, and whose courage in the field was unquestioned, received this intolerable tirade as quietly as schoolboys after a whipping, and so the matter rested, and they went their way and we went ours.

I wrote to Mr. Constable, then secretary to the Duke of York, of the resolution of my comrades, and by return of post I received orders from his Royal Highness to repair to Boulogne, which I immediately complied with, accompanied by Father O'Rourke.

On reaching Boulogne we inquired our way to Mr. Constable's lodgings, and upon knocking at his chamber door, it was opened by the Duke himself.

"Welcome, Mr. McDonell, welcome, and you too, Father O'Rourke. You see, we are so few we have dispensed with ceremony here in Boulogne," he said, giving a hand to each of us.

"We ourselves dispensed with it, and most of our company as well, in Paris, your Highness," said Father O'Rourke, laughing; "though I don't know we'd have been any more had we used all the ceremony of the court of Spain." And then, without waiting to be introduced to the other gentlemen present, he began the story of his farewell speech to the volunteers from Italy, and set them all a-laughing heartily with his impudence. I was somewhat taken aback, but thought it best to offer no remonstrance; indeed, I could not imagine any company which would have put Father O'Rourke out of countenance.

I felt ill at ease at not having shifted myself, not expecting to see any one but Mr. Constable; but Father O'Rourke talked and moved among them all in his rusty cassock without an apology for his condition. However, I soon forgot such trifles in my interest in the company gathered; besides his Highness, there was the Duke of Fitz-James, son of the great Duke of Berwick, and many noblemen of distinction and general officers, to one of whom I was introduced, Count Lally-Tallendol, whose unjust execution at the hands of his enemies some years later aroused the sympathies of all Europe.

The plans of the Prince and hopes of aid from King Louis were discussed with

the utmost freedom and with much hope, for it was confidently expected that an expedition for Scotland would be equipped immediately, which the Duke was to command, as it was on this promise that he had come from Italy.

But one week went by, and then another, and yet we had no satisfaction from the court, not even excuses, and I could not but observe that though others still had implicit faith in some action by King Louis, the Duke began to lose heart.

"Ah, the poor young man!" said Father O'Rourke, "my heart is sore for him. He has more sense than the rest of them, and faith I think has more heart too, and so takes it harder. Do you know, Giovannini, 'tis a great misfortune to be born in the ranks of princes; they're the only class of men I know of that are untrustworthy as a whole. King David knew the breed well, and did not he write, 'Put not your trust in princes' (Nollite confidere in principibus)? And here is the Duke eating his heart out because he is learning the bitter text King David preached thousands of years ago."

We were seated in a lonely place outside the town, overlooking the sea, and watched below us the lights gently rising and falling on the fishing-vessels and other craft at anchor, and marked among them the bright lanthorns of a man-of-war that topped all the others.

Presently we heard footsteps, and the Duke came up alone; it was not so dark but he could recognize us, which he did very quietly, and coming up, seated himself between us, saying: "Do not move, gentlemen, and forget I am the Duke for an hour. My heart is sick of empty forms which mean nothing," and he sat in silence for a long time, with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, gazing out over the sea.

At length he said, slowly, as if to himself: "I would give ten years of my life to be on board that frigate with the men I would choose and a fair wind for Scotland! To think of my poor brother longing and wondering why some support does not come, and I idly here with empty hands." And something like a sob ended his words.

Then Father O'Rourke spoke, in a voice as gentle as if he spoke to a woman: "Your Highness, when we were children, the story we loved best to hear was the



"THEN FATHER O'ROURKE SPOKE AS GENTLY AS IF TO A WOMAN."

one our mother never told us, about 'The Little Red Hen.' Who 'The Little Red Hen' was, or where she came from, or what she did, we never could learn. She was just 'The Little Red Hen' and had no story at all. But her story that no one ever heard was better than that of 'Brian Boru,' or 'Malachi of the Collar of Gold,' or 'Rookey the Water Witch,' any of whom would come out without much coaxing and parade up and down until we knew them through and through, while the very name of 'The Little Red Hen' would quiet the biggest trouble that ever broke our hearts. My own belief is that she staid at home, and kept the breath of life in the family by laying her eggs and scratching up food for the chickens; but wherever she was there was no cackling to lead us to her. She was just doing her work, helping the tired hearts and healing the sore ones; and all these years no one has ever set eyes on her, more than on the dew that falls at night on the thirsty land."

And that was all—no beginning, no end; and I wondered what he was at, with his silly stories of Red Hens, fit only for a lot of barelegged children; but the Duke must have seen something else, for after a little he broke into a more lively humor, and said, half laughing,

"Upon my word, Father O'Rourke, your Irish are a wonderful people."

"We are all that, your Highness," he returned, with great complacency. "We are a terrible convenient people to have about when everything is going right, and for the matter of that, when everything is going wrong, if we only have

some one with a strong hand to lead us. But make us all equal, and we are no more use than a lot of chickens with their heads cut off."

"Father O'Rourke," said the Duke, suddenly, "sing me that song I heard of your singing at Lyons."

"I will, with all my heart, your Highness." And making his big voice as soft as a girl's, he began, without any further words:

"Oh, the water, the water."

When he had finished, the Duke sat silent a little, then rose and said: "Gentlemen, I thank you for the first hour of quiet I have had for weeks. Come, let us go back." And at the door of his lodgings he bade us good-night, saying to Father O'Rourke, "Don't be surprised if I should come to you some day to hear the rest of the story of 'The Little Red Hen.'"

The forebodings of the Duke came true; no expedition was forth-coming, and he was obliged to send in single vessels such aid as could be procured. One left Dunkirk in the beginning of April, with three hundred men and many officers, but I was still bidden to remain.

Shortly afterwards the Duke commanded me to repair to Dunkirk and there await him; he gave me the grateful assurance that I was to start almost at once, charged with considerable moneys which he was about raising, and also letters for the Prince, and at the same time confided to me that he had already transmitted a large sum by the hands of Creach, or "Mr. Graeme," as he styled

him—news I was sadly disappointed to hear, for I could not bring myself to trust the man in any particular.

Two or three days later we left for St.-Omer, where I at last received my orders. I was to take passage from Dunkirk in a swift-sailing cutter lately captured from the English, and was to carry a sum of three thousand guineas, together with important despatches and letters for the Prince.

The Duke was very down the last night we spent together, and once or twice repeated:

"Oh, the waiting, the waiting,
The cruel night of waiting

When we brake the bread of sorrow and drank
our bitter tears."

"Mr. McDonell," he said, "it is impossible to tell how things may turn, but should they prove against us, give me your word not to desert the Prince."

"Your Royal Highness," I answered, "I swear by my mother's soul that I will not leave Scotland while he is in any danger, and that neither threat nor peril will tempt me to be unfaithful to him in word or thought."

"It is enough," he said. "I can trust you without the oath."

The next morning we parted from him, embracing him like any private gentleman, as he wished to keep his incognito absolute; and so he took his way into Flanders and we to Dunkirk, there to join some twenty-five officers, all volunteers for Prince Charles. We found our vessel ready for sea, and before sunset were safely on board, meeting old friends and making new ones.

It was night by the time we ran out of the harbor, and many an anxious hour we had of it, for it was no easy matter to make the run from France to Scotland in the year '46, when every sail was looked on with suspicion.

I need make no apologies for our anxiety when we were signalled to lay to by the first English ship we met, and the invitation was quickly followed by a puff of smoke and the boom of a gun: a sense of danger is largely quickened by unfamiliarity, and though any of us would have made little of walking up to a battery on shore, this sea fighting was a new and uncomfortable outlook. But when we saw what a pair of heels our privateer, fitly named the *Swallow*, could show, we soon

recovered confidence, and after this it was a mere matter of speculation how long anything we met could stand up to us at all.

Our crew of about fifty was a mixed lot, French and Scotch, but they were thorough at their business, and it was curious to see how true the captain could judge of the exact room he must give to any suspicious sail; it was a game of hare and hounds all the time, and no sooner were we rid of one than we would fall in with another to take up the running, but none of them served to do more than to raise our spirits and take our minds off the discomfort most landsmen find at sea. We encountered various weather, but the worst only brought out the sailing qualities of the *Swallow*, until at length we made the coast of Scotland, and all eagerly looked to the end of our voyage, which was to be at Inverness; indeed, the captain counted on making Cromarty Head before night, and to lay there till the morning. In this, however, we were balked by the presence of an English man-of-war, and stood round the Orkneys for Loch Broom on the west coast.

One day at dinner Father O'Rourke gave us another taste of his song-making, which was greatly appreciated on account of the reference to the White Cockade, which was always a favorite quickstep with the Jacobite regiments:

Merrily, merrily blows the wind from off the coasts
of France;
The Channel open wide before, God send us now
good chance!
Give us the green seas rolling free, and but way
enough to steer,
And we'll leave the swiftest foe in the wake of
the *Swallow* privateer!

Then here's to the *Swallow*, flying true!
And here's to the Prince and his Bonnets Blue!
And here's to the heart of each wife and maid
That is beating for the Laddie with the
White Cockade!

Drearly, drearily sets the wind down from the
Northern Seas,
But she dips to the rollers big and black, and her
bonnie breast she frees;
From her tapering mast she flies on the blast her
signals fluttering clear
To the friends that pray for the coming home of
the *Swallow* privateer!

Then here's to the *Swallow*, flying true!
And here's to the Prince and his Bonnets Blue!
And here's to the heart of each wife and maid
That is beating for the Laddie with the
White Cockade!

Mightily, mightily booms the wind out of the setting sun;
 We will double the great ships like a hare, we will fight where we cannot run,
 Till we win to land, and with sword in hand we will follow the Chevalier,
 Who will bless the winds that filled the wings of the *Swallow* privateer!
 Then here's to the *Swallow*, flying true!
 And here's to the Prince and his Bonnets Blue!
 And here's to the heart of each wife and maid
 That is beating for the Laddie with the White Cockade!

We had an easy run, and as soon as sighted we were signalled from the shore, and on laying to a boat was put out. In the stern there were seated two gentlemen, one of whom the captain informed me was a McKenzie, and in the other Father O'Rourke and I only too soon recognized Creach.

"This means trouble of some sort," I remarked. "We would never find him so far afield if things were going right."

"I fear it too," he answered, and before long our worst apprehensions were realized.

We withdrew at once to the cabin, where I met Creach, or Graeme, as he still called himself, without remark, for I felt there was something too weighty on hand for any expression of personal feeling. And in a few moments we heard, to our dismay and horror, that Culloden had been fought and lost the very day we had sailed from Dunkirk, that the clans were scattered, and no one knew what had become of the Prince.

After the dreadful news had been given time to sink into our benumbed senses, I asked for personal friends, and heard, to my sorrow, from McKenzie, that my uncle Scottos, who had been among the very first to join the Prince and was much esteemed by him, had died like a soldier and a gentleman in his service.

When the body of his clan refused to answer the signal to charge, and stood still and dumb under the insult that had been put upon them in placing them in the left instead of the right wing, he cursed and swore like one possessed, as did others. But finding it of no avail, he changed of a sudden, and turning to his own men, threw his bonnet on the ground, crying to them with tears in his words: "Let them go! But my own children will never return to say they

saw me go to my death alone!" And with that he charged, every one of his own following him. It was fine, but of no effect, for the English swept them off the face of the earth by a point-blank fire before ever steel met steel. He was picked up and carried off by two of his men, but finding the pursuit grew too hot, he called a halt.

"Put me down here," he said, and quickly taking off his dirk, sporan, and watch, he sent them to his son, with the message that his end had come as he had always wished, sword in hand and face to the foe, and bade them leave him.

And so died one of the gallantest gentlemen and probably the best swordsman in all Scotland.

Besides him I lost many other of my friends and kinsmen, as I afterwards learned, but this was no time for private mourning, and I turned at once to the business in hand. My comrades decided there was nothing to do but return, and proposed that our action should be unanimous.

"Gentlemen," said I, "in the face of such tidings as we have received no one can doubt but that your resolve is justified, and had I simply volunteered for military service, as you have done, I would not hesitate to give my voice to your decision, which I hold to be honorable in every way. But I am charged with private despatches and other matters for the Prince by the Duke of York, and I am not free until I have at least attempted to carry out my mission, for which I know I have your good wishes, and so must go on alone."

"Not alone, my son," broke out Father O'Rourke, and stretched out his big hand to me across the table. "I am curious, gentlemen, to see Scotland, and am sure I cannot do so better than in company with our friend here."

"But, sir, how can you expect to travel about here in your cassock? You would only have to meet the first loyal man to be arrested," objected Creach, the first time he had spoken to either of us.

"Thank you for your suggestion, sir, though doubtless the word 'loyal' was a bit of a slip on your part. I am too well accustomed to meeting blackguards of every description to fear even a 'loyal' man." And every one looked at him in surprise to hear him so address Creach,



"MY OWN CHILDREN WILL NEVER SAY THEY SAW ME GO TO MY DEATH ALONE."

who, however, thought well to make no reply; and shortly after our conference broke up, Creach returning to shore, whilst Mr. McKenzie remained with us until we had formed some plan.

Father O'Rourke arranged with Captain Lynch, who had volunteered from the Hungarian service, and was nearly as big a man as himself, that he should provide him with a spare uniform, and, when once arrayed, he presented so fine an appearance that we one and all made him our compliments upon it.

"Captain Lynch," said he at dinner, "I have another favor to ask before we part, and that is for the loan of your name while I am playing at this masquerade. I know it is a ticklish thing to ask, this loaning of names, but as I have always been particularly careful of my own, I

can promise you I know how to take care of yours."

"Faith, you can have it and welcome, provided you are careful not to mislay it, for it is the only bit of property my poor father ever left me," he replied, with great good-nature.

"Never fear; you'll have it back safe and sound. I'll make good kitchen of it, so it won't be worn out; and if they hang me, I'll take care they'll do so under all my true names and titles."

Seeing that Father O'Rourke approved, I determined that half the sum I carried was quite enough to risk; so I did up one thousand guineas in one bag, five hundred in another, and confided the remaining fifteen hundred to Captain Lynch to return to the Duke, together with a letter explaining our intentions, and so, with farewells all round, and followed by

many a good wish from our comrades, Father O'Rourke and I clambered down the side with Mr. McKenzie, and were rowed ashore. We gave the boat's crew something, and waving a farewell to those on shipboard, picked up our portmanteaus and struck inland.

There were one or two ragged creatures near by watching us as we landed, but though we shouted to them and made signs, they refused to come to our aid, and made off amongst the rocks as we advanced.

"Well, Giovannini, is your heart bursting with pride over your country and countrymen?" asked Father O'Rourke, in French, as we struggled and panted with our loads over the rough track up the hill-side under the hot spring sun.

"Indeed this is none of my country, thank God! This only belongs to the McKenzies," said I, ashamed somewhat of the reception we had met.

"Oh, indeed! And to what particular tribe of cattle do they belong?" he asked.

I stopped short in my way and dropped my portmanteau, determined to put an end to his nonsense at once.

"Now, Father O'Rourke," I began, but he interrupted me with, "Captain Lynch, if you please, Mr. McDonell; and your superior, remember, as regards rank," and drew himself up to his full height. He looked so droll standing there in his fine uniform, with his sword and cocked hat and bag-wig quite à la mode de Paris, that I could not help bursting out laughing.

He waited until I was done, and then said, very gravely: "Well, 'pon my word, but I'm rejoiced that I've found my way to your funny bone at last! But if the sight of a fist like this and a foot like that is the only avenue to a Highlander's sense of humor, and I am bound to apply the back of the one and the toe of the other whenever I am forced to a jest, I take it my better part is to make poor Captain Lynch a sad dog like yourself.

"Mr. McKenzie," he ran on, addressing our guide, who, it was plain to see, was much puzzled at our behavior, "are you much given to humor in these parts?"

"No, sir," he answered; "none that I ever heard of."

"Then why in the name of the Isle o' Muck do you take up with that creature you brought on board ship?"

Seeing the poor man was bewildered, I explained that his companion, Mr. Graeme, was meant.

"Och, him! He would just be coming to Colin Dearg with the others after the battle."

"Is that old Colin Dearg, Laggy?" I asked.

"No other," he answered; "and it is to him very probable that Ardloch will be sending you."

Ardloch, I explained to Father O'Rourke, was a Mr. McKenzie, to whose place we were bound, and Colin Dearg, or Red Colin, another, both staunch Jacobites.

"Well, well, it's a puzzlesome country this, where the men not only do without breeches, but throw off as well the names their father gave them. Had I known more, I needn't have used such punctilio in borrowing the captain's. Wouldn't O'Rourke of Brefni, or just Brefni, *tout court*, have a grand sound, seeing it wouldn't be decent for me to go in petticoats, and I am anxious to make a good impression?"

But I would not answer him, for I could see he was in one of his most provoking humors, so I shouldered my portmanteau and trudged on, and he was forced to follow.

He was not abashed, however, and tried to draw out McKenzie, but he was shame-faced and could hardly answer to his follies, so I had to beg him to desist, as the poor man could not understand his funning.

"I don't find him different from the rest of his countrymen," he returned; but I would not answer.

Mr. McKenzie of Ardloch received us warmly, and gave us a hearty meal and good whiskey to follow, and then proposed that we should hire a boat, leaving McKenzie behind, as it was better that Father O'Rourke's transformation should not be talked over, and go up Little Loch Broom to Laggy, where we would find a number of officers fresh from the Prince, who might give us some directions for our way.

"Do you look upon everything as lost?" I asked him at parting.

"That depends on what you mean by 'everything'," he answered, slowly. "If you mean any attempt to bring the rebellion to life again now, I would say, Yes. But if you mean to keep the fire alive,

then, No. The clans cannot all be scattered as yet, for nothing goes to pieces in that way, and I doubt not there will be some for making a stand in spite of all. But money must be had to keep them together. They have been out since August last, and no Highlander will stay away from home long, even for fighting. It is against all custom. What plunder they got is long since gone, and they will be wearying for home. For home, God help them! many will never see it again. But money, Mr. McDonell—if money can be had, men can be had too, and the Prince can, at the worst, be safely covered until the time opens for escape."

Then my heart rose within me for the first time, for in my hands lay the possible means of safety for the Hope of all loyal hearts.

We at once proceeded, and before night-fall reached Laggy, where we were met by old Colin Dearg, Big William McKenzie of Kilcoy, a major, and Murdoch McKenzie, a lieutenant in the Earl of Cromarty's regiment, with about sixty men, and thought ourselves as safe as in the heart of France.

We learned that some were still in arms for Prince Charles, especially the regiment of Glengarry, in which were my kinsmen and friends, and that of Cameron of Lochiel. So we begged for an early supper, and engaged guides and a horse that we might set out at once to join them.

Our baggage and little stores we had carried up from the beach, and I was much annoyed at hearing one of the men, on lifting my portmanteau, remark that it was "damned heavy."

"Do you think we are such fools as to travel without powder and ball in time of war?" said I, and hoped it had passed off; but the fellow threw it down outside the house door, saying, "Lead would not suffer for a little fresh air," at which old Colin Dearg laughed, and said, "No doubt such gentlemen will have their ruffles there; I will carry it in myself."

"Don't think of it," said I, much put out, and raising it, placed it in a corner of the room where I could easily keep my eye on it, and wished from the bottom of my heart we could set off.

Old Colin Dearg was most offensive, although pretending to an extreme courtesy. He disclaimed having seen Creach, or Graeme, since the day before; but we were

certain this was a blind, as we could see he knew who the supposed Captain Lynch was, and kept pushing him with questions about the Imperial service until I feared for the latter's temper. But nothing could move Father O'Rourke when he had not a mind to it, and he rattled on as though he noticed nothing.

The old man pretended to rate the women who were preparing our supper, but I knew well that it was all a pretext, though why he was anxious to keep us I could not make out. At length he could delay no longer, and we sat down in a great room, but, to my dislike, in total darkness, save for the little blaze on the hearth and what light could reach us through the open door. This was bad enough, but on sitting down with the officers and a Mr. Gordon who was to be of our company, the room was gradually filled with the riffraff of men idling about, who took their places behind us.

Colin Dearg would not sit down with us, but pretended to busy himself bustling about and shouting out orders to the women and encouragements to us to eat heartily of his fare, which he called by all the wretched names in the world, though it was good enough. I was most uneasy, but Father O'Rourke held the company with his talk, while I twice assured myself that my portmanteau was safe, but chafed sadly at the precious time we were wasting. At length I put ceremony aside, and insisted we must be off; whereupon we drank a single glass from our store to Prince Charles's health and better fortunes, and I rose from the table and went to the corner where I had left my portmanteau, and my heart almost leaped into my mouth when I saw it was gone; but at the same moment old Colin said, behind me, "Never fear, Mr. McDonell, you'll lose nothing here; I have fastened your things on the pony myself."

So we went out into the starlight, and there found the pony loaded with our belongings, and with short farewells set off with Mr. Gordon and our guides for our night march.

We could not speak of our feelings before Mr. Gordon, but I knew Father O'Rourke had enjoyed our entertainment as little as myself; so all night long we tramped, gathering such news as we might from our companions of the battle, which

was vague but disheartening enough. At daybreak we arrived at a very considerable house—indeed, a gentleman's seat—which Mr. Gordon informed us was that of McKenzie of Dundonald, to whom we were recommended by old Colin Dearg, who was his uncle. Dundonald was at Inverness, whither he had gone that he might not be suspected of favoring the Prince's cause, but his lady was at home.

We led our pony into the court-yard, and there unloaded him, where Mr. Gordon declared he could accompany us no farther, his shoes being worn out.

"Very well," said I, "after we have a nap I will provide you with a second pair I have in my portmanteau."

But no, he would have them now so he might try them on, and accordingly to humor him I undid the upper straps of my portmanteau. Scarce had I done so when I saw that the leather had been slit. My cry of dismay brought Father O'Rourke and Mr. Gordon over to me at once, and with shaking hands I undid the straps and threw it open. The larger canvas bag which held the thousand guineas was gone!

"Oh, God in Heaven!" I groaned, sinking on the ground. "That there are such damned scoundrels in this world!" And for the first time since a child I could not restrain myself and burst into tears.

Father O'Rourke turned over the things, but I knew it was useless, and then said, in the strangest, driest kind of voice.

"Well, I call on you to witness that this happened in Scotland, and in the Highlands."

"Stop, sir!" I cried. "This is intolerable! None of your insulting reflections on countries! There are more rogues hanged in Ireland than ever existed in Scotland."

"Yes, we find the fittest end to put them to is a rope's end."

"See here, sir, you have done nothing but insult me from the day you met me; and had you any right to the sword you carry, I would read you a lesson that would last you to the end of your life."

"Thankful am I," he returned, as cool as ever, "that I never was under such a schoolmaster. But let us spare our iron for those scoundrels, and especially for that smooth-tongued, red-headed, black-hearted Colin Dearg. If I could only have my left hand comfortably on his

dirty throttle, I wouldn't need the other to feel his pulse with. Cheer up, Giovannini! If we've any luck we'll have it safely back, and you'll hand it to the Prince yet. Courage, my lad! Surely old campaigners like you and me are not to be outfaced by a lot of sneaking blackguards like these!"

"I'll lay my soul," I said, slowly; having forgotten all my rage—and I believe now Father O'Rourke only provoked me to distract my attention from my trouble—"I'll lay my soul that scoundrel Creach is at the bottom of this."

"Like enough," he answered. "He had been back, though that smooth-tongued fox denied it. And what's more, Giovannini, I'd be curious to know if the Prince ever received the money he carried. I doubt it."

"So do I; but let us get back. First, though, I must put the rest of our money in safety. I must see Lady Dundonald."

"Faith, I don't suppose her ladyship is thinking of stirring for hours yet."

"Never mind, she must stir this time, for I cannot stand on ceremony."

So I sent a message to her chamber, with Captain McDonell's compliments—my rank as lieutenant commanding, and paying my late company, entitled me to claim it—that I must instantly speak with her.

She very civilly returned that I might use the freedom I asked, upon which I went to her room, where I found her in bed, with her maid in attendance.

"Madam, only the distressing circumstances in which I am placed will excuse my intrusion, for which I offer my apologies." Thereupon I told the circumstances of the robbery. "I return at once with my comrade, Captain Lynch, and, please God, will recover the money; but I am quite aware, if circumstances so turn out, these rascals will not hesitate to add murder to robbery; therefore, madam, I place these five hundred guineas in your honorable keeping. If I am killed I bequeath them to you to be handed on to One you know of"—not caring to be more particular, for in such times "least said is soonest mended"—"if not, I will return to claim them. The only satisfaction I have is that we discovered the theft on arriving at your house, for I must certainly have blamed your people and not those passing

under the denomination of officers and gentlemen. Madam, may God be with you, and I wish you a good-morning!"

So I bowed myself out of the room, handing the gold to the maid. I found that our guides refused to return, and evidently Mr. Gordon had no stomach for the business, though he was clearly innocent; however, we offered so high a figure that at length one volunteered, and, wearied as we were, we set out.

We wasted neither time nor words by the way until we came in sight of Laggy, when we called a council of war.

"My advice is to send the man in, call out the officers, particularly Colin Dearg, and him I would shoot on sight, and then make inquiries," said Father O'Rourke.

"You're learning the ways of the country quickly," I said, with some raillery. "No; we'll tax Colin Dearg with the theft and pretend we do not suspect the others in the least, and so can urge them to use their influence with him to return the money. Much may be done by an appeal to their honor if they think we don't suspect them."

"Then they've the finest sense of honor for a lot of truculent cowards that I ever met with," he answered.

"Now there you are mistaken, Father O'Rourke. A Highlander may be truculent, but he is not of necessity a coward, and it is rarely his sense of honor entirely deserts him."

"Not even when he is a thief?"

"No, not even then, if you know how to take him. And besides this, remember if my people are still in arms, we will have that money wherever they have stored it, and a vengeance on every McKenzie in the country besides. As it is, no one knows of my return as yet, and if we are killed, these scoundrels have only to produce the letters which they will find on me from the Duke of York, and not only escape all punishment, but probably claim a reward as well."

"Well, well, I will agree. You know the breed better than I," he said, and so we came out in front of the house, and sent our man in with word to Colin Dearg and the officers that we would speak with them.

With a little delay they appeared, and after them trooped out about thirty men, all armed.

"The top of the morning to you, gen-

tlemen! What service can I and my poor house render you?" sneered that old scoundrel, Colin Dearg.

We saluted the officers, but took no notice of him or his words, and I addressed myself to them:

"Gentlemen, I have been robbed of one thousand guineas as we supped with you in this house last night. Were it a trifle of money of my own, I would rather lose it than bring any honorable man under so vile an imputation; but I was intrusted with the money for Prince Charles, God bless him! and I know I can rely on your aid in its recovery."

There was not a move, and I looked at each face in vain for some response, but they only glowered at me as if I had never spoken. Then throwing all pretence aside, I went on:

"Do I need to urge that with this money men can be kept together who will otherwise scatter, if not for safety, at least to provide for families helpless and alone? That this money will keep them at their posts? That each guinea of it may mean a drop of the Prince's blood? And that the man who has robbed me of it to-day may be as guilty of murder before his God as if he had pistolled the Prince with his very hand? Gentlemen! Gentlemen! I would not plead for myself. I plead for One who has the highest claims over us all that one man can have over another. I ask your help in the name of God's anointed King, and in the name of the Prince his son!" And there I stopped, for I had no other words in my heart.

Old Colin Dearg immediately broke into loud lamentations. His house was disgraced forever; he would never lift up his head again; never had such a thing happened to a McKenzie; and it was a black day that ever brought such a tale to his old ears, and so on. He would search the house till not a stone remained standing; he would strip his people of their skin if need be, rather than such an imputation should lie against his honor and that of his name; and forthwith disappeared among his people, pretending to search and question them.

We allowed this empty work to go on, until he saw fit to return with word that the money could not be found.

"No, it cannot be found, you lying, hoary-headed old scoundrel," said I, "because you think yourself safe now. But



“‘FINE WORDS! BRAVE WORDS!’ HE SNEERED.”

you keep it at your peril, and a day will come when you will wish your thieving fingers were burned to the bone where you touched the Prince's gold! You double-dyed traitor!”

“Fine words! brave words!” he sneered, planting himself well in front of his following with arms akimbo. “A likely story that the likes of you, two broken men, skulking over here from France with baggages loaded with stones, trying your foreign thieves' tricks with quiet gentlemen, should have a thousand guineas! I don't believe a word of it!” And thereon he disappeared into the house, no doubt thinking it unwise to trust our patience any further.

“Now, gentlemen,” said Big William Kilcoy, “the country is unsafe and you

are far from home, but your road is open before you.”

“The game is up,” I said to Father O'Rourke in French; “we had better beat a retreat,” which we did with sore hearts, but in good order, and they said not a word further, nor did they attempt to molest us as we once more plodded the bitter miles that lay between us and Dundonald.

The morning broke into as fine and merry a day as ever smiled on two miserable hearts; my own seemed dead in its utter brokenness. Besides this, we were so wearied with our long exertions that walking had become a pain. “What will the Duke think? What will the Duke think?” ran through my head with-

out ceasing, and I could find no answer. But the worst of things must end at length, and we arrived at Dundonald.

Here we were welcomed by a hearty breakfast, and after asking for some men who could be trusted, we posted two sentries under Mr. Gordon, for we could not feel that our lives were safe while in the McKenzie country, and then threw ourselves on a bed, dressed and armed as we were, and slept for hours without moving.

When we were somewhat refreshed we were able, through the kindness of Lady Dundonald, to procure guides on whose faithfulness she assured us we might rely, and she advised us to make our way to Loch Airkaig, in Lochiel's country, "for there you will find those you seek, though I am not supposed to know such things, and still less to be harboring the Prince's men in Dundonald's absence," she said, smiling.

"Madam," said Father O'Rourke, "you have only done an act of Christian charity, of which your own good heart must approve, and which has gone far to comfort us in our hard case. We have a right to look for kindness in woman, but we do not always look for sensibility such as you have evinced."

"Captain Lynch, you make me ashamed of my poor efforts, and I pray that you and Captain McDonell will receive them as some sign of my regret that this should have happened amongst my own people."

"Madam," said I, "you cannot be held responsible for being a McKenzie."

"No more than you for being a dundering blockhead," said Father O'Rourke, rudely. "That is merely his way of saying, madam," he continued, with a bow, "that your kindness to us will place you in our minds above other women, whatever name they may ornament."

So thereupon I left the compliments to him, as I never made any pretence to skill in the art, and proceeded to get our baggages in order. I received the bag of guineas again into my charge, and taking a respectful leave of this most amiable lady, we set forth.

We had no cause to complain of our guides, who were faithful and intelligent, and led us almost due south, over wild and almost inaccessible mountains, for all the roads, and even open places, had to be avoided, on account of parties of the Eng-

lish, who were scouring the country in all directions; and to our impatience we wasted many days lying close when the danger was too pressing, so that we were nearly three weeks in making the journey.

At last we came in sight of Loch Airkaig, and from where we looked down I saw a body of Highland troops. We came forward without hesitation, and on answering their sentries in Gaelic, which had come back to me readily enough after a little practice, I satisfied them, and they allowed us to approach.

"Whose command are you?" I asked.

"Young Coll Barisdale," was the answer.

"We are in luck; come on," I cried; "these are my own people, and are commanded by my cousin Coll McDonell, Barisdale."

"I suppose you'll be related now to near every man of note we'll meet in the country," Father O'Rourke said, with a laugh.

"Very near," said I. "But come along."

We were heartily welcomed by my cousin, and though his news was bad enough, I was greatly relieved to hear that Mr. Murray was with Lochiel at his seat of Auchnacarr, and that though Lochiel had been badly wounded through both legs, he was recovering, after having made the narrowest of escapes as he was borne thither. That a meeting of Lord Lovat, Lochiel, Glenbucket, himself, and others, had taken place at Murlagan, near the head of the lake, on the 15th of May (we were now at the 20th), and it was decided to gather what men could be found, and either make a stand or obtain terms from the Duke of Cumberland, now at Fort Augustus. Lochgarry, Colonel Donald McDonell, would be at Glenmallie the next day with the rest of Glengarry's regiment; and he, Coll, had just gathered these men in our own country, Knoidart, and was on his way slowly to the rendezvous, but that he could not count even on his own men with any certainty, as there had been no pay, and the want at home was heart-breaking.

It was the same story that drove the loss of the money deeper and deeper into my heart like a crying that would not be stilled.

He did not know what had become of the Prince, but assuredly he had not been

killed in the battle, as he had passed by Loch-na-Nuagh in Arisoig on the 21st of last month, but that doubtless ere this Lochiel would have had tidings of him. I told Barisdale we would proceed on the morrow to Auchnacarrrie and see Mr. Murray, and then would determine on our future movements.

After a long night we took a guide and men to carry our baggages, and set out at once, and experienced our first comfortable marching, for the weather was fine, and there was no more danger of meeting an English soldier here than in the Corso. We both recovered our spirits; indeed, we had done so the moment we got well in with our own people.

That same evening we arrived at Auchnacarrrie, and were most kindly received by Lochiel, a perfect figure of a Highland gentleman; indeed, he reminded us of our gallant Colonel MacDonnell who fell at Velletri. There he was, lying in a bodily state that most men would have found evil enough, but, besides this, a reward was probably out for his capture, dead or alive, his fortunes were irretrievably broken, and his house falling about his ears; yet he had to see to the entertainment of guests who were constantly arriving; to answer those who were finding fault with everything from the beginning—and they were many; to hold together his men, who were almost at the point of mutiny for arrears of pay; and to try and inspire somewhat of his own great spirit into the downhearted. All of which duties and courtesies he performed without apparent effort. Truly a man that one might worship.

I had almost a hesitation in meeting him, for it was my uncle Scottos whom the Prince had sent to induce him to join his cause, and I could not but reflect what the outcome had been. But at his first words my apprehensions vanished.

"Welcome, McDonnell," he said; "we have a common loss, and that is enough for friendship. Donald McDonnell was as good a gentleman as ever drew sword, and I am proud to welcome his nephew."

Mr. Murray we found very different from the sleek gentleman of the Santi Apostoli; he had lost all his fine airs, and, as Father O'Rourke said, had as much rattle to him as a wet bladder. From the bottom of my heart I wished that my business had been with his host

instead of him. Indeed, I remember the curious feeling came over me that I would with as much confidence hand over the money to Creach as to him. Not that I then had any doubt of his honesty, for I will not pretend to be a prophet, now that everything is over, but in a strait I would rather put faith in a scamp, provided he has some sense of honor—and I have met few men without it in my time—than in even a fairly honest man who is badly frightened.

However, I had my orders, and it was not for me to question them, so I handed over the five hundred guineas with the Duke's letters, and took his receipt for them, and at the same time promised to give him a statement in writing of the robbery at Loch Broom, signed by Father O'Rourke and myself, in the morning.

"And now, Mr. Secretary, I would like to ask a private question," I said. "Did Creach, or Graeme, if you like, ever deliver the money he was intrusted with?"

"I do not know; I never received any," he answered, hurriedly; and then asked, anxiously, "Have you heard anything of him?"

"Heard of him? Damn his smooth white face! We have heard of him, and seen him, and had a taste of his quality, too! He was at the bottom of this robbery, or my name is not McDonnell. And hark you, Mr. Secretary, your head, and better heads too, I will add without offence, are not worth a tallow dip while that scoundrel is above-ground. Think you that vermin of his kind will run any risk while safety is to be bought by a little more of his dirty work? He will sell you and Lochiel, and, God help him! the Prince too, if he has opportunity, and you only have yourselves to thank for it."

His own face was as white as Creach's by this time, and seeing that nothing was to be gained by going farther, and now that I had relieved my mind, I left him to sleep on the pillow I had furnished, and returned to Lochiel's room, where I found him and Father O'Rourke in lively conversation, as if there was not a trouble within or without the four walls.

"Well, McDonnell," he said, "I have to thank you for the day you joined forces with Father O'Rourke and marched on my poor house of Auchnacarrrie. He is the best re-enforcement I have had for many a long day."

"Faith, 'tis a long day since we began

campaigning together," laughed the priest. "It all began in the inn at Aquapendente;" and thereupon he must tell the story of our adventure with Creach, at which Lochiel laughed heartily. Indeed, Father O'Rourke's stories seemed to jump with his humor, and he was never tired of his company the time we spent with him.

A day or so afterwards it was proposed that I should cross the lake with Mr. Murray to hold a consultation with Lord Lovat at Glendesherrrie, bearing messages from Lochiel.

Thither we went, and found an old man bent with illness and his own weight, and of a temper most uncertain. Indeed, he did nothing but grumble and swear most of the time we were there, and would return no sensible answer to the projects which we laid before him.

"Why in the name of all that's evil do you come to me with your fiddle-faddle plans when I am ready to step into my grave?" he grumbled. "Whom am I to believe? Where in the devil are the sixteen thousand men that were coming from France? Where are the ships with supplies and money that were only waiting for a fair wind? Has no wind blown off the coast of France since it blew the Prince here last July with a beggarly following not fit for a private gentleman? Had he come absolutely alone, it might have been better, for then he would have been without some of his rattle-brained councillors; not even excepting yourself, Mr. Murray of Broughton," the old man said, with a sneer and a low bow that brought the blood in a rush to Mr. Murray's face. "If even money had been sent, something might have been done, might be done even yet; but here are these men clamoring for return to their homes, where their wives and little ones have been starving and dying for want of support, and this, too, when no man can say how long his head may be above his shoulders. Pay the men who are here! Let them send something to their homes in the hills, and I'll answer for it they will stand even yet. But, my God! how can you ask human creatures to do more than they have done, with starvation at home as well as in their own bellies?"

"And what has your Prince done? Pranced and prinked at balls, and chucked silly wenches under the chin; listened

to the blatherings of Irish adventurers, greedy only for themselves; estranged, if not insulted, every man of weight and sensibility; made paper proclamations, and scattered paper titles that will rob the men who receive them of life and lands and everything else!"

"Not everything, my lord," I objected, for I was tired of his long tirade. "Honor is left."

"Honor!" he snorted, "and who are you to talk of honor? A fine specimen you have given us of it, not to carry a sum of money that I would have intrusted to one of my drovers!"

"I know nothing of your drovers, my lord, and I beg leave to withdraw, as I cannot stay and listen to insults which your age and infirmities prevent my answering as they deserve."

"You can answer them till you're black in the face, if that's any satisfaction; and what's more, if you will only provide me with a new backbone and another pair of legs, nothing would give me a greater pleasure than to see some of your new-fangled tricks at the fence. Tell me, now," he went on, in an entirely new tone, "did you ever learn anything abroad better than your uncle Scottos taught you at home?"

"Never," I answered, somewhat softened; and the strange part is, that before I parted from his lordship I was only full of admiration for his courage and address; for, now that he had blown off all his black vapors, no one could be more engaging, and he discussed each plan with a keen insight that was admirable. He questioned me much on Rome and my experiences, and was very apt with his scraps of Latinity, which I made no efforts to cap, I think a little to his disappointment, until I saw that he began to weary, for his infirmity was visible. So we took leave, and I shook hands for the first and last time with Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat.

We returned that same evening, and the next day one Donald McLeod came and was closeted for a long while with Lochiel and Mr. Murray. When he left I was told he was from the Prince, who was in a safe place in the Islands, and that my letters were delivered to him. I never dreamed at the time of inquiring about the money, supposing it had gone too, but long afterwards was told by McLeod him-



"THE LAST STAND FOR PRINCE CHARLES WAS AT AN END."

self that Mr. Murray had informed him he only had sixty louis d'ors, which was barely sufficient for himself, and so he went back to the Prince without a shilling of the money the Duke had raised with so much pains, and which I had so hardly delivered.

At the time I put Mr. Murray down as low as Creach, but feeling then ran high against him, and nothing was too black to lay at his door; but since then I have considered that like enough that old fox Lovat may have wheedled it out of him, for he was in such miserable fear he was easy to work upon, and at all events the man had quite enough on his weary shoulders without this addition to carry about through the rest of his miserable life. And if I am right that Lovat got it, 'twas a rare turn of justice that Mr. Murray should be the one who swore away his life.

At daybreak we were expecting the general gathering, but instead we were awaked by the warning notes of the "Cogadh no Sith" (War or Peace) on the bagpipes, and rushed out to hear the news that Lord Loudon was advancing upon us, hardly a quarter of a mile distant. Our eight hundred men were gathered at once, and Lochiel, being borne by four stout Highlanders, made his escape in a boat which was kept for such an emergency, while we set out in all haste for the west end of Loch Airkaig, which we reached just in time to escape another body of soldiers sent to intercept us.

At dusk we separated with sad farewells but brave wishes, and by bodies, which quickly dwindled smaller and smaller, until every man took his own way, and the last stand for Prince Charles was at an end.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE NORTHERN LIMIT OF MANHATTAN.

THE CITY TO THE NORTH OF "TOWN."

BY JAMES BARNES.

TO the average Englishman the word "town" means London; to the dweller therein the word "city" signifies only its business portion—Lombard Street and the busy district around about St. Paul's. To the New-Yorker, "town" for years meant that portion of the island of Manhattan extending from the Battery to Harlem. By a political movement the city charter has been extended to embrace a large territory far distant from the natural boundary of the metropolis. "The Greater New York" was created by legislation, but "town" itself will always be "Manhattan's dear isle"—as the old song hath it—and the wider country to the northward; for the city proper has but one direction in which to spread itself.

Greater New York includes all of New York, Kings, and Richmond counties,

and parts of Queens and Westchester. It embraces some forty-odd small towns and villages threaded together by ferry and railroad, but as yet, to all intents, separate and distinct. Brooklyn and its many suburbs to the east and south, and Staten Island, separated by a wide stretch of navigable water, now can claim to be a part of the city itself; the pot-hunter of Goose Creek and the oysterman of Oceanus are now citizens, and it is expected of them to shoulder the responsibilities.

Of the history of the political struggle that resulted in the passage of the bill at Albany it is sufficient to say that the bill for the consolidation of the Greater New York was passed in 1896, and the charter in 1897. The charter will go into effect on the 1st of January, 1898. Not a few of the outlying towns were incorporated

much against their will. A Long Island village, situated on a shallow inlet, moved to have itself declared out of the city limits, on the ground that the boundary-line, according to the charter, read "to the middle of the channel," and as the channel had shifted some distance (a way Long Island channels have of doing), according to the letter of the law the inhabitants declared themselves freed from the tremendous responsibility of belonging to the overreaching "Greater."

The new city will be the second in size and population in the world. In January next its inhabitants will number close to 3,500,000. London, the largest city, has a population in the neighborhood of 5,500,000. The area of the Greater New York will be little more than half that of England's capital, but it will be exactly twice that of the next largest city in America, Chicago. Including the waters of the bay, it will be thirty-five miles in length—that is, from Wards Point, the extreme southern limit of Staten Island, to the town of Mount St. Vincent, a little station on the Hudson. On Long Island, to the east, it takes in Little Neck Bay and extends to the limits of Garden City. Shelter Island is just outside the boundary-line to the south. All the Rock-away Beach summer-places are now part of the municipality, including the marshy islands of Jamaica Bay to the north of the long sandy strip which bounds it. The assessed value of all the property of the great city will reach the enormous sum of over two billions of

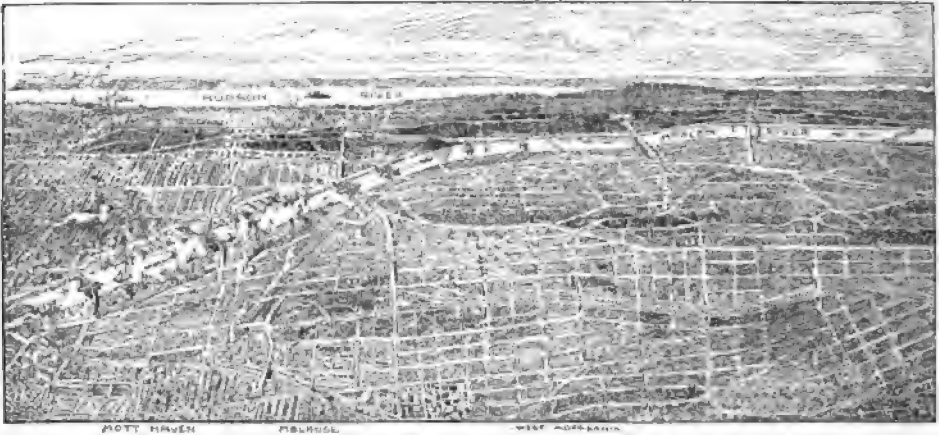
dollars. Its water-front capacities are unexcelled, there being room for upwards of 550 miles of wharfage. The public-school system, the pride of American self-government, will be so extended as to embrace over 350 public schools, which will carry upon their rolls, at their greatest limit, 450,000 pupils. Breathing-space aplenty

will be provided by the 6500 acres of public parks. Politically, Greater New York has been divided into five boroughs. The city of New York below the Harlem River comprises the Borough of Manhattan. The present city of Brooklyn, taking in the entire county of Kings, composes the Borough of Brooklyn. Queens is made up of the Long Island country to the east of it. Richmond, which comprises the whole of Staten Island, is the fourth; and the Borough of Bronx is the land above the Harlem, extending from a point just north of Hunters Island in the Sound, along the limits of Mount Vernon and Yonkers, to the Hudson. There will be but one Mayor and one Comptroller, elected every four years, but local self-government will be preserved in a measure, owing to the fact that each separate borough will have its own President. It cannot be said that the political scheme that has thus brought into close relations varied sections of a divergent territory is in a state of perfection. Probably



A NOOK IN GREATER NEW YORK.

many changes in the charter and in the proposed management of municipal affairs will take place. Nor is it just or proper to decry the means by which all this has been brought about. The results will show for themselves probably within the next decade. It is to be hoped that the ambitious views of the progenitors



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF UPPER NEW YORK FROM MOTT HAVEN TO MOUNT HOPE.

will meet with every success. Like all experiments in government, the development will be watched with interest. But Brooklyn will remain Brooklyn for some time to come. Staten Island is five miles and more from the South Ferry, and but a few hundred feet from the State of New Jersey. Neither will ever exactly enter into a New-Yorker's idea of "town."

But the absorption of the country-side to the north—the Borough of the Bronx—has been gradual and natural. Not long since Harlem merged into the city; it is "uptown" nowadays. The imaginary line that separated "up" from "down" has shifted northward. So it is New York in New York County, and that part of Westchester annexed in 1895, that is the subject of this article—the latter a tract of land extending northward to the boundary-line of the town of Mount Vernon, and embracing the large islands in the Sound to the east, and separated from Long Island by the East River and Flushing Bay, while the Hudson is the natural boundary on the west. It stretches for over seven miles to the north of 125th Street, and averages six and a quarter miles in width. The present population is not short of 200,000, who live, for the most part, along the lines of the railroads. The towns bear names well known in Revolutionary history; the majority of them were standing when it was three days and over to Boston by coach along the old post-road. And it is here that the proud city will be built. It will not be of mushroom growth, but, following

the plans that have been marked down for it, slowly it will rear itself. It will contain the finest parks in all the world, and people's play-grounds without number. Public institutions will have room for proper expansion, and there will be sites in plenty to encourage architectural ambitions.

There is no question that naturally beautiful country can be so "improved" that its only beauty will be entirely lost in artificial ruler-edged and compass-lined perfection. It is a satisfaction to be able to state that from the published plans of the Department of Street Improvements of the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth wards of the city of New York in a great measure this has been avoided, and it is to be hoped that in furbishing and furnishing the new park system the commissioners and powers that be will to a certain extent let well enough alone. Nature herself has here provided pleasure-grounds without the aid of man.

To the wheelmen, and to those riders and drivers who really ride and drive for pleasure, this country is more or less familiar; but it would be safe to state that not one out of ten of the well-to-do citizens who take their airing along the Riverside or through Central Park knows anything of the charm of the region of hill and valley so near to hand. Harlem itself is a revelation to the average New-Yorker whose home is below the sixties. But a few years ago there was a distinct line of demarkation where the street names jumped into three figures, but now



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF UPPER NEW YORK FROM MOUNT HOPE TO BEDFORD PARK.

from the elevated railroads, to the east or west, except for the Park, and here and there a vacant lot or two, it is but an uninterrupted vista of house-tops, broken here and there by a spire or the tall chimney of some manufactory. The character of this portion of town is being influenced by the number of fine and dignified public and private structures that have recently been erected. The line of buildings to the west of Morningside Park and the location that they occupy cannot be excelled. When the Cathedral of St. John the Divine has reached completion, and all the dormitories of Columbia College are finished, taken with the great white hospital of St. Luke's, the sight will be one to give the New-Yorker a feeling of proper pride as he views it. It is all recent, and at this moment its newness is almost incongruously apparent. Within the shadow of one of the massive Columbia halls, and facing a glaring-windowed block of new dwelling-houses, nestles—no other word expresses it—a little country farm-house. The streets have been cut away surrounding it, and there it rests upon a little plateau of its own. For years it has stood there overlooking the valley of the Harlem, but now, with its old-fashioned grape-arbor and box-lined walk that tumbles off at the edge of the artificial divide, it seems as much out of place as would a hermit-thrush among the sparrows of City Hall Park. It appears to have swooped down from some New England hill-side and settled there overnight.

The location of the Columbia buildings is a most happy one. The buildings themselves lack nothing to be wished for, and with rare good judgment the architects and landscape-gardener have not lost sight of the natural adjuncts of the location. The hill-top in the neighborhood of what is now Amsterdam Avenue and 120th Street (in the old days called Vandewater Heights) was surmounted by a noble grove of trees, and as much as possible they have been left undisturbed. The buildings and the great iron fence rose about them, and at noon hour, when the workmen stopped their hammers and the derricks ceased swaying their heavy loads, the gray squirrels would come down from the branches to partake of the crumbs thrown to them by the laborers taking their rest there in the shade.

When the college is open the elms and oaks will give a homelike feeling to the place, will detract from the newness of appearance, and when the surrounding blocks shall be covered, every inch of them, and the little farm-house shall have been wiped out, Columbia will appear to have stood there for long years, and to lord it over the college precincts by the right of age and pre-emption.

At the foot of the Claremont Hill is the valley that divides the Harlem Heights (historic ground); here a ferry crosses the Hudson, and no finer view can be found within a half-day's travel of New York than that looking back toward the city across the river from the site of old Fort Lee on the Jersey

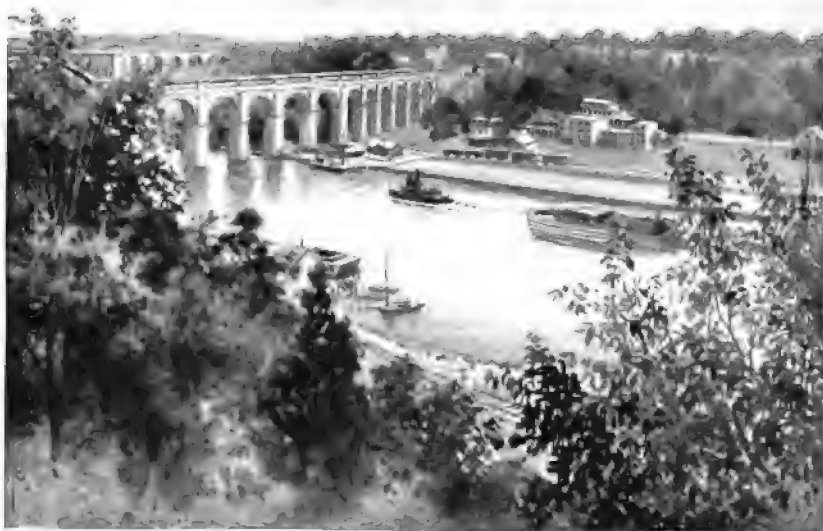
shore. Although at a far distance, on a clear day it is visible its whole length; the shadowy hills of Staten Island are on the horizon, and against the skyline the tall buildings on lower Broadway stand up like factory chimneys. Even the statue of Liberty, on her little domain, is plain to view. The spires of the various churches can be discerned, and the tall apartment-houses on the upper reaches of the avenues can be counted. Nearer, as the eye follows the line of the river, suddenly springs into view the glaringly white and, alas, not over-beautiful tomb on the Claremont Hill. The green trees mark the line of Riverside Drive, a narrow line of green the Park, and over the gap in the hill-side, through the valley of the Harlem, is a view of the Sound and the blue shores of Long Island.

One can stand amid the ruins of the old fort that hangs upon the southernmost spur of the Palisades and imagine what it must have been like in the older days, when the British flag flew over the little town at the extreme end of the island, and the country above it was one great skirmish-ground. Yonder is Harlem Heights (130th Street); here Howe was checked. If only one of the old Continentals could stand here now where his clumsy iron cannon looked down upon the river, and gaze to the south! He would see what immediately strikes the eye of the latter-day observer—the tide of the city sweeping northward. It is as if one could feel the movement. Directly across the river are the advance-guards: a compact block of dwelling-houses stands opposite an old colonial mansion. The spires and roofs of great public institutions lift above the trees; and those hideous blots upon most suburban scenery, the huge brown drums of the gas-tanks, are grouped at the water's edge.

Occasional glimpses of the new park lands are to be seen through the car windows after one has passed the boundary-line of the city limits at Mount Vernon, but the tenements and dwellings have followed the line of travel, and the train rushes past stations whose only difference is in their names; it roars across the iron bridge over the Harlem, plunges through the smoke-laden tunnel, and discharges its passengers without ceremony into the midst of the cries and noises of the city. A person might travel in this fashion a

hundred times, or a thousand, mayhap, and see nothing of what lies beyond. The traveller by steamboat, as he skirts this part of the new city, sees much more that is interesting; but even this trip has been taken by but a small percentage of those who rush in and out of town to their far-distant country places. The yachtsman alone is familiar with its many beauties. Where the money of the tax-payer goes is evident along the eastern shore; the great public institutions on the river islands, where the State and city gather their useless, their poverty-stricken, and their mentally twisted citizens, represent the expenditure of many millions, and account for much of the necessary drain upon the public purse. The shore from the entrance to Hell Gate through the East River is a beautiful sight. The numberless inlets are filled with small craft at anchor. Yachts and barges, coasting vessels and the great Sound steamers, follow the highway of the channel. Country clubs and old mansions throng the points. Numberless steamboat lines touch at the towns on the Long Island and the New York shores, and when the entrance to the wide Sound has been gained, and the two fortresses that guard the city on the east—Fort Schuyler at the end of Throgs Neck, where the British suffered defeat at the hands of the Yankee riflemen, and Willets Point opposite—have been passed, there are still five miles to be spent before one is beyond the city limits to the north, for the charter has rightfully included the islands enclosing Pelham Bay, Rodmans Neck, and City Island (connected with the mainland by wide causeways), and Harts Island, and Hunters Island, which the city makes use of for public purposes.

But it is not of the water-front that this article treats. It is the inland country, away from the railway lines, the country into which "town" is pushing its streets and avenues and boulevards, that holds most interest. Perhaps it is for the reason that until lately there has been a sad lack of good roads that all this has been a *terra incognita* to the average New-Yorker. But the bicycle and the recent improvements have opened up this section, and there are many hundreds of riders and drivers who are now familiar with every foot of the beautiful country that will be preserved—good fortune—in the new parks and gardens. There will



WHERE THE BRIDGES LINK THE HEIGHTS.

be plenty of room outside their limits for thousands of homes and industries—a million people will not crowd it. It is all historic ground; battles and skirmishes between the British forces and the little army under Washington took place at almost every corner. Although progress is destroying landmarks, and a state of sudden transition is plainly visible everywhere, there is enough remaining to tempt the student of history to a tour of investigation.

The little towns and villages possess various individualities; incongruities of surroundings make somewhat startling effects. Juxtaposition of natural scenery and the result of man's handiwork abounds. Paved streets have pushed their way in advance of traffic; the grass grows lush among the cobble-stones. Stone sidewalks skirt miles of city lots—vacant except for a wooden shanty or a dingy roadside tavern. But here the city will be, and before ten years have passed the incongruities will have disappeared, the pasture bars and decaying farm-houses

will give place to iron gates and handsome residences, or blocks of dwellings.

For a time the Harlem River marked the apparent northern boundary of New York, but now, spanned by bridges, it is but a breach, an incident, although it yet has woody slopes and meadows where cattle feed at the water's edge and the small boy goes a-swimming.

At 155th Street, where the viaduct overlooks Manhattan Field and the Polo Grounds, familiarly known as "Dead-head Hill," the new Harlem Speedway begins. It will be one of the finest roads in all the world, as fine as lavish expenditure can make it. It stretches along the shore of the Harlem River, close under Washington Heights. At present it is in a very unfinished condition; hundreds of men and horses, scores of derricks and spile-drivers, are hard at work building the embankments and cutting out the right of way. Looking up or down the river, the view is fine. High Bridge, with its beautifully modelled arches, and, farther to the north, Washington



ACROSS THE RIVER TO FORT GEORGE.

Bridge, with its two great spans, link the two heights across the river. At the northern end of Fort Washington, where Amsterdam Avenue circles the edge of the cliff, there is a fine view of the lower meadows. From here to the northward can be counted the locations of six different little towns—High Bridge, Morris Heights, Fordham, Inwood, Spuyten Duyvil, and Kingsbridge; the beautiful Audubon Park is over to the southwest, looking down upon the Hudson.

One often finds in America evidences of the strong desire of our foreign-born citizens to hold fast to their national characteristics or peculiarities. They will adopt a certain locality, and make strenuous efforts to transform it into a semblance of what is to be found in their own fatherland. Here, where the Speedway will end, and where is now the terminus of the Washington Heights trolley system, the Germans of Harlem have full possession. A huge wooden caravansary crowns the hill (where stood the old Fort George in 1776). The avenue leading up to the curve is lined with tents and booths, merry-go-rounds, and catch-penny devices of all kinds. Beer-gardens are set back among the trees, and every-

thing is German—the signs, the waiters, and the language spoken. Like a famous excursion resort up the Sound, it has been nicknamed “Klein Deutschland.” A battery of heavy wooden cannon frowns over an imitation parapet, a huge tun, almost as large as the famous one at Heidelberg, but empty and deceptive, looms above the garden wall. A German band plays popular airs, and in the great building, topped by its flags and streamers, there is room to seat five hundred people about the tables. On Saturday afternoons and evenings the place is crowded, and on Sunday throughout the whole twelve hours. Although the proprietors of the “Klein Deutschland” resorts do not depend so much upon the bicyclist as do the road-houses and inns across the river, they have not ignored his custom. Here are racks for two hundred bicycles, and a system of attendants to look after them.

Through the valley that divides the Inwood hills shows the top of the Palisades. Broad streets are being built through the meadows that stretch below, and lines of carts trail to and fro like caravans along the newly graded highways. It is in this meadow that the farmer-soldiers harvested their hay crop be-

tween the two armies, while the British rested at Kingsbridge and camped along the high ground of the Harlem River; and the Americans waited within the lines of Fort George and Fort Washington, which occupied high ground immediately across the Hudson from Fort Lee (Fort Constitution). The position of the old fort is plainly marked. It was well-nigh impregnable, and had it not been for the traitorous disclosure of the plans of its approaches, it might never have been taken.

Soon the Harlem River will be busy with ocean-going vessels, and the meadows and the shores on either bank will be filled with ship-yards and warehouses where now a few rowing-clubs and some yacht-building establishments alone have place. The ship-canal has been cut through the steep hill-side at Kingsbridge, and slowly the work of widening it at Spuyten Duyvil has been pushed to a finish. The northernmost point of Manhattan is now a little island

by itself, less than a quarter of a mile in length and about the same in breadth. It is a famous boating-place, and rowing-clubs, whose number here will surely be increased, may transform it into a pleasure-river like the upper Thames.

But to leave the Borough of Manhattan for the less well known country across the Harlem River: After crossing the broad driveway of Washington Bridge, a sharp turn to the north brings one to the entrance of the historic Featherbed Lane. But a few short years ago it was a lane indeed, but now it is a macadamized roadway full fifty feet in width. Up the old crooked lane the American forces retreated before they crossed the river, and in the woods yonder, at the crest of the hill, they made a brave stand against

Howe's advancing redcoats. A number of little country roads lead off to right and left, but they rejoice now in high-sounding names, Marcher Avenue, Nel-



NEAR FEATHERBED LANE.

son Avenue, Ogden Avenue, etc., soon to be opened, paved, and citified. That such a homely-sounding name as "Featherbed" should have been allowed to survive is a gratifying concession to history and tradition. Further on, however, it becomes plain East 174th Street.

In this neighborhood one is continually running against the vanguards of the municipality: a mounted policeman patrolling his beat along a shaded bypath that, so far as appearances go, might be in the Green Mountains of Vermont; while a steam-roller is puffing and snorting up and down a new-laid avenue, a bare-footed country boy is driving some browsing cows along the edge of a brook, just out of sight behind the bushes. A house with a well-sweep stands close by a block of

wooden tenements. On the side hill, near McComb's Road and what will be Belmont Street when it is completed, is a little stone house covered with vines. It bears the date 17 hundred and something (the last two figures are hidden by the ivy), and it stood there when Washington and his raw troops came up out of the valley. Near the gateway a spring gushes into a wooden drinking-trough. Looking east toward Claremont Heights Park, a station near the New York and Harlem Railroad, everything is new—new houses, new roads, and, beyond all doubt, new people.

The broad Aqueduct Avenue cuts through the country by fine private places. It passes the Berkeley Oval, and ascending a slight grade on a graceful curve, it leads by the eastern edge of University Heights, where the University of the City of New York is building its new home, and a grand home it will be when the quadrangle and the campus

own. Along the road-sides enterprising individuals have erected neat little booths or canvas-covered stands, with insidious signs and drinks to tempt the thirsty wheelman. Some years ago a benevolent and philanthropic gentleman by the name of Webb, who had retired from ship-building in affluence, erected a large and, it must be confessed, a very homely building, as an asylum for aged and indigent members of the trade that had brought him wealth, and a place of instruction also for the aspiring builder. Its site is a commanding one; it overlooks Sedgwick Avenue, across the Harlem Valley, to the Palisades of the Hudson, and over the valley is a panorama of the upper hills of Manhattan. To the south rise the cliffs of Fort George. Below is the station of Fordham Landing, and where the landing-road crosses the avenue, almost hidden in a tangle of underbrush, is a small graveyard. The stones stand crookedly among the ferns. Some

of them have fallen, and are covered up by the leaves and earth. A gnarled old willow-tree waves its sweeping branches over this forgotten resting-place. Wheelmen halt there and eat their luncheons, and the amateur photographer is tempted to stop and snap his camera. The writer asked an old man working by the roadside the name of the burial-ground. He replied, rather shortly, that he didn't know. "But they do say it's a good place for ghosts." Indeed it looks it.

But now to take across country in the direction of the new



A FRENCH RESTAURANT IN BRONX PARK.

are finished. Between the grounds of this university and the river to the west is Sedgwick Avenue, a broad highway that runs from Morris Heights to Fordham Heights. It is now completed, and no better road could be found, search far or near. It overlooks the river, and the bicyclist has long claimed it for his

park lands. Although quite near together, the little towns, when distant from the railroad station, are distinctly separate. It is round a corner, over a hill, and you jump in less than a mile from one village to another. Each has its little centre of small stores, a restaurant, a barber's pole, and the omnipresent repair shop for bicy-

cles. Fordham, before one reaches the railroad station of the Kingsbridge Road, seems to be unchanged by the great avenues that have pierced through it. The projected Grand Boulevard, or Concourse, will run through the western portion of the little village. When completed, this grand driveway and pleasure path will be one hundred and eighty-two feet in width, and divided by four parallel lines of shade trees. It will stretch from Cedar Park at 161st Street to the entrance to Mosholu Parkway, where the streets number two hundred odd.

The construction of this Grand Boulevard was resolved upon after much thought on the part of the engineers and the Department of Public Improvements. It will have no equal anywhere in this country or in Europe. It follows the ridge carefully, and it would almost seem as if the latter had been prepared for its occupancy. Over one-half of the property has been acquired, and the Legislature has been generous in its appropriation. On the 24th of August, 1897, the entire right of way will be owned by New York city. The cost of finishing the Concourse will be, at a conservative estimate, at least \$10,000,000. The cross streets, upon which surface roads are projected, will pass under it through spacious archways. All the approaches from the bridges of the Harlem will lead to it, joining near Cedar Park in a broad esplanade. Handsome residences and homes of the wealthy are bound to follow. To the east and west will lie the many thousands of homes of the well-to-do, following the line of the new systems of rapid transit soon to be developed. It will be a long time, however, before the boulevard will be finished, for a work of such magnitude grows slowly. Fordham Station will be but a stone's throw from the Kingsbridge Road.

To the traveller by the railway the St. John's College grounds are a welcome re-

lief to the eye. The buildings are just to the northeast of Fordham Station. They have a dignified appearance, and the wide stretch of campus is covered with the finest of green turf. To the southeast of the college are the towns of Belmont and



VAN CORTLANDT MANOR.

West Farms, both bordering upon the Bronx, the latter but two miles from where the little river debouches into the inlet enclosed between Hunts Point and Classons Point, on which stands the old manor, built before 1700. A road in very good condition leads eastward down a slight hill into one of the parks soon to be the pride of the borough. Before crossing the bridge over the stream, on the right-hand side, there is a little way-side inn. It has a most attractive look; its unpretentiousness gives to it a character that the dormer-windowed and cupola-crowned road-houses on the new avenues entirely lack. Over the next hill, less than a mile away, can be seen the flag-staffs and minarets of the Morris Park race-track, but the little village of Bronxdale is uncontaminated; it fits most naturally into the calm, delightful surroundings. To the traveller familiar with the smaller villages of rural Europe it has an Old World flavor, probably due to the fact that it has no railroad station; one might expect to see a rumbling mail-coach come bowling about the



THE SITE OF THE NEW RESERVOIR, JEROME PARK.

corner. Some of the little cottages have tiny windows with deep casements. They are built of stone, and whitewashed neatly; bachelor's-buttons and hollyhocks grow in the little front gardens. The appearance of the village makes one draw a breath of surprise at first sight. It is a place to fit into a book—it goes with the age of knee-buckles and cocked hats.

There is a good highway leading to the southeast that terminates at Fort Schuyler at the end of the peninsula, from which there is to be built a new boulevard along the shore leading in the direction of Baychester and Bartow. The Boston post-road crosses the village in a northeasterly direction, leading to Eastchester, Pelham Manor, and the towns along the Sound. The trolley (which it is to be hoped will penetrate no farther) stops within the precincts of West Farms, and the picnickers bound for Bronx Park come up on foot, following the Bear Swamp road, a name left over from a century or so ago, with the traditions that in the tangled marsh-land to the south a famous

Bruin lived, who preyed upon the Dutch farmers' piggeries and robbed their beehives. There is a cave in the woods near the river, on the west shore, that is known as Bear's Cave also, and not far away a curiously hollowed stone that collects the rainfall has been named the Indian's Bath Tub.

The stream itself is a step distant, and in those days it was probably more limpid. A winding road enters the woods to the north of the village; it leads directly to the old Lorillard mansion, to which estate all this property once belonged. The fine old house stands in a little park of its own, almost upon the edge of a deep gorge, through which the Bronx roars and tumbles, when the water is high, like a great trout-stream, just below the dam that held back the water that turned the wheels of the old snuff-mill, whose ruins are at the bottom of the steep path into the gorge. It is cool here in the shadows, for the trees are so thick that the sunlight filters through in flecks of light and color. The artist has found

this place many times; it is a place to tempt the brush, and often a sketching class of young girls from the art-schools may be seen there trying to catch the reflections of the overhanging branches.

The great Botanical Gardens are to be in this section of the park, and it is to be hoped and prayed that in the construction of the buildings and their surroundings the greatest care will be employed. It would be a shame to destroy what nature has already done. In fact, the visitor is constantly struck with wonder that the woodman has spared his axe so long in the time-old forest, and has overlooked the hemlock grove on the west side of the Bronx. The manor-house is now occupied by the Department of Public Parks; the high-ceilinged dining-room is now the main office; and belowstairs the spacious kitchen has been turned into a restaurant for the visiting public. The Zoological Garden, which has been started under the best of auspices, and which promises to be in every way popular and successful, both from its location and from the fact that it is to be under good management, will border upon the Botanical Gardens, which occupy some three hundred acres, while the whole extent of the park system will not be less than four thousand, including Van Cortlandt, which is at some distance, and Pelham Bay Park, three miles away, which occupies the extreme northeastern portion of the borough and the neighboring islands in the Sound.

No expense will be spared to make the "Zoo" second to none in the world. There will be plenty of grazing-ground for herds of deer, and the supervision of the fauna and the management of the plans of park construction will be undertaken by Mr. Hornaday, late of the Smithsonian. This means much to those having a knowledge of zoological matters.

The New York Zoological Society was incorporated in 1895, and the grant of two hundred and sixty-six acres was received in March, 1897, the State appropriating \$125,000 for the preliminary preparation of the park. Particular attention will be paid to American animals, and they will be shown amid natural surroundings. Life membership to the society costs \$200, yearly membership, \$10. It is intended that the gardens shall be opened free to the public, with the exception of two days in the week reserved for members, on

which days any one can obtain admission, however, by the payment of a small entrance-fee. The formal opening will not take place until the spring of 1899. It is the intention of the society to build and maintain a library of public instruction in connection with the garden. This will be a new, and it is to be hoped a successful venture. The grounds begin at the village of West Farms, thirty minutes by surface road from 129th Street and Third Avenue. They are bounded on the west by the Southern Boulevard, on the north by Pelham Avenue, and on the east by Bronx Lake and the pleasure-grounds.

Keeping onward through the park lands, and following the river to the north, the road passes an ancient orchard whose trees are so decrepit that few bear longer any fruit. Here the stream enters a tangle of alders and sumac from an open meadow, and above this meadow, from Williams Bridge to the city limits, the tracks of the Harlem branch of the Hudson River Railroad follow it closely. But before leaving the valley to cross in the direction of Van Cortlandt, it is necessary to pass that curious collection of little garden restaurants on the banks of the Bronx that have been so much written about because of their uniqueness in their surroundings. As the upper end of Amsterdam Avenue is essentially German, and altogether foreign in appearance and effect, these places are altogether French. The gardens are cut up into little vine-clad booths, each containing a table and some wooden chairs. The well-cooked meals are served in the open air.

If the visitor speaks French, the proprietor welcomes him effusively. "What will monsieur have? Une omelette aux fines herbes, un poulet sauté, or a salade romaine with mayonnaise?" One might imagine one's self but a few leagues from Paris. Here are the same games—the little cast-iron frog on the table, and the tiny quoits one tries to cast down his throat or into one of the numbered partitions; the ring at the end of the string, which one endeavors to catch on the numbered hooks; here is the jeu de quilles, and if you are fond of the game of dominoes you can play it as you sip your coffee. For a long time the proprietor depended upon the custom of the French colony of New York, whose members would come and spend a quiet Sunday with him; but now the wheelmen have found him

out, which means, doubtless, larger crowds and more prosperity. When the railroad track is crossed at Williams Bridge, it is evident that it is America, after all. Climbing the old Gun Hill road, here is the work of the city improvements again; but the country is most promising. The Mosholu Parkway, a wide line of villa sites and woods that begins where the streets are in the two hundreds, sweeps up Gun Hill, connecting the Botanical Gardens with Van Cortlandt. The view here from the top to the northwest is the finest. It overlooks Van Cortlandt Park and the wide billowing country far beyond, and here the old Croton Aqueduct crosses. It has extended in a direct line from Featherbed Lane through the old colonial estates along the Fordham Heights.

Jerome Avenue will skirt the eastern shore of the Jerome Park reservoir when it is completed, but at present what will be a beautiful sheet of clear blue water is but an unsightly depression in the earth. Great derricks and steam-shovels are eating their way into the hill-side scenery. Busy little engines puff along their uneven tracks—to the unskilled observer, in a very aimless fashion. Jets of vapor mark innumerable steam-drills. Plunging horses tug at the heavy-laden carts. At evening squads of dark-visaged Italian laborers are to be met chattering along the road, lumbering homeward from their work.

Van Cortlandt Lake, famous for skating, is within a few feet of the station. In summer the water-lilies lie along the shores and the bull-frogs chorus lustily. The stream that drains it is known as "Tibbetts Brook"—what a delightfully bucolic name is Tibbetts Brook! The

public golf links extends up the eastern side of the little lake along the meadows at the foot of the sloping hill where runs the new aqueduct. The greens are kept in good order, and those players who are debating about joining some New Jersey golf club, or some distant Long Island links, had best look at that to whose use they are entitled gratis. The course is not an easy one, but it admits of long drives, and the turf is excellent.

The old Van Cortlandt mansion, built in 1748, is at the curve of the driveway leading from the bridge. It is now in charge of the Colonial Dames, and it contains an interesting little museum of relics and mementos well worth a visit. The sturdy old house has an unassuming beauty of proportion, plain and simple though it be. The Dames have surmounted the ridge-pole with three exceedingly high flag-staffs, which lend the effect of a military headquarters not altogether out of keeping with the character of the building, which is just north of the wide parade-ground. The Van Cortlandt parade-grounds are the nearest approach we have to an American Aldershot. It is within easy riding distance from town for the cavalry or artillery, and but a few minutes by train from the Grand Central Station. Broadway, the ancient post-road to Albany, skirts the edge of the park on the west, and it is but a mile south to the Harlem River, crossing which, one finds one's self again on the northern limit of the island of Manhattan. If it is evening, the reflection of the city's glare shows in the sky. But only a few twinkling lights on the wooded slopes to the north and east mark what soon will be the "town."

JOSHUA GOODENOUGH'S OLD LETTER.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THE following letter has come into my possession, which I publish because it is history, and descends to the list of those humble beings who builded so well for us the institutions which we now enjoy in this country. It is yellow with age, and much frayed out at the foldings, being in those spots no longer discernible. It runs:

ALBANY June 1798.

TO MY DEAR SON JOSEPH.—It is true that there are points in the history of the

country in which your father had a concern in his early life and as you ask me to put it down I will do so briefly. Not however, my dear Joseph, as I was used to tell it to you when you were a lad, but with more exact truth, for I am getting on in my years and this will soon be all that my posterity will have of their ancestor. I conceive that now the descendants of the noble band of heroes who fought off the indians, the Frenche and the British will prevail in this country, and my chil-

dren's children may want to add what is found here in written to their own achievements.

To begin with, my father was the master of a fishing-schooner, of Marblehead. In the year 1745 he was taken at sea by a French man-of-war off Louisbourg, after making a desperate resistance. His ship was in a sinking condition and the blood was mid-leg deep on her deck. Your grandfather was an upstanding man and did not prostrate easily, but the Frencher was too big, so he was captured and later found his way as a prisoner to Quebec. He was exchanged by a mistake in his identity for Huron indians captivated in York, and he subsequently settled near Albany, afterwards bringing my mother, two sisters, and myself from Marblehead.

He engaged in the indian trade, and as I was a rugged lad of my years I did often accompany him on his expeditions westward into the Mohawk townes, thus living in bark camps among Indians and got thereby a knowledge of their ways. I made shift also to learn their language, and what with living in the bush for so many years I was a hand at a pack or paddle and no mean hunter besides. I was put to school for two seasons in Albany which was not to my liking, so I straightway ran off to a hunters camp up the Hudson, and only came back when my father would say that I should not be again put with the pedagogue. For this adventure I had a good strapping from my father, and was set to work in his trade again. My mother was a pious woman and did not like me to grow up in the wilderness—for it was the silly fashion of those times to ape the manners and dress of the Indians.

My father was a shifty trader and very venturesome. He often had trouble with the people in these parts, who were Dutch and were jealous of him. He had a violent temper and was not easily bent from his purpose by opposition. His men had a deal of fear of him and good cause enough in the bargain, for I once saw him discipline a half-negro man who was one of his boat-men for stealing his private jug of liquor from his private pack. He clinched with the negro and soon had him on the ground, where the man struggled manfully but to no purpose for your grandfather soon had him at his mercy. "Now" said he "give me the

jug or take the consequences." The other boat paddlers wanted to rescue him but I menaced them with my fusil and the matter ended by the return of the jug.

In 1753 he met his end at the hands of western indians in the French interest, who shot him as he was helping to carry a battoe, and he was buried in the wilderness. My mother then returned to her home in Massachusetts, journeying with a party of traders but I staid with the Dutch on these frontiers because I had learned the indian trade and liked the country. Not having any chances, I had little book learning in my youth, having to this day a regret concerning it. I read a few books, but fear I had a narrow knowledge of things outside the Dutch settlements. On the frontiers, for that matter, few people had much skill with the pen, nor was much needed. The axe and rifle, the paddle and pack being more to our hands in those rough days. To prosper though, men weare shrewd-headed enough. I have never seen that books helped people to trade sharper. Shortly afterwards our trade fell away, for the French had embroiled the Indians against us. Crown Point was the Place from which the Indians in their interest had been fitted out to go against our settlements, so a design was formed by His Majesty the British King to dispossess them of that place. Troops were levid in the Province and the war began. The Frenchers had the best of the fighting.

Our frontiers were beset with the Canada indians so that it was not safe to go about in the country at all. I was working for Peter Vrooman, a trader, and was living at his house on the Mohawk. One Sunday morning I found a negro boy who was shot through the body with two balls as he was hunting for stray sheep, and all this within half a mile of Vrooman's house. Then an express came up the valley who left word that the Province was levying troops at Albany to fight the French, and I took my pay from Vrooman saying that I would go to Albany for a soldier. Another young man and myself paddled down to Albany, and we both enlisted in the York levies. We drew our ammunition tents, kettles, bowls and knives at the Albany flats, and were drilled by an officer who had been in her Majesty's Service. One man

was given five hundred lashes for enlisting in some Connecticut troops, and the orders said that any man who should leave His Majesty's service without a Regular discharge should suffer Death. The restraint which was put upon me by this military life was not to my liking, and I was in a mortal dread of the whippings which men were constantly receiving for breaches of the discipline. I felt that I could not survive the shame of being trussed up and lashed before men's eyes, but I did also have a great mind to fight the French which kept me along. One day came an order to prepare a list of officers and men who were willing to go scouting and be freed from other duty, and after some time I got my name put down, for I was thought too young, but I said I knew the woods, had often been to Andiatirocte (or Lake George as it had then become the fashion to call it) and they let me go. It was dangerous work, for reports came every day of how our Rangers suffered up country at the hands of the cruel savages from Canada, but it is impossible to play at bowls without meeting some rubs. A party of us proceeded up river to join Captain Rogers at Fort Edward, and we were put to camp on an Island. This was in October of the year 1757. We found the Rangers were rough borderers like ourselves, mostly Hampshire men well used to the woods and much accustomed to the Enemy. They dressed in the fashion of those times in skin and grey duffle hunting frocks, and were well armed. Rogers himself was a doughty man and had a reputation as a bold Ranger leader. The men declared that following him was sore service, but that he most always met with great success. The Fort was garrisoned by His Majesty's soldiers, and I did not conceive that they were much fitted for bush-ranging, which I afterwards found to be the case, but they would always fight well enough, though often to no good purpose, which was not their fault so much as the headstrong leadership which persisted in making them come to close quarters while at a disadvantage. There were great numbers of pack horses coming and going with stores, and many officers in gold lace and red coats were riding about directing here and there. I can remember that I had a great interest in this concourse of men, for up to that time I had not seen

much of the world outside of the wilderness. There was terror of the Canada indians who had come down to our borders hunting for scalps—for these were continually lurking near the cantanements to waylay the unwary. I had got acquainted with a Hampshire borderer who had passed his life on the Canada frontier, where he had fought indians and been captured by them. I had seen much of indians and knew their silent forest habits when hunting, so that I felt that when they were after human beings they would be no mean adversaries, but I had never hunted them or they me.

I talked at great length with this Shankland, or Shanks as he was called on account of his name and his long legs, in course of which he explained many useful points to me concerning Ranger ways. He said they always marched until it was quite dark before encamping—that they always returned by a different route from that on which they went out, and that they circled on their trail at intervals so that they might intercept any one coming on their rear. He told me not to gather up close to other Rangers in a fight but to keep spread out, which gave the Enemy less mark to fire upon and also deceived them as to your own numbers. Then also he cautioned me not to fire on the Enemy when we were in ambush till they have approached quite near, which will put them in greater surprise and give your own people time to rush in on them with hatchets or cutlasses. Shanks and I had finally a great fancy for each other and passed most of our time in company. He was a slow man in his movements albeit he could move fast enough on occasion, and was a great hand to take note of things happening around him. No indian was better able to discern a trail in the bush than he, nor could one be found his equal at making snow shoes, carving a powder horn or fashioning any knick-knack he was a mind to set his hand to.

The Rangers were accustomed to scout in small parties to keep the Canada indians from coming close to Fort Edward. I had been out with Shanks on minor occasions, but I must relate my first adventure.

A party . . . (here the writing is lost) . . . was desirous of taking a captive or scalp. I misdoubted our going alone by our-

"I DID NOT CONCEIVE THAT THEY WERE MUCH FITTED FOR BUSH-RANGING."



selvs, but he said we were as safe as with more. We went northwest slowly for two days, and though we saw many old trails we found none which were fresh. We had gone on until night when we lay by near a small brook. I was awakened by Shanks in the night and heard a great howling of wolves at some distance off together with a gun shot. We lay awake until daybreak and at intervals heard a gun fired all through the night. We decided that the firing could not come from a large party and so began to approach the sound slowly and with the greatest caution. We could not understand why the wolves should be so bold with the gun firing, but as we came near we smelled smoke and knew it was a camp-fire. There were a number of wolves running about in the underbrush from whose actions we located the camp. From a rise we could presently see it, and were surprised to find it contained five Indians all lying asleep in their blankets. The wolves would go right up to the camp and yet the Indians did not deign to give them any notice whatsoever, or even to move in the least when one wolf pulled at the blanket of a sleeper. We each selected a man when we had come near enough, and preparing to deliver our fire, when of a sudden one figure rose up slightly. We nevertheless fired and then rushed forward, reloading. To our astonishment none of the figures moved in the least but the wolves scurried off. We were advancing cautiously when Shanks caught me by the arm saying "we must run, that they had all died of the small-pox," and run we did lustily for a good long distance. After this manner did many Indians die in the wilderness from that dreadful disease, and I have since supposed that the last living Indian had kept firing his gun at the wolves until he had no longer strength to reload his piece.

After this Shanks and I had become great friends for he had liked the way I had conducted myself on this expedition. He was always arguing with me to cut off my eel-skin que which I wore after the fashion of the Dutch folks, saying that the Canada Indians would parade me for a Dutchman after that token was gone with my scalp. He had . . . (writing obliterated).

Early that winter I was one of 150 Rangers who marched with Captain Rog-

ers against the Enemy at Carrillion. The snow was not deep at starting but it continued to snow until it was heavy footing and many of the men gave out and returned to Fort Edward, but notwithstanding my exhaustion I continued on for six days until we were come to within six hundred yards of Carrillion Fort. The captain had made us a speech in which he told us the points where we were to rendezvous if we were broke in the fight, for further resistance until night came on, when we could take ourselves off as best we might. I was with the advance guard. We lay in ambush in some fallen timber quite close to a road, from which we could see the smoke from the chimneys of the Fort and the centries walking their beats. A French soldier was seen to come from the Fort and the word was passed to let him go by us, as he came down the road. We lay perfectly still not daring to breathe, and though he saw nothing he stopped once and seemed undecided as to going on, but suspecting nothing he continued and was captured by our people below, for prisoners were wanted at Headquarters to give information of the French forces and intentions. A man taken in this way was threatened with Death if he did not tell the whole truth, which under the circumstances he mostly did to save his life.

The French did not come out of the Fort after us, though Rogers tried to entice them by firing guns and showing small parties of men which feigned to retreat. We were ordered to destroy what we could of the supplies, so Shanks and I killed a small cow which we found in the edge of the clearing and took off some fresh beef of which food we were sadly in need, for on these scouts the Rangers were not permitted to fire guns at game though it was found in their path, as it often was in fact. I can remember on one occasion that I stood by a tree in a snow storm, with my gun depressed under my frock the better to keep it dry, when I was minded to glance quickly around and there saw a large wolf just ready to spring upon me. I cautiously presented my fuses but did not dare to fire against the orders. An other Ranger came shortly into view and the wolf took himself off. We burned some large wood piles, which no doubt made winter work for to keep some Frenchers at home. They only fired some cannon at us, which be-



THE MARCH OF ROGERS'S RANGERS

Frederic Rogers

yond a great deal of noise did no harm. We then marched back to Fort Edward and were glad enough to get there, since it was time for snow-shoes, which we had not with us.

The Canada indians were coming down to our Forts and even behind them to intercept our convoys or any parties out on the road, so that the Rangers were kept out, to head them when they could, or get knowledge of their whereabouts. Shanks and I went out with two Mohigons on a scout. It was exceedingly stormy weather and very heavy travelling except on the River. I had got a bearskin blanket from the indians which is necessary to keep out the cold at this season. We had ten days of bread, pork and rum with a little salt with us, and followed the indians in a direction North-and-bye-East toward the lower end of Lake Champlain, always keeping to the high-ground with the falling snow to fill our tracks behind us. For four days we travelled when we were well up the west side. We had crossed numbers of trails but they were all full of old snow and not worth regarding—still we were so far from our post that in event of encountering any numbers of the Enemy we had but small hope of a safe return and had therefore to observe the greatest caution.

As we were making our way an immense painter so menaced us that we were forced to fire our guns to dispatch him. He was found to be very old, his teeth almost gone, and was in the last stages of starvation. We were much alarmed at this misadventure, fearing the Enemy might hear us or see the ravens gathering above, so we crossed the Lake that night on some new ice to blind our trail, where I broke through in one place and was only saved by Shanks, who got hold of my eel-skin que, thereby having something to pull me out with. We got into a deep gully, and striking flint made a fire to dry me and I did not suffer much inconvenience.

The day following we took a long circle and came out on the lower end of the Lake, there laying two days in ambush, watching the Lake for any parties coming or going. Before dark a Mohigon came in from watch saying that men were coming down the Lake. We gathered at the point and saw seven of the Enemy come slowly on. There were

three indians two Canadians and a French officer. Seeing they would shortly pass under our point of land we made ready to fire, and did deliver one fire as they came nigh, but the guns of our Mohigons failed to explode, they being old and well nigh useless, so that all the damage we did was to kill one indian and wound a Canadian, who was taken in hand by his companions who made off down the shore and went into the bush. We tried to head them unsuccessfully, and after examining the guns of our indians we feared they were so disabled that we gave up and retreated down the Lake, travelling all night. Near morning we saw a small fire which we spied out only to find a large party of the Enemy, whereat we were much disturbed, for our travelling had exhausted us and we feared the pursuit of a fresh enemy as soon as morning should come to show them our trail. We then made our way as fast as possible until late that night, when we laid down for refreshment. We built no fire but could not sleep for fear of the Enemy for it was a bright moonlight, and sure enough we had been there but a couple of hours when we saw the Enemy coming on our track. We here abandoned our bearskins with what provisions we had left and ran back on our trail toward the advancing party. It was dark in the forest and we hoped they might not discover our back track for some time, thus giving us a longer start. This ruse was successful. After some hours travel I became so exhausted that I stopped to rest, whereat the Mohigans left us, but Shanks bided with me, though urging me to move forward. After a time I got strength to move on. Shanks said the Canadians would come up with us if we did not make fast going of it, and that they would disembowel us or tie us to a tree and burn us as was their usual way, for we could in no wise hope to make head against so large a party. Thus we walked steadily till high noon, when my wretched strength gave out so that I fell down saying I had as leave die there as elsewhere. Shanks followed back on our trail, while I fell into a drouse but was so sore I could not sleep. After a time I heard a shot, and shortly two more, when Shanks came running back to me. He had killed an advancing indian and stopped them for a moment. He kicked me vigorously, telling me to come on, as

THE STORMING OF TICONDEROGA.



the indians would soon come on again. I got up, and though I could scarcely move I was minded diligently to persevere after Shanks. Thus we staggered on until near night time, when we again stopped and I fell into a deep sleep, but the enemy did not again come up. On the following day we got into Fort Edward, where I was taken with a distemper, was seized with very grievous pains in the head and back and a fever. They let blood and gave me a physic, but I did not get well around for some time. For this sickness I have always been thankful, otherwise I should have been with Major Rogers in his unfortunate battle, which has become notable enough, where he was defeated by the Canadians and Indians and lost nigh all his private men, only escaping himself by a miracle. We mourned the loss of many friends who were our comrades, though it was not the fault of any one, since the Enemy had three times the number of the Rangers and hemmed them in. Some of the Rangers had surrendered under promise of Quarter, but we afterwards heard that they were tied to trees and hacked to death because the indians had found a scalp in the breast of a man's hunting frock, thus showing that we could never expect such bloody minded villains to keep their promises of Quarter.

I was on several scouts against them that winter but encountered nothing worthy to relate excepting the hardships which fell to a Ranger's lot. In June the Army having been gathered we proceeded under Abercromby up the Lake to attack Ticonderoga. I thought at the time that so many men must be invincible, but since the last war I have been taught to know different. There were more Highlanders, Grenadiers, Provincial troops, Artillery and Rangers than the eye could compass, for the Lake was black with their battoes. This concourse proceeded to Ticondaroga where we had a great battle and lost many men, but to no avail since we were forced to return.

The British soldiers were by this time made servicable for forest warfare, since the officers and men had been forced to rid themselves of their useless incumbrances and had cut off the tails of their long coats till they scarcely reached below their middles—they had also left the women at the Fort, browned their gun barrells and carried their provisions on

their backs, each man enough for himself, as was our Ranger custom. The army was landed at the foot of the Lake, where the Rangers quickly drove off such small bodies of Frenchers and Indians as opposed us, and we began our march by the rapids. Rogers men cleared the way and had a most desperate fight with some French who were minded to stop us, but we shortly killed and captured most of them. We again fell in with them that afternoon and were challenged *Qui vive* but answered that we were French, but they were not deceived and fired upon us, after which a hot skirmish ensued during which Lord Howe was shot through the breast, for which we were all much depressed, because he was our real leader and had raised great hopes of success for us. The Rangers had liked him because he was wont to spend much time talking with them in their camps and used also to go on scouts. The Rangers were not over fond of British officers in general.

When the time had come for battle we Rangers moved forward, accompanied by the armed boatmen and the Provincial troops. We drove in the French pickets and came into the open where the trees were felled tops toward us in a mighty abbatis, as though blown down by the wind. It was all we could undertake to make our way through the mass, and all the while the great breast-works of the French belched cannon and musket balls while the limbs and splinters flew around us. Then out of the woods behind us issued the heavy red masses of the British troops advancing in battle array with purpose to storm with the bayonet. The maze of fallen trees with their withered leaves hanging broke their ranks, and the French Retrenchment blazed fire and death. They advanced bravely up but all to no good purpose, and hundreds there met their death. My dear Joseph I have the will but not the way to tell you all I saw that awful afternoon. I have since been in many battles and skirmishes, but I never have witnessed such slaughter and such wild fighting as the British storm of Ticondaroga. We became mixed up—Highlanders, Grenadiers, Light Troops, Rangers and all, and we beat against that mass of logs and maze of fallend timber and we beat in vain. I was once carried right up to the breastwork, but we were stopped by the bristling mass of sharpened branches,



PADDLING THE WOUNDED BRITISH OFFICER.

while the French fire swept us front and flank. The ground was covered deep with dying men, and as I think it over now I can remember nothing but the fruit bourne by the tree of war, for I looked upon so many wonderous things that July day that I could not set them downe at all. We drew off after seeing that human

back to Albany I started, and there met Major Rogers, whom I acquainted with my desire to again join his service, whereat he seemed right glad to put me downe. I accordingly journeyed to Crown Point, where I went into camp. I had bought me a new fire-lock at Albany which was provided with a bayonet. It was short,



THE CAPTURE OF THE FRENCH GRENAДИER.

valor could not take that work. We Rangers then skirmished with the French colony troops and the Canada indians until dark while our people rescued the wounded, and then we fell back. The Army was utterly demoralized and made a headlong retreat, during which many wounded men were left to die in the woods. Shanks and I paddled a light bark canoe down the Lake next day, in the bottom of which lay a wounded British officer attended by his servant.

I took my discharge, and lived until the following Spring with Vrooman at German Flats, when I had a desire to go again to the more active service of the Rangers, for living in camps and scouting, notwithstanding its dangers, was agreeable to my taste in those days. So

as is best fitted for the bush, and about 45 balls to the pound. I had shot it ten times on trial and it had not failed to discharge at each pull. There was a great change in the private men of the Rangers, so many old ones had been frost bitten and gone home. I found my friend Shanks, who had staid though he had been badly frosted during the winter. He had such a hate of the Frenchers and particularly of the Canada Indians that he would never cease to fight them, they having killed all his relatives in New Hampshire which made him bitter against them, he always saying that they might as well kill him and thus make an end of the family.

In June I went north down Champlain with 250 Rangers and Light Infantry in

sloop-vessels. The Rangers were (writing lost) but it made no difference. The party was landed on the west side of the Lake near Isle au Noix and lay five days in the bush, it raining hard all the time. I was out with a reconnoitering party to watch the Isle, and very early in the morning we saw the French coming to our side in boats, whereat we acquainted Major Rogers that the French were about to attack us. We were drawn up in line to await their coming. The forest always concealed a Ranger line, so that there might not have been a man within a hundred miles for all that could be seen, and so it was that an advance party of the Enemy walked into our line and were captured, which first appraised the French of our position. They shortly attacked us on our left, but I was sent with a party to make our way through a swamp in order to attack their rear. This we accomplished so quietly that we surprized some Canada indians who were lying back of the French line listening to a prophet who was incanting. These we slew, and after our firing many French grenadiers came running past, when they broke before our line. I took a Frenchman prisoner, but he kept his bayonet pointed at me, all the time yelling in French which I did not understand, though I had my loaded gun pointed at him. He seemed to be disturbed at the sight of a scalp which I had hanging in my belt. I had lately took it from the head of an Indian, it being my first, but I was not minded to kill the poor Frenchman and was saying so in English. He put down his fire-lock finally and offered me his flask to drink liquor with him, but I did not use it. I had known that Shanks carried poisoned liquor in his pack, with the hope that it would destroy any indians who might come into possession of it, if he was taken, whether alive or dead. As I was escorting the Frenchman back to our boats he quickly ran away from me, though I snapped my fire-lock at him, which failed to explode, it having become wet from the rain. Afterwards I heard that a Ranger had shot him, seeing him running in the bush.

We went back to our boats after this victory and took all our wounded and dead with us, which last we buried on an island. Being joined by a party of Stock-bridge Indians we were again landed, and after marching for some days came to a

road where we reconnoitered St. John's Fort but did not attack it, Rogers judging it not to be takeable with our force. From here we began to march so fast that only the strongest men could keep up, and at day-break came to another Fort. We ran into the gate while a hay-waggon was passing through, and surprised and captured all the garrison, men women and children. After we had burned and destroyed everything we turned the women and children adrift, but drove the men along as prisoners, making them carry our packs. We marched so fast that the French grenadiers could not keep up, for their breeches were too tight for them to march with ease, whereat we cut off the legs of them with our knives, when they did better.

After this expedition we scouted from Crown Point in canoes, Shanks and myself going as far north as we dared toward Isle au Noix, and one day while lying on the bank we saw the army coming. It was an awesome sight to see so many boats filled with brave uniforms, as they danced over the waves. The Rangers and indians came a half a mile ahead of the Army in whale-boats all in line abreast, while behind them came the light Infantry and Grenadiers with Provincial troops on the flanks and Artillery and Store boats bringing up the Rear.

Shanks and I fell in with the Ranger boats, being yet in our small bark and much hurled about by the waves, which rolled prodigiously.

The Army continued up the Lake and drove the Frenchers out of their Forts, they not stopping to resist us till we got to Chamblee, where we staid. But the French in Canada had all surrendered to the British and the war was over. This ended my service as a Ranger in those parts. I went back to Vroomans intending to go again into the indian trade, for now we hoped that the French would no longer be able to stop our enterprises.

Now my dear son—I will send you this long letter, and will go on writing of my later life in the Western country and in the War of Independence, and will send you those letters as soon as I have them written. I did not do much or occupy a commanding position, but I served faithfully in what I had to do. For the present God bless you my dear son.

JOSHUA GOODENOUGH.

THE NEW JAPAN.

BY THE JAPANESE MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

IT has been charged that recent events have revealed a tendency toward self-glorification in the Japanese character. The writer trusts that nothing in these pages will lend color to such a criticism. They contain the expression of his personal views merely, and while they recapitulate much that his country has already done, they will fall far short of the object he has in view if they convey the impression that he, or any thoughtful Japanese, believes that what has been done amounts to the full measure of national development which they hope to see Japan attain.

The air of romance which Japan's emergence from the seclusion of centuries has thrown around her is a favorite topic of popular comment. This is natural, no doubt; but I trust that the time has come when the romance in Japan's career will not be allowed to obscure the less picturesque but more important facts of her actual progress. It is true that forty years ago Japan emerged from a state of almost total isolation, and that within a very brief space of time a political system, distinctly mediæval and feudal in many of its features, was changed to one more in harmony with the present age. But this, although perhaps the most striking phase of recent Japanese history, was by no means the result of accident or of unguided impulse. Japan did not attain her present stage of national development by a theatrical *coup*. The germ of her modern progress is to be found in her ancient institutions. Her people underwent no sudden or radical transformation when they abandoned the old order and took up the new. Not they, but the conditions of their environment, changed. No doubt the versatility and adaptability which characterize them as a race aided them in conforming to the new conditions; but, equally without question, their ancient national training and traditions exercised a potent influence.

Only a brief review of the state of affairs in Japan prior to the time of Commodore Perry's expedition is needed to show that the anomalous position of the nation at that time had become untenable, not only for external but also for internal reasons. Every one is familiar with the form of government under which the Em-

pire was then ruled. It has been usual to term it a "dual sovereignty," wherein the *Tenno* (*Mikado*) exercised one set of functions, and the *Shogun* (*Taikun*) another. But in reality, whatever might be said of the possession of actual power, the *Tenno* alone, or, as we now say, the Emperor, was regarded as the real fountain of all authority. The attitude of the people toward the imperial family, which had ruled in unbroken succession for centuries, was one of genuine reverence—so much so that the powerful Tokugawa clan, which held the Shogunate for two centuries and a half, always maintained the greatest outward semblance of respect toward the imperial throne and its prerogatives. It is true that the great Iyeyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa clan, and his grandson, the almost equally great Iyemitsu, framed the system under which the actual power of the imperial house was reduced to a shadow; but neither the one nor the other, even in the plenitude of the great authority wielded by each of them, felt strong enough to brave the popular storm which would have followed any hostile action against the throne. This may not seem especially significant now, but it certainly had peculiar significance at a time when dynastic changes were the rule rather than the exception in other parts of the world. If the reader will recall the number of such changes which have occurred in Europe even since the Middle Ages, and will then remember that in Japan, long before that time and ever since, the reverence and loyalty of the people have recognized but one genuine source of imperial authority, he will doubtless admit that this sentiment cannot fail to have been a potent factor in Japan's progress. A people swayed by feelings of devoted loyalty, who, under the guidance they respect and revere, are willing to enter boldly upon new and seemingly hazardous experiments, to toil much and, if need be, to sacrifice much, cannot but accomplish a great deal. Let me hasten to explain that I am not attempting to arrogate to my countrymen any especial merit, or to claim for them qualities that other men do not possess. I only mean to say that one of the ancient, as well as the present, advantages which Japan possesses is this fortunate relation between

the throne and the people. The undeviating loyalty of the people to the throne made possible the complete revolution in the control of public affairs which occurred in 1868; the same sentiment of confidence and devotion eased the progress of the nation through the changes, some of them drastic and far-reaching, which occurred thereafter, and to-day it stands forth pre-eminent as the strongest guarantee of the permanence of national development. I do not need to point out here how fully this feeling has been reciprocated and repaid by the wise and beneficent leadership which has guided Japan to the place among nations which she occupies to-day. That will naturally form another part of the narrative of Japan's progress. My present object is merely to enumerate some of the reasons for that progress not always borne in mind by those who note its results without studying its causes.

It is usual to designate the government of ancient Japan as a despotism. Broadly speaking, the definition is not wholly incorrect, but in certain essential details it fails to give an exact idea of the political system which prevailed in Japan from the end of the sixteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century. The Tokugawa Shogunate was the real governing power, but it maintained most peculiar relations, on the one hand with the throne, and on the other with the territorial nobility. As already intimated, the Shogunate never dared openly to violate or to offend the popular reverence for the imperial family. The Court at Kioto was gradually shorn of all actual power, but this was done by means of cunning pretexts having all the appearance of loyalty. Still the line of sovereigns enthroned at Kioto always remained a menace to the usurper, an effectual bar to his full assumption of power, and a rallying-point for national loyalty and patriotism. As regarded the territorial nobility (*daimiyo*), an equally anomalous condition of things existed. For example, so far as the details of administration were concerned, the territorial extent over which the powers of the government of the Shogunate were operative was limited to the domains under the direct sway of the Shogun himself. The territories under the control of the *Daimiyo*s, even including the fiefs held by the junior branches of the Tokugawa family, enjoyed almost

complete autonomy. Such measures as were necessary to control the feudal lords and to prevent them from acquiring dangerous independence were enforced by indirect methods rather than openly, but otherwise they enjoyed in their respective domains the rights and prerogatives of independent sovereignty. They could not declare war, conclude peace, or coin money, but they exercised autonomous control in almost all other important matters pertaining to the executive power of a state.

This system of semi-independence extended also to other classes of the population. The predominant influence acquired in the course of time by the military order is a matter of common knowledge. But it is not so well known that the farmer, the merchant, the craftsman, and others of the common people enjoyed under the law rights and privileges, lesser in degree and in extent, but equally well recognized and respected. The communal and municipal systems established from early days afford an example of this. Within certain limits the people of the cities, towns, villages, and rural neighborhoods controlled their own local affairs. This control formed an important part of the governmental machinery, and although the limits of its operation were circumscribed, it could not but have contributed to the formation of a certain independence in the national character, and of some degree of familiarity with the fundamental principles of self-government.

Respect for law and instinctive obedience to its mandates have always been notable characteristics of the Japanese people. To such an extent is this the case that some foreign critics attribute to us the tendency to over-legislation as a national foible. However that may be, it is easy to see what a most useful purpose this quality has served in the critical period through which Japan has passed since the Restoration. Happy for us that by tradition and by immemorial usage the law has held such a high place in the estimation of our people! Without this solid sentiment to depend upon, there have been times when the path of our national progress might have remained indefinitely obstructed by obstacles which only unquestioning obedience to the law could aid in removing. It is interesting to note that this national characteristic also descends to us from ancient times.

In Japan the rules of rank were rigorously enforced, but no man, no matter how high his station, was above the law; and none so humble that he might not safely appeal to it. As is well stated in the narrative of Commodore Perry's expedition, "However absolute may have been the authority of the Shogun in the beginning, it has subsequently been very much modified; and certain it is that at this day the reign of the Shogun is by no means arbitrary. He cannot do just what he pleases. The laws of the empire reach him as much as they do the meanest subject." Although this was written at a time when the prestige of the Shogunate had appreciably declined, it may safely be taken as a correct presentation of what was the case even at a much earlier date. And so far as regards the impartial enforcement of the law, and the universal deference shown to it, the same conditions prevail in Japan to-day. This national characteristic, joined to the loyalty of the people and to the spirit of independence fostered by circumstances already described, goes far toward explaining the apparent ease and rapidity with which Japan has accomplished some of the changes which have attracted the world's attention. Do not understand, however, that I intend to convey the impression that these qualities alone were sufficient to effect a complete transformation in the social and political conditions by which Japan had been so long enthralled. They are cited merely as examples of some of the influences which have aided in bringing that transformation to the point it has now reached. It is superfluous to say that no people could remain for more than two centuries wholly aloof from the rest of the world without suffering harm from the isolation. That was the case with Japan, but happily for her people the unnatural seclusion in which they had lived had not sapped all the forces of national vitality. Enough remained to overcome the inertia developed by the past, and to gather force for an advance. The ancient national spirit, loyal, law-abiding, and independent, was a powerful ally in the struggle for reform, and afforded a solid basis for a feeling of confidence in ultimate success, even under the most discouraging circumstances.

The Restoration of 1868 found the empire in a disordered and impoverished

condition. The resumption of all the imperial prerogatives by the Emperor, and the relegation of the Shogun to private life, were not the results of a sudden uprising or of a hastily planned revolution. The seeds of discontent had been long sown, the fruit was long in maturing. The government of the Shogun had served its appointed purpose, and was tottering to its fall. Doubtless it would have gone down in any event before internal feuds and domestic dissensions. But, strangely enough, the immediate cause of its overthrow was one of the most creditable acts of its existence—the conclusion of the treaties with foreign powers. The Japanese conservatives of that day objected strenuously to what they termed foreign intrusion, and the successful agitation against the Shogunate was largely due to their initiative. But that the prejudice against foreigners did not extend to the leaders of the movement was shown conclusively by subsequent events. Their aim was the destruction of the illogical and unwieldy dual form of administration and the centralization of the powers of government under its legitimate head. To accomplish this they availed themselves of all the various forms of discontent and opposition to which the anomalous administrative conditions then prevailing had given rise, the anti-foreign clamor among the rest. But the true motive underlying the movement to restore the imperial prerogatives was manifest at the outset and long before the design had been successfully consummated. It was declared by the Emperor himself, when, on March 14, 1867, in the presence of court nobles and feudal lords, he made solemn oath that from that time forth administrative affairs should be decided by general deliberation; that both government and people should labor for the good of the nation; that the evil customs hitherto prevailing should be corrected; and that the country should be strengthened by adopting the systems of defence employed in foreign lands. This oath, as was clearly understood, was intended to be the foundation of constitutional government.

One of the first acts of the Emperor after the Restoration was the promulgation of an edict abolishing the laws against foreign religions and their propagation among the people. Hence it came to pass that for the first time in centuries the doc-

trine and tenets of Christianity could be freely preached and taught in Japan. Mention of this momentous event naturally suggests some consideration of the question of religious faiths in Japan, and of their influence upon the intellectual and moral growth of the nation. One interesting fact immediately discloses itself, and that is that up to the time when Japan was closed to the world foreign religions had not only been tolerated, but had even been eagerly welcomed and espoused. This is notably true of Christianity and Buddhism. The latter was introduced about 552 A. D. Until that time Shintoism was the only religion of the people. "The coming of Buddhism," as one of our historians says, "wrought a complete change in the mind of the nation. Hitherto the people's conception of religion had been of a most rudimentary character. They merely believed that the gods must be revered, relied on, and feared. In their simple faith they attributed every happy or unhappy event, every fortunate or unfortunate incident, to the volition of the deities, to whom, therefore, they offered sacrifices that evil might be averted." The transition from pantheism of this description to belief in a faith which inculcated virtue and well-doing, and announced the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, might naturally be regarded as difficult, but it was accomplished in Japan in a surprisingly brief period. The introduction of Buddhism did not, however, destroy reverence for the ancient Shinto faith. The two existed side by side; in some cases they were even partially amalgamated through the skilful adoption by Buddhist propagandists of some features of the Shinto belief as a part of the Buddhist tenets. Buddhism in Japan, as elsewhere, was divided into many sects, some of whom adhered to the practice of self-denial, and to the asceticism inculcated by the original teachings. But Buddhism in general became more and more a religion of outward display, of gorgeous vestments and pompous observances, wherein the ceremony was placed before the essence of worship. Shintoism, on the other hand, retained its original simplicity, and its doctrines were clarified rather than perverted with the lapse of time. Still, it never had a hold upon the people as a popular religion, but existed rather as a cult among the educated few.

Christianity was introduced into Japan by Portuguese missionaries in the latter half of the sixteenth century. The Jesuits were the first to enter the field, followed within a short interval by the Dominicans. Like Buddhism, the new faith was welcomed, and soon spread rapidly, without check, throughout the southwestern part of the Empire. The missionaries were kindly received by the Shogun, Iydeyoshi, who was noted no less for his moderation than for his ability. But the spirit of intolerance which their teachings seemed to arouse, and the sectarian quarrels leading to serious disorders which ensued, exhausted his patience, and he issued an edict forbidding the propagandism of the foreign faith. The law, however, was not rigorously enforced, but remained practically a dead letter, until Iyeyasu became Shogun, when a new edict was issued, expelling the foreign missionaries, and commanding Japanese converts to abjure their faith on pain of exile or death. Then ensued a series of conflicts, assuming at times the proportions of civil war, which terminated in the extinction alike of the foreign religion and of its devotees. However much we may deplore this episode, it should not be forgotten that the Japanese Christians were not victims of religious intolerance or persecution. They suffered for political reasons, because the manner in which their religion was propagated appeared to entail the gravest danger to the public tranquillity, and to menace even the safety of the government. Humble and conciliatory at first, the foreign propagandists became arrogant with success. They sought to extend their influence to secular affairs, and, where other means failed, they were not averse to proselytism by the sword. They quarrelled bitterly among themselves, Jesuits against Dominicans, each striving to thrust the other out of the field by the same means which were finally employed for the expulsion of all.

Happily this dark chapter in Japanese history was closed forever, and a new era of religious freedom begun, with the removal of ancient restrictions. Christianity has again spread to every part of the Empire, and freedom of conscience is assured not alone by public sentiment, but also by an express stipulation in the Constitution itself.

The question of religion has always

played an important part in determining the relations of Christian and non-Christian countries. The former deal with each other upon terms which they will not grant to the latter. The two do not meet upon an equal footing, but one demands from the other capitulations and guarantees which imply a certain degree of moral inferiority. In the past the custom was doubtless founded upon solid and sufficient reasons, but so far as Japan is concerned I believe it is not presumptuous for us to claim that it is no longer operative. We may not be a Christian nation in the strict sense of the expression, but we have omitted no effort to assimilate to our use the substance of Christian civilization. We adhere to no form of bigoted religious belief which inculcates unreasoning intolerance or the feeling of fancied superiority over others. On the contrary, we cherish the spirit of tolerance not only because it is morally right, but also because it is the surest safeguard against that slothful inertia which blind adherence to a narrow creed must produce. So far as the law and unrestricted liberty can accomplish it, the mind of the nation is open to the truth. Time and the manifold influences of an enlightened and progressive age must do the rest. The attitude of the leading minds of the nation is well expressed in the following extract from the Commentary on the Constitution: "Freedom of conscience concerns the inner part of man, and lies beyond the sphere of interference by the laws of the state. To force upon a nation a particular form of belief by the establishment of a state religion is injurious to the natural intellectual development of the people, and prejudicial to the progress of science. No country possesses, by reason of its political authority, the right or the capacity to enact an oppressive measure touching abstract questions of religious faith."

The reorganization of the whole fabric of public administration was one of the first cares of the imperial government after the Restoration. It is not necessary to set forth in detail here all the changes which were made. It may be said in general terms that the aim was to establish an administrative system based as far as practicable upon Western models. As a necessary result, the feudal lords surrendered their fiefdoms to the central government, and all the administrative pow-

ers and functions which had hitherto been widely distributed among subordinate dignitaries and officials were concentrated under the imperial control. One of the most significant changes was the abolition of hereditary office, and the elevation of men of comparatively low rank to offices of the highest dignity and influence. Such other changes as experience showed to be necessary were adopted from time to time, until in 1885 the present executive system was established. It consists of a cabinet, composed of the ministers of the several executive departments, presided over by the Prime Minister; and of a privy council, which acts in an advisory capacity. The Empire is divided into prefectures under governors appointed by the central government.

Constitutional government was established in Japan in 1890. It was the direct result of the promise made by his Majesty in the solemn oath above recorded, and was a spontaneous gift of some of the imperial powers and prerogatives to the people. Steps had been taken previously to pave the way for the adoption of parliamentary institutions by extending the rights and privileges of the people, most notably by the creation of the prefectural assemblies, which exercise a certain degree of control over local affairs. Whether or not such measures were of essential value, it is not necessary to inquire in this place. In any case it can now be truthfully stated that parliamentary government in Japan has passed the experimental stage, and is established among the permanent institutions of the land. Of course this has not been accomplished without friction between the executive and legislative branches of the government. Political storms rage in Japan just as in other countries, but the new institutions have stood the strain of all conflicts. Every such struggle has been carried on scrupulously within the limits defined by the Constitution, and every disputed question has been settled in accordance with its provisions. The Constitution is revered by the people as the foundation of the self-government graciously conferred upon them by their sovereign, and its mandates are universally regarded as sacred and inviolable.

The improvement of the law and the elevation of the judiciary were among the earliest reforms undertaken by the imperial government. The laws have

been thoroughly systematized and codified in harmony with the principles of Western jurisprudence. So also the judicial organization has been placed on the highest possible plane. The judiciary has been made entirely independent by constitutional guarantee, and no effort has been spared to ensure the ability and the rectitude of its members.

The question of public education has received the most careful attention. A complete system of schools has been established in every part of the Empire, including primary, middle, and normal, up to the University of Tokyo. Nor has any distinction been made between the sexes, but schools have been founded for the education of women as well as of men. Besides, there are a number of private educational establishments, both secular and denominational, some of an ordinary grade, but others of a very high class.

The material progress which Japan has made is too well known to require detailed explanation. Public works of all description have been diligently pushed, and private enterprise has ably seconded the efforts of the government. Railways, steamship lines, manufactories, mining, agriculture, commerce—in a word, all the enterprises and pursuits that add to national wealth and prosperity—have been promoted and fostered, until to-day Japan occupies a most enviable position in all these regards. In like measure our fiscal system has been made the subject of careful study and of improvement wherever possible. All are familiar with the recent adoption of the gold standard by Japan. That is only one example of many important trials and experiments relating to the national finances which circumstances have from time to time forced our government to make. The question of national taxation, in particular, has been complicated and perplexing. After the Restoration an entirely new system of national finance had to be constructed. This was successfully accomplished under very great difficulties. Not the least was that regarding the method of levying the taxes and distributing the burdens of the public revenue. Under the Shogunate the land bore almost all the burden of taxation, the rate having been from forty to fifty per cent. of the gross income. Now, however, the revenues are derived from many other sources,

by means of diversified taxation so applied as not to bear too heavily upon any special class or avocation. The land tax is only two and one-half per cent. on a very low estimate of the net income; and the taxation per capita is not quite seven yen, or about three and one-half dollars.

It is sometimes alleged that undue prominence is given to militarism in Japan. That, however, is a mistake. The profession of arms did at one time carry with it great privileges, but that time has passed. In fact, one of the greatest difficulties which confronted the imperial government at the time of the Restoration, and for some years after, arose from the presence of an influential class among our people—I might almost say the predominant class—soldiers by birth and training, some of whom were loath to surrender the peculiar immunities and prerogatives which had been enjoyed by the caste for centuries. That difficulty was overcome in time, and its recurrence was prevented by the law of conscription, which makes every one in the Empire, from the highest to the lowest, liable to military service. At present we have a well-organized army and a good navy, but we maintain and strengthen them as a means of defence and not of offence. Our national policy in this respect has been uniform and consistent throughout; it is the policy enjoined by the Emperor in 1867, to strengthen the country "by adopting the means of defence employed in foreign lands." There have been occasions in our history when we sadly felt the need of such strength, and now that we have the opportunity to acquire it, we would fall far short of what we owe to the honor and the safety of our country if we did not utilize it. But this in no wise implies the presence of an aggressive or a quarrelsome spirit. We have done no more in the way of strengthening our military and naval resources than the most ordinary caution demands of a people situated as we are and confronted by the potentialities of danger to which Japan is exposed. The stirring events which followed immediately after the Restoration appeared for the time being to give undue prominence to the spirit of militarism. But our progress since then has been greatest on other lines, and to-day the military establishment has only its appointed place in the body-politic, with no greater privileges or

power than of right belong to it. Naturally the army and the navy hold a high place in the nation's regard, but it is one they have earned by proving themselves the patriotic and obedient instruments of the will of the state.

Any commentary upon Japan's progress since the Restoration would be incomplete which did not give some account of the revision of her conventional relations with Western powers. The Perry treaty of 1854, supplemented by the treaty of 1858, negotiated on behalf of the United States by Mr. Townsend Harris, was followed by treaties with the principal European powers framed on substantially the same lines. Under these compacts Japan was bound by the conditions which it is usual to include in treaties with Oriental nations, involving, among other things, the surrender of jurisdiction over foreigners within her territories and the restriction of her right to levy and collect imposts and taxes in excess of rates agreed upon. These treaties, moreover, contained favored-nation clauses, which were so broadly construed that amelioration of any part of the instruments was practically out of the question. Hence it followed, by the construction insisted upon by most of the powers, that Japan must continue to remain bound by the treaties, no matter how odious and burdensome they might have become, so long as even a single power objected to a change. Under these treaties, also, the Empire was closed to foreign residence and travel. Although the government did subsequently permit foreigners to travel in the interior for stated periods and certain specific objects, strictly speaking the citizens and subjects of the treaty powers could only live at the "open ports" within closely defined limits.

It needs no argument to demonstrate that this condition of affairs was unnatural. Undoubtedly it was necessary at first, but in time it might very well have been modified to the advantage of all concerned. Some of the treaty powers, notably the United States, as the circumstances of Japan changed, manifested willingness to agree to terms more in harmony with the altered conditions, but others were reluctant, and for years nothing resulted from Japan's earnest efforts to secure a revision of her treaties. But as time passed the pressing need of some

solution of the question became clear to every disinterested observer of Japanese affairs, and it was evident that the question could no longer safely be left unsettled. It was closely interwoven with matters which directly affected the welfare of the Japanese people, and it touched no less directly every foreign interest in Japan. The adoption of a constitutional form of government rendered the ancient treaty engagements absolutely untenable. The commercial and industrial progress of Japan, and especially the extension of railways throughout every part of the Empire, made them impracticable and oppressive. Representations in this sense were urged upon the treaty powers, and finally new treaties were concluded, which are to go into effect in 1899, and by the terms of which Japan recovers all of the prerogatives temporarily suspended by the operation of the old treaties.

This change in Japan's conventional status has a significance peculiarly its own. For the first time in the history of the international relations of Eastern and Western countries, an Oriental nation will be received upon a footing of perfect equality by Christian powers. Naturally the Japanese people are gratified with this result, but that does not imply that those who inspire and direct national thought and progress regard this great change as a cause for self-gratulation merely. On the contrary, they fully understand that it will bring fresh cares and onerous responsibilities. They realize that Japan will be placed upon trial, as it were, and that the judgment of Christendom will depend upon the manner in which her government and her people acquit themselves of their new obligations. Under these circumstances it would be folly to speak over-confidently, but I sincerely believe that my countrymen will pass through the ordeal with the approbation of just and impartial observers. I say this because I am certain that their ambition that Japan shall be recognized as a member of the family of nations, enjoying all the prerogatives of national sovereignty which belong to an independent commonwealth, has a more solid foundation than merely sentimental reasons or the gratification of self-esteem. The upward struggle of Japan has been steady and unremitting. Like all human effort, it has been marred by errors of judgment and mistakes in

performance, but the patient purpose to attain a higher plane of national existence has always been present. This fact is understood by some of those foreign observers who have studied our progress; but others, and I regret to say the greater number, do not view our efforts so seriously. It is not a gracious thing to say, but many persons who discourse learnedly upon things Japanese never get farther than the discovery that Japan is in Asia. Because Asiatic nations do not, as a rule, care for those things or attempt those things which Japan values and seeks to attain, it appears to be taken for granted by such critics that Japan, being an Asiatic nation, has no serious purpose in striving to adopt Western civilization. Such reasoning has no weight, of course, with impartial students of human progress, but unfortunately it does lead astray many who lack either the inclination or the opportunity to discover the truth. The answer is obvious. Asiatic peoples may differ as widely from each other as those of Europe or America. Because with one Asiatic nation religion is an insuperable bar to progress, because another is perfectly satisfied with its present condition and refuses to adopt even the most obviously useful products of modern invention, it does not follow that all Asiatic nations are bigoted or lethargic.

The difficulty, it seems to me, with many of those who attempt to explain our racial characteristics and national development is that they approach the subject with a preconceived idea of mysteries which do not exist. They are inclined to search for concealed motives and for hidden springs of action, when a simple and reasonable explanation lies upon the surface. Granted sincerity of purpose and honesty of effort, and there is nothing inexplicable in Japan's career during the past thirty years. The question of race has no valid title to prior consideration in the case; certainly none as a decisive factor. For a people who have shown aspiration for improvement and ability to attain a higher standard, the only legitimate test is one that estimates the earnestness of effort and the measure of capacity.

Whether Japan will finally succeed or fail under such a test remains to be seen. Thoughtful Japanese, while confident of ultimate success, recognize the obstacles which lie in the way. Experience has

shown some of the difficulties in accomplishing a harmonious transition from the old to the new. Others remain to be overcome. The rapid change from a feudal to a constitutional form of government, with its attendant effects upon social conditions, has created incongruities which only time can efface. Although a great deal has been accomplished, a great deal remains to be done. Our material civilization is already sufficiently far advanced; the moral and intellectual development of our people must be relatively much slower. For that we must depend upon the diffusion of all of the influences of Western civilization, which we welcome and promote by every legitimate means. We have laid the foundation; it now remains to complete the superstructure. That, I believe, we can safely leave to the agencies already at work. With an intelligent people willing to assimilate to their own use those elements of Western civilization which tend to promote the welfare and happiness of mankind, and with a land rich in natural resources, it is safe to predict that the present transitory period will be safely passed.

Japan is so new as a factor in the world's calculations, so little studied, and so little understood, that her motives and her actions are sometimes seriously misconstrued. This is a topic upon which I must speak with due caution, but even at the risk of seeming impropriety I cannot allow the opportunity to pass of saying a word upon subjects which have lately been attracting widespread attention.

No citizen of this country should be ignorant of the fact that among the people of Japan there is a genuine and deeply rooted attachment to the United States. It is not a merely sentimental liking, but a feeling founded upon the memory of many kindnesses received. The United States has been a friend to Japan, helpful in the hour of need, considerate at all times. If there was a nation upon whose sympathy they could rely in the effort to improve their condition, and of whose appreciation they were certain in whatever successes they might gain, that nation, the Japanese people have thought, was the United States. Such being the case, the tone of many recent utterances in the American press will be to them like an angry blow from a friend. That the American people should regard Japan as

an aggressor, lustful of aggrandizement, eager to quarrel, and ready, if need be, for war, will seem to them incomprehensible. And that this clamor should have arisen because their government, in pursuance of clear and legitimate duty, has chosen to present, in a respectful, calm, and moderate way, certain reasons why a certain thing should not be done, will add to the mystery. There are jingoes in Japan, as a distinguished countryman of mine said the other day, but I have heard of none so forgetful of right, of friendship, and of interest as to make the declaration, recently attributed to Japan by a prominent American journal, "let us send a few war-ships to the United States."

This is a delicate subject, I know, but I cannot refrain from saying that Americans especially should appreciate the solicitude which Japan feels in the welfare of her subjects in foreign countries. The Japanese government has never permitted the establishment of anything like a "coolie" system among her people. If they go abroad, it desires that they shall go as *men*, and not as *numbers*, and it asks and expects for them the same treatment and the same protection as are accorded to other strangers. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the Japanese are not an emigrating people; but, to provide for all contingencies, an emigration law has been enacted, carefully framed, to protect the emigrant, and to prevent him from going to countries where he would not be welcome. Japanese emigration to Hawaii involves this, among other questions. That emigration was instituted upon the solicitation of Hawaii under the strictly guarded stipulations of a special treaty. The welfare, much less the independence, of Hawaii has never been endangered by the operations of that treaty. On the contrary, Japanese immigration was zealously promoted and encouraged in the islands until political contingencies rendered another policy advisable. Japan did not seek the treaty, but her people have been induced to resort to Hawaii under the guarantees it provides, and certainly no one with any sense of justice can now blame her for endeavoring to conserve their rights.

Touching upon another yet a cognate subject, it may be said most emphatically that the Japanese nation has no tendency toward territorial aggrandizement. Neither in the past history of the Empire nor

in its modern annals can there be found any trace of such a spirit. Formosa was taken from China, but that was in lieu of indemnity which it was inconvenient for China to pay; besides, the status of Formosa as an appendage of China has not always been strictly maintained. At one time the Japanese, Chinese, and Dutch simultaneously occupied different parts of the island. More recently Japan sent an expedition thither, with the consent of China, as was supposed, to punish the savages for their cruelty to shipwrecked seamen. Historically, therefore, there were close relations between Japan and Formosa. The most conclusive reason, however, in favor of the cession of the island is that by geographical position it is a natural addition to the Empire. The cession of the Liao-tung Peninsula is the only other instance of the forcible acquisition of territory by Japan. The peninsula was returned to China, and although the return excited some popular disapproval, it was not so much on account of the loss of territory as because of the manner of retrocession. I repeat, therefore, that history affords no example of greed of territorial aggrandizement on the part of Japan. It is as foreign to the genius of her people as it is to the designs of her government. The charge that she intends, either by forcible seizure or by peaceful occupation, to acquire possession of a country thousands of miles distant and totally without the sphere of her territorial influence, can therefore only be accounted for in one of two ways. It is either prompted by ignorance or by interested motives.

Japan's real ambition lies in quite another direction. In her geographical position, her natural resources, as well as in the capacity and adaptability of her people, she perceives the surest means of attaining national greatness. The watchwords of the Japan of to-day are enterprise and industry. The people have turned their attention to commerce, to manufactures, and to the arts. They realize the advantages their country possesses, and are doing what they can to utilize them. They may not yet have reached the full measure of their ambition, but they look forward hopefully to the time when Japan will be the emporium of the Orient, firmly bound to her neighbors, east and west, by the strong ties of mutual interest.

TORU HOSHI.

THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS.*

BY

FRANK R STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LAST DIVE OF THE "DIPSEY."

WHEN the engines of the *Dipsey* had stopped, and she was quietly floating upon the smooth surface of Lake Shiver, Mr. Gibbs greatly desired to make a connection with the telegraphic cable which was stretched at the bottom of the ocean beneath him, and to thus communicate with Sardis. But when this matter was discussed in council, several objections were brought against it, the principal one being that the cable could not be connected with the *Dipsey* without destroying its connection with the little station near the pole; and although this means of telegraphic communication with regions which might never be visited again might well be considered as of little value, still, it was such a wonderful thing to lay a telegraph line to the pole that it seemed the greatest pity in the world to afterwards destroy it.

The friends of this exploring party had not heard from it since it left the polar sea, but there could be no harm in making them wait a little longer. If the return voyage under the ice should be as successfully accomplished as the first submarine cruise, it would not be very many days before the *Dipsey* should arrive at Cape Tariff. She would not proceed so slowly as she did when coming north, for now her officers would feel that in a measure they knew the course, and moreover they would not be delayed by the work of laying a cable as they progressed.

So it was agreed that it would be a waste of time and labor to stop here and make connection with the cable, and preparations were made for a descent to a safe depth beneath the surface, when they would start southward on their homeward voyage. Mrs. Sarah Block, wrapped from head to foot in furs, remained on deck as long as her husband would allow her to do so. For some time before her eyes had been slowly wandering around the edge of that lonely piece of water, and it was with an unsatisfied air that she now stood gazing from side to side. At last Sammy took

her by the arm and told her she must go below, for they were going to close up the hatchways.

"Well," said Sarah, with a sigh, "I suppose I must give 'em up; they were the warmest and most comfortable ones I had, and I could have thawed 'em out and dried 'em so that they would have been as good as ever. I would not mind leavin' 'em if there was a human bein' in this neighborhood that would wear 'em; but there ain't, and it ain't likely there ever will be; and if they are frozen stiff in the ice somewhere they may stay here, as good as new, for countless ages!"

Of course everybody was very happy, now that they were returning homeward from a voyage successful beyond parallel in history, and even Rovinski was beginning to assume an air of gratified anticipation. He had been released from his confinement and allowed to attend to his duties, but the trust which had been placed in him when this kindness had been extended to him on a previous occasion was wanting now. Everybody knew that he was an unprincipled man, and that if he could gain access to the telegraph instrument at Cape Tariff he would make trouble for the real discoverer of the north pole; so it was agreed among the officers of the vessel that the strictest watch must be kept on him, and no shore privileges be allowed him.

The southward voyage of the *Dipsey* was an easy one, and without notable incident; and at last a lookout who had been posted at the upper skylight reported light from above. This meant that they had reached open water southward of the frozen regions they had been exploring, and the great submarine voyage, the most peculiar ever made by man, was ended. Captain Jim Hubbell immediately put on a heavy pea-jacket with silver buttons, for as soon as the vessel would sail upon the surface of the sea he would be in command.

When the dripping *Dipsey* rose from the waters of the arctic regions it might have been supposed that the people on board of her were emerging into a part of the world where they felt perfectly at

* Begun in June number, 1897.

home. Cape Tariff, to which they were bound, was a hundred miles away, and was itself a lonely spot, often inaccessible in severe weather, and they must make a long and hazardous voyage from it before they could reach their homes; but by comparison with the absolutely desolate and mysterious region they had left, any part of the world where there was a possibility of meeting with other human beings seemed familiar and homelike.

But when the *Dipsey* was again upon the surface of the ocean, when the light of day was shining unobstructed upon the bold form of Captain Hubbell as he strode upon the upper deck—being careful not to stand still lest his shoes should freeze fast to the planks beneath him—the party on board were not so well satisfied as they expected to be. There was a great wind blowing, and the waves were rolling high. Not far away on their starboard bow a small iceberg, tossing like a disabled ship, was surging towards them, impelled by a biting blast from the east, and the sea was so high that sometimes the spray swept over the deck of the vessel, making it impossible for Captain Hubbell and the others with him to keep dry.

Still the captain kept his post and roared out his orders; still the *Dipsey* pressed forward against wind and wave. Her engines were strong, her electric gills were folded close to her sides, and she seemed to feel herself able to contend against the storm, and in this point she was heartily seconded by her captain.

But the other people on board soon began to have ideas of a different kind. It seemed to all of them, including the officers, that this vessel, not built to encounter very heavy weather, was in danger; and even if she should be able to successfully ride out the storm, their situation must continue to be a very unpleasant one. The *Dipsey* pitched and tossed and rolled and shook herself, and it was the general opinion belowdecks that the best thing for her to do would be to sink into the quiet depths below the surface, where she was perfectly at home, and proceed on her voyage to Cape Tariff in the submarine fashion to which she was accustomed.

It was some time before Captain Hubbell would consent to listen to such a proposition as this, but when a wave, carrying on its crest a lump of ice about the size of a flour-barrel, threw its burden on

the deck of the vessel, raking it from stem to stern, the captain, who had barely been missed by the grating missile, agreed that in a vessel with such a low rail, and of such defective naval principles, it would be better perhaps to sail under the water than on top of it, and so he went below, took off his pea-jacket with the silver buttons, and retired into private life. The *Dipsey* then sank to a quiet depth, and continued her course under water, to the great satisfaction of everybody on board.

On a fine frosty morning, with a strong wind blowing, although the storm had subsided, the few inhabitants of the little settlement at Cape Tariff saw in the distance a flag floating over the water. The *Dipsey* had risen to the surface some twenty miles from the Cape, and now came bravely on, Captain Hubbell on deck, his silver buttons shining in the sun. The sea was rough, but everybody was willing to bear with a little discomfort in order to be able to see the point of land which was the end of the voyage on the *Dipsey*; to let their eyes rest as early as possible upon a wreath of smoke arising from the habitation of human beings, and to catch sight of those human beings themselves.

As soon as the *Dipsey* arrived in the harbor, Sammy and most of the officers went on shore to open communication with Sardis. Sarah Block staid on the vessel. She had gone on shore when she arrived at Cape Tariff in the *Go Lightly*, and her disgust with the methods of living in that part of the world had been freely expressed. So long as she had perfectly comfortable quarters on board the good ship, she did not wish to visit the low huts and extremely close quarters in which dwelt the people of the little colony. Rovinski also remained on board, but not because he wanted to do so. A watch was kept upon him, but as the *Dipsey* was anchored some distance from the landing-place, Mr. Marcy was of the opinion that if he attempted to swim ashore it might be well to let him do so; for if he should not be benumbed in the water into which he would plunge, he would certainly be frozen to death as soon as he reached the shore.

The messages which came from Sardis as soon as news had been received of the safe return of the explorers were full of hearty congratulations and friendly wel-

come, but they were not very long, and Sammy said to Mr. Gibbs that he thought it likely that this was one of Mr. Clewe's busy times. The latter telegraphed that he would send a vessel for them immediately, and as she was now lying at St. John's, they would not have to wait very long.

The fact was that the news of the arrival of the *Dipsey* at Cape Tariff had come to Sardis a week after Clewe's descent into the shaft, and he was absorbed, body and soul, in his under-ground discoveries. He was not wanting in sympathy or even affection for the people who had been doing his work, and his interest in their welfare and their achievements was as great as it ever had been, but the ideas and thoughts which now occupied his mind were of a character which lessened and overshadowed every other object of consideration. Most of the messages sent to Cape Tariff had come from Margaret Raleigh.



A LUMP OF ICE SWEEPS THE LENGTH OF THE DECK.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ROVINSKI COMES TO THE SURFACE.

WHEN Sammy Block and his companion explorers had journeyed from Cape Tariff to Sardis, they found Roland Clewe ready to tender a most grateful welcome, and to give full and most interested attention to the story of their adventures and to their scientific reports. For a time he was willing to allow his own great discovery to lie fallow in his mind, and to give his whole attention to the wonderful achievement which had been made under his direction.

He had worked out his theory of the formation and present constitution of the earth; had written a full and complete report of what he had seen and done, and was ready, when he thought the proper time had arrived, to announce to the world his theories and his facts. Moreover, he had sent to several jewellers and mineralogists some of the smaller fragments which he had picked up in the cave

of light, and these specialists, while reporting that the material of the specimens was purest diamond, expressed the greatest surprise at their shape and brilliancy. They had evidently not been ground or cut, and yet their sharp points and glittering surfaces reflected light as if they had been in the hands of a diamond-cutter. One of these experts wrote to Clewe asking him if he had been digging diamonds with a machine which broke the gems to pieces.

So the soul of Roland Clewe was satisfied; it seemed to walk the air as he himself once had trod what seemed to him a solid atmosphere. There was now nothing that his ambition might point out which would induce him to endeavor to climb higher in the field of human achievement than the spot on which he stood. From this great elevation he was perfectly willing to look down and kindly consider the heroic performances of those who had reached the pole and who had

anchored a buoy on the extreme northern point of the earth's axis.

Mr. Gibbs's reports and those of his assistants were well worked out, and of the greatest value to the scientific world; and every one who had made that memorable voyage on the *Dipsey* had stories to tell for which editors in every civilized land would have paid gold beyond precedent.

But Roland Clewe did not care to say anything to the world until he could say everything that he wished to say. It had been known that he had sent an expedition into Northern waters, but exactly what he intended to do had not been known, and what he had done had not been communicated even to the telegraph-operators at Cape Tariff. These had received despatches in cipher from points far away to the north, but while they transmitted them to Sardis they had no idea of their signification. When everything should be ready to satisfy the learned world as well as the popular mind, the great discovery of the pole would be announced.

In the mean time there was a suspicion in the journalistic world that the man of inventions who lived at Sardis, New Jersey, had done something out of the common in the North. A party of people, one of them a woman, had been taken up there and left there, and they had recently been brought back. The general opinion was that Clewe had endeavored to found a settlement at some point north of Cape Tariff, probably for purposes of scientific observation, and that he had failed. The stories of these people, however, would be interesting, and several reporters made visits to Sardis. But they all saw Sammy, and not one of them considered his communications worth more than a brief paragraph.

In a week Mr. Gibbs would have finished his charts, his meteorological, his geological, and geographical reports; and a clear, succinct account of the expedition, written by Clewe himself, from the statements of the party, would be ready for publication. And in the brilliantly lighted sky of discovery, which now rested one edge upon Sardis and the other upon the pole, there was but one single cloud, and this was Rovinski.

That ambitious and unscrupulous Pole had been the source of the greatest trouble and uneasiness since he had left Cape Tariff. While there he had found that he

could not possibly get ashore, and so had kept quiet; but when on board the vessel which had been sent to them from St. John's, he had soon begun to talk to the crew, and there seemed to be but one way of preventing him from making known what had been done by the expedition before its promoters were ready for the disclosure, and this was to declare him a maniac, whose utterances were of no value whatever. He was put into close confinement, and it was freely reported that he had gone crazy while in the arctic regions, and that his mind had been filled with all sorts of insane notions regarding that part of the world.

It had been intended to put him in jail on a criminal charge, but this would not prevent him from talking, and so, when he arrived in New Jersey, he was sent to an insane-asylum, the officers of which were not surprised to receive him, for, in their opinion, a wilder-looking maniac was not to be found within the walls of the institution.

Early on the morning of the day before the world was to be electrified by the announcement of the discovery of the pole, a man named William Cunningham, employed in the Sardis Works, entered the large building which had been devoted to the manufacture of the automatic shell, but which had not been used of late, and had been kept locked. Cunningham was the watchman, and had entered to make his usual morning rounds. He had scarcely closed the door behind him when, looking over towards the engines, which still stood by the mouth of the shaft made by the automatic shell, he was amazed to see that the car which had been used by Roland Clewe in his descent was not hanging above them.

Utterly unable to understand this state of affairs, he ran to the mouth of the shaft. He found the great trap-door, which had closed it, thrown back, and the grating, which had been made to cover the orifice after the car had descended, in its place. The engines were not moving, and the chain on the windlass of one of them appeared not to have been disturbed, but on the other windlass one of the chains had been unwound. Cunningham was so astonished that he could not believe what he saw. He had been there the night before; everything had been in order, the shaft closed, and the trap-door locked. He leaned over the grating and looked

down; he could see nothing but a black hole without any bottom. The man did not look long, for it made him dizzy. He turned and ran out of the house to call Mr. Bryce.

Ivan Rovinski was not perhaps a lunatic, but his unprincipled ambition had made him so disregard the principles of ordinary prudence when such principles stood in his way that it could not be said that he was at all times entirely sane. He understood thoroughly why he had been put in an asylum, and it enraged him to think that by this course his enemies had obtained a great advantage over him. No matter what he might say, it was only necessary to point to the fact that he was in a lunatic-asylum, or that he had just come out of one, to make his utterances of no value.

But to remain in confinement did not suit him at all; and after three days' residence in the institution in which he had been placed he escaped and made his way to a piece of woods about two miles from Sardis, where, early that year, he had built himself a rude shelter, from which he might go forth at night and study, so far as he should be able, the operations in the Works of Roland Clewe. Having safely reached his retreat, he lost no time in sallying forth to spy out what was going on at Sardis.

He was cunning and wary, and a man of infinite resource. It was not long before he found out that the polar discovery had not been announced, but he also discovered, from listening to the conversations of some of the workmen in the village, which he frequently visited in a guise very unlike his ordinary appearance, that something extraordinary had taken place in the Sardis Works of which he had never heard. A great shaft had been sunk, the people said, by accident; Mr. Clewe had gone down in it a car, and it had taken him nearly three hours to get to the bottom. Nobody yet knew what he had discovered, but it was supposed to be something very wonderful.

The night after Rovinski heard this surprising news he was in the building which had contained the automatic shell. As active as a cat, he had entered by an upper window.

Rovinski spent the night in that

building. He had with him a dark lantern, and he made the most thorough examination of the machinery at the mouth of the shaft. He was a man of great mechanical ability and an expert in applied electricity. He understood that machinery, with all its complicated arrangements and appliances, as well as if he had built it himself. In fact, while examining it he thought of some very valuable improvements which might have been made in it. He knew that it was an apparatus for lowering the car to a great depth, and climbing into the car, he examined everything it contained. Coming down, he noticed the grating, and he knew what it was for. He looked over the engines, and calculated the strength of the chains on the windlasses. He took an impression of the lock of the trap-door, and when he went away in the very early hours of the morning he understood the apparatus which was intended to lower the car as well as any person who had managed it. He knew nothing about the shaft under the great door, but this he intended to investigate as thoroughly as he had investigated the machinery.



ROVINSKI EXAMINING THE MACHINERY.

The next night he entered the building very soon after Cunningham had gone his rounds, and he immediately set to work to prepare for his descent into the shaft. He disconnected one of the engines, for he sneeringly said to himself that the other was more than sufficient to lower and raise the car. He charged and arranged all the batteries, and put in perfect working order the mechanism by which Clewe had established a connection between the car and the engines, using one of the chains as a conductor so that he could himself check or start the engines if an emergency should render it necessary.

Then Rovinski, bounding around like a wild animal in a cage, took out a key he had brought with him, opened the trap-door, lifted it back, and gazed down. He could see a beautifully cut well, but that was all. No matter how deep it was, he intended to go down to the bottom of it.

He started the engine, and lowered the car to the ground. Then he looked up at a grating which hung above it and determined to make use of this protection. He could not lower it in the ordinary way after he had entered the car, but in fifteen minutes he had arranged a pulley and rope by which, after the car had gone below the surface, he could lower the grating to its place. He got in, started down into the dark hole, stopped the engine, lowered the grating, went down a little further, and turned on the electric lights.

The descent of Rovinski was a succession of the wildest sensations of amazed delight. Stratum after stratum passed before his astonished eyes, and when he had gone down low enough he allowed himself the most extravagant expressions of ecstasy. His progress was not so regular and steady as that of Roland Clewe had been. He found that he had perfect control of the engine and car, and sometimes he went down rapidly, sometimes slowly, and frequently he stopped. As he continued to descend, his amazement at the wonderful depth of the shaft became greater and greater, and his mind was totally unable to appreciate the situation. Still he was not frightened, and went on down.

At last Rovinski emerged into the cave of light. There he stopped, the car hanging some twenty or thirty feet above the bottom. He looked out, he saw the shell,

he saw the vast expanse of lighted nothingness, he tried to imagine what it was that that mass of iron rested upon. If he had not seen it, he would have thought he had come out into the upper air of some bottomless cavern. But a great iron machine nearly twenty feet long could not rest upon air. He thought he might be dreaming; he sat up and shut his eyes; in a few minutes he would open them and see if he still saw the same incomprehensible things.

The downward passage of Rovinski had occupied a great deal more time than he had calculated for. He had stopped so much, and had been so careful to examine the walls of the shaft, that morning had now arrived in the upper world, and it was at this moment, as he sat with his eyes closed, that William Cunningham looked down into the mouth of the shaft.

Cunningham was an observing man, and that morning he had picked up a pin and stuck it in the lapel of his rough coat, but he had done this hastily and carelessly. The pin was of a recently invented kind, being of a light elastic metal, with its head of steel. As Cunningham leaned forward, the pin slipped out of his coat; it fell through one of the openings in the grating, and descended the shaft head downward.

For the first quarter of a mile the pin went swiftly in an absolutely perpendicular line, nearly at the middle of the shaft. For the next three-quarters of a mile it went down like a rifle-ball. For the next five miles it sped on as if it had been a planet revolving in space; then, for eight miles, this pin, falling perpendicularly through a greater distance than any object belonging to this earth had ever so fallen, went downward with a velocity like that of light. Its head struck the top of the car, which was hanging motionless in the cave of light; it did not glance off, for its momentum was so great that it would glance from nothing. It passed through that steel roof; it passed through Rovinski's head, through his heart, down through the car, and into the great shell which lay below.

When Mr. Bryce and several workmen came running back with William Cunningham they were as much surprised as he had been, and could form no theory to account for the disappearance of the car. It could not have slipped down accidentally and descended by its own weight,

for the trap-door was open and the grating was in place. They sent in great haste for Mr. Clewe, and when he arrived he wasted no time in conjectures, but instantly ordered that the engine which was attached to the car should be started and its chain wound up.

So great was the anxiety to get the car to the surface of the earth that the engine which raised it was run at as high a speed as was deemed safe, and in a little more than an hour the car came out of the mouth of the shaft, and in it sat Ivan Rovinski, motionless and dead.

No one who knew Rovinski wondered that he had had the courage to make the descent of the shaft, and those who were acquainted with his great mechanical ability were not surprised that he had been able to manage by himself the complicated machinery which would ordinarily require the service of several men; but every one who saw him in the car, or after he had been taken out of it, was amazed that he should be dead. There was no sign of accident, no perceptible wound, no appearance, in fact, of any cause why he should be a tranquil corpse and not an alert and agile devil. Even when a post-mortem examination was made, the doctors were puzzled. A thread-like solution of continuity was discovered in certain parts of his body, but it was lost in others, and the coroner's verdict was that he came to his death from unknown causes while descending a shaft. The general opinion was that in some way or other he had been frightened to death.

This accident, much to Roland Clewe's chagrin, discovered to the public the existence of the great shaft. Whether or not he would announce its existence himself, or whether he would close it up, had not been determined by Clewe, but when he and Margaret had talked over the matter soon after the terrible incident, his mind was made up beyond all possibility of change, and by means of great bombs the shaft was shattered and choked up for a depth of half a mile from its mouth. When this work was accomplished nothing remained but a shallow well, and when this had been filled up with solid masonry, the place where the shaft had been was as substantial as any solid ground.



"ROVINSKI, MOTIONLESS AND DEAD."

Now the great discovery was probably shut out forever from the world, but Clewe was well satisfied. He would never make another shaft, and it was not to be expected that men would plan and successfully construct one which would reach down to the transparent nucleus of the earth. The terrible fate, whatever it was, which had overtaken Rovinski, should not, if Clewe could help it, overtake any other human being.

"But my great discovery!" said he to Margaret. "That remains as wonderful as the sun and as safe to look upon, for with my Artesian ray I can bore down to the solid centre of the earth, and into it, and any man can study it with no more danger than if he sat in his arm-chair at home; and if they doubt what I say about the material of which that solid centre is composed, we can show them the fragments of it which I brought up with me."

CHAPTER XXV.

LAURELS.

NOTHING but a perusal of the newspapers, magazines, and scientific journals of the day could give any idea of the

enthusiastic interest which was shown all over the civilized world in Roland Clewe's account of the discovery of the north pole. His paper on the subject, which was the first intimation the public had of the great news, was telegraphed to every part of the world and translated into nearly every written language. Sardis became a Mecca for explorers and scientific people at home and abroad, and honors of every kind were showered by geographical and other learned societies upon Clewe and the brave company who had voyaged under the ice.

Each member of the party who had sailed on the *Dipsey* became a hero, and spent most of those days in according receptions to reporters, scholars, travellers, sportsmen, and as many of the general public as could be accommodated.

Sarah Block received her numerous visitors in the parlor of the house which had been occupied by Mr. Clewe (and which he had vacated in her favor the moment he had heard an intimation that she would like to have it), in a beautiful gown made of the silky fibre from the pods of the American milkweed, then generally used in the manufacture of the finest fabrics.

Sarah fully appreciated her position as the woman who had visited the pole, a position not only unique at the time, but which she believed would always remain so. In every way she endeavored to make her appearance suitable to her new position. She wore the best clothes that her money could buy, and furnished her new house very handsomely. She discarded her old silver andirons and fender, which required continual cleaning, and which would not have been tolerated by her except that they were made of metal which was now so cheap as to be used for household utensils, and she put in their place a beautiful set of polished brass, such as people used in her mother's time. Whenever Sarah found any one whom she considered worthy to listen, she gave a very full account of her adventures, never omitting the loss of her warm and comfortable shoes, which misfortune, together with the performances of Rovinski and all the dangers consequent, and the acquaintance of the tame and lonely whale, she attributed to the fact that there were thirteen people on board.

Sammy's accounts were in a more cheerful key, and his principles were not

affected by his success. He never had believed that there was any good in finding the pole, and he did not believe it now. When they got there it was just like any other part of the ocean, and it required a great deal of arithmetic and navigation to find out where it was, even when they were looking at it; besides, as he had found out to his disgust, even when they had discovered it, it was not the real pole to which the needle of the compass points.

Moreover, if there had been any distinctive mark about it, except the buoy which they had anchored there, and even if it really was the pole to which needles should point, there was no particular good in finding it, unless other people could get there. But in regard to any other expedition reaching the open polar sea under the ice, Sammy had grave doubts. If a whale could not get out of that sea, there was every reason why nobody else should try to get into it; the *Dipsey's* entrance was the barest scratch, and he would not try it again if the north pole were marked out by a solid mountain of gold.

Roland Clewe refused, in all personal interviews, to receive the laudations offered him as the discoverer of the pole. It was true that the expedition had been planned by him, and all the arrangements and mechanisms which had insured its success were of his invention, but he steadily insisted that Mr. Gibbs and Sammy, as representatives of the party, should be awarded the glory of the great discovery.

The remarkable success of this most remarkable expedition aroused a widespread spirit of arctic exploration. Not only were voyages under the ice discussed and planned, but there was a strong feeling in favor of overland travel by means of the electric motor sledges, and in England and Norway expeditions were organized for the purpose of reaching the polar sea in this way. It was noticed in most that was written and said upon this subject that one of the strongest inducements for arctic expeditions was the fact that there would be found on the shores of the polar sea a telegraph station, by means of which instantaneous news of success could be transmitted.

The interest of sportsmen, especially of the hunters of big game, was greatly excited by the statement that there was a



" SARAH FULLY APPRECIATED HER POSITION AS THE WOMAN WHO HAD VISITED THE POLE."

whale in the polar sea. These great creatures being extinct everywhere else, it would be a unique and crowning glory to capture this last survivor of his race; and there were many museums of natural history which were already discussing contracts with intending polar whalers for the purchase of the skeleton of the last whale.

During all this time of enthusiasm and excitement Roland Clewe made no reference in any public way to his great discovery, which, in his opinion, far surpassed in importance to the world all possible arctic discoveries. He was busily engaged in increasing the penetrating distance of his Artesian ray, and when the public mind should have sufficiently recovered from the perturbation into which it had been thrown by the discovery of the pole, he intended to lay before it the results of his researches into the depths of the earth.

At last the time arrived when he was ready for the announcement of the great

achievement of his life. The machinery for the production of the Artesian ray had been removed to the larger building which had contained the automatic shell, and was set up very near the place where the mouth of the great shaft had been. The lenses were arranged so that the path of the great ray should run down alongside of the shaft, and but a few feet from it. The screen was set up as it had been in the other building, and everything was made ready for the operations of the photic borer.

About a dozen of the most distinguished specialists in the various branches of science concerned in his operations had been invited by Clewe to be present on this occasion, and in addition, of course, were reporters from the principal newspapers. There were several ladies present, one of them the celebrated Ida Tappan, Professor of Geology at Bryn-Mawr College, whose recent work upon the carboniferous rocks had excited great attention. Margaret Raleigh and Sarah

Block were also present; and Sammy, with Mr. Gibbs and all the *Dipseys* people, assembled to learn what had been done at the Works during their absence, without any suspicion that there was a discovery possible which could throw even the smallest shadow upon their exploits.

The address which Roland Clewe now delivered to the company was made as brief and as much to the point as possible. The description of the Artesian ray was listened to with the deepest interest and with a vast amount of unexpressed incredulity. What he subsequently said regarding his automatic shell and its accidental descent through fourteen miles of the earth's crust excited more interest and more incredulity, not entirely unexpressed. Clewe was well known as a man of science, an inventor, an electrician of rare ability, and a person of serious purpose and strict probity; but it was possible for a man of great attainments and of the highest moral character to become a little twisted in his intellect.

When, at last, the speaker told of his descent into the shaft; of his passage fourteen miles into the interior of the earth; of his discoveries on which he based his theory that the centre of our globe is one vast diamond—there was a general laugh from the reporters' quarter, and the men of science began to move uneasily in their

seats and to talk to each other. Professor Tippengray, her silver hair brushed smoothly back from her pale countenance, sat looking at the speaker through her gold spectacles as if the rays from her bright eyes would penetrate into the very recesses of his soul. Not an atom of doubt was in her mind; she never doubted; she believed or she disbelieved. At present she believed; she had come there to do that, and she would wait, and when the proper time had come to disbelieve, she would do so.

If there had been any disposition in the audience to considerably leave the man of shattered intellect to the care of his friends, it disappeared when Clewe said that he would now be glad to show to all present the workings of the Artesian ray. Crazy as he might be, they wanted to wait and see what he had done. The workmen who had charge of the machinery were on hand, and in a few moments a circle of light was glowing on the ground within the screen. Clewe now announced that he would take those present, one at a time, inside the enclosure, and show them how light could be made to penetrate miles downward into the solid earth and rock.

Professor Tippengray was the first one invited to step within the screen. Clewe stood at the entrance ready to explain or



"THERE WAS A GENERAL LAUGH FROM THE REPORTERS."



"THERE IS NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF."

hand her the necessary telescopes, and as the portion of her body which remained visible was between him and the light, there was nothing to disturb his nerves.

The lenses were so set that they could penetrate almost instantly to the depth which had previously been reached, but Clewe made his ray move downward somewhat slowly; he did not wish, especially to the first observer, to show everything at once.

As she beheld at her feet a great lighted well, extending downward beyond the reach of her sharp eyes, Professor Tippetgray stepped back with a scream which caused nearly everybody in the audience to start to his feet. Clewe expected this. He raised his hand to the company, asking them to keep still; then he handed Professor Tippetgray a stick.

"Take this," he said, "and strike that disc of light; you will find it as solid ground as that you stand on."

She did so. "It is solid!" she gasped; "but where is the end of the stick?"

He turned off the light; there was the end of the stick, and there was the little patch of sandy gravel which he stepped on, stamping heavily as he did so. He then retired outside the screen. Professor Tippetgray turned to the audience.

"It is all right, gentlemen," she said; "there is nothing to be afraid of. I am going on with the investigation."

Down, down, down went the light, and telescope in hand she stood close to the shining edge of the apparent shaft.

"Presently," Clewe said, "you will see the end of the shaft which my Artesian ray is making; then you will see a vast expanse of lighted nothingness; that is the great cleft in the diamond which I described to you. In this, apparently suspended in light, you will notice the broken conical end of an enormous iron shell—the shell which made the real tunnel down which I descended in the car."

At this she turned around and looked at him. Even into her strong mind the edge of distrust began to insert itself.

"Look!" he said.

She looked through her telescope. There was the cave of light; there was the shattered end of the shell.

The hands which held the telescope began to tremble. Quickly Clewe drew her away.

"Now," said he, "do you believe?"

For a few moments she could not speak, and then she whispered, "I believe that I have seen what you told me I should see."

Now succeeded a period of intense ex-

citement, such as was perhaps never before known in an assembly of scientific people. One by one each person was led by Clewe inside the screen and shown the magical shaft of light. Each received the revelation according to his nature. Some were dumfounded and knew not what to think; others suspected all sorts of tricks, especially with the telescopes; but a well-known optician, who, by Clewe's request, had brought a telescope of his own, quickly disproved all suspicions of this kind. Many could not help doubting what they had seen, but it was impossible for them to formulate their doubts, with that wonderful shaft of light still present to their mental visions.

For more than two hours Roland Clewe exhibited the action of his Artesian ray. Then he called the company to order. He had shown them his shaft of light, and now he would give them some facts in regard to the real shaft made by the automatic shell.

Every man who had been concerned in Mr. Clewe's descent into the shaft, and those who had assisted in the sounding and the photographing, as well as the persons who had been present when Rovinski was drawn up from its depths, now came forward and gave his testimony. Clew then exhibited the photographs he had taken with his suspended camera, and to the geologists present these were revelations of absorbing interest; seeing so much that they understood, it was difficult to doubt what they saw and did not understand.

Now that what Clewe had just told them was substantiated by a number of witnesses, and now that they had heard from these men that a plummet, a camera, and a car had been lowered fourteen miles into the bowels of the earth, they had no reason to suppose that the great shaft had existed only in the imagination of one crazy man, and they could not believe that all these assistants and workmen were lunatics or liars. Still, they doubted. Clewe could see that in their faces as they intently listened to him.

"My friends," said he, "I have set before you nearly all the facts connected with my experience in the shaft, but one important fact I have not yet mentioned. I am quite sure that few if any of you believe that I descended into the cleft of a great diamond lying beneath what we call the crust of the earth. I will now

state that before I left that cavity I picked up some fragments of the material of which it is composed, which were splintered off when my shell fell into it. I will show you one of them."

A man brought a table covered with a blue cloth, and from one of his pockets Clewe drew a small bag. Opening this, he took out a diamond which he had brought up from the cave of light and placed it on the middle of the table.

"This," he said, "is a fragment of the mass of diamond into which I descended; I have called it 'The Great Stone of Sardis.'"

Nobody spoke; nobody seemed to breathe. The huge diamond, somewhat of the form of a large lemon, lay glowing upon the dark cloth, its irregular facets—all of them clean-cut and polished, the results of fracture—absorbed and reflected the light, and a halo of subdued radiance surrounded the great gem like a tender mist.

"I brought away a number of fragments of the diamond," said Clewe, his voice sounding as if he spoke into an empty hall, "and some of them have been tested by two of the gentlemen present. Here are the stones that have been tested." And he laid some small pieces on the cloth. "They are of the same material as the large one. I brought them all from what I believe to be the great central core of the earth."

Everybody pressed forward; they surrounded the table. One of the jewellers reverently took up the great stone; then in his other hand he took one of the smaller fragments, which he instantly recognized from its peculiar shape. He looked from one to the other; presently he said:

"They are the same substance. This is a diamond." And he laid the great stone back upon the cloth.

"Is there any other place on the surface of this earth, or is there any mine," inquired a shrill voice from the company, "where one could get a diamond like that?"

"There is no such place known to mortal man," replied the jeweller.

"Then," said the same shrill voice, which belonged to a professor from Harvard, "I think it is the duty of every one present, whose mind is capable of it, to believe that the centre of this earth, or a part of that centre, is a vast diamond;



THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS.

at the same time I would say that my mind is not capable of such a belief."

The public excitement produced by the announcement of the discovery of the pole was a trifle compared to that resulting from the news of the proceedings of that day. Clewe's address, with full accounts by the reporters, was printed everywhere, and it was not long before the learned world had given itself up to the discussion.

From this controversy Roland Clewe kept himself aloof. He had done all that he wanted to do, he had shown all that he cared to show; now he would let other people investigate his facts and his reasonings and argue about them; he would retire; he had done enough.

Professor Tippengray was one of the most enthusiastic defenders of Clewe's theories, and wrote a great deal on the subject.

"Granted," she said, in one of her articles, "that the carboniferous minerals, of which the diamond is one, are derived from vegetable matter, and that wood and plants must have existed before the diamond, whence, may I ask, did the pre-diamond forests derive their carbon? In what form did it exist before they came into being?"

In another essay she said:

"Half a century ago it was discovered that a man could talk through a thousand miles of wire, and yet now we doubt that a man can descend through fourteen miles of rock."

As to the Artesian ray itself there could be no doubt whatever, for when Clewe, in one of his experiments, directed it horizontally through a small mountain, and objects could be plainly discerned upon the other side, discussions in regard to the genuineness of the action of the photic borer were useless.

In medicine as well as surgery the value of the Artesian ray was speedily admitted by the civilized world. To eliminate everything between the eye of the surgeon and the affected portion of a human organism was like the rising of the sun upon a hitherto benighted region.

In the winter Margaret Raleigh and Roland Clewe were married. They travelled; they lived and loved in pleasant places; and they returned the next year rich in new ideas and old art trophies. They bought a fine estate, and furnished it and improved it as an artist paints a picture—without a thought of the cost of the colors he puts upon it. They were rich enough to have everything they cared to wish for. Undue toil and troubled thought had been the companions of Roland Clewe for many a year, and their company had been imposed upon him by his poverty; now he would not, nor would his wife, allow that companionship to be imposed upon him by his riches.

The great stone of Sardis was sold to a syndicate of kings, each member of which was unwilling that this dominant gem of the world should belong exclusively to any royal family other than his own. When a coronation should occur, each member of the syndicate had a right to the use of the jewel; at other times it remained in the custody of one of the great bankers of the world, who at stated periods allowed the inhabitants of said planet to gaze upon its transcendent brilliancy.

But the works at Sardis were not given up. Margaret was not jealous of her rival, science, and if Roland had ceased to be an inventor, a discoverer, a philosopher, simply because he had become a rich and happy husband, he would have ceased to be the Roland she had loved so long.

The discovery of the north pole had given him fame and honor, for notwithstanding the fact that he had never been there, he was always considered as the man who had given to the world its only knowledge of its most northern point.

But in his heart Roland Clewe placed little value upon this discovery. Before Mr. Gibbs had announced the exact location of the north pole, all the students of geography had known where it was; before the eyes of the party on the *Dipsey* had rested upon the spot pointed out by Mr. Gibbs, it was well understood that the north pole was either an invisible point

on the surface of ice or an invisible point on the surface of water. If no possible good could result from a journey such as the *Dipsey* had made, no subsequent good of a similar kind could ever be expected, for the next submarine vessel which attempted a northern journey under the ice was as likely to remain under the ice as it was to emerge into the open air; and if any one reached the open sea upon motor sledges it would be necessary for them to carry boats with them, if they desired so much as a sight of that weather-vane which, no matter how the wind blew, always pointed to the south.

It was the Artesian ray which Clewe considered the great achievement of his life, and to this he intended to devote the remainder of his working-days. It was his object to penetrate deeper and deeper with this ray into the interior of the earth. He could always provide himself with telescopes which would show him the limit reached by his photic borer, and so long as that limit was a transparent disc, illuminated by his great ray, so long he would believe in the existence of the diamond centre of the earth. But when the penetrating light reached something different, then would come a time for a change in his theories.

Discussion and controversy in regard to the discoveries of the Artesian ray continued, often with great earnestness and heat, in learned circles, and there were frequent demands upon Clewe to demonstrate the truth of his descent of fourteen miles below the surface of the earth, by an actual exhibition of the shaft he had made or by the construction of another.

But to such requests Clewe turned a deaf ear. It would be impossible for him to open his old shaft. If in any way he could remove the rocks and soil which now blocked up its upper portion for a distance of half a mile, it would be impossible to reconstruct any portion which had been obstructed. The smooth and polished walls of the shaft, which gave Clewe such assurance of safety from falling fragments, would not exist if the tunnel were opened.

As to a new shaft, that would require a new automatic shell, and this Clewe was not willing to construct. In fact, rather than make a new opening to the cave of light, he would prefer that people should doubt that any such cave existed. The more he thought of his own descent

into that great cleft, the more he thought of the horrible danger of sliding down some invisible declivity to awful unknown regions, the more he thought of the mysterious death of Rovinski, the more firmly did he determine that not by his agency should a human being descend again to those mysterious depths. He would do all that he could to enable men to see into the interior of this earth, but he would do nothing to help any man to get there.

The controversies in regard to their discoveries and theory disturbed Roland and Margaret not a whit; they worked steadily with energy and zeal, and above all they worked without that dreadful cloud which so frequently overhangs the laborer in new fields, the fear that the means of labor will disappear before the object of the work shall come in view.

One morning in the early summer Roland rushed into the room where Margaret sat. "I have made a discovery!" he exclaimed. "Come quickly; I want to show it to you!"

The heart of the young wife sank. During all these happy days the only shadow that ever flitted across her sky was the thought that some novel temptation of science might turn her husband from the great work to which he had dedicated himself. Much that he had purposed to do he had, at her earnest solicitation, set aside in favor of what she considered the greatest task to which a human being could give his time, his labor, and his thought. It had been long since she heard her husband speak of a new discovery, and the words chilled her spirit.

"Come," he said, "quickly." And taking her by the hand, he led her out upon

the lawn. Over the soft green turf, under the beautiful trees, by the bright flowers of the parterres, and through the natural beauty of the charming park, he led her;



"‘THIS WAY,’ HE WHISPERED. ‘STOOP DOWN.’”

but not a word did she say of the soft colors and the soft air. Not a flower did she look at. It seemed to her as if she trod a bleak and stony road. She dreaded what she might hear, what she might see.

He led her hastily through a gate in the garden wall; they passed through the garden, and whispering to her to step lightly, they entered a quiet, shady spot beyond the house grounds.

"This way," he whispered. "Stoop down. Do you see that shining thing with bright red patches of color? It is an old tomato-can; a robin has built her nest in it; there are three dear little birds inside; the mother-bird is away, and I wanted you to come before she returned. Isn't it, lucky that I should have found

that? And here in our own grounds? I don't believe there was ever another robin who made her nest in a tomato-can."

Doubtless the two birds who had made that nest sincerely loved each other, and there were at that moment a great many other birds and a great many men and women in the same plight, but never anywhere did any human being possess a soul so happy as that of Margaret at that moment.

"Roland," she said, "when I first knew you, you would not have noticed such a little thing as that."

"I couldn't afford it," he said.



"LOOK AT THAT FENDER; LOOK AT THEM ANDIRONS!"

"It is the sweetest charm of all your triumphs," said she.

"What is?" he asked.

"That you feel able to afford it now," answered Margaret.

Samuel Block and his wife Sarah found that life grew pleasanter as they grew older. Fortunate winds had blown down to them from the distant north; the substantial rewards of the enterprise were eminently satisfactory, and the honors

which came to them were not at all unwelcome even to the somewhat cynical Samuel.

Sitting one evening with his wife before a cheering fire—for both of them were wedded to the old-fashioned ways of keeping warm—Sammy laid down the daily paper with a smile.

"There's an account here," he said, "of a lot o' fools who are goin' to fit out a submarine ship to try to go under the ice to the pole, as we did. They may get there, and they may get back; they may get there, and they may never get back; and they may never get there, and never get back; but whichever of the three it happens to be, it 'll be of no more good than if they measured a mile to see how many inches there was in it."

"Sammy," exclaimed Sarah, "I do think you are old enough to stop talkin' such nonsense as that. To be sure, there was a good many things that I objected to in that voyage to the pole. In the first place, there was thirteen people on board, which was the greatest mistake ever committed by a human explorin' party; and then agin, there was no provision for keepin' whales from bumpin' the ship; and if you knew the number of hours that I laid awake on that *Dipsey* thinkin' what would happen if the frolicsome whale determined not to be left alone, and should follow us into narrow quarters, you would understand my feelin's on that subject; but as to sayin' there wasn't no good in the expedition, I think that's downright wickedness. Look at that fender; look at them andirons, them beautiful brass candlesticks, and that shovel and tongs, with their handles shinin' like gold! If it hadn't been that we discovered the pole, all those handsome things would have been made of common silver, just as if they was pots and kittles or garden spades."

THE END.



ON THE WAY TO THE PARDON.

EARLY MORNING.

THE PARDON OF SAINTE-ANNE D'AURAY IN BRITTANY.

BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

I.—THE PARDON.

IN the early morning of the 24th of July each year all the roads leading to Sainte-Anne are filled with peasants, on foot, in wagons, and diligences—long and short, and some even two-storied, the tops filled with scrambling, serious-looking boys and girls in holiday attire—followed by almost every conceivable style of vehicle. The peasants on foot are in couples, and sometimes in parties which

keep clannishly to themselves, with stolid expressionless faces, bearing in their hands tall thin candles vowed to Sainte-Anne in return for blessings which they have enjoyed during the year. They form a silent, orderly line across the country, and generally they are praying as they walk.

There is nothing of the boisterousness of the Flemish peasant about these people. They seem melancholy. Occasion-

ally one sees an unusually handsome face among them. Piercing black eyes the men have, and their hair, worn long, falls upon their broad shoulders. Even the cripples, of which there are horrible specimens, limping along, sometimes dragging other maimed and totally helpless ones in curious carts, and begging the while of their companions in shrill, piteous tones—even these have fine clear-cut features, and their prayers are answered, and sous jingle in their tin cups.

It had rained in the morning, and the generally dusty, hard white roads are being trampled by the thousands of wooden-shod feet into a gray paste, upon which they occasionally slip, and the mud is thrown right and left in spatters upon the black clothing of the pilgrims. Sounds meet the ear as if from an army in motion, and one hears a curious rumbling hum, sounding like buzzing swarms of bees, as the peasants repeat their prayers in the guttural Breton tongue. They come from all the provinces for miles around; for this, the Pardon of Sainte-Anne d'Auray, is the one great feast of the year for the peasants of the Morbihan, or inner sea of Brittany.

Occasionally a curious refrain is chant-

ed in unison. The words sound strangely:

"Hij ar rew! Hij ar rew!
Kerc'h ar gwinez da Garnew!"—

a sort of invocation to the saint by the Cornouaillais, peasants from Cornouaille, to which the peasants from Vannes respond immediately, their sunburnt faces lifted to the sombre gray sky. Time is reckoned from and to this day by the Bretons, to whom it offers rest and relief from the toil in the fields, as well as the more important relief from their sins.

On the principal road to Sainte-Anne we counted fifteen different coiffes, or caps, worn by the women, and I am convinced that this is a conservative statement of the number actually to be seen. Occasionally one or another of the more feeble of the peasants—for there are many very old and bent men and women on foot—drop out of the line, and sink down wearily upon the rank wet grass by the roadside; there are hundreds such sitting along the way beneath the hedges, some of them binding up their limbs, maimed and often bleeding, others eating crusts of hard tough black bread, and some even asleep in painful uneasy attitudes, weary with the fatigue of a walk of perhaps many miles from the distant hamlets where their lives are spent. Here and there one discovers the head-dress of Quimper, and even Morlaix. Now the slender spire of the church is visible above the dim empurpled line of distant trees, and the gilded statue of the saint glows dimly in the hot mist which arises from the freshly turned earth in the fields.

There are few colors to be seen in the throng—the dresses are mainly of black, and invariably wide at the hips, after the fashion of the Hollanders, which the costume closely resembles, save for the flowing sleeves reaching to the wrists. Here and there an apron of purple, or, more rarely, green and magenta, is seen. The children are dressed exactly like the elders; and the men, tall, fine-looking fellows, wear curious low-crowned hats of black felt, from which hang long black velvet strings, and they wear short black jackets, trimmed with rows of buttons and yellow embroidery. The



A GROUP OF PEASANTS FROM QUIMPERLÉ.



A PROCESSION OF PENITENTS.

trousers are very baggy and end at the knee, and these are from Batz on the coast and Le Fouët in the interior—places which still cling to the old costume.

In an hour the miraculous fountain is reached, before which arises the Basilica of Sainte-Anne. The little square, to the eye, is one struggling mass and blur of white caps, with an occasional dot of a man's black hat. Here are women from all the provinces, pushing and shoving each other, with bowl or candle in hand, striving to get at the water in the stone basins—of which there are two, containing a few inches of a milky-looking liquid, in

which the peasants are freely bathing their hands, feet, and heads, while others are eagerly drinking from it. The ground about is wellnigh ankle-deep in sandy slush, and old women in the pointed cap of Pornic are darting hither and thither, laden with small brown earthen bowls containing the water for those who are unable to reach the fountain. There is a constant muttering murmur in the air, like the diapason of a monster organ, of hundreds of voices praying to the saint, occasionally punctured by an exclamation of pain from some weakling trodden under foot. Running through

the deeper note is a minor chord which comes from the lips of the mendicants demanding alms.

There are a few crutches piled together at one side by the hedge, but whether they are happily abandoned, or simply awaiting their owners, I cannot discover. As fast as those in front have washed themselves or tasted of the water they are pushed aside, and others take their places and the procession passes on, one line to the right and back to the holy stairs, the other to the door of the church, before which is a kneeling white-capped multitude.

We are forced along by the crowd towards the holy stairs, up which the peasants are slowly and painfully climbing on their bare knees, some with lighted candles in their hands, others with the dirty-looking wax or tallow tapers held aloft still unlighted. These stairs of stone lead to a sort of altar, draped gaudily in red cotton cloth, and containing at the top a *relique*, surrounded by tall thick waxed candles. The rapt expression upon the faces of the peasants is wonderful to see, as they painfully drag themselves up step by step. All about the trampled grass in the square before the stairs are women and men lying in

weary postures fast asleep, unmindful of the sabots of the procession, or of the thin drizzle of rain that is constantly falling.

Here and there are groups of peasants, mostly women, who are eating bits of dried fish, and drinking cider from bottles; all about is the débris of a large crowd—torn paper and bits of rags, cast-off sabots, and the remains of small fishes which are constantly being broiled on stones over a handful of peat. Outside the square, in the lanes, are women seated in long lines, their hands resting aimlessly in their laps, and the flaps of their caps, wet by the rain, hanging upon their wide white linen collars. They are motionless as so many figures of wax; their faces are expressionless and animal-like. They are not speaking to each other; they have said their prayers, and they are waiting for the final procession, after which they will start for homes miles away in the mountains. They wear the costume of the Black Mountains (*Montagnes Noires*). Over the small fires of peat, the smoke of which is pleasantly fragrant and aromatic, men in the embroidered jackets of *La Forêt* and *Quimperlé* are bargaining for the cooked fish, and from beneath quaint round hooped tents over the ditches at the road-side, in which are rude tables, comes the clink of mugs from which the peasants are drinking cider. The tents are made of coarse bagging, and shelter the table and the huge cask of cider. There are long lines of these at the road-side, and the cider sells for one sou per mug.

In some of these tents are young girls, who peep forth coquettishly and curiously at the passers-by. But there is no merriment to be seen; and, in truth, there is nothing to be merry about in the lives of these people. They are large-eyed, rosy-cheeked, and sometimes—not often—comely, but rarely does one find a pretty face among them; they resemble somewhat the peasant of the north of Ireland.

The church is constantly receiving and discharging the crowd; when one mass is finished another is at once begun; even in the space before the doors the peasants are kneeling in dense throngs, through which it is difficult to pass. They are crossing themselves, telling their beads, or looking up at the gilded statue upon the tower with staring eyes,



PEASANT FROM THE INTERIOR

their hands clasped before them. At the left of the church, from which the chanting of the priests is heard, and the tones of the organ swelling over the white-coiffed heads of the throng, is a long low stone building, with many windows, and a door at either end; in the open windows are women leaning their heads upon their arms, fast asleep. Inside, the room is about twelve feet wide by fifty or sixty feet long; down the centre is a bare oaken table, strewn with hats and countless morsels of broken bread; before this, on either hand, stretch long benches, upon which are the peasants in weary attitudes. There is little or no conversation among them, and, save for the wail of a child and the shuffling of feet, but little noise. This is the room of the pèlerines, or pilgrims, who come for the water of the miraculous fountain. Old women with wrinkled faces pass in and out among the throng, beseeching the peasants to buy, with long flat boxes under their arms, containing the dirty-looking tallow candles which are to be burned later in the day in the church. The peasants buy largely of these, at prices ranging from twenty-five centimes to one or two francs, and the profits must be considerable.

Beggars are in sight everywhere—in boxes on wheels, and carried even sometimes by strong-limbed, lusty-looking blind men, who thread their way with surprising skill among the peasants; they reap a rich harvest, for the Breton peasant is generous, receiving in return for his hard-earned sous prayers more or less sincere.

At noon the rain is still falling, and the peasants are still upon their knees before the door of the church. The umbrel-

las of the wealthier dot the square curiously, and seen from the windows of the houses seem like giant toadstools in motion. There is a swaying to and fro of the kneeling multitude, in time to the murmured prayers. From the church



PEASANTS FROM BATZ.

come the blare of brass instruments and the roll of a drum, and then in the doorway, above the white caps, appears a huge swaying gilt cross. Then the mass breaks and falls back, and the beadies appear; children's voices cry out as the multitude presses back, but are drowned in the deep chanting of the priests and the following blare of brass instruments. Among the white appears a flash of vermillion, as the priests in their vestments emerge from the gloom of the portal. The peasants fall upon their knees again as the host passes, and the sound is like the waves of the sea beating upon the rocks.

The rain has ceased, and the July sun bursts forth hotly. Instantly arises a noisome steam from the wet clothing of the multitude. Now soldiers appear, as if by magic, their red caps and brass ornaments enlivening the scene. Sainte-Anne



A PEASANT FROM THE COAST.

is the patron saint of two regiments of the line, and they have come to do her honor. Now appear priests in purple and lace, bearing aloft large banners, and lastly the forms of a dozen fine-looking Bretons in black, wearing the "bragou-bras," or baggy trousers and leggings, and headed by a father and son, candles in hand, their long hair falling upon their shoulders. They bear aloft the shrine of Sainte-Anne in a sort of ark of gilded wood, following which is the bishop in mitre beneath a canopy of silk and gold, who blesses the kneeling multitude to the right and left of him. Now the peasants rise to their feet and close in behind in a solid mass, and all join in the chanting in the Breton tongue.

They walk slowly to the sacred stairway, up which they march; the ark is de-

posited upon the altar. The priests offer the service, and the chanting continues. Finally the bishop, who has changed his mitre thrice, advances to the balcony and overlooks the crowd, the drums beat, and the multitude look upwards at him expectantly. He slowly gazes over them to the right and left; then he raises his hands, the palms down. I can see his lips move, but I hear no sound. His hands drop to his side, the trumpets blare, and the shrill voices of boys chant, "O Sainte-Anne," and the pardon has been said.

Now appear toy-venders, laden with whistles and long colored paper tubes with tissue-paper plumes at one end; the peasants eagerly buy these, and the air is filled with shrill notes and the swish of the plumes. Young girls form themselves into long lines arm in arm; they laughingly sweep the others before them. Plainly the religious duty has been performed, and they are now to enjoy themselves. The girls are armed with paper horns of bright colors, and the tissue-paper bâtons rustle like the sound of leaves in the breeze. They playfully beat each other over the head with them, and showers of colored paper confetti are thrown high in the air, amid shouts and screams of laughter. Jokes are offered and responded to in Breton, which sounds not unlike Welsh. The booths about the square for the sale of crosses, prayer-books, and medals are thronged, but there is evidently but little money to be had, for in less than an hour they are being packed up for removal. Now appear again the heavy diligences, drawn by fair-looking animals in huge straw-plaited collars, their heads bedecked with tissue-paper rosettes, and the peasants are beginning to turn their backs upon the square. The drivers of the diligences loudly call out the names of distant towns, blow their whistles, and jingle the large round bells upon the harness of the horses. Even as we watch, the wagons are filling with soldiers, priests in cassocks, and white-capped girls. All the afternoon there is a coming and going of wagons and carts, and now much noise and bustle compared with the sombre silence of the morning. The crowd is scattering to the four points of the compass, and is full of good-humor. Here and there along the road are seen groups of beggars—the lame, the limbless, the halt, the blind—quarrelling over the gains of the day, or

stretched out asleep with faces upturned to the sky. The jangle of two or three bells sounds sweetly from some chapel back among the trees, and the air of the country lanes is grateful to the nostrils after the foul odors of the crowd.

As we walk between the lines of peasants a huge covered diligence approaches, from which come the drone of a bagpipe and the clear voices of women and children singing a tune of quick movement. The words sound strange to the ear. The huge wagon passes rapidly, and inside it the peasants are closely packed. They gaze out at us curiously; over their white-coiffed heads appear the decorated pipes of the "binious," or pipers. A turn in the road hides the wagon from view, but long afterwards the mellow drone of the pipes strikes pleasantly upon the ear.

II.—THE BRETON DANCE IN THE WOODS AT MELLAC.

From the woods at the top of the hill, where the road, so white and hard, disappears beneath the heavy trees, came the shrill squeal of the shepherd's pipe amid the deep querulous drone of the "binious," and as we entered the fields from the lane the confused murmur of many voices, shrill laughter, and shouts were heard. The fields of stubble were gleaned clean of almost every straw. In the bushes on the tops of the earthen walls, which divide the different holdings of land patchwork-like across the country, birds whistled and called, and against the dark green of the belt of oak-trees millions of yellow butterflies shone. Before us on the narrow lane was a band of peasants hurrying on to the delights of the dance in the woods; the coiffes of the women seemed a lambent violet against the sky, and their black clothes took on a purple or dark blue color, so delicate and humid was the atmosphere. As they went, occasionally one of the young men would catch at the hands of a girl, and together they would dance along in time to the faint notes of

the pipes. They were bound for the dance in the woods, which is the end of every pardon here in Brittany.

At the top of the road shone the white walls of the Mayor's house, the front of which was hung with the tri-color and bunches of green oak leaves. Along the wall beneath the hedge, and sitting in long rows on its top, were young girls, their backs to the road. Above their heads rose a cloud of dust, and the shuffling of feet, beating time on



THE UMBRELLA MAN.

the ground rhythmically to the scream and skirl of the pipes, sounded loudly.

Suddenly the pipes ceased, and instantly a chatter of many voices began. From a gap in the wall the scene which we saw was like that of some opera-bouffe upon

the stage. Here were nearly a thousand fantastically clad peasants, standing, sitting, and walking about beneath the branches of the magnificent oaks. Perched high upon the heads of two upturned casks sat the pipers, gayly decorated in broad-brimmed hats festooned with colored ribbons. Between their feet were huge jugs of fresh sour cider and thick lumps of dark bread. One of the pipers was young, with a pleasing, bright face; the other was old, and had long gray hair falling upon his shoulders. His clean-cut, sensitive face was upturned to the leafy trees. He was blind.

All about beneath the branches of the noble oaks were tables laden with white china cups, from which the men and women were drinking, seated upon benches. Carts lined with straw, their shafts tilted, encumbered the open spaces, and the ground was wet with cider drippings from the huge oaken casks. The young women walked about arm in arm, or sat apart talking with those who fringed the wall, the young men shyly watching them, or engaging in clumsy feats of strength the better to impress the maidens. Small

experiences as to the harvest, or discussing the price of wheat with great vehemence.

A warning scream came from the pipes, and couples began to form for the gavotte. Before us came Nannic Rosel, the prettiest girl for miles about—so the Mayor said, with a roll of his head and a clicking noise with his tongue. "Good-day to you, Nannic," he exclaimed, with a wave of his fat hand at the girl. "And you too, Allanik," to a young fellow in the costume of *Le Fouët*, who stepped forward and proudly took her hand. "Send the day that you two shall be man and wife, and that is my wish to you." The young girl blushed and tossed her head, but she smiled upon the handsome fellow who held her hand. Now the line of peasants stood motionless, awaiting the signal before the binious, who softly droned for a brief interval, then all at once began the tune. In a moment the whole line had broken and formed in fours, moving in a stately manner in the gavotte.

The faces of the dancers showed little or no emotion, save that here and there a mischievous gleam or challenge shot from eye to eye. On they moved before the binious, down the lane, and out into the road before the "Mairie," then back again, turning, twisting, stamping, shuffling couples, about whom the heavy dust arose in clouds; and through the clouds appeared dimly the gleam of the white coiffes or the color of a bright stocking as they swung their skirts. The rays of the sun penetrated dimly to this space among the trees, but here and there a chance beam lit the dust until it seemed a shaft of gold in the green twilight. The dust fell upon the gathered multitude and the panting peasants in a fine yellow powder, and softened

the contrast of the brilliant orange embroidery upon the black coats of the men. It filled the cider-cups with grit, and smarted in the eyes of the strange-looking babies who lay uncared-for on their backs on piles of sweet-smelling hay beneath the wagons.

On moved the twisting line of dancers



BLIND BINIOUS.

children, solemn of countenance, and clad exactly like their elders, played soberly about the wheels of the carts, and here and there old, very old men, with long hair and baggy white sheepskin breeches, stood gravely talking, or lighting their pipes with brands from the fires kept alight for the purpose, exchanging

up and down the clear space before the pipers in the wood, and down the lane outside the wall, the young men stamping their feet to mark the time, or executing some pigeon-wing figure to attract the eyes of the bright-cheeked girls. The

them with strange Breton exclamations. Soon but two couples remained on the field, and these the peasants watched breathlessly.

The struggle was intense, and the pipers were wellnigh breathless, when, finally,



THE DANCE IN THE WOODS.

soft purples and blues of the dresses became soon of one dusty tone, and here and there couples dropped out exhausted, their faces streaming with perspiration.

It became evident to us that the dance is one of endurance rather than grace, for now the remaining couples were surrounded by the peasants, who encouraged

after the dance had lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour, one couple stopped. Immediately there was a surging movement towards the other couple, who panted and shuffled, and turned and twisted, and swung each other through the figures of the dance. Then all at once there arose a shout and many uncouth excla-



A WAY-SIDE FOUNTAIN.

mations. As the Mayor pushed his way through the throng, followed by the successful couple—who were no other than Nannic and Alanik—they marched to the space before the pipers, and the Mayor, in a few Breton gutturals, congratulated the happy pair, handing the girl, who was panting breathlessly, a crown of tinsel and flowers, which she immediately placed upon her coiffe, and to the shining-faced young fellow he presented a huge red silk handkerchief or sash—I could not make out which. Now the cider ran in streams from the casks, and there was a great rattling of cups upon the tables to the health of the happy winners. The girls upon the turf walls began a sort of sweet chant with a melancholy refrain, which was

taken up by all the peasants, and to the melody of these wild notes the fête in the woods came to an end. Already the fat horses were being reharnessed to the high carved carts, into which the women and children were climbing. From the tower of the church beyond the wood came the jangle of bells. The sky was melting into a deep orange in the west, and above in the clear blue shone a few early stars.

At the Calvary beside the road the peasants had gathered, and stood or knelt for the final prayer of the pardon, and even above the clang of the bells sounded the note of the whippoorwill. So we left them, and it was night when we reached the town.

NANSEN.

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

TO drift with thee, not strive against thy tide,
All-powerful Nature! to pursue thy law,
Attentive,—with devout and childlike awe
Heark'ning unto thy voice, and none beside:
To drift with thee! With thee for friend and guide,
In fragile bark, careless of cold or thaw,
To brave the ice-pack and the dread sea-maw!—
So are man's conquests won, so glorified.
The truest compass is the seeing soul.
Oh, wond'ring Earth! did not thy spirit glow,
Calling to mind the deathless Genoese,
As Nansen, pilot of the frozen Pole,
Like a young Viking rode the icy floe,
Wresting their secret from the Arctic Seas?

WHO MADE THE MATCH?

BY RUTH UNDERHILL.

MR. JULIUS UPTON climbed the steps of his sister's house in Washington Square, rang the door-bell, and entered the vestibule, stamping the mud from his feet. It was raining heavily, and already dusk at four o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Upton's umbrella dripped like a shower-bath, and he noticed regretfully that his beard looked almost white from the glistening of the moisture that was on it.

When he was admitted to the house he looked in vain for the umbrella-stand, and was informed by the maid that it had been sent that morning to be mended. "How like Maria!" he said to himself. "Of course she never thought of it until it rained!" And with the help of the maid he disposed of his umbrella behind the vestibule door.

He found the forgetful lady seated by the fire. She greeted him with a smile, and drew up a chair for him.

"What a day!" she said, as they sat down. "I have never seen it rain harder. And such a wind, too! What did you do with your umbrella, Julius? Did you give it to be dried?"

"Yes—that is, I opened it and left it in the vestibule—behind the door, you know."

"Oh—very well. I suppose it's quite safe. It couldn't blow away, could it?"

"I arranged it quite carefully, thank you," with an air of closing the subject.

Maria was silent a moment, and Mr. Upton cleared his throat. He did not quite know how to begin his story. Fortune—or was it Maria?—favored him.

"I am knitting a pair of golf-sockings for Tom Fleetwood," she said, showing him her work. "He is such a dear fellow—isn't he?"

"I have come to talk to you about Tom Fleetwood."

She looked up with interest. "Oh, have you? I thought you would soon. So he has proposed to Julia?"

"What! has she told you?"

"Oh no—she has not been here—but of course I knew he was going to."

"You knew he was going to! I wish you had told me, Maria!" in a tone of reproach. "However, the mischief is done now, and what he did it for I can't understand. He must have seen the absurdity of it. You know him so well, Maria—of

course I don't need to tell you—his prospects are—well—"

"His prospects may be said to depend entirely on his father-in-law," the lady answered, with a smile.

"Exactly. And at Julia's age, too! Hardly eighteen! It is ridiculous!"

"Of course—quite absurd." And then, in a retrospective tone, "Let me see—eighteen; that was just dear Alice's age when you married her, wasn't it?"

"Why—I believe it was," rather taken aback. "But—well, Alice always seemed so much more mature, you know."

"I hadn't noticed it. Julia is very sensible. But we are wasting time—I want to hear about it."

Mr. Upton settled himself in his chair and wiped his glasses. "Well," he began, "he came to me first. Very right in him, of course, and I must say I liked the way he put his case. Quite frank and straightforward. It was extremely painful to have to tell him it was out of the question."

Maria sighed sympathetically. "Dear fellow!" she said. "He *must* have taken it dreadfully hard."

"Oh, he didn't say much, but I could see," with modest pride in his own powers of penetration, "that he was badly cut up. In fact," in rather a guilty voice, "he looked so confoundedly miserable that I promised she should write to him."

"Poor little girl! And how did she take it?"

Mr. Upton sighed and looked crushed beneath a weight of woe. "She thinks," he said, miserably, "that she is in love with him. I wished you were there, Maria" (and Maria from the bottom of her heart believed him). "It took me a long time to convince her that her judgment at her age was not reliable. We went over it a good many times, and—oh Lord, Maria, I couldn't do it again if she wanted to marry a horse-thief!"

"Poor Julius!" his sister said, gently.

"And you never could hurt a fly!"

Mr. Upton blew his nose and went on, in a slightly husky voice: "She—she was very gentle after a while—and promised to write anything I told her. In fact, she begged me to dictate for her. We sent the note off last night."

Maria was silent, looking at the fire.

"Poor little girl!" she said, presently. "So that was the end of it!"

"The end of it! I wish it had been! That young man came again this morning before I went down town. He sent up his card to her with a little message on it begging to see her. I—well, I expected more trouble; but she was quite quiet about it. She just wrote him a few lines on an envelope, which she insisted on showing to me. I really thought she was unnecessarily severe. However, it puts an end to his trying to see her again—stops him off entirely. So it is most satisfactory." But Mr. Upton's tone and drooping shoulders were not so cheerful as his words.

There was silence for a few moments, while Maria turned over in her mind what she had heard. Then she looked up. "Do you want her to go away?" she asked. "Well," with a smile, "I am ready to start."

"I thank you, Maria. How did you know? I think it best—don't you?"

"Of course; it is the only way. And I am so glad I can do anything for the dear child." And then, seeing him rise: "Must you go? We haven't settled at all—"

"I know; I have overstaid my time already"—looking at the clock. "I will look in again this evening. I don't know much of winter places. I must make inquiries."

"Yes, do; there is such a difference in places." And then, as the door closed behind him, "If only little Julia will see it!"

A little after four o'clock that afternoon young Tom Fleetwood was walking through Washington Square on his way home from business. The rain pelted on his unprotected head and shoulders and ran in little rivulets down his neck. It certainly was a strange afternoon to choose for a walk; but the newly refused, like the newly wed, have tastes unknown to ordinary mortals. The world looked very black indeed to Tom, and he honestly wished he had never been born. It never occurred to him that it would have answered the purpose quite as well if Julia had never been born.

Splashing along through the mud, he presently saw fit to raise his eyes, and there was Julia herself not half a block in front of him. With an inward groan

he realized that he must have been stupidly staring at his own boots for fully five minutes, while he might have been feasting his eyes on the back breadths of Julia's gown. Just a part of his cursed luck!

How wet she looked, and how tired! Why was she out at all on a day like this? And without an umbrella, too. He felt that it was a public scandal, almost a national disgrace, that such a thing should be allowed to happen, and was filled with a dull rage against her besotted family, who so little appreciated their blessed privilege of caring for her. And how wrong it seemed that he, who knew so well how to cherish and protect her, might not even speak to her, but must skulk behind her like a thief! The little note she had scrawled to him that morning was like a weight of lead in his pocket; in the face of it, poor little pathetic message, at once his greatest torture and his dearest treasure, he could not, in common decency, ever trouble her with his presence again; and he fell to thinking, hopelessly, how good it would be just to hear her say his name once more, even if in displeasure; how infinitely better to see again the little quick upward smile he knew so well! Why, oh, why had he been fool enough to throw away his last chance by going to her house that morning? If only he had been content to let bad enough alone instead of making it worse!

Meanwhile he was slowly overtaking her, and realized that he must slacken his pace. The nearer he approached her the dearer she became, and the more his soul was devoured with longing to hear her voice again. If only there were some good reason, some decent excuse! If her hat would blow off into the street, or an angel in the guise of a drunken man would come reeling towards her! Or if he could offer her an umbrella! With a groan he remembered that that very afternoon he had lent his own to a good-for-nothing scoundrel called Jim Pendleton. He recalled with a grim smile Jim's pleading allegation that he was threatened with pneumonia, and was the mainstay of a widowed mother, and thought with bitterness of his own easy heedless words almost imploring Jim to take it. Well, there was no help for it now. The umbrella was gone; he could do nothing—

Suddenly he stopped short and stood

rooted to the spot, while his eyes opened wide in wonder. From the stoop of a house a little way ahead of him there slowly and with dignity emerged a large and handsome umbrella. It hesitated for a moment on the top step, then was lifted by the blast and sailed calm and majestic through the air towards the astonished on-looker. For an instant he thought it was going past him. But no; with a sudden imperious dive it changed its course and brought up gracefully and contentedly at his feet.

He stooped and picked it up in awe-struck silence. It never occurred to him that there was anything strange in his so doing; it seemed a purely personal matter between himself and the umbrella, with which its owner had no possible concern. He barely noticed the number of the house in front of him as he hurried on with his treasure.

A moment later he was at Miss Upton's side, humbly begging her to accept his umbrella. She stopped in her walk, and refused, a little stiffly, to take it from him: she was wet already, and would not trouble him.—he had no other—

"*Please!*" he begged, looking down at her anxiously.

She became still more dignified. "Thank you, Mr. Fleetwood; you are very kind, but I do not care for it. Good-afternoon!" She gave him a stately little nod and started to walk ahead—but only for a step. She stopped short with a sudden gasp of dismay, and he smiled in spite of himself as he saw what the trouble was. His friend the umbrella had made good use of these few precious moments, and had succeeded in catching one of its points in the meshes of her veil. She was standing now with her head twisted to one side, vainly endeavoring to disentangle it. Tom came promptly to the rescue.

"Wait a moment," he said. "Let me do it for you."

With a little sigh for her lost dignity she dropped her arms and submitted, and thanked him quite humbly when he had finally freed her. It was a very small occurrence, but somehow it had quite reversed their positions—it was he who had the upper hand now, and he was not slow to realize the fact.

"I can't let you go like this," he said, boldly. "If you will not take my umbrella, I will hold it over you!"

Such audacity fairly took her breath away. She did not know what to say, and said nothing. He took her silence for consent, and walked on by her side.

She kept her head resolutely turned away, and he watched her with a heart full of tenderness. How tired she looked, and how miserable! She moved as though she had not slept for days, and her dress was soaked through.

"You ought not to be out to-day," he broke out, suddenly. "And without an umbrella, too!"

"I know it," she said, without looking up. "I forgot it."

"*Forgot it!*" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "On a day like this! What were you thinking of?"

"I—don't know," apologetically. "I wanted a walk." She glanced up as she spoke, and he noticed that her eyes were very red. She must have been crying a great deal, he thought. And she did look dreadfully tired; she fairly dragged herself along. Poor little girl! She must have been very sorry for him. He supposed it *was* because she was sorry for him—what else could it be?—and yet—

He could not drive away the new delicious thought that flashed into his brain. Absurd it was, no doubt, but it was there, and he could not get rid of it. He looked at her again, from a new point of view. If only her eyes were not so red, and she did not keep her head so persistently turned away! A tumult was rising in his heart. Such things had been known to happen before; why should not this be another case? Gradually he made up his mind that he could not let her go like this; his promises to her father and her own clearly expressed wish seemed suddenly to stand for nothing. He must know the truth from herself.

Suddenly he bent his head and spoke to her. "I am going to do something I have no right to do," he said, in an even voice. "I am going to ask you to tell me yourself—now—that there is no hope for me. It will not be very hard for you, and it will make my life so much clearer. That is my only excuse."

She did not speak or give any sign that she had heard.

"If you will just say, 'There is no hope,' it is all I ask," he went on, after a moment. "It will seem so different to me if I hear you say it."

Still she did not answer, hoping des-

perately that he would go on and she might stay silent. It would be so hard to speak! But he had finished, and she saw that she could put it off no longer.

"Papa told you," she gasped, in a pitiful little voice.

"Yes; and you told me—that is, you wrote me. But you haven't said it. I want you to *say* it, in kindness to me."

Neither of them spoke for a while—both their voices were a little untrustworthy; and though each of them was conscious that they were passing the door of Julia's home, it seemed to them as remote and as little to concern them as a house in Mars.

He bent closer to her and spoke passionately: "I want you to say it, Julia, my darling, *if you can!*"

Suddenly she stopped in her walk and looked up at him, giving up the struggle. "I—I can't!" she said, brokenly, and her eyes told him that she spoke the truth.

How cheerfully and protectingly the umbrella dripped upon their shoulders as they walked on beneath its friendly cover! With what a self-satisfied look it held itself aloft, keeping out the rain and shutting in the words of foolish happiness which passed beneath it! Perhaps it began to get a little bored after a while—they took so long to discover that they had gone many blocks beyond their destination, and must turn back.

But at last they stood before Julia's door, and Tom began to say good-by.

"Why, won't you come in?" she asked; and then, rather shyly, "You know papa doesn't get home till six."

He hesitated, but duty triumphed. "I can't, dear," he said, firmly. "I must return this umbrella. It is—borrowed."

"But surely it can wait a little longer," wondering. "There can't be such a hurry."

"Oh yes, there is," he answered. "You see, it is—well—borrowed in the superlative degree. It would be best to return it as soon as possible."

A smile dawned on Julia's face. "Tell me about it, Tom," she said.

"Well, you see, you were there in front of me, and I wanted to speak to you, but I didn't dare, you know, just in cold blood that way. And then this thing sailed out of a stoop near by and landed at my feet, so I took it. That's all." He looked up at her doubtfully, for he didn't quite

know what she would say. But she was certainly laughing.

"Well," she said, "I've heard a shorter word for that kind of borrowing. But I'll forgive you, Tom;" and she ran in doors.

It was late that evening when Mr. and Miss Upton came out of the library on their way up stairs. On Julia's face was a smile of radiant satisfaction and goodwill towards all the world, and on her father's was the same smile in a lesser degree, and a little toned down by a guilty expression about the eyes, caused perhaps by thoughts of his next meeting with his sister Maria.

As Miss Upton entered the hall her eye fell on her father's umbrella standing in the rack. She started suddenly and clutched his arm. "*Papa*," she exclaimed, "is that your umbrella?"

"Yes, my dear; I got it yesterday. What is the matter?"

Julia was bending over the umbrella with her back to him, and did not answer for a moment. "Oh, nothing," she said, presently; "only it is so damp still. I will send it down to be dried."

"Damp! I should say it was!" exclaimed Mr. Upton, in an injured voice. "It's the dampest umbrella I ever knew. It stood drying nearly an hour in your aunt Maria's vestibule this afternoon, and you'll not believe it, but when I came out there was that confounded thing dripping away as hard as ever!"

Julia stood still a moment looking at the "confounded thing" in her hand. Then she came over to her father and threw her arms around his neck, umbrella and all. "Dear, dear papa," she said, softly, "how happy you have made me! You can never understand how good you have been to me;" and she gave him an affectionate kiss.

"Yes, yes, my dear," rather uncomfortably. "I hope it may be for the best"—wriggling a little to one side—"but I see no reason to include the umbrella in the family embrace. It's dripping down my neck like a river."

"Not include it, papa!" cried Julia, as she disengaged herself and ran off with it. "Why"—over her shoulder—"it's the most important one of all!"

Mr. Upton stood and looked after her, and wondered what under heaven she meant.

IN MEMORIAM.

OLIVIA SUSAN CLEMENS.

DIED AUGUST 18, 1896; AGED 24.

IN a fair valley—oh, how long ago, how long ago!—
Where all the broad expanse was clothed in vines
And fruitful fields and meadows starred with flowers,
And clear streams wandered at their idle will,
And still lakes slept, their burnished surfaces
A dream of painted clouds, and soft airs
Went whispering with odorous breath,
And all was peace—in that fair vale,
Shut from the troubled world, a nameless hamlet drowsed.

Hard by, apart, a temple stood;
And strangers from the outer world
Passing, noted it with tired eyes,
And seeing, saw it not:
A glimpse of its fair form—an answering momentary thrill—
And they passed on, careless and unaware.

They could not know the cunning of its make;
They could not know the secret shut up in its heart;
Only the dwellers of the hamlet knew:
They knew that what seemed brass was gold;
What marble seemed, was ivory;
The glories that enriched the milky surfaces—
The trailing vines, and interwoven flowers,
And tropic birds awing, clothed all in tinted fire—
They knew for what they were, not what they seemed:
Encrustings all of gems, not perishable splendors of the brush.
They knew the secret spot where one must stand—
They knew the surest hour, the proper slant of sun—
To gather in, unmarred, undimmed,
The vision of the fane in all its fairy grace,
A fainting dream against the opal sky.
And more than this. They knew
That in the temple's inmost place a spirit dwelt,
Made all of light!

For glimpses of it they had caught
Beyond the curtains when the priests
That served the altar came and went.

All loved that light and held it dear
That had this partial grace;
But the adoring priests alone who lived
By day and night submerged in its immortal glow
Knew all its power and depth, and could appraise the loss
If it should fade and fail and come no more.

All this was long ago—so long ago!

The light burned on; and they that worship'd it,
And they that caught its flash at intervals and held it dear,
Contented lived in its secure possession. Ah,
How long ago it was!

And then when they

Were nothing fearing, and God's peace was in the air,
 And none was prophesying harm—
 The vast disaster fell:
 Where stood the temple when the sun went down,
 Was vacant desert when it rose again!

Ah, yes! 'Tis ages since it chanced!

So long ago it was,
 That from the memory of the hamlet-folk the Light has passed—
 They scarce believing, now, that once it was,
 Or if believing, yet not missing it,
 And reconciled to have it gone.

Not so the priests! Oh, not so
 The stricken ones that served it day and night,
 Adoring it, abiding in the healing of its peace:
 They stand, yet, where erst they stood
 Speechless in that dim morning long ago;
 And still they gaze, as then they gazed,
 And murmur, "It will come again;
 It knows our pain—it knows—it knows—
 Ah, surely it will come again."

S. L. C.

LAKE LUCERNE, August 18, 1897.

THE CENTURY'S PROGRESS IN BIOLOGY.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

I.

IT was in 1790 that Goethe published the work that laid the foundations of his scientific reputation—the work on the *Metamorphoses of Plants*, in which he advanced the novel doctrine that all parts of the flower are modified or metamorphosed leaves. This was followed presently by an extension of the doctrine of metamorphosis to the animal kingdom, in the doctrine which Goethe and Oken advanced independently, that the vertebrate skull is essentially a modified and developed vertebra. These were conceptions worthy of a poet; impossible, indeed, for any mind that had not the poetic faculty of correlation. But in this case the poet's vision was prophetic of a future view of the most prosaic science. The doctrine of metamorphosis of parts soon came to be regarded as a fundamental feature in the science of living things.

But the doctrine had implications that few of its early advocates realized. If all the parts of a flower—sepal, petal, stamen, pistil, with their countless deviations of contour and color—are but mod-

ifications of the leaf, such modification implies a marvellous differentiation and development. To assert that a stamen is a metamorphosed leaf means, if it means anything, that in the long sweep of time the leaf has by slow or sudden gradations changed its character through successive generations, until the offspring, so to speak, of a true leaf has become a stamen. But if such a metamorphosis as this is possible—if the seemingly wide gap between leaf and stamen may be spanned by the modification of a line of organisms—where does the possibility of modification of organic type find its bounds? Why may not the modification of parts go on along devious lines until the remote descendants of an organism are utterly unlike that organism? Why may we not thus account for the development of various species of beings all sprung from one parent stock? That too is a poet's dream; but is it only a dream? Goethe thought not. Out of his studies of metamorphosis of parts there grew in his mind the belief that the multitudinous species of plants and animals about us have been evolved from fewer and

fewer earlier parent types, like twigs of a giant tree drawing their nurture from the same primal root. It was a bold and revolutionary thought; and the world regarded it as but the vagary of a poet.

Just at the time when this thought was taking form in Goethe's brain, the same idea was germinating in the mind of another philosopher, an Englishman of international fame, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, who, while he lived, enjoyed the widest popularity as a poet, the rhymed couplets of his "Botanic Garden" being quoted everywhere with admiration. And posterity, repudiating the verse which makes the body of the book, yet grants permanent value to the book itself, because, forsooth, its copious explanatory footnotes furnish an outline of the status of almost every department of science of the time.

But even though he lacked the highest art of the versifier, Darwin had, beyond peradventure, the imagination of a poet coupled with profound scientific knowledge; and it was his poetic insight, correlating organisms seemingly diverse in structure, and imbuing the lowliest flower with a vital personality, which led him to suspect that there are no lines of demarcation in nature. "Can it be," he queries, "that one form of organism has developed from another; that different species are really but modified descendants of one parent stock?" The alluring thought nestled in his mind and was nurtured there, and grew into a fixed belief, which was given fuller expression in his *Zoönomia*, and in the posthumous *Temple of Nature*. But there was little proof of its validity forthcoming that could satisfy any one but a poet, and when Erasmus Darwin died, in 1802, the idea of transmutation of species was still but an unsubstantiated dream.

It was a dream, however, which was not confined to Goethe and Darwin. Even earlier the idea had come more or less vaguely to another great dreamer—and worker—of Germany, Immanuel Kant, and to several great Frenchmen, including de Maillet, Maupertuis, Robinet, and the famous naturalist Buffon—a man who had the imagination of a poet, though his message was couched in most artistic prose. Not long after the middle of the eighteenth century Buffon had put forward the idea of transmutation of species, and he reiterated it from time to time from then on till his death in 1788. But the

time was not yet ripe for the idea of transmutation of species to burst its bonds.

And yet this idea, in a modified or undeveloped form, had taken strange hold upon the generation that was upon the scene at the close of the eighteenth century. Vast numbers of hitherto unknown species of animals had been recently discovered in previously unexplored regions of the globe, and the wise men were sorely puzzled to account for the disposal of all of these at the time of the Deluge. It simplified matters greatly to suppose that many existing species had been developed since the episode of the Ark by modification of the original pairs. The remoter bearings of such a theory were overlooked for the time, and the idea that American animals and birds, for example, were modified descendants of Old World forms—the jaguar of the leopard, the puma of the lion, and so on—became a current belief with that class of humanity who accept almost any statement as true, that harmonizes with their prejudices, without realizing its implications.

Thus it is recorded with *éclat* that the discovery of the close proximity of America at the northwest with Asia removes all difficulties as to the origin of the Occidental faunas and floras, since Oriental species might easily have found their way to America on the ice, and have been modified as we find them by "the well-known influence of climate." And the persons who gave expression to this idea never dreamed of its real significance. In truth, here was the doctrine of evolution in a nutshell, and, because its ultimate bearings were not clear, it seemed the most natural of doctrines. But most of the persons who advanced it would have turned from it aghast could they have realized its import.

II.

There was one man, however, who was moved to give the doctrine full explication. This was the friend and disciple of Buffon, Jean Baptiste de Lamarck. Possessed of the spirit of poet and philosopher, this great Frenchman had also the widest range of technical knowledge, covering the entire field of animate nature. The first half of his long life was devoted chiefly to botany, in which he attained high distinction. Then, just at the beginning of our century, he turned to zoölogy, in particular to the lower forms of animal life. Study-

ing these lowly organisms, existing and fossil, he was more and more impressed with the gradations of form everywhere to be seen; the linking of diverse families through intermediate ones; and in particular with the predominance of low types of life in the earlier geological strata. Called upon constantly to classify the various forms of life in the course of his systematic writings, he found it more and more difficult to draw sharp lines of demarcation, and at last the suspicion long harbored grew into a settled conviction that there is really no such thing as a species of organism in nature; that "species" is a figment of the human imagination, whereas in nature there are only individuals.

That certain sets of individuals are more like one another than like other sets is of course patent, but this only means, said Lamarck, that these similar groups have had comparatively recent common ancestors, while dissimilar sets of beings are more remotely related in consanguinity. But trace back the lines of descent far enough, and all will culminate in one original stock. All forms of life whatsoever are modified descendants of an original organism. From lowest to highest, then, there is but one race, one species, just as all the multitudinous branches and twigs from one root are but one tree. For purposes of convenience of description, we may divide organisms into orders, families, genera, species, just as we divide a tree into root, trunk, branches, twigs, leaves; but in the one case, as in the other, the division is arbitrary and artificial.

In *Philosophie Zoologique* (1809), Lamarck first explicitly formulated his ideas as to the transmutation of species, though he had outlined them as early as 1801. In this memorable publication not only did he state his belief more explicitly and in fuller detail than the idea had been expressed by any predecessor, but he took another long forward step, carrying him far beyond all his forerunners except Darwin, in that he made an attempt to explain the way in which the transmutation of species had been brought about. The changes have been wrought, he said, through the unceasing efforts of each organism to meet the needs imposed upon it by its environment. Constant striving means the constant use of certain organs, and such use leads to the development of

those organs. Thus a bird running by the sea-shore is constantly tempted to wade deeper and deeper in pursuit of food; its incessant efforts tend to develop its legs, in accordance with the observed principle that the use of any organ tends to strengthen and develop it. But such slightly increased development of the legs is transmitted to the offspring of the bird, which in turn develops its already improved legs by its individual efforts, and transmits the improved tendency. Generation after generation this is repeated, until the sum of the infinitesimal variations, all in the same direction, results in the production of the long-legged wading-bird. In a similar way, through individual effort and transmitted tendency, all the diversified organs of all creatures have been developed—the fin of the fish, the wing of the bird, the hand of man; nay, more, the fish itself, the bird, the man, even. Collectively the organs make up the entire organism; and what is true of the individual organs must be true also of their *ensemble*, the living being.

Whatever might be thought of Lamarck's explanation of the cause of transmutation—which really was that already suggested by Erasmus Darwin—the idea of the evolution for which he contended was but the logical extension of the conception that American animals are the modified and degenerated descendants of European animals. But people as a rule are little prone to follow ideas to their logical conclusions, and in this case the conclusions were so utterly opposed to the proximal bearings of the idea that the whole thinking world repudiated them with acclaim. The very persons who had most eagerly accepted the idea of transmutation of European species into American species, and similar limited variations through changed environment, because of the relief thus given the otherwise overcrowded Ark, were now foremost in denouncing such an extension of the doctrine of transmutation as Lamarck proposed.

And for that matter, the leaders of the scientific world were equally antagonistic to the Lamarckian hypothesis. Cuvier in particular, once the pupil of Lamarck, but now his colleague, and in authority more than his peer, stood out against the transmutation doctrine with all his force. He argued for the absolute fixity of spe-

cies, bringing to bear the resources of a mind which, as a mere repository of facts, perhaps never was excelled. As a final and tangible proof of his position, he brought forward the bodies of ibises that had been embalmed by the ancient Egyptians, and showed by comparison that these do not differ in the slightest particular from the ibises that visit the Nile to-day. Lamarck replied that this proved nothing, except that the ibis had become perfectly adapted to its Egyptian surroundings in an early day, historically speaking, and that the climatic and other conditions of the Nile Valley had not since then changed. His theory, he alleged, provided for the stability of species under fixed conditions quite as well as for transmutation under varying conditions.

But, needless to say, the popular verdict lay with Cuvier; talent won for the time against genius, and Lamarck was looked upon as an impious visionary. His faith never wavered, however. He believed that he had gained a true insight into the processes of animate nature, and he reiterated his hypotheses over and over, particularly in the introduction to his *Histoire naturelle des Animaux sans Vertèbres*, in 1815, and in his *Système des Connaissances positives de l'Homme*, in 1820. He lived on till 1829, respected as a naturalist, but almost unrecognized as a prophet.

III.

While the names of Darwin and Goethe, and in particular that of Lamarck, must always stand out in high relief in this generation as the exponents of the idea of transmutation of species, there are a few others which must not be altogether overlooked in this connection. Of these the most conspicuous is that of Gottfried Reinhold Treviranus, a German naturalist physician, professor of mathematics in the lyceum at Bremen.

It was an interesting coincidence that Treviranus should have published the first volume of his *Biologie, oder Philosophie der lebenden Natur*, in which his



ERASMUS DARWIN.

views on the transmutation of species were expounded, in 1802, the same twelvemonth in which Lamarck's first exposition of the same doctrine appeared in his *Recherches sur l'Organisation des Corps Vivants*. It is singular, too, that Lamarck, in his *Hydrogéologie* of the same date, should independently have suggested "biology" as an appropriate word to express the general science of living things. It is significant of the tendency of thought of the time that the need of such a unifying word should have presented itself simultaneously to independent thinkers in different countries.

That same memorable year, Lorenz Oken, another philosophical naturalist, professor in the University of Zurich, published the preliminary outlines of his *Philosophie der Natur*, which, as developed through later publications, outlined a theory of spontaneous generation and of evolution of species. Thus it appears that this idea was germinating in the minds of several of the ablest men of the time during the first decade of our century. But the singular result of their various explications was to give sudden check to that undercurrent of thought



JEAN BAPTISTE DE LAMARCK.

which for some time had been setting toward this conception. Then for a generation Cuvier was almost absolutely dominant, and his verdict was generally considered final.

There was, indeed, one naturalist of authority in France who had the hardihood to stand out against Cuvier and his school, and who was in a position to gain a hearing, though by no means to divide the following. This was Étienne Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, the famous author of the *Philosophie Anatomique*, and for many years the colleague of Lamarck at the Jardin des Plantes. Like Goethe, Geoffroy was pre-eminently an anatomist, and, like the great German, he had early been impressed with the resemblances between the analogous organs of different classes of beings. He conceived the idea that an absolute unity of type prevails throughout organic nature as regards each set of organs. Out of this idea grew his gradually formed belief that similarity of structure might imply identity of origin—

that, in short, one species of animal might have developed from another.

Geoffroy's grasp of this idea of transmutation was by no means so complete as that of Lamarck, and he seems never to have fully determined in his own mind just what might be the limits of such development of species. Certainly he nowhere includes all organic creatures in one line of descent, as Lamarck had done; nevertheless he held tenaciously to the truth as he saw it, in open opposition to Cuvier, with whom he held a memorable debate at the Academy of Sciences in 1830—the debate which so aroused the interest and enthusiasm of Goethe, but which, in the opinion of nearly every one else, resulted in crushing defeat for Geoffroy, and brilliant, seemingly final, victory for the advocate of special creation and the fixity of species.

With that all ardent controversy over the subject seemed to end, and for just a quarter of a century to come there was published but a single argument for transmutation of species which attracted any general attention whatever. This oasis in a desert generation was a little book called *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, which appeared anonymously in England in 1844, and which passed through numerous editions, and was the subject of no end of abusive and derisive comment. The authorship of this book remained for forty years a secret, but it is now conceded to have been the work of Robert Chambers, the well-known English author and publisher. The book itself is remarkable as being an avowed and unequivocal exposition of a general doctrine of evolution, its view being as radical and comprehensive as that of Lamarck himself. But it was a résumé of earlier efforts rather than a new departure, to say nothing of its technical shortcomings, and while it aroused bitter animadversions, and cannot have been without effect in creating an undercurrent of thought in

opposition to the main trend of opinion of the time, it can hardly be said to have done more than that. Indeed, some critics have denied it even this merit. After its publication, as before, the conception of transmutation of species remained in the popular estimation, both lay and scientific, an almost forgotten "heresy."

It is true that here and there a scientist of greater or less repute—as Von Buch, Meckel, and Von Baer in Germany, Bory Saint Vincent in France, Wells, Grant, and Matthew in England, and Leidy in America—had expressed more or less tentative dissent from the doctrine of special creation and immutability of species, but their unaggressive suggestions, usually put forward in obscure publications, and incidentally, were utterly overlooked and ignored. Special creation held the day, apparently unchallenged and unopposed.

IV.

But even at this time the fancied security of the special-creation hypothesis was by no means real. Though it seemed so invincible, its real position was that of an apparently impregnable fortress beneath which, all unbeknown to the garrison, a powder-mine has been dug and lies ready for explosion. For already there existed, in the secluded work-room of an English naturalist, a manuscript volume and a portfolio of notes which might have sufficed, if given publicity, to shatter the entire structure of the special-creation hypothesis. The naturalist who by dint of long and patient effort had constructed this powder-mine of facts was Charles Robert Darwin, grandson of the author of *Zoönomia*.

As long ago as July 1, 1837, young Darwin, then twenty-eight years of age, had opened a private journal, in which he purposed to record all facts that came to him which seemed to have any bearing on the moot point of the doctrine of transmutation of species. Four or five years earlier, during the course of that famous trip around the world with Admiral Fitzroy, as naturalist to the *Bea-*

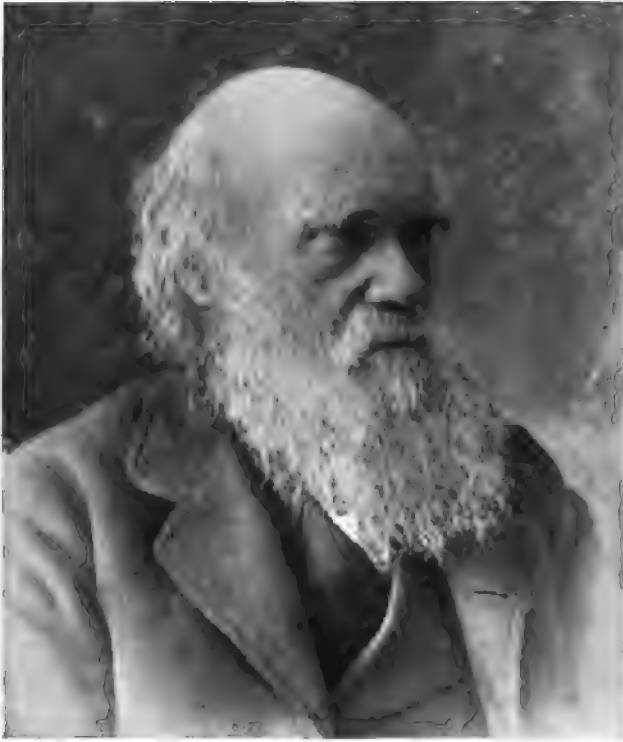
gle, Darwin had made the personal observations which first tended to shake his belief in the fixity of species. In South America, in the Pampean formation, he had discovered "great fossil animals covered with armor like that on the existing armadillos," and had been struck with this similarity of type between ancient and existing faunas of the same region. He was also greatly impressed by



ÉTIENNE GEOFFROY SAINT-HILAIRE.

the manner in which closely related species of animals were observed to replace one another as he proceeded southward over the continent; and "by the South American character of most of the productions of the Galapagos Archipelago, and more especially by the manner in which they differ slightly on each island of the group, none of the islands appearing to be very ancient in a geological sense."

At first the full force of these observations did not strike him; for, under sway of Lyell's geological conceptions, he tentatively explained the relative absence



CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN.

From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

of life on one of the Galapagos Islands by suggesting that perhaps no species had been created since that island arose. But gradually it dawned upon him that such facts as he had observed "could only be explained on the supposition that species gradually become modified." From then on, as he afterward asserted, the subject haunted him; hence the journal of 1837.

It will thus be seen that the idea of the variability of species came to Charles Darwin as an inference from personal observations in the field, not as a thought borrowed from books. He had, of course, read the works of his grandfather much earlier in life, but the arguments of the *Zoönomia* and *Temple of Nature* had not served in the least to weaken his acceptance of the current belief in fixity of species. Nor had he been more impressed with the doctrine of Lamarck, so closely similar to that of his grandfather. Indeed, even after his South American ex-

perience had aroused him to a new point of view he was still unable to see anything of value in these earlier attempts at an explanation of the variation of species. In opening his journal, therefore, he had no preconceived notion of upholding the views of these or any other makers of hypotheses, nor at the time had he formulated any hypothesis of his own. His mind was open and receptive; he was eager only for facts which might lead him to an understanding of a problem which seemed utterly obscure. It was something to feel sure that species have varied; but how have such variations been brought about?

It was not long before Darwin found a clew which he thought might lead to the answer he sought. In casting about for facts he had soon discovered

that the most available field for observation lay among domesticated animals, whose numerous variations within specific lines are familiar to every one. Thus under domestication creatures so tangibly different as a mastiff and a terrier have sprung from a common stock. So have the Shetland pony, the thoroughbred, and the draught-horse. In short, there is no domesticated animal that has not developed varieties deviating more or less widely from the parent stock. Now how has this been accomplished? Why, clearly, by the preservation, through selective breeding, of seemingly accidental variations. Thus one horseman, by constantly selecting animals that "chance" to have the right build and stamina, finally develops a race of running-horses; while another horseman, by selecting a different series of progenitors, has developed a race of slow, heavy draught-animals.

So far so good; the preservation of "accidental" variations through selective

breeding is plainly a means by which races may be developed that are very different from their original parent form. But this is under man's supervision and direction. By what process could such selection be brought about among creatures in a state of nature? Here surely was a puzzle, and one that must be solved before another step could be taken in this direction.

The key to the solution of this puzzle came into Darwin's mind through a chance reading of the famous essay on "Population" which Thomas Robert Malthus had published almost half a century before. This essay, expositing ideas by no means exclusively original with Malthus, emphasizes the fact that organisms tend to increase at a geometrical ratio through successive generations, and hence would overpopulate the earth if not somehow kept in check. Cogitating this thought, Darwin gained a new insight into the processes of nature. He saw that in virtue of this tendency of each race of beings to overpopulate the earth, the entire organic world, animal and vegetable, must be in a state of perpetual carnage and strife, individual against individual, fighting for sustenance and life.

That idea fully imagined, it becomes plain that a selective influence is all the time at work in nature, since only a few individuals, relatively, of each generation can come to maturity, and these few must, naturally, be those best fitted to battle with the particular circumstances in the midst of which they are placed. In other words, the individuals best adapted to their surroundings will, on the average, be those that grow to maturity and produce off-

spring. To these offspring will be transmitted the favorable peculiarities. Thus these peculiarities will become permanent, and nature will have accomplished precisely what the human breeder is seen to accomplish. Grant that organisms in a state of nature vary, however slightly, one from another (which is indubitable), and that such variations will be transmitted by a parent to its offspring (which no one then doubted); grant, further, that there is incessant strife among the various organisms, so that only a small proportion can come to maturity—grant these things, said Darwin, and we have an explanation of the preservation of variations which leads on to the transmutation of species themselves.

This wonderful coign of vantage Darwin had reached by 1839. Here was the full outline of his theory; here were the ideas which afterward came to be embalmed in familiar speech in the phrases "spontaneous variation," and the "sur-



ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE.



THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

From a photograph by W. and D. Downey, London.

vival of the fittest," through "natural selection." After such a discovery any ordinary man would at once have run through the streets of science, so to speak, screaming "Eureka!" Not so Darwin. He placed the manuscript outline of his theory in his portfolio, and went on gathering facts bearing on his discovery. In 1844 he made an abstract in a manuscript book of the mass of facts by that time accumulated. He showed it to his friend Hooker, made careful provision for its publication in the event of his sudden death, then stored it away in his desk, and went ahead with the gathering of

more data. This was the unexploded powder-mine to which I have just referred.

Twelve years more elapsed; years during which the silent worker gathered a prodigious mass of facts, answered a multitude of objections that arose in his own mind, vastly fortified his theory. All this time the toiler was an invalid, never knowing a day free from illness and discomfort, obliged to husband his strength, never able to work more than an hour and a half at a stretch; yet he accomplished what would have been vast achievements for half a dozen men of

robust health. Two friends among the eminent scientists of the day knew of his labors—Sir Joseph Hooker, the botanist, and Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist. Gradually Hooker had come to be more than half a convert to Darwin's views. Lyell was still sceptical, yet he urged Darwin to publish his theory without further delay, lest he be forestalled. At last the patient worker decided to comply with this advice, and in 1856 he set to work to make another and fuller abstract of the mass of data he had gathered.

And then a strange thing happened. After Darwin had been at work on his "abstract" about two years, but before he had published a line of it, there came to him one day a paper in manuscript, sent for his approval by a naturalist friend, named Alfred Russell Wallace, who had been for some time at work in the East India Archipelago. He read the paper, and, to his amazement, found that it contained an outline of the same theory of "natural selection" which he himself had originated and for twenty years had worked upon. Working independently, on opposite sides of the globe, Darwin and Wallace had hit upon the same explanation of the cause of transmutation of species. "Were Wallace's paper an abstract of my unpublished manuscript of 1844," said Darwin, "it could not better express my ideas."

Here was a dilemma. To publish this paper with no word from Darwin would give Wallace priority, and wrest from Darwin the credit of a discovery which he had made years before his co-discoverer entered the field. Yet, on the other hand, could Darwin honorably do otherwise than publish his friend's paper and himself remain silent? It was a complication well calculated to try a man's soul. Darwin's was equal to the test. Keenly alive to the delicacy of the position, he placed the whole matter before his friends Hooker and Lyell, and left the decision as to a course of action absolutely to them. Needless to say, these great men did the one thing which ensured full justice to all concerned. They counselled a joint publication, to include on the one hand Wallace's



ASA GRAY.

paper, and on the other an abstract of Darwin's ideas, in the exact form in which it had been outlined by the author in a letter to Asa Gray in the previous year—an abstract which was in Gray's hands before Wallace's paper was in existence. This joint production, together with a full statement of the facts of the case, was presented to the Linnean Society of London by Hooker and Lyell on the evening of July 1, 1858, this being, by an odd coincidence, the twenty-first anniversary of the day on which Darwin had opened his journal to collect facts bearing on the "species question." Not often before in the history of science has it happened that a great theory has been nurtured in its author's brain through infancy and adolescence to its full legal majority before being sent out into the world.

Thus the fuse that led to the great powder-mine had been lighted. The explosion itself came more than a year later, in November, 1859, when Darwin, after thirteen months of further effort, com-



ERNST HEINRICH HAECKEL.

pleted the outline of his theory, which was at first begun as an abstract for the Linnaean Society, but which grew to the size of an independent volume despite his efforts at condensation, and which was given that ever-to-be-famous title, *The Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life*. And what an explosion it was! The joint paper of 1858 had made a momentary flare, causing the hearers, as Hooker said, to "speak of it with bated breath," but beyond that it made no sensation. What the result was when the *Origin* itself appeared, no one of our generation need be told. The rumble and roar that it made in the intellectual world has not yet altogether ceased to echo after nearly forty years of reverberation.

V.

To the *Origin of Species*, then, and to its author, Charles Darwin, must always be ascribed chief credit for that vast revolution in the fundamental beliefs of our race which has come about since 1859, and made the second half of the century memorable. But it must not be over-

looked that no such sudden metamorphosis could have been effected had it not been for the aid of a few notable lieutenants, who rallied to the standards of the leader immediately after the publication of the *Origin*. Darwin had all along felt the utmost confidence in the ultimate triumph of his ideas. "Our posterity" he declared in a letter to Hooker, "will marvel as much about the current belief [in special creation] as we do about fossil shells having been thought to be created as we now see them." But he fully realized that for the present success of his theory of transmutation the championship of a few leaders of science was all-essential. He felt that if he could make converts of Hooker and Lyell and of Thomas Henry Huxley at once, all would be well.

His success in this regard, as in others, exceeded his expectations. Hooker was an ardent disciple from reading the proof-sheets before the book was published; Lyell renounced his former beliefs and fell into line a few months later; while Huxley, so soon as he had mastered the central idea of natural selection, marvelled that so simple yet all-potent a thought had escaped him so long, and then rushed eagerly into the fray, wielding the keenest dialectic blade that was drawn during the entire controversy. Then, too, unexpected recruits were found in Sir John Lubbock and John Tyndall, who carried the war eagerly into their respective territories; while Herbert Spencer, who had advocated a doctrine of transmutation on philosophical grounds some years before Darwin published the key to the mystery—and who himself had barely escaped independent discovery of that key—lent his masterful influence to the cause. In America, the famous botanist Asa Gray, who had long been a correspondent of Darwin's, but whose advocacy of the new theory had not been anticipated, became an ardent propagandist; while in Germany Ernst Heinrich Haeckel, the youthful but already noted zoölogist,

took up the fight with equal enthusiasm.

Against these few doughty champions—with here and there another of less general renown—was arrayed, at the outset, practically all Christendom. The interest of the question came home to every person of intelligence, whatever his calling, and the more deeply as it became more and more clear how far-reaching are the real bearings of the doctrine of natural selection. Soon it was seen that should the doctrine of the survival of favored races through the struggle for existence win, there must come with it as radical a change in man's estimate of his own position as had come in the day when, through the efforts of Copernicus and Galileo, the world was dethroned from its supposed central position in the universe. The whole conservative majority of mankind recoiled from this necessity with horror. And this conservative majority included not laymen merely, but a vast preponderance of the leaders of science also.

With the open-minded minority, on the other hand, the theory of natural selection made its way by leaps and bounds. Its delightful simplicity—which at first sight made it seem neither new nor important—coupled with the marvellous comprehensiveness of its implications, gave it a hold on the imagination, and secured it a hearing where other theories of transmutation of species had been utterly scorned. Men who had found Lamarck's conception of change through voluntary effort ridiculous, and the vaporings of the *Vestiges* altogether despicable, men whose scientific cautions held them back from Spencer's deductive argument, took eager hold of that tangible, ever-present principle of natural selection, and were led on and on to its goal. Hour by hour the attitude of the thinking world toward this new principle changed; never before was so great a revolution wrought so suddenly.

VI.

Wide as are the implications of this great truth which Darwin and his co-workers established, however, it leaves quite untouched the problem of the origin of those "favored variations" upon which it operates. That such variations are due to fixed and determinate causes, no one understood better than Darwin;

but in his original exposition of his doctrine he made no assumption as to what these causes are. He accepted the observed fact of variation—as constantly witnessed, for example, in the differences between parents and offspring—and went ahead from this assumption.

But as soon as the validity of the principle of natural selection came to be acknowledged, speculators began to search for the explanation of those variations which, for purposes of argument, had been provisionally called "spontaneous." Herbert Spencer had all along dwelt on this phase of the subject, expounding the Lamarckian conceptions of the direct influence of the environment (an idea which had especially appealed to Buffon and to Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire), and of effort in response to environment and stimulus as modifying the individual organism, and thus supplying the basis for the operation of natural selection. Haeckel also became an advocate of this idea, and presently there arose a so-called school of neo-Lamarckians, which developed particular strength and prominence in America, under the leadership of Professors A. Hyatt and E. D. Cope.

But just as the tide of opinion was turning strongly in this direction, an utterly unexpected obstacle appeared in the form of the theory of Professor August Weismann, put forward in 1883, which antagonized the Lamarckian conception (though not touching the Darwinian, of which Weismann is a firm upholder) by denying that individual variations, however acquired by the mature organism, are transmissible. The flurry which this denial created has not yet altogether subsided, but subsequent observations seem to show that it was quite disproportionate to the real merits of the case. Notwithstanding Professor Weismann's objections, the balance of evidence appears to favor the view that the Lamarckian factor of acquired variations stands as the complement of the Darwinian factor of natural selection in effecting the transmutation of species.

Even though this partial explanation of what Professor Cope calls the "origin of the fittest" be accepted, there still remains one great life problem which the doctrine of evolution does not touch. The origin of species, genera, orders, and classes of beings through endless transmutations is in a sense explained; but

what of the first term of this long series? Whence came that primordial organism whose transmuted descendants make up the existing faunas and floras of the globe?

There was a time, soon after the doctrine of evolution gained a hearing, when the answer to that question seemed to some scientists of authority to have been given by experiment. Recurring to a former belief, and repeating some earlier experiments, the director of the Museum of Natural History at Rouen, M. F. A. Pouchet, reached the conclusion that organic beings are spontaneously generated about us constantly, in the familiar processes of putrefaction, which were known to be due to the agency of microscopic bacteria. But in 1862 Louis Pasteur proved that this seeming spontaneous generation is in reality due to the existence of germs in the air. Notwithstanding the conclusiveness of these experiments, the claims of Pouchet were revived in England ten years later by Professor Bastian; but then the experiments of John Tyndall, fully corroborating

the results of Pasteur, gave a final quietus to the claim of "spontaneous generation" as hitherto formulated.

There for the moment the matter rests. But the end is not yet. Fauna and flora are here, and, thanks to Lamarck and Wallace and Darwin, their development, through the operation of those "secondary causes" which we call laws of nature, has been proximally explained. The lowest forms of life have been linked with the highest in unbroken chains of descent. Meantime, through the efforts of chemists and biologists, the gap between the inorganic and the organic worlds, which once seemed almost infinite, has been constantly narrowed. Already philosophy can throw a bridge across that gap. But inductive science, which builds its own bridges, has not yet spanned the chasm, small though it appear. Until it shall have done so, the bridge of organic evolution is not quite complete; yet even as it stands to-day it is the most stupendous scientific structure of our century.

NUMBER 1523.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

ON a certain sultry afternoon last August I was sitting in my editorial easy-chair, with a pile of accumulated manuscripts on the desk beside me.

The first half-dozen effusions I disposed of in short order, with the usual printed blank (we pride ourselves upon the courtesy of our rejections in the *Home Fireside* office) setting forth our regrets at the necessity of returning the manuscript kindly submitted, the utter absence of any flavor of literary criticism in our decision, and our unhesitating belief that our gifted correspondent would find a ready market for his or her (usually her) production elsewhere.

In that rather reckless mood and desire for more slaughter which grows upon me at such times, I caught up the next package, tore off the brown covering with just enough of a glance at the address to notice the feminine delicacy of the handwriting, and mentally anathematizing the writer for omitting to enclose return stamps, settled myself for that inevitable, even if hasty, reading from which the editorial conscience, morbidly ex-

gent in this one particular, will not let us off.

To my own intense surprise, I found myself, hardened as I was to the attempts of novices in literature, interested at the very outset in a tale which bore undoubted marks of an inexperienced pen. There were three elements in its composition which at once arrested my attention. First, the opening paragraph indicated that the writer was not a woman, unless disguising her sex; second, the strange narrative purported to be true in such passionately earnest language that I could not, for the life of me, doubt the author's veracity; and, third, there was no name, address, or personal direction of any kind appended to the manuscript. If a plagiarist, the writer could certainly expect no material emolument for the fraud.

I read page after page of the close, dainty chirography, which I soon found was more ornamental than easy to decipher. When I turned under the last sheet, and rubbed my eyes as much from bewilderment as weariness, the office-boy was distractedly rattling chairs, and even

making ostentatious preparations to light the gas, as a hint that the hour for closing had long ago passed.

In a state of curious perplexity and indecision I left the office. In the same untoward mental condition I went to bed that night. The next morning, in the march-land between departing sleep and approaching duty, I made up my mind. The story, or statement, or whatever you may call my queer correspondent's effusion, should be retained by me until certain investigations were made—as shall appear hereafter—and it should then be printed, not in the comparatively small edition and limited field of *Home Fireside*, but in one of the largest and most popular magazines of the day, if I could induce its editor to take the view which I myself firmly held of the following story of

NUMBER 1523.

I have always been a modest man. It is ten to one that the editor who reads these lines took up the manuscript with the impression, arising from the handwriting, that I was a woman. Since my earliest boyhood I have been haunted with an abnormal shyness.

Why, then, do I thrust myself and my strange experience upon a public which cares nothing, knows nothing of me? Because I am pursued by that same Nemesis which gripes a murderer and compels him to disclose his dreadful secret; which made Louis Wagner, on the afternoon succeeding the dreadful affair at the Isles of Shoals twenty years ago, enter a cobbler's shop in Boston and say, with ghastly grimace, "I have seen a woman lie as still as that boot on the floor." Because, in a word, I am a murderer. I have murdered not the physical frame of man or woman, but an Identity.

I was born in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, a prosperous town in Clinton County, on the West Branch of the Susquehanna. My father was foreman, with good wages, in one of the lumber-mills there. He was an Englishman who, two weeks after his marriage with my mother, had emigrated to this country immediately after the war to seek his fortune. His mechanical skill soon procured him his position at Lock Haven, and for a year and a half no home in America, I truly believe, was happier. At the end of that time, my mother, a frail gentle girl from the Scot-

tish Lowlands, died in giving birth to the miserable writer of this autobiography. Half crazed with grief, the other half of insanity was bound upon my poor father by drink. A wild debauch, a late return homeward, a misstep by the river-bank, and the unhappy soul was blotted out from this world—as mine soon may be—by the dark waters.

The orphaned baby was cared for by charitable hands. At the age of fifteen I had received a fairly good grammar-school education, and with the sole inheritance of my father's turn for mechanics, and my mother's shyness, I faced the world.

Ready employment was found in the mill—and I soon proved an adept. On attaining my majority I was promoted, over the heads of older men, to my father's position, and given a confidence which, alas, I have basely betrayed.

About three months ago an important business matter, relating to a large combination, or "trust," in the business of our managers, required that a representative from our firm should meet several other mill-owners at a certain hotel in an Eastern city. The choice fell upon me. Filled with pride at the commission, and an earnest desire to carry out its purposes successfully, I travelled eastward through New York, Fall River, and Boston, stopping over a day or two at each of these cities to confer with the agents of the combination.

One bright spring afternoon I entered the smoking-car of a northward-bound train. I rarely make acquaintances under such circumstances, as my ungovernable shyness keeps at a distance all comradery with my fellow-passengers. On this occasion, however, I had hardly taken my seat when a young fellow entered the car with a face so bright and frank that I looked up with an involuntary smile and made room for him.

He met me more than half-way, and as the journey proceeded our acquaintance grew. The stranger's face, in its contours, was not unlike my own. We trimmed our beards in the same way, and his eyes were gray like mine, only merrier. Even his voice was like mine. I had a queer sensation of looking into a mirror every time his glance met mine.

Frank Hastings—for so he introduced himself—soon began telling me about himself; and, as confidence begets confidence, and it was impossible not to be

won by his honest face, I found myself exchanging biographies with him. My own you know. Hastings's was, in brief, as follows:

"My father is president of a New York bank," he said, "and director of half a dozen institutions. Between you and me, he is fairly well off, and I started life with a not very large—say a silver coffee-spoon, in my mouth. After a regular school course I went through Yale, and graduated in the class of '8—. Are you a college man?"

I flushed a little, and said: "No. I had picked up what little education I had, as some locomotives pick up water, on the run."

The figure seemed to please him, and he clapped me on the knee.

"Well," he continued, knocking the ashes from his cigar, "father wanted me in the bank, and I began on the lowest round. Rather a grind, you know, keeping regular hours and all that. But I had a taste for it, and worked hard till I was fit for a better position. I'm one of the paying-teller's assistants now, and I suppose I am still on the road to promotion. Father has some real estate down beyond here, and I'm going down to look after it a bit. It's really a three days' vacation; but don't call it so, please, or it will spoil my fun. Ha, ha!"

I joined in his contagious laugh, and, as the journey proceeded, encouraged him to give me a further account of his life. How distinctly I recollect every item! I threw myself so thoroughly into his personality that I find myself perplexed to distinguish the real facts, as he gave them, from those supplied by my imagination. I can remember his share in the conversation even better than my own.

The shadows of evening deepened, and lights twinkled from farm-houses as we swept past them. Young Hastings became more communicative, and with the marvellous magnetism—I can call it nothing else—that pervaded his every word and gesture, drew me more closely to him.

"Tell me," he broke out, abruptly, after a pause of a few moments, "what do you think of her?"

He held up the photograph of a young girl, and the jesting manner left him.

"Heavens!" was my first muttered thought, "where have I seen that sweet face before?" Even now, as I look back, I cannot make it new to me. We all

know what it is to see a face in a crowded street, in a railroad station, at a theatre, and carry away the impress of it upon our memories as plainly as if we had known the person for years, perhaps with that strange added sensation of intimate companionship in a pre-existent state that lurks in the dimmest, most shadowy recesses of our consciousness.

How can I describe her? How not, when every feature was, and is, as plainly before me as if she had been nearest and dearest from all time? Dark hair, almost black, flowing back in soft, simple waves from a white brow that was at once innocent and womanly; great, grave brown eyes that met your own frankly and yet questioningly; sweet, sensitive lips that could grieve or smile at a cruel or gentle word—such was the face (yet how poorly have I succeeded in conveying the image I see so plainly!) that looked at me from the card my fellow-passenger took from an inner pocket and held before me.

"Alice Marlowe," he said, softly, "is to be my wife next Christmas day. It was on Christmas eve a year and a half ago that she promised. Am I not a happy fellow?"

"Do not say happy—blessed, rather," or something like that, I must have answered, for he smiled into my eyes before he spoke again, half to himself:

"She is in Berlin, with her parents and my father, by this time. They went abroad (my mother is not living) nearly a year ago. They're coming home in June. See, here is her last letter!" and he showed me the corner of an envelope, with its German stamp. "Curiously enough," he went on, with his former air of gayety, "not one of my own family nor hers is at home this month. The Marlowes are in Germany, except an aunt, who is in California, I believe. My father is abroad, combining pleasure with an important business matter in Berlin. And I alone remain to tell the story!" Another pause, while we looked out of the windows of the fast-flying train at the dim outlines of hill and valley. "Alice would laugh if she should see me now. My face was smooth when she left home, and behold the disguise I have assumed since then!"

He turned his face toward me, and solemnly stroked his short brown beard so like my own.

"Well," he laughed, "I've written her about it, so she'll be prepared, anyway."

He made a motion as if to replace the photograph and letter, when he changed his mind and dropped them into the outside pocket of his overcoat, which lay over the back of the seat. Plunging his hand into the inner breast pocket of which I have spoken, he drew out a little plate or tag, apparently of silver, and handed it to me with a laugh.

"There's my latest investment," said he. "Ridiculous, and rather ghastly too, isn't it? There's a company organized in Philadelphia which carries on the business, and insures, not your life, but your identity, so to speak, for a trifle."

I took the badge in my hand, and read the inscription:

If Unconscious or Dead, telegraph this number 1523 to the Invincible Identifying Company, Philadelphia, at its Expense, and it will notify my friends.

"First clause a little indefinite," laughed Frank, as I scrutinized the shining bit of metal. "Grammar sacrificed to brevity. They claim that it can't be melted under six hundred degrees of Fahrenheit. At the Philadelphia office I've left a full description—"

The sentence was never finished. The car lurched dizzily. There was a crash like thunder, rending of solid timbers, blows right and left, hideous, sudden darkness, the hiss of steam, and its scalding breath, shrieks of agony.

I cannot tell, even after this brief lapse of time, how or when I first regained consciousness. Vaguely I began to realize a wall before me, covered with old-fashioned flowered wall-paper; soft pillows under my head; a curious patchwork quilt on which rested my hands, looking white and thin as I had never seen them before. Then a face seemed to gather itself out of the mists that enveloped me—a woman's face, a kind, motherly face, bending over my bed and looking at me with pitiful eyes. "Poor dear!" I heard her say to herself; and the words comforted me inexpressibly.

But with sight and hearing came a returning sense of pain—pain in every muscle, bone, and fibre, as if I had been caught in the belting of my own Lock Haven mill and beaten against the floor. I moaned, and tried vainly to move.

Little by little I realized that I was in a farm-house, to which I had been car-

ried from the scene of the accident; that I had been delirious or unconscious for forty-eight hours, by reason of a blow upon the head, my other bruises and sprains being of a far less serious character; that I had been attended by the local country doctor, and by a surgeon of note who had arrived on the wrecking train a few hours after the accident. Little by little I was told the cause of the catastrophe—the falsely constructed bridge, its iron rods and girders parting like withes under the weight of the train, which plunged twenty feet downward into the country road below; the awful scenes after the accident; the appalling loss of life; the pitying throng of country people; the ready help and hospitality volunteered by them on all sides. My own hostess, it seemed, was a widow, and the well-to-do mother of a large family, the oldest boy, aged about twenty, managing the farm. Mrs. Penhallow (that was her name) had refused the aid of nurses from outside, preferring to minister with her own motherly hands to the wants of this young stranger so suddenly and strangely brought to her door.

There was one thing that puzzled me not a little in my weak state. Two or three times, in speaking with the local physician who now had charge of the case, she referred to me as having been brought up in the city, not knowing the hardships of work, etc.; and once she spoke of my "Philadelphia friends."

"What do you mean by 'Philadelphia friends,' Mrs. Penhallow?" I asked, feebly.

"Dear me, dear me!" she said, softly, patting my hand. "There, there, don't worry about it now. You've had some queer fancies since you've been hurt."

"Have you written to Lock Haven?" was my next question, faint enough. "Perhaps you don't know the address. It is 'The — Mills.'"

An odd look, as if of wonder and pity, came into the good woman's face. She rose at once, and without answering my question left the room, in some confusion.

Too weak to reason over her conduct, or to care whether my employers had been notified of my mishap, I fell asleep.

When I awoke, the afternoon sun was shining through the window of the little bedroom, upon the flowery wall-paper. A low purring called my attention to a small Maltese kitten curled up on the quilt beside me, and regarding me with a

patronizing air. Seeing my eyes open, she rose slowly, stretched herself a little, walked over me, and, with great gravity, placed one soft gray paw on my eyelids.

"Oh, kittie, kittie," whispered a childish voice close by, "you've waked him up! I must take you right down."

I managed to turn my head slightly so as to command a view of the speaker, a shy-faced little girl of nine or ten, who was standing beside me, and anxiously regarding Miss Puss and myself.

"She didn't wake me, dear," I said, as the kitten jumped down to the floor in search of new amusement. "Will you tell me your name?"

"Polly Penhallow. Mothers said I could sit with you while she ran over to Aunt Hester's to get the paper. They keep store at the Corner, you know."

I didn't know, but I told Polly she was a nice little nurse, as indeed she was, standing there so prim and quiet, with her white pinafore, her grave face, her brown curls falling over her shoulders, and a half-mended blue stocking in her hands.

The ice being broken, we soon were well acquainted, and got on famously.

The kitten, meanwhile, had found a plaything, and was rolling over and over, biting and kicking in a small whirlwind of gray fur and flying paws, when Polly noticed and pounced upon her.

"Kittie, kittie, what mischief will you do next? See, Mr. Hastings, it's that pretty silver thing you had in your hand when they found you."

She rescued the shining bit of metal and held it up to me. A thousand lights danced before my eyes. My brain whirled. The name, which the child pronounced so easily—that fatal number, gleaming out in weird distinctness, 1523—in a flash of thought I saw what had happened. The bright, merry fellow I had learned to love in four short hours had been hurled out of existence by the terrible shock of that night; while I, with no dear ones to mourn had I died, homeless, almost friendless—I had survived, and, strange, unheard-of error, survived in his likeness and name, "identified" by the lying badge which should have pointed out his lifeless form to those who loved it best!

The strain was too great. Again all visible and sensible things faded away, and for hours I again lay unconscious, or raving of the old days on the banks of the Susquehanna.

My first effort on regaining consciousness was to clear up the misunderstanding in regard to Hastings and myself. I saw clearly enough the trouble that must already have been caused, and the consequences following almost hourly, by the error. Whatever anguish the disclosure of the truth must bring to the bereaved parent and friends, the sooner it should be made the better.

For one desolate moment the thought flashed across my mind—what happiness would be mine were the metamorphosis real!—wealth, luxury, education, social prospects, home, friends, the love of that gentle, dark-eyed girl! But I resolutely put aside reflections.

"Mrs. Penhallow," I began, brokenly, "I must tell you of a discovery that I have just made—no, please don't go! My head is perfectly clear now, and I shall not faint again."

"Polly told me," said my companion, soothingly. "Don't trouble about it now."

What did the woman mean?

"You don't understand me, I am afraid," I said, brokenly. "I am here under false pretences. I am not the man you think I am. Frank Hastings was—"

"Yes, yes, no doubt. But you really ought to sleep now, Mr. Hastings."

"I can't sleep. I must talk. I am not Frank Hastings at all. There was a mistake made by the men who found me. It was Frank Hastings who had the badge No. 1523. He lent it to me just before the accident happened, and Polly says it was found in my hand. Don't you see?" I closed my eyes wearily, for the strain was again telling upon me.

Mrs. Penhallow remained silent, convinced and shocked, as I supposed.

"You should telegraph at once to his friends abroad," I continued, "and try to find just what became of him. Perhaps he is quite safe and unhurt."

Still my nurse said nothing in reply. I opened my eyes and looked at her with the insistence of an invalid.

"Do promise to send word at once," I said, "and report my condition to the firm of — and Co., Lock Haven, Pennsylvania." And I gave her my own real name. "If you don't speak and assure me of this, I shall grow worse instead of better!"

Against her will the good woman spoke, laying her hand upon mine to quiet me.

"Mr. Hastings," she said, very softly—

"for I must still call you by that name—it is you who are making a strange mistake. All through your delirium you called yourself by the name you have just given me, and talked about mills and lumber, and I don't know what all. You see, your head is weak yet. It will all clear up presently. Just think of your own folks—your father, your home in Philadelphia—and you'll remember who you are."

What did she mean?

"I don't understand you," I repeated, slowly. "Is it possible that you still think—"

"I *know* you are Frank Hastings," she said, without moving. "A man who was with you in college has been here, and knew you in a minute. Dr. Brown, who was sent by the railroad folks, had seen you in your father's bank, and he knew you. The company that made the little tag, as soon as we telegraphed to them, sent a full description, and I should know you anywhere myself, after that. Allowing for your looking white and sick, the description was exact."

"And—and—the people in Europe, in Berlin?" I gasped.

"They've been telegraphed to that you're hurt, but growing better, and we've got an answer. Your father will come if he gets word that you're not gaining, or that you want him. The other folks—what's their name?—Marlowe, that's it, have given up their trip and are coming right home. They're on the way now. So you must get well as fast as you can for the young lady."

She rose hastily. This time she would not be stayed.

"I'll be right in the kitchen," she said, "getting supper. You just call if you want anything."

I lay still, trying to grasp the situation. Here I was, not only in Frank Hastings's place, bearing his name, but, through an unheard-of combination of circumstances, with the exchange of identities actually thrust upon me! The more I should insist upon the matter, the crazier I should be considered, and the more I should be pitied. While I was trying to see my way out of the labyrinth I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

The next day I made another attempt to set my new friends right.

"Bring me my clothes," I asked—"the ones I wore when the accident happened."

Polly ran out, eager to do me a service, and returned with—Hastings's coat.

"This was all crumpled up in the seat beside you," Mrs. Penhallow explained. "Your other clothes were so torn and burned and stained that the doctors took charge of them, and carried them off when I wasn't round. They were nothing but rags, they said; but I'd have saved them anyway. We shall have to fit you out, all but an overcoat, from Jed's closet, I guess, when you want to get up."

What was the use of further effort? Every word I said on the subject but disturbed the kind people about me. Coincidence after coincidence, circumstance after circumstance, arrayed themselves against me. To crown all, they showed me gravely but with a bit of innocent triumph the account of the accident in the county newspaper which had been brought from "Aunt Hester's" the day before.

I ran my eye over it hurriedly. The list of wounded was a long one, containing the name of "Frank Hastings, severe contusions about head and limbs, with slight flesh wounds and burns. Will recover." In the list of killed the second name was my own.

From that moment I yielded—not with any thought of permanent deception, but from inability to keep up the contest.

"And may we call you Mr. Hastings?" queried little Polly, eagerly, while her mother's eyes shone with pleasure at this indication of my supposed recovery from my hallucination.

I nodded. It was but for a few days at most, I thought. The Marlowes would arrive within a week, or ten days at the latest, and that would end it all. I thought of Abou Hassan in the *Arabian Nights*, and smiled bitterly as I reflected upon the morning when I should be borne from the dreamy splendors of the palace to the rough realities of my own life.

It was, perhaps, in such a moment that the great Temptation for the first time assailed me. I asked Polly to look in the pockets of the coat and see if there was a rather large flat envelope there.

"Oh yes," she said, frankly; "we looked at everything, to see if we could find out who you were. Here it is. It's a picture of a young lady."

Again I gazed into the sweet eyes of Alice Marlowe. Again I was strangely drawn to that fair young face. What ag-

ony must I bring into it, when she should learn from me, or others, the fatal mistake! She, of all the world, would know that Number 1523 had proved false. I fancied her reeling backward under the sudden blow, her face growing white and drawn, a look of wild aversion to the innocent impersonator of the man she loved coming into those beautiful eyes.

The coat still lay by me on the bed. Almost without my volition my hand caught the breast pocket and half drew forth her letter. Thank God, there was some decency left in me. I did honor thus far to the dead and the living. I thrust back the letter, unread, unseen, and there it remains to-day.

But what if—if—(the thought would intrude itself upon me in the long hours of night, when I lay there listening to the slow monotonous ticking of the old clock on the corner shelf)—what if, by the rarest, strangest, most improbable possibility, she should be deceived like the college classmate and the doctor? I recollected Hastings's words about his beard and changed looks. In a shaded room, speaking but little, acting a part which I had hitherto repelled, could I—bewildering thought—so continue the deception as to include even the girl he loved, his very betrothed? Weakly I pictured to myself such a meeting and its result. I was swept on by my imagination; I dwelt upon Alice's looks, her fond, trembling anxiety, until I found myself unable to tear her from my thoughts. Horror-stricken at myself, yet unable to resist the flood of happiness the very idea suggested, I discovered an attachment for this absent girl springing up in my heart, taking utter possession of me. The fleeting impression I had received at first sight of her face, of some former accidental meeting, deepened the sensation of having long known and, yes, loved her. For the first time in my life—wounded, weak, perplexed man—I was truly and profoundly in love.

Feeling but too sure of the speedy termination of this new happiness, I gave it full sway, and it filled my heart with the great joy that only a lover knows, even in the face of the almost certain disappointment to follow. Those were happy days for me in the old farm-house.

The whole family were eager to please me, and great was Jed's delight when I called for his "spare suit," and, having

clad myself in it, "received" in the front room where I was domiciled. But the end was near.

One bright April morning I was sitting in the old arm-chair which had been devoted to my special use. As I looked from the window I could see the first tinge of green creeping over the southern slope of the orchard, even while snow-banks lingered behind the straggling stone wall that bounded the road. On the fence before the house a bluebird plaintively "shifted his light load of song" from post to post.

At that moment little Nat, the second son, came running up from the direction of the railroad station, waving an envelope in his hand. A glance and a sick feeling of dread told me it was a telegram. The boy saw me at the window, and motioned to have it raised. I took the despatch, thanking the little bearer, who called out, joyfully, "It's for you, Mr. Hastings!"

I closed the window, and tearing open the brown envelope with a thrust of my finger, as telegrams always are opened, I read these words:

NEW YORK, April 13.

Am on my way to you. Shall arrive tomorrow night. Dear love. ALICE.

It was now the morning of the 14th. "In a few hours," I found myself saying, "my destiny will be decided."

Yes, I had given up the struggle. If, by what should seem hardly less than a miracle, Alice should, like the rest, believe me to be Frank Hastings, I no longer had strength of will to put this bewildering happiness from me. The real lover was dead and could not be harmed, nor could he return to mar my future.

Half unconsciously, during the past week, I had practised various little mannerisms, slight tricks of gesture, which I remembered in my travelling companion. I had even imitated his handwriting, a line of which was on the back of the photograph now in my possession.

The long hours of that April day dragged out their weary length, each an eternity. I had informed the family in the house of the probable arrival of Miss Marlowe, and they were prepared to greet her with enthusiasm.

At a little before eight we heard the rattle of wheels on the bridge over the trout-brook, a quarter of a mile away.

Then the evening was still again. A long, sandy hill intervened between the brook and the edge of the orchard. I drew my breath hard and waited. Again the sound of wheels mingled with hoof-beats, and two voices, one rough and loud, the other so sweet and low that I could scarcely catch its accents.

Nearer and nearer. Now the road was left, and the wagon had turned in upon the little turfed space before the house. It stopped with a loud "Whoa!" and "She's come, mother!" from the driver.

A light rustle of garments, a girlish figure in the doorway. In a moment it was kneeling beside my chair. In a moment those dear arms were around my neck, soft, trembling lips pressed to my own. Over and over again she was murmuring *his* name with infinite tenderness, laying her head on my shoulder, her cheek against mine, stroking my hair, showing me by a hundred soft caresses, like a mother over her child, how dear to her was the man who had vanished from the face of the earth, whom I, wretched being that I was, was falsely impersonating. I could not bear it. I whispered, "Alice—my darling!" again and again, sobbing weakly the while, in an ecstasy of mingled joy and self-contempt.

From innate delicacy the family had at first withdrawn to another part of the house. They now came in and hovered about the new arrival.

"Come right up stairs, dear," said Mrs. Penhallow, hospitably, "and lay off your things. Supper is ready."

Alice rose to her feet, stooped to leave a light kiss upon my guilty forehead, and followed our hostess from the room.

I was stunned by the turn affairs had taken; for in reality I had not been able to convince myself that her woman's heart could mistake, even in the dim, unlighted room, and without hearing a distinctly spoken word from me. But I cared not. There was but one thought—to hold the wealth of love she had brought with her across the broad ocean, to gather it to myself. I was deliciously happy. Some time when I should be carried to the scenes familiar to the daily life of Hastings; when his old friends should greet me; when I should be called upon to take a position in the bank, of the duties of which I knew nothing; when the father of the dead should return from

Europe; nay, when Alice herself, with the old surroundings and in broad daylight should look into my face—the end must surely come, and my proud castle in Spain crumble to dust.

Meanwhile I deliberately resolved to avail myself of every expedient to favor the delusion under which all my friends had thus far labored. I would protract my stay in the country to the last possible day. Alice would become accustomed to me, and when weeks or months thence she should learn of the deception, at first innocent, afterward arising from the honest love I bore her, she might—she might—ah, who could tell what might happen!

She came to me again that night, and, I having suggested that no lights be brought, sat with me and Polly and her mother for a long time, listening to the story of the wreck, in which I made myself play the part of Frank, picturing my real self as a stranger whom I had joined. "And, Alice," I said, "I showed him your picture!"

"Ah, Frank," she exclaimed, shaking her pretty head at me, "how could you do that! What must he think—but, oh, I forgot! Poor fellow! Poor fellow!"

Her compassion gave me a twinge, and, odd as it may seem, a momentary feeling of jealousy toward my other and true self. Was ever a dual existence so doubly interwoven?

"He was only a mill-boy," I went on, to see what she would say. "He had been promoted to the office of the mill within a few months."

"Hush, dear!" said the girl, reprovingly. "Only a mill-boy! That sounds more like Europe than America. But I mustn't begin by scolding you, must I? Oh, Frank, do you know how this sickness has changed you? Perhaps it's partly the beard" (I managed to kiss the tips of her fingers as she stroked it), "but you are so pale and thin. And even your voice sounds strangely."

I quaked exceedingly as she spoke of the change of voice, but was reassured by her very mention of it, as that and other small dissimilarities could easily be laid to the accident and the fortnight's illness following it.

I need not enter into details of the days that succeeded this white one in the calendar of my life. Little by little I spoke with greater freedom, accustomed her

more and more to my looks, my voice, my presence. I took occasion to introduce the slight characteristic gestures I had noticed in the cars so easily and naturally that I almost startled myself. I scribbled little notes in his handwriting under her scrutiny; I alluded to events in his life upon which he had touched.

The success of all this intricate course of deception seemed complete; so that I used grimly to say to myself in the solitude of my chamber, that when Alice should have dismissed me with disdain, I would not return to Lock Haven, but enter upon a career as an actor in some Western theatre.

All this time remorse, self-contempt, silent but terrible upbraiding of conscience, have distilled their bitter drops into the cup of pleasure that has been held to my lips. The advantage I have been taking of the innocent and trusting affection of this girl; receiving her pure caresses and all the love of her fresh young heart, not only never intended for me, but really doubly sacred as the right once held by another, now beyond this life—these considerations brand me in my own eyes as a strange and unholy kind of criminal, the slayer, as I began by saying, of an Identity, living upon the estate of the slain, and receiving, nay soliciting, the fondest affections of those nearest and dearest to my victim.

My God! what shall I do? what shall I do?

I must end this Confession soon, for we cannot linger here beyond a week or two longer at the utmost. Alice and I have walked together day after day, I growing constantly stronger, discarding a cane for her arm, then in my turn assisting her. She has told me long ago of the receipt of the news of the accident by her party in Berlin. At first her parents and Mr. Hastings senior had insisted upon returning at once, but on receipt of a second telegram announcing Frank's safety, and the prospect of his early recovery, she had prevailed upon the others to remain, her own mother being an invalid, and Mr. Hastings being engaged in an important international conference which demanded his daily presence. Fortunately an old school friend of Mrs. Marlowe's was on the point of returning to America, and gladly consented to take Alice under her care.

Later.—This morning Alice alluded, shyly, with the rosiest flush on her sweet face, to *our approaching marriage* next Christmas. What shall I do!

Noon.—A letter from Mr. Hastings, naming next Saturday as the day of his probable arrival at New York. We shall go Friday. Soon all will be over.

I send this to the editor of a publication which I have seen Mrs. Penhallow reading. It is a simple enough home magazine, full of kindly thoughts, as she is. She has been a mother to me in these sad, strange, dreary, golden days. I cannot bear to tell her my story and see her shrink from me; nor would she believe it. I will send it to the little brown-covered magazine, trusting that it will find a kindly welcome, and awaken some response in the heart of him who reads it.

Latest.—We are about to start for "home." I hear Polly's merry laugh, though she had tears in her blue eyes a moment ago from saying good-by to me.

Alice Marlowe is waiting for me at the door; beyond her, my fate.

Alice,—Darling, I am coming to you!
Fate,—I am ready!

Here ends the unsigned manuscript of this unhappy man. Referring to my brief introduction to the Confession, my readers can now understand something of the conflicting emotions which kept me walking the floor until long after midnight after the receipt of it. At one moment I scoffed at the idea that it was more than pure fiction, artfully taking upon itself, as is a popular fashion nowadays, the guise of sober fact. Then the words would start up from the paper, "*My God, what shall I do! What shall I do!*" and I believed that I was listening to the veritable cry of a tormented soul.

Early the next morning I began a practical system of investigation to learn how far, if at all, the story was based upon real occurrences. I found a New York business directory. It contained but few Hastingses, and no one of these was a banker. I ransacked newspaper files for the past two years, but not a railroad accident in northern New England did I find conforming to the description in the mysterious manuscript. There was no such "Identifying Company" in Philadelphia, but there was one in New York. No. 1523 (I managed to find out through a friend of one of the clerks) was

a maiden lady who never stirred from home, but lived in constant fear of railroad disasters. I even wrote to the chief of police at Lock Haven (it is a city, by-the-way, not a town, as the writer states), and met with similar ill success. Then I gave up the problem, preserving the manuscript (unpublished) as a literary curiosity.

Now comes the sequel, resulting in the present publication of the story. About six months ago I was visiting a bachelor friend in Hartford, a classmate of mine, who, after graduating from Harvard, studied medicine, and has attained prominence as a skilful specialist in nervous diseases and cases of incipient insanity.

On the second evening of my visit we sat together in his cozy study, smoking our pipes before his blazing wood fire. The subject of conversation drifted into the doctor's specialty, and the odd experiences which had befallen him in his varied practice.

"By-the-way," he said, suddenly, "I had a case not long ago that would have delighted Pythagoras—for a while, at least. A pure instance of metempsychosis."

He hesitated. "I don't want to betray any confidence," he said (he was a model doctor), "but as the parties concerned, the *dramatis personæ*, have all gone abroad, I think I may tell you, not giving any names."

"Go on, old fellow." I began to be interested.

"Well, last year there was a railroad accident on one of the Western roads—in Colorado, I think it was—resulting in a whole carful of wounded, and a dozen or more passengers killed outright. A young fellow that lived not a thousand miles from Hartford, travelling to California on the train, was badly shaken up in that accident. Some people near by took care of him, and the young lady he was engaged to—a friend of mine, by-the-way—came home from Europe and went out there on purpose to nurse him. Now comes the queer part of the story. He came back to Hartford with her about six weeks later. The very day he arrived he came to my office, and in this very room confessed to me that he was—somebody else! Well, what's the matter now?"

"Go on, Dick," I gasped. "I'll supply a few details for your story later."

The doctor looked at me as if I might

need his professional services, but as I only busied myself relighting my pipe, he continued:

"I tried to convince the fellow of his mistake, but he would have it that he was a poor man, acting the part of Kate's (h'm! I didn't mean to let her name slip out!)—well, her lover. Of course he felt mean, especially as he fancied the real one was killed beside him on the same train, the mistake arising in the identification of the bodies in the wreck. I might mention that a bridge had collapsed, and there were steam and fire afterward.

"Well, I found it of no use to argue with my patient; for such in reality I saw him to be. As good luck would have it, his father was expected home from Europe on the *Cephalonia* the very next day. I was tremendously interested in the case, and arranged to be present at the meeting. I gathered that this poor fellow contemplated suicide if the girl should turn him off, so the matter was really a serious one.

"At two in the afternoon a despatch from Boston announced the arrival of the steamer. At five my patient, as white as a ghost, together with Kate, a mutual friend, and myself, were in a private parlor, waiting for the old gentleman's arrival.

"Now I had planned a little scheme of my own for knocking the nonsense out of the young fellow's head. I excused myself for a few minutes, ran down to the station ahead of the train, identified my special passenger almost the moment he alighted, and on the way to the hotel laid the state of affairs before him.

"It was plain, I told him, that his son had suffered a severe shock to his nervous system at the time of the accident. The fact of his badge or ticket from the Identifying Company being found in his hand—he having just before seen it in the possession of the other man—put into his brain the hallucination to which he was now subject. He haddwelt upon this morbidly until he had fully assumed his double identity, and was in a fair way to a desperate course unless he was speedily cured.

"There was no doubt of his real identity," I hastened to add, seeing the deep trouble in the old gentleman's face. I had taken Kate into my confidence that morning, and terribly shocked as she was (for he had never hinted his delusion

to her, it seemed), she asserted that there could be absolutely no doubt that he was truly her lover. She never could have been deceived by appearances, she said (crying too, poor girl!), and I believed her. What woman wouldn't know her lover from a stranger a dozen rods off with her eyes shut?

"In pursuance of my plan I left the father in the hotel rotunda, where crowds were coming and going. Then I asked the son to step out with me a moment, before his father came, on a matter of important business. He followed me without suspicion. We re-entered the rotunda. Mechanically glancing about him, his eye fell upon Mr.—Blank, we'll call him.

"The effect was instantaneous. He staggered as if he had received a blow on the head, rubbed his forehead in a confused way, then ran straight to the old man, and crying out 'Father! Father!' just threw his arms about his neck, and cried so on his shoulder that I really feared for him.

"I got them both into the parlor, and—well, you may guess whether the scene was one for dry eyes.

"My patient was perfectly sane now,

acknowledged with amazement his past hallucination, paid me a handsome fee, and the three went off together; nor have I seen them again from that day to this. I was invited to Kate's wedding a year ago last Christmas, but couldn't leave a patient in a violent ward until it was over. Last winter the whole family went abroad. There, my dear boy, you have the whole story. Now give us your foot-notes, if you can get your eyes down to their natural size again."

I told Dick what I knew of the case, and he agreed with me that it was, all in all, one of the most curious on record. It fairly makes me giddy to try to trace the involutions of the double self-deception of young "Hastings," as he called himself in the manuscript. All's well that ends well, and my friend Dick may congratulate himself on having averted a fearful crisis and restored happiness to a most worthy young man and his bride.

L'ENVOI.

Is it possible that the doctor himself was deceived by a skilful piece of acting, and that it was *not* the real son, after all?

DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

OF the generation of American statesmen that followed those of the Revolutionary period few will live as long in the memory of the people, and none as long in the literature of the country, as Daniel Webster. His figure rises above the level of his time like a monument of colossal proportions. He was a child of the war of Independence, born in 1782. His father, a Puritan of stern and sterling character, had, as a backwoods farmer in New Hampshire, been an Indian-fighter while New England had an Indian frontier, a soldier in the French war, and a captain in the Revolutionary army. His high standing among his neighbors made him a judge of the local court. Ambitious for his children, he strained his scanty means to the utmost to give his son the best education within reach, first at Exeter Academy, then at Dartmouth College. From his earliest days Daniel was petted by good fortune. His seemingly delicate health, his genial na-

ture, and his promising looks put, in the family circle, everybody at his service, even at personal sacrifice; and such sacrifice by others he became gradually accustomed to expect, as a prince expects homage.

At the academy and the college he shone not by phenomenal precocity, but by rapid progress in the studies he liked—Latin, literature, and history. He did not excel in the qualities of the genuine scholar—patient and thorough research and the eager pursuit of knowledge for its own sake; but he was a voracious reader, assimilating easily what he read by dint of a strong memory and of serious reflection, and soon developed the faculty of making the most of what he knew by clear, vigorous, affluent, and impressive utterance. At an early age, too, he commanded attention by a singular charm of presence, to which his great dark eyes contributed not a little, and, notwithstanding his high animal spirits, by a

striking dignity of carriage and demeanor—traits which gradually matured into that singularly imposing personality, the effect of which is described by his contemporaries in language almost extravagant, borrowing its similes from kings, cathedrals, and mountain-peaks.

His conspicuous power of speech caused him, even during his college days, to be drawn upon for orations on the Fourth of July and other festive days. The same faculty, re-enforced by his virtue of knowing what he knew, gave him, after he had gone through the usual course of law study, early successes at the bar, which soon carried him from the field of legal practice into political life. He inherited Federalism from his father, and naturally accepted it, because he was a conservative by instinct and temperament. Existing things had a *prima facie* claim upon his respect and support because they existed. He followed his party with fidelity, sometimes at the expense of his reason and logic, but without the narrow-mindedness of a proscriptive partisan spirit. In the excited discussions which preceded and accompanied the war of 1812 he took an active part as a public speaker and a pamphleteer. Something happened then, at the very beginning of his public career, that revealed in strong light the elements of strength as well as those of weakness in his nature. In a speech on the Fourth of July, 1812, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, he set forth in vigorous language his opposition to the war policy of the administration; but with equal emphasis he also declared that the remedy lay not in lawless resistance, but only in "the exercise of the constitutional right of suffrage"—a proposition then by no means popular with the extreme Federalists of New England. A few weeks later he was appointed by a local mass convention of Federalists to write an address on the same subject, which became widely known as the "Rockingham Memorial." In it he set forth with signal force the complaints of his party, but, as to the remedy, he consented to give voice to the sense of the meeting by a thinly veiled threat of secession and a hint on the possibility of a dissolution of the Union. In the first case he expressed his own opinions as a statesman and a patriot; in the second he accepted the opinions of those around him as his own, and spoke with equal ability

and vigor as the mouth-piece or attorney of others—a double character destined to reappear from time to time in his public life with puzzling effect.

New Hampshire sent him to Congress, where he took his seat in the House of Representatives in May, 1813. He soon won a place in the front rank of debaters, especially on questions of finance. But the two terms during which he represented a New Hampshire constituency were a mere prelude to his great political career. In 1817 he left Congress to give himself to his legal practice, which gained much in distinction and lucrativeness by his removal to Boston. He rose rapidly to national eminence as a practitioner in the Federal as well as the State tribunals. It was there that he won peculiar lustre through his memorable argument in the famous Dartmouth College case before the Federal Supreme Court, which fascinated John Marshall on the bench, and moved to tears the thronged audience in the court-room. It left Webster with no superior and with few rivals at the American bar. It may be questioned whether he was a great lawyer in the highest sense. There were others whose knowledge was larger and more thorough, and whose legal opinion carried greater authority. But hardly any of these surpassed him in the faculty of seizing with instinctive sureness of grasp the vital point of a cause, of endowing mere statement with the power of demonstration, of marshalling facts and arguments in massive array for concentric attack on the decisive point, of moving the feelings together with the understanding by appeals of singular magic, and also of so assimilating and using the work of others as if it had been his own. Adding to all this the charm of that imposing personality which made every word falling from his lips sound as if it were entitled to far more than ordinary respect, he could not fail to win brilliant successes. He was engaged in many of the most important and celebrated cases of his time—some then celebrated and still remembered because of the part he played in them.

In Boston Webster found a thoroughly congenial home. Its history and traditions, its wealth and commercial activity, the high character of its citizenship, the academic atmosphere created by its institutions of learning, the refined tone of its social circles, the fame of its public

men, made the Boston of that period, in the main attributes of civilized life, the foremost city in the United States. Boston society received Webster with open arms, and presently he became, in an almost unexampled measure, its idol. Together with the most distinguished personages of the State, among them the venerable John Adams, he was elected a member of the convention called to revise the State Constitution, where, as the champion of conservative principles, he advocated and carried the proposition that the State Senate should remain the representative of property. When, in 1820, the day arrived for the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, it was he whom the public voice designated as the orator of the day. The oration, with its historical picturesqueness, its richness of thought and reasoning, its broad sweep of contemplation, and the noble and magnificent simplicity of its eloquence, was in itself an event. No literary production of the period in America achieved greater renown. From that time on Massachusetts loved to exhibit herself in his person on occasions of state, and, in preference to all others, Webster was her spokesman when she commemorated the great events of her history. As such he produced a series of addresses—at the laying of the corner-stone and, later, at the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, on the death of John Adams and of Thomas Jefferson, and on other occasions—which his contemporaries acclaimed as ranking with the greatest oratorical achievements of antiquity.

Webster soon appeared in Congress again, first in 1823, in the House of Representatives, as the member from the Boston district, and a few years later in the Senate. Then began the most brilliant part of his political career. It was the period when the component elements of the old political parties, the Federalists and the Republicans, became intermingled, when old party issues vanished, and when new questions, or rather old questions in new shapes and relations, caused new groupings of men to be formed. In the confusion of the political and personal conflicts which characterized the so-called "era of good feeling," and which immediately followed it, Webster became a supporter of the administration of John Quincy Adams, and, as

an old Federalist and conservative, was naturally attracted by that combination of political forces which subsequently organized itself as the Whig party.

In the House of Representatives he attracted the attention of the world abroad by a stinging philippic against the "Holy Alliance," in a eulogy on the Greek revolution, and by a sober exposition of the Monroe doctrine in a speech on the famous Panama mission. But his most remarkable achievement was an argument against Henry Clay's "American system," tariff protection as a policy—the very policy which was destined to become the corner-stone of the Whig platform. Webster's free-trade speech—for so it may be called—summed up and amplified the views he had already expressed on previous occasions, in a presentation of fundamental principles so broad and clear, with a display of knowledge so rich and accurate, and an analysis of facts and theories so keen and thorough, that it stands unsurpassed in our political literature, and may still serve as a text-book to students of economic science. But Clay's tariff was adopted nevertheless, and four years later Webster abandoned many of his own conclusions, on the ground that in the mean time New England, accepting protection as the established policy of the country, had invested much capital in manufacturing enterprises, the success of which depended upon the maintenance of the protective policy, and should therefore not be left in the lurch. For this reason he became a protectionist. This plea appeared again and again in his high-tariff speeches which followed; but he never attempted to deny or shake the broad principles so strongly set forth in his great argument of 1824.

Webster reached the highest point of his power and fame when, in 1830, he gave voice, as no one else could, to the national consciousness of the American people. Before the war of 1812 the Union had been looked upon by many thoughtful and patriotic Americans as an experiment—a promising one, indeed, but of uncertain issue. Whether it would be able to endure the strain of divergent local interests, feelings, and aspirations, and whether its component parts would continue in the desire permanently to remain together in one political structure, were still matters of doubt and speculation. The results of the war of 1812 did

much to inspire the American heart with a glow of pride in the great common country, with confident anticipations of its high destinies, and with an instinctive feeling that the greatness of the country and the splendors of its destinies depended altogether upon the permanency of the Union. The original theory that the Constitution of the United States was a mere compact of partnership between independent and sovereign commonwealths, to be dissolved at will, whatever historical foundation it may have had, yielded to an overruling sentiment of a common nationality.

This sentiment was affronted by the nullification movement in South Carolina, which, under the guise of resistance to the high tariff of 1828, sought to erect a bulwark for slavery through the enforcement of the doctrine that a State by its sovereign action could overrule a Federal law, and might, as a last resort, legally withdraw from the "Federal compact." Against this assumption Webster rose up in his might like Samson going forth against the Philistines. In his famous "Reply to Hayne" he struck down the doctrine of the legality of State resistance and of secession with blows so crushing, and maintained the supremacy of the Federal authority in its sphere and the indissolubility of the Union with an eloquence so grand and triumphant, that as his words went over the land the national heart bounded with joy, and broke out in enthusiastic acclamations. At that moment Webster stood before the world as the first of living Americans. Nor was this the mere sensation of a day. His "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever!" remained the watchword of American patriotism, and still reverberated thirty years later in the thunders of the civil war. That glorious epoch continues to hold the first place among the monuments of American oratory.

In the contest against the nullification movement in South Carolina, Webster firmly maintained, against Henry Clay's compromise policy, that, wherever the national authority was lawlessly set at defiance, peace should never be purchased by concession to the challengers, and that it was time to "test the strength of the government." He therefore sturdily supported President Jackson's "force bill," although the administration of that doughty

warrior was otherwise most uncongenial to him. But when the compromise had actually been adopted, he dropped back into the party line behind Clay's leadership, which he thenceforth never again forsook. There was an element of indolence in his nature, which it needed strong impulses to overcome so as to set the vast machinery of his mind in full motion. Such an impulse was furnished again by Jackson's attack on the United States Bank, and by other somewhat autocratic financial measures. Webster opposed this policy in a series of speeches on currency and banking, which deserve very high rank in the literature of that branch of economics. They were not free from partisan bias in the specific application of those fundamental principles of which Webster had such a masterly grasp; but, notwithstanding this, his deep insight into the nature and conditions of credit, and his thorough study and profound judgment of the functions of banking, made him an invaluable teacher of the science of public finance. Nobody has ever depicted the vices and dangers inherent in an unsound currency, and the necessity of grounding the monetary system upon a firm basis of value, with greater force and more convincing lucidity.

But in spite of the brilliancy and strength of his efforts in opposing Jackson's wilful and erratic policies, Webster never became the real leader of the Whig party. Although he was greatly the superior of Clay in wealth of knowledge, in depth of thought, in statesman-like breadth of view, in solidity of reasoning power, and in argumentative eloquence, he fell far behind him in those attributes which in contests for general leadership are apt to turn the scale—the spirit of initiative, force of will, that sincere self-confidence which extorts confidence from others, bold self-assertion in doubtful situations, and constant alertness in watching and directing the details of political movements. Clay, therefore, remained the general leader of the Whig party, while Webster, with New England at his back, stood now by his side, now behind him, as in feudal times a great duke, rich in treasure and lands and retainers, himself of royal blood, may have stood now behind, now by the side of his king.

Unhappily for himself, Webster was not

satisfied with the theatre of action on which his abilities fitted him for the greatest service, and on which he achieved his highest renown. At a comparatively early period of his career he ardently wished to be sent as minister to England, and he bore a grudge to John Quincy Adams for his failure to gratify that desire. Ever since his "Reply to Hayne" had made his name a household word in the country an ungovernable longing possessed him to be President of the United States. The morbid craving commonly called "the Presidential fever" developed in him, as it became chronic, its most distressing forms, disordering his ambition, unsettling his judgment, and warping his statesmanship. His imagination always saw the coveted prize within his grasp, which in reality it never was. He lacked the sort of popularity which, since the administration of John Quincy Adams, seemed to be required for a Presidential candidacy. He travelled over the land, South and North and East and West, to manufacture it for himself, but in vain. The people looked at him with awe and listened to him with rapture and wonder, but as to the Presidency the fancy and favor of the politicians, as well as of the masses, obstinately ran to other men. So it was again and again. Clay, too, was unfortunate as a Presidential candidate. But he could have at least the nomination of his party so long as there appeared to be any hope for his election. Webster was denied even that. The vote for him in the party conventions was always distressingly small, usually confined to New England, or only a part of it. Yet he never ceased to hope against hope, and thus to invite more and more galling disappointments. To Henry Clay he could yield without humiliation; but when he saw his party prefer to himself, not once, but twice and three times, men of only military fame, without any political significance whatever, his mortification was so keen that, in the bitterness of his soul, he twice openly protested against the result. Worse than all this, he had to meet the fate—a fate not uncommon with chronic Presidential candidates—to see the most important and most questionable act of his last years attributed to his inordinate craving for the elusive prize.

The cause of this steady succession of failures may have been partly that the

people found him too unlike themselves—too unfamiliar to the popular heart—and partly that the party managers shrunk from nominating him because they saw in him not only a giant, but a very vulnerable giant, who would not "wear well" as a candidate. They had, indeed, reason to fear the discussions to which in an excited canvass his private character would be subjected. Of his moral failings those relating to money were the most notorious and the most offensive to the moral sense of the plain people. In the course of his public life he became accustomed not only to the adulation but also to the material generosity of his followers. Great as his professional income was, his prodigality went far beyond his means, and the recklessness with which he borrowed and forgot to return betrayed an utter insensibility to pecuniary obligation. With the coolest nonchalance he spent the money of his friends and left to them his debts for payment. This habit increased as he grew older, and severely tested the endurance of his admirers. So grave a departure from the principles of common honesty could not fail to cast a dark shadow upon his character, and it is not strange that the cloud of distrust should have spread from his private to his public morals. The charge was made that he stood in the Senate advocating high tariffs as the paid attorney of the manufacturers of New England. It was met by the answer that so great a man would not sell himself. This should have been enough. Nevertheless, his defenders were grievously embarrassed when the fact was pointed out that it was, after all, in great part the money of the rich manufacturers and bankers that stocked his farm, furnished his house, supplied his table, and paid his bills. A man less great could hardly have long sustained himself in public life under such a burden of suspicion. That Daniel Webster did sustain himself is a striking proof of the strength of his prestige. But his moral failings cost him the noblest fruit of great service—an unbounded public confidence.

Although disappointed in his own expectations, he vigorously supported General Harrison for the Presidency in the campaign of 1840, and in 1841 was made Secretary of State. He remained in that office until he had concluded the famous Ashburton Treaty, under the administra-

tion of President Tyler, who turned against the Whig policies. After his resignation he was again elected to the Senate. Then a fateful crisis in his career approached.

The annexation of Texas, the Mexican war, and the acquisition of territory on our southern and western border brought the slavery question sharply into the foreground. Webster had always, when occasion called for a demonstration of sentiment, denounced slavery as a great moral and political evil, and although affirming that under the Constitution it could not be touched by the action of the general government in the States in which it existed, declared himself against its extension. He had opposed the annexation of Texas, the war against Mexico, and the enlargement of the republic by conquest. But while he did not abandon his position concerning slavery, his tone in maintaining it grew gradually milder. The impression gained ground that as a standing candidate for the Presidency he became more and more anxious to conciliate Southern opinion.

Then the day came that tried men's souls. The slave power had favored war and conquest, hoping that the newly acquired territory would furnish more slave States and more Senators in its interest. That hope was cruelly dashed when California presented herself for admission into the Union with a State Constitution excluding slavery from her soil. To the slave power this was a stunning blow. It had fought for more slave States and conquered for more free States. The admission of California would hopelessly destroy the balance of power between freedom and slavery in the Senate. The country soon was ablaze with excitement. In the North the antislavery feeling ran high. The "fire-eaters" of the South, exasperated beyond measure by their disappointment, vociferously threatened to disrupt the Union. Henry Clay, true to his record, hoped to avert the danger by a compromise. He sought to reconcile the South to the inevitable admission of California by certain concessions to slavery, among them the ill-famed and ill-fated Fugitive Slave Law—a law offensive not only to antislavery sentiment, but also to the common impulses of humanity and to the pride of manhood.

Webster had to choose. The antislavery men of New England, and even many of

his conservative friends, hoped and expected that he would again, as he had done in nullification times, proudly plant the Union flag in the face of a disunion threat, with a defiant refusal of concession to a rebellious spirit, and give voice to the moral sense of the North. But Webster chose otherwise. On the 7th of March, 1850, he spoke in the Senate. The whole country listened with bated breath. While denouncing secession and pleading for the Union in glowing periods, he spoke of slavery in regretful but almost apologetic accents, upbraided the abolitionists as mischievous marplots, earnestly advocated the compromise, and commended that feature of it which was most odious to Northern sentiment—the Fugitive Slave Law.

From this "Seventh of March Speech"—by that name it has passed into history—Webster never recovered. It stood in too striking a contrast to the "Reply to Hayne." There was, indeed, still the same lucid comprehensiveness of statement. The heavy battalions of argument marched with the same massive tread. But there was lacking that which had been the great inspiration of the "Reply to Hayne"—the triumphant consciousness of being right. The effect of the speech corresponded to its character. Southern men welcomed it as a sign of Northern submissiveness, but it did not go far enough to satisfy them. The impression it made upon the antislavery people of the North was painful in the extreme. They saw in it "the fall of an archangel." Many of them denounced it as the treacherous bid of a Presidential candidate for Southern favor. Their reproaches varied from the indignant murmur to the shrillest note of execration. Persons less interested or excited looked up at the colossal figure of the old hero of "Liberty and Union" with a sort of bewildered dismay, as if something unnatural and portentous had happened to him. Even many of his stanchest adherents among the conservative Whigs stood at first stunned and perplexed, needing some time to gather themselves up for his defence.

This was not surprising. Henry Clay could plan and advocate the compromise of 1850 without loss of character. Although a man of antislavery instincts, he was himself a slaveholder representing a slave-holding community—a com-

promise in his very being; and compromise had always been the vital feature of his statesmanship. But Webster could not apologize for slavery, and in its behalf approve compromise and concession in the face of disunion threats, without turning his back upon the most illustrious feat of his public life. Injustice may have been done to him by the assailants of his motives, but it can hardly be denied that the evidence of circumstances stood glaringly against him. He himself was ill at ease. The virulent epithets and sneers with which he thenceforth aspersed antislavery principles and antislavery men, contrasting strangely with the stately decorum he had always cultivated in his public utterances, betrayed the bitterness of a troubled soul.

The 7th-of-March speech, and the series of addresses with which he sought to set right and fortify the position he had taken, helped greatly in inducing both political parties to accept the compromise of 1850, and also in checking, at least for the time being, the antislavery movement in the Northern States. But they could not kill that movement, nor could they prevent the coming of the final crisis. They did, however, render him acceptable to the slave power when, after the death of General Taylor, President Fillmore made him Secretary of State. Once more he stirred the people's heart by a note addressed to the Chevalier Hülsemann, the Austrian chargé d'affaires, in which, defending the mission of a special agent to inquire into the state of the Hungarian insurrection, he proudly justified the conduct of the government, pointed exultingly to the greatness of the republic, and vigorously vindicated the sympathies of the American people with every advance of free institutions the world over. The whole people applauded, and this was to him the last flash of popularity.

In 1852 his hope to attain the Whig nomination for the Presidency rose to the highest pitch, although his prospects were darker than ever. But he had reached the age of seventy; this was his last chance, and he clung to it with desperate eagerness. He firmly counted upon receiving in the convention a large number of Southern votes; he received not one. His defeat could hardly have been more overwhelming. The nomination fell to General Scott. In the agony of his disappointment Webster advised his

friends to vote for the Democratic candidate, Franklin Pierce. In 1848 he had declared General Taylor's nomination to be one "not fit to be made"; but, after all, he had supported it. Then he still saw a possibility for himself ahead. In 1852, the last hope having vanished, he punished his party for having refused him what he thought his due by openly declaring for the opposition. The reasons he gave for this extreme step were neither tenable nor even plausible. It was a wail of utter despair.

His health had for some time been failing, and the shock which his defeat gave him aggravated his ailment. On the morning of October 24, 1852, he died. Henry Clay's death had preceded his by four months. The month following saw the final discomfiture of the Whig party. The very effort of its chiefs to hold it together and to preserve the Union by concessions to slavery disrupted it so thoroughly that it could never again rally. Its very name soon disappeared. Less than two years after Webster's death the whole policy of compromise broke down in total collapse. Massachusetts herself had risen against it, and in Webster's seat in the Senate sat Charles Sumner, the very embodiment of the uncompromising antislavery conscience. The "irrepressible conflict" between freedom and slavery rudely swept aside all other politics and filled the stage. The thunder-clouds of the coming civil war loomed darkly above the horizon.

In the turmoils that followed, all of Webster's work sank into temporary oblivion, except his greatest and best. The echoes of the "Reply to Hayne" awoke again. "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever!" became not merely the watchword of a party, but the battle-cry of armed hosts. "I still live," had been his last words on his death-bed. Indeed, he still lived in his noblest achievement, and thus he will long continue to live.

Over Webster's grave there was much heated dispute as to the place he would occupy in the history of his country. Many of those who had idolized him during his life extolled him still more after his death as the demigod whose greatness put all his motives and acts above criticism, and whose genius excused all human frailties. Others, still feeling the smart of the disappointment which that fatal

7th of March had given them, would see in him nothing but rare gifts and great opportunities prostituted by vulgar appetites and a selfish ambition. The present generation, remote from the struggles and passions of those days, will be more impartial in its judgment. Looking back upon the time in which he lived, it beholds his statuesque form towering with strange grandeur among his contemporaries—huge in his strength, and huge also in his weaknesses and faults; not, indeed, an originator of policies or measures, but a marvellous expounder of principles, laws, and facts, who illumined every topic of public concern he touched with the light of a sovereign intelligence and vast knowledge; who by overpowering argument riveted around the Union unbreakable bonds of constitutional doctrine; who awakened to new life and animated with invincible vigor the national spirit; who left to his countrymen and to the world invaluable lessons of statesmanship, right, and patriotism, in language of grand simplicity and prodigiously forceful clearness; and who might stand as its greatest man in the political history of America had he been a master character as he was a master-mind.

A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE FIELDS.

BY EDNAH PROCTOR CLARKE.

WHO'S roistering down the orchard
There where the clover thins?
Some rascal's deep in liquor
And chuckling o'er his sins.

Hark! where the hedge-rose blushes
Dost hear the cannikin clink?
Dost hear the flagon's gurgling:
"Bubble-link—bubble-link—bubble-link"?

Eh!—but the rogue is tipsy!—
The wine's upon his lips!—
What madrigal o' joyance
Betwixt the bubbling slips!

Nay, Gossip,—thou misjudgest,—
Look, where the grass tilts down,
In pilgrim cowl and cassock,
With legs o' buskined brown,

A saintly palmer chaunteth,—
From South to North he fares,—
A black-and-white Dominican
Who feeds on rice—and prayers.

Ods faith! That scamp a pilgrim?
Then Joy doth trudge with him,
And all the beads he telleth
Slip at the beaker's brim.

An "Ave" wouldst thou name it,
His maudlin, juggling tune?—
He's emptied every pottle
That e'er was flasked in June!

The ranty Roister Doister,
Misgrace to cowl and cope!—
Ah!—list!—had I his tippie,
I would not be the Pope!

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

I HAVE been travelling in New England. It cannot be said that the doughnut is what it once was. It was my duty many years ago to trace the great Pie Line, or rather the line of Perpetual Pie. South of its irregular course—a sort of isothermal line—the pie was irregular and sporadic. It was not eaten uniformly at breakfast. The habitat of the doughnut could never be so accurately defined. There were certain strongholds where it could be best studied and indigested, but it was difficult to assign geographical limits to its constant appearance. Wherever the New England emigrants went they carried the doughnut; but it began to be modified. Flirtation with the Dutch cruller changed it here and there.

The time has not come for a historical paper on the Decline of the Doughnut in its original home, but a decline is to be noted. It is of no use to sugar it over; sugaring over does not make a doughnut. The essential quality lies deeper. It must command respect. The trifling way in which the doughnut has been spoken of for a generation has had its effect. Scepticism withers its object. Nothing can flourish that is not esteemed. Faith went into the old doughnut; sometimes jelly also, as a supreme act of affection for the domestic idol. You must believe in the doughnut before you can make it. You must believe in the doughnut before you can eat it. And after that you must believe in a power higher than yourself that works in you for righteousness.

With the doughnut in its integrity and unquestioned place in daily life has gone religion. Of course the form remains in both cases. When I say religion I mean the Puritan, that was able to conceive and eat the doughnut. If theological discussion were permitted here, it might be argued that Unitarianism could never have originated the doughnut. I would not push this matter so far as to be fanciful, nor any further than is necessary to trace the relation of the doughnut, raised or stirred, to the old order. In my conception of this old order, if your belief

were right, it did not matter much what you ate. Ever-present duty did not concern itself with the body. That concerned the spirit only. The clarity of the spirit was not supposed to be related to the soundness and sanity of the body. The relation of dyspepsia to the higher life was never studied. There was affectionate anxiety about the health of our dear ones, but this was not in relation to the spiritual condition of the one afflicted. The effect of diet upon temperament, upon kindly feeling, upon character, was not much considered; its relation to a religious life not at all. And, indeed, there were shining instances of great spirituality in the most infirm bodily conditions. It was thought to shine out with special brilliance in infirmities. And these cases led to the notion that there might be a necessary connection between bodily incapacity and spiritual growth. And this may have led to the further deduction that there was no necessary connection between bad cooking and ill temper, "crossness," "glumness," sullenness, curt speech, forbidding reserve, and a dull household.

From one point of view there was a certain nobility in this disregard of the physical side. There was something of martyrdom in it, viewing the battle of life as a means of subduing physical energy for the sake of spiritual elevation. And there is immense pathos in the sight of the companies and regiments of young girls, of the graceful years of sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen, who marched down into New England graveyards, winsome creatures as they seem to us in the single-line inscriptions on the old tombstones. The joys of life that might have been were sacrificed for a poetic memory of maidenhood.

Of course there is another side of this change which the philosophic observer sees in New England. If the physical life is more abounding and more cared for, if there is more enlightenment in a way, there is a certain disorganization and flying from a centre. Religions and sects and fads have multiplied, and there is a revival of superstitions and occultisms already deemed outworn in the

Middle Ages. Society becomes not only emancipated but tangential. Spiritism, theosophy, mind-reading, mind-cure, Christian science, thought-transfer, telepathy, astrology, all the whims of a stimulated body and an unanchored mind, flourish in the very centre where the Puritan fried his meat and his doughnuts and believed in God. The pursuit of happiness, formulated by Rousseau and enunciated in our Declaration, has become the object of life. Not duty but amusement is the end and endeavor. Socialism and a modified paternalism insensibly shape even legislation, and replace the old and stern Puritan individualism. We are going along, whither no one knows exactly, but going by trolley, by bicycle, on excursions, in pursuit of entertainment and enjoyment, every day more and more enlightened, more and more scientific, more and more superstitious, every day new wants, new means of satisfying them, new comforts, wider experiences, women acting like men, and some men acting like women, in the discovery of new nerves that are sources of torture, all society in a whirl, in a sort of expectancy, and going along no doubt into a glorious future. It is a most interesting and exhilarating spectacle! And yet the antiquated observer wonders whether the glorious future will be any better for the individual soul than the old order that was anchored on the doughnut. Agamemnon was a brave man, and Penelope was a charming woman.

II.

The critic who likes to classify everything as to its genre and its era must be puzzled to determine what the modern school of fiction is; what is its prevailing note. The reader who is not critical doubtless congratulates himself that there are current and always produced almost as many sorts of fiction as there are individual tastes. It is an open market, and the buyers are not all discriminating. It is not safe to say that a novel will sell well because it is good, nor that it is good because it sells well. We try to separate novels into classes—the romantic, the naturalistic, the realistic, the sentimental, the historic, the domestic—and we say that at a particular time or in one age the tendency is to this or that class. Some critics believe that the novel is constantly developing, and that it has an

ideal standard, toward which it is moving. All agree that its object is to depict life, and many think that this object is being realized in our day, and that most previous fiction is false in its attitude. Now I should like to know what is the dominant character of current fiction, judged either by accepted rules of literary criticism, or estimated by the novels that are most popular. Within the year three notable works of fiction have appeared, which have been widely read and acclaimed, which are called masterpieces by different sets of readers, and which differ from each other in literary workmanship, in the attitude to life, and in tendency as much as it is possible for combinations of words to differ. These novels are *The Landlord of Lion's Head*, by William Dean Howells; *Captains Courageous*, by Rudyard Kipling; and *The Christian*, by Hall Caine. If reports are true the last of these has received the greatest pecuniary reward, and had an instant phenomenal sale. Taking into view this fact, the examination of these novels would be an interesting test of the popular taste, but the examination affords also a good study of different kinds of fiction.

Mr. Howells has done nothing for many years past so entirely satisfactory as *The Landlord of Lion's Head*. The reader recognizes all through the master hand. It is conspicuous for its maturity. There is no experimenting and prentice hand about this work. The touch is always that of the artist, and the touch is sure. The result is the ripened observation of certain phases of New England life. No situation is forced, either to attract the attention of the reader or to make the plot effective. The rural scenes and characters appear in the dry light of New Hampshire atmosphere, with as little exaggeration as the humble scenes of Teniers, but yet with a genial breadth and sympathy. The author has the extraordinary skill to make us see the landscape and the people as he saw them. The illusion is perfect. And it is not merely the outside of the people we see. We know their inmost character. They are by no means all attractive, but they exist, and the author has the art to make us believe that he met them and became acquainted with them and did not invent them for the sake of a story. There has not been drawn anywhere in fiction re-

cently a person so "convincing," so absolutely of the soil and the isolated country life as the rural philosopher Whitwell, with his great mind working in a vacuum, his sweet temper, his childlike reliance on planchette, his vast cosmic emptiness. And he is a fair type of our country egotism in isolation. A most delightful man. We never get enough of him. It was inevitable that the book should be a satire on the evolution of the summer resort and the summer boarder, but it is well that this phase of our life, so vulgar at many points, should have its competent historian. All this is perfectly grasped and exhibited without the least self-consciousness. The treatment of Harvard is less perfectly realized; the satire is more obvious and external. But the whole book is eminently readable; every page is enjoyable; the reader surrenders himself gladly to the company of such a master—to the unfailing charm of his style, to his witty and wise view of life, to the story which moves with certitude. I do not know that it has any obvious purpose, except to show that an ignoble boy will become an ignoble man. All the culture of Harvard cannot change that. The hero is, however, an individual creation; he is true to himself, but he is not typical. It is common in this country for men who achieve distinction to arise out of humble and sometimes sordid conditions; the country-bred boy becomes the college professor, the statesman, the great lawyer, even a leader of fashion. He makes his way to wealth and notoriety, often to a noble career, out of situations in youth where there is no culture and little refinement. In fact, he becomes civilized, in himself, in his associations, in his standing. He may be universally accepted as a man of culture. This happens so commonly as to be almost a rule in our life. I do not know, however, that a vulgar beginning is ever actually effaced. At times, in moments, out of the most careful circumspection and training, the man may drop back into the habits, the speech, the manners of his youth. But Mr. Howells is not to blame for not making a passable product of civilization out of his landlord. Nobody could have done it. The novel is faithfully and delightfully realistic, but in some respects, if it is to be classified, it belongs to an old school. The author is not detached from it. The view of New

England life is his view. If the opinions expressed by the characters are not his opinions (and they generally are not), it is he, visibly, who helps them to express themselves. I can hardly think of any of them and not see Mr. Howells looking at them and estimating them, if not sympathizing with them. I am not saying this by way of criticism. It is one way of writing fiction, and a way that has the highest sanction. I feel, and I like to feel, the personality of Mr. Howells in the book. He adds a very genuine value to it. I can see him with a kindly and tolerant smile regarding this life which he is depicting. So little detachment is there that I could fancy that he inspired some of the remarks of his characters, if I did not know that he has really found out what they are likely to say and do under all circumstances. They are not puppets. Not at all. They are themselves. But Howells is there, all the same, not always even wearing the mask of a conductor. Let me not be misunderstood. This life is what we have all seen; the characters are real, they are "convincing." But when I have finished the story I know also what Mr. Howells thinks of this little, serious, trifling, fleeting show. And this also is worth while. It is an added gain to know how life appears to such a veteran and competent observer. That is the charm of much of the best fiction in the world. It is conveyed in the author's personality, and not by barefaced moralizing.

III.

When we turn to *Captains Courageous* we find work of a totally different sort. There is an obvious difference, in that one is a society "novel," with more or less psychological analysis, and the other is a "story," without any problem or perplexity. In one mood the reader might prefer one, and in another mood the other. Literature could not spare either sort. But the main distinction is in the detachment of the writer from his work, in Mr. Kipling's case. In reading the story you do not think of the author, or of any author. It might have written itself. The printed pages give you a piece of life at first hand, with no apparent intervention of a creator or an exhibitor. It was the counsel of a wise father to the foremost interpreter of New England character: "Don't write about it. Write it." How this injunction was obeyed

can be seen in *The Country of the Pointed Firs*. Mr. Kipling has not written about Gloucester fishermen and the life among the fogs and fish on the Grand Banks; he has written them. The fiction is exhibited with as much detachment from the writer as if it were thrown upon a screen on the wall. The reader is there and sees the people for himself, and does not think that any one is pointing them out or commenting on them. While he is in their company, seeing what they do and hearing what they say, he does not think of Mr. Kipling. And yet you would know that this was Mr. Kipling's work. Yes. It could not be by any other living writer. It has the stamp of his vigor of conception, lucidity of expression, directness of purpose, intimate knowledge of the matter in hand to the minutest details. Here is a genius who has taken pains. Zola himself, with all his show of detail, does not study his subject with such penetrating painstaking. In fact, Kipling is an absolute realist who knows the difference in a work of art between the important and the unimportant. And he exhibits his moral purpose, not in homilies, but in his act of selection and exclusion. Zola gives you the impression of his cleverness in delving into the recesses of life, many of them foul. Kipling gives you the life itself, all that is fit to be exhibited, without the disillusionary feeling that the exhibition is for the purpose of producing an effect upon you. Absorbed as you may be in Zola's fascinating descriptions, you do not believe him. You can see the loom in which he is weaving his brilliant pattern, and when the web is off you know that it is a manufactured article. In *Captains Courageous* it does not occur to you to doubt that you are in the presence of actual life. Many writers, among them successful writers, take themselves very seriously, and seem to fancy that that will convince the public. Mr. Kipling's distinction is that he takes his work seriously, with little apparent thought of himself. In this story his detachment is as complete from his work as it is from the dialogue of the locomotives in "No. 007," or from the economy of animal life in the *Jungle Book*. In nothing is the saving good sense of this author more apparent than in the ending of *Captains Courageous*. There was an open temptation to end it with a flourish, to satisfy a

certain public taste for what is called "poetic justice." I know a distinguished novelist who would have inevitably turned it into a very cheerful melodrama. Everybody would have been rewarded. Millions would have been lavished right and left on the humble characters. The old captain would have had a magnificent steam fishing-vessel. Gloucester would have been robbed of all its simplicity for the sake of a dashing effect. Another story-teller would have darkened it with a doleful tragedy, so as to have "consecrated" it forever in tears. Mr. Kipling, with a profounder knowledge of the world, simply leaves matters as they were. No character is ruined by mistaken philanthropy. Nobody is corrupted by sudden affluence. A chance is given for a good boy to make his way in his legitimate calling. That is all. There is no confounding of the plain duties of life. The fishermen are still groping about in the fog of the Banks, contented with their philosophy of life; the millionaire is no doubt still rushing over the continent, express, in his gilded car. But, behold! a lesson has been given, classes alien have been brought into touch and sympathy; both understand life better than they did, and there is a glimpse of that underlying sweet spirit of humanity which is slowly making itself felt in the modern world.

IV.

The Christian, by Mr. Hall Caine, takes us into a totally different world of fiction from the other two. It need not be considered here in contrast but for the evidence of its great popularity. Any work is worth studying which apparently has the approval of the majority of the reading public, even if it is sure that this approval can only be temporary. The popularity of *The Christian* throws much light upon contemporary taste. Mr. Caine is commonly described as "intense." He is criticised as extremely self-conscious. His former works have been of absorbing interest probably to a majority of his readers. None of them have been pleasant reading; they have been powerful only in "spots," where the reader has acknowledged an anxiety to see what was to be the outcome of a desperate situation. If we see a man walk into a dark cellar where he will encounter murderers, we naturally watch the door to see if he will come out alive. Further-

more, many readers like to have their feelings harrowed up by a spectacle of intense bodily and mental suffering. Mr. Caine does not spare to furnish this. Other novelists simply stick a knife into a victim; Mr. Caine turns it round and round. He protracts the agony. This is called "strong" writing. It is the reported habit of executioners who flay victims with the knout to hold a watch and calculate how much the sufferer can stand. Mr. Caine holds no watch. Apparently he has his eye on the public to see how much it can stand.

It is not a question here of Mr. Caine's sincerity, or his intensity, or his rhetorical ability. Doubtless by these qualities he has won his audience. He is of a very fervid temperament. If he had not devoted himself to novel-writing, he might have been a reformer, perhaps a fanatic. He has chosen to use his emotions for theatrical purposes. If he started with the intention of making *The Christian* a tract for the times, he ended by making it a melodrama. And so overmastering is this tendency that the situations, some of them vivid, and the characters, all interesting and some of them entertaining, seem to the reader produced merely for a theatric purpose. The author always seems to have his eye upon the stage, upon "situations." And this goes so far sometimes as to destroy the reader's belief in the reality of the persons. When he gets the feeling that things are done for effect, illusion is destroyed. The irresolute and shuffling hero, John Strong, is possible. But Glory, the heroine? She is a new sort of girl perhaps. But is she possible? Are high tone and purity possible, with her queer experiences; so much cultivation and knowledge of the world, with such innocence of evil in the vile associations she enters into; so much cleverness (manufactured by the author), so much slang, so much innocence, so much physical attraction without consciousness of it, intense love of pleasure coupled with high ideals? How can there be a consistent character with these ingredients? The author says that she is two women in one. No doubt there is truth in this. But the author should have had the skill to make her appear a single, if contradictory, personality. She is not ignorant enough to make her innocence in certain situations convincing.

The author knows his London, espe-

cially the shady side of it. He set out to expose this, and also to expose the hypocrisy, the venality, the varnished worldliness of official Christianity. But according to the title he had another object, and that was to show in the person of a hero that it is possible for a man in London to-day to lead the life of Christ. But his hero betrays him. John Storm is half orator and *devote*, and half fanatic, with a wavering purpose, inclined now to the mortification of monastic seclusion, and now to a crusade for the salvation of fallen women, and for the execution of justice upon men who have ruined them. It was an intelligible motive for a fervent Christian to attempt to lead the life of Christ in the unbelieving modern world. It is not new, however. This motive has been used before, and with much more power and effect, in Mrs. E. Lynn Linton's very remarkable story of *Joshua Davidson*. But Mr. Caine abandons this motive at once, if he had it, by making the ruling passion of John Storm's life not religion, but love for the eccentric Glory, who leads him and everybody else a dance. The experiment of the humble life of Christ in London was never tried, although there is a pretence of it, and "salvation" processions, violent pulpit denunciations, and persecutions following. The only real question before the public in this book is this: Can a young man, manly, honest, having in his soul a call to a life of self-sacrifice, madly in love with the girl Glory, wearing the garb of a mediæval monk, having taken the vows of obedience, chastity, and poverty, successfully fight the sin of London? Evidently not. And that is the whole of the melodramatic situation. In order to heighten it, Glory deserts the concert-hall and the stage, returns the jewelry given her by the friend who had made her stage triumph possible, and flies to John, who is on his death-bed, and goes through the ceremony of marriage to the man vowed to celibacy when he is *in articulo mortis*.

The work has many fine, if highly colored descriptions, and clever dialogues, many exciting and vivid scenes, and is now and again an entertaining picture of the shifty side of London life. But the author seems to have written it all with an eye to the stage, and for a stage that will be lenient to frequent violations of good taste.

THE QUARTER LOAF.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

"I DON'T know why any of us ever expected anything different," said Lydia. "Nothing of a usual nature ever happens to them. Why shouldn't their baby be a freak child?"

"Lydia," I said, gravely, "under all the circumstances that's not a wise way for you to talk of the Popes. If you had said that to any one but me, it might have been thought you had some private animus."

"I wasn't saying it to any one but you, and if you mean any one might think I wanted Martin Pope myself, why I certainly did, and would have had him, too, if Peachey's geese hadn't saved Rome. The way they altered events was a salvation for us all, wasn't it?" and Lydia turned on me one of those glances that are still her own, and hers only.

"Don't look at me like that," I said; "you melt me like butter. You can't call the Pope baby a freak. It isn't one. It's only phenomenally tiny."

"Didn't you tell me Martin had been bothered out of his life by enterprising showmen?"

"Yes; he has had some startling offers for the child, humiliatingly startling."

Lydia began to laugh provokingly.

"And then you tell me it's not a freak baby."

"I tell you it's not a freak," I retorted, warmly. "It's only very undersized, and it's not nice of you to laugh at the poor thing's misfortune. Probably they are thinking a half loaf is better than no bread."

Lydia was silent for a moment, while I began to repent of my harshness, for we ourselves had no offspring of any size. "I might put up with half a loaf," she said at last, as if considering the matter, "but a quarter loaf, and particularly a quarter-loaf baby, I never could stand. Why, I really never remember hearing of a freak baby in one's own class of life; did you, dear?"

"No, dear," I said, meekly, "I never did until Martin's freak baby came." Then we looked at each other and laughed. The train was drawing us into a station of the town where the Popes were then living. It was this circumstance that had turned our thoughts to them and their affairs.

"I suppose you are right," said Lydia, generous when her point was gained. "It's only a preternaturally small child, and not a freak at all. Why, do look. Isn't that Mr. Pope now? The one with the little champagne-basket in his arms. It is Mr. Pope."

I looked where she directed. Yes, there was but one Martin Pope, and that was he. As I saw him I burst out laughing shamelessly.

"My dear Lydia, as sure as you live, he's got the baby in that basket." Lydia pressed her nose flat against the glass in her eagerness.

"Why, it can't be! yes, he is carrying it as if he had something alive in it. Oh, nonsense, it's his cat, or a dog."

"Look behind him," said I. "Does that go with a cat or a dog?" Close on Martin's heels, and with eyes fixed on the little basket, walked an evident nursemaid, cap, apron, anxious air, and all. Lydia flung herself back in her seat and choked with laughter.

"Oh, if it were anybody but Martin Pope it would have a chance to be pitiful. But it's so—it's so distractingly appropriate. How can I help laughing?" cried Lydia.

I certainly could not show her how to help it. Indeed there had been something too exquisitely ridiculous, though what we could not exactly state, even to ourselves, in that passing glimpse of Martin paternally hugging a champagne-basket, and followed by a nurse. It was not until the train had steamed out of the station that we recovered nerve.

"Well," said Lydia, "I see now what a far-seeing genius a showman is. I should have said I dreaded nothing more than having Mr. Pope come into this car with his—I don't know what to call it exactly—and now I am consumed with an unholly and unquenchable curiosity to see inside that basket."

Absurd as Martin had looked in that passing glimpse, the old-time friendship had stirred warmly in my heart at sight of him.

"Lydia," I said, irritably, "I do wish you would stop talking in that way. I tell you Martin's child is only undersized. He wrote me that it might take a start and grow any day."

Lydia stared at me. "Well, if you aren't unreasonable. As if you didn't laugh too."

"I knew where to stop. When you insist on laughing at everything and everybody, it makes you extremely difficult to deal—"

"Then why don't you shuffle me?" interrupted Lydia, with imperturbable good-humor.

"I prefer to cut you at present," I retorted, and then I whirled my chair around with judicious haste before she could possibly reply.

The sharp movement swung me a little too far; so much so that before I could stop myself my foot had struck smartly against the knee-cap of a man who was hurriedly entering the compartment carrying a little glass of white liquid in his hand. The blow felled him instantly. The glass and the liquid landed in Lydia's lap, where the man himself would have followed but that Lydia, with her wont-

ed promptness, caught his arm and held him up. Before I could pick up the débris of my own scattered wits or come to my wife's rescue, I heard her high, cool voice.

"Walk right in, Mr. Pope," she said, pleasantly. "Walk right in. Milk? Yes, I supposed so. It doesn't make the least difference. My dear, aren't you going to apologize to Mr. Pope?"

Apologize! Martin and I were on each other's neck, and not altogether metaphorically either.

"You'd like to see the baby, wouldn't you?" said Martin, beamingly. He was still affectionately holding my hand, and I feared he would surely feel my apprehensive start. I looked quickly at Lydia, and saw an honestly frightened look on her usually composed features. I felt much the same way myself.

"I was getting some water to weaken her milk when I met your foot," said Martin. "She's in the end compartment with her nurse. Don't you want to go back with me now and see her—both of you?"

Lydia gripped the arms of her chair convulsively, looking up to me with imploring eyes, but I braced her with a glance.

"Yes, indeed we do," I said, cheerfully: "of course we do. Come, Lydia," and I dragged my wife to her feet and drove her before me and after Martin, heartily wishing that there was some strong man back of me again to perform for me a like office. Martin led us to the door of the compartment, chatting all the way.

"Just excuse me a moment," he said over his shoulder; "I'll see if she looks nice," and he slipped within the door, closing it after him.

"Now run," said Lydia, turning and pushing me back with both hands. "I can't go in there—I can't, and I won't."

"You must," I said, sternly, but my own heart was beating with an absurd force.

"If you make me look at it, it's ten to one I'll laugh right out. We *can't* risk it."

I set my teeth. "In we go," I said, "and if we laugh we laugh."

Lydia collapsed in my hands.

"Then hold my hand tight," she said. "I'm just as crazy as ever to see it, but I'd give all I possess to be able to run away."

I grasped her hand in mine, and the door opened for us. My own position was not easy. Martin was an old and dear friend, and the next moment might separate us forever.

"Did he tell you anything about baby's size?" asked Martin of Lydia as we entered.

"I told Lydia that the baby was small," I said, weakly.

"Small!" said Martin, scornfully; "do you call that *small*?" He turned and lifted a light veil that lay over the little champagne-basket, and there lay something that brought Lydia with a rush to her knees beside it.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh!"

"That's what I knew you'd say," said Martin. "Now don't wake it. The last person

that saw it I sent into the nursery alone, and she came out and said the baby wasn't there—there was only a French doll in the crib."

"Doll!" said Lydia, scornfully; "there never was a doll in the world like this."

I peered gingerly over her shoulder and saw something that neither small nor doll adequately described. It was a baby so tiny that one hardly dared breathe lest it might be blown away, and yet it was so perfect and plump and rosy, a microscopic vision, that I held my breath for quite another reason.

"Oh!" cried Lydia again, "do you think it will have to grow?"

"Not for some time, I hope," said Martin, delightedly, "though she may take a start and grow any day. I don't want to be selfish about it, though personally she fascinates me just as she is. But she wouldn't like it herself, you know, as she grows older. It wouldn't do at all to keep on carrying her in a closed basket, and that's what has to be or she'd draw a mob; and besides there are other dangers." His whisper grew solemn. "Do you know, that little thing is worth thousands as she lies there. We are in constant terror of her being stolen. She's never left a moment alone, day or night, and I have to take a whole compartment for her when we travel. The smaller they come the more they cost—like Blue Points."

"Get me out of this quickly," breathed a smothered voice in my ear. I looked down, and on seeing my wife's face, acted hastily. A chair that was not secured to the floor was near me, and I kicked it over. The wee-est and the most fairylike of screams immediately pierced the air. Martin rushed to the champagne-basket, and Lydia and I fled.

When we were once more installed in our own chairs outside, I looked over at my wife.

"Well," I said, "what were you going to do in there, please—laugh, or cry, or faint? I couldn't tell which."

"Neither could I," said Lydia, from the depths of her handkerchief. "It was the most serio-comic thing I ever went through. Why, he loves it dearly. And yet I know he's going to exhibit it sooner or later. I know it. He couldn't be Martin Pope and not do it."

"Exhibit it?" I repeated, amazed and indignant. "How could Martin do such a thing?"

"He couldn't," whimpered Lydia, "and that's why I am so sure it'll be done. He never yet did anything he could. It makes me feel dreadfully to think of that lovely little baby in a show."

"Don't be silly," I said, severely; and then, resorting to Martin's formula, "Evidently the child is soon to take a start and grow."

"You only have Mr. Pope's word for that," flashed Lydia, emerging from the cambric. "Mark my words, that child will live to be exhibited."

"Have it your own way," I answered; and, as usual, Lydia's way it went, though not quite as even she had expected it to go.

There was something wrong with the Popes. Lydia recognized that there was, and so did I; but neither of us could imagine what it might be. They had moved to the metropolis where we lived shortly after our meeting in the cars, but though they had spent the whole winter not many squares away from our house, the families saw little of each other. Women can make distance as absence and absence as distance in questions of family intimacy. Martin and I met, as it were, by stealth now and then; but there could be little real intercourse. Then one day late in the winter Mrs. Pope herself suddenly appeared in my office. I am not using the word suddenly in any rhetorical sense; it was a fact that I looked up from my writing to find her sitting by my desk.

"Mr. Griffin," she said, abruptly, "did you ever have an obsession? Do you know what they are?"

"Not as well as you must," I answered.

"When I want occult or psychic information I know to which sex to go for it in these days. To what cult do you belong, may I ask? My wife belongs to five." But Peachey was not to be dashed.

"I only found out about obsessions the other day," she said, gravely. "I have one. That's what I wanted to consult you about."

I looked anxiously at Peachey's flushed and pretty features, but could not find there or in her innocent eyes anything to justify alarm.

"There are all kinds of obsessions," she went on, "and one is a kind that makes you want all the time, and want dreadfully, to do something that you know you ought not to do at all, and wouldn't do for the world if you could help yourself; but you can't. My obsession is wanting to exhibit the baby."

It was not unnatural that I should have started in my chair and exclaimed aloud before I could control or check myself, but as



"THERE WAS BUT ONE MARTIN POPE, AND THAT WAS HE."

she heard me two great tears rose in Peachey's eyes and rolled down her face.

"My dear Mrs. Pope," I said, taking her hand in mine, "Martin is the dearest friend I have in the world. Now what can I do for his wife?" By which words it will be seen that an ardent appreciation of feminine emotion does make me lose my head in a crisis.

"You are very kind. I knew you would be when I came to you," said Peachey, wiping her eyes. "You see, the temptation is terrible. We do need money so horribly."

I breathed easily again. It was nothing abnormal after all, but a complaint more or less common to all flesh. How they had contrived to attain such a position with Martin's known means of supply was what I could not comprehend, though he spent money like water. Peachey explained it all to me. It seemed that Martin was most peculiarly placed. He had no income. His moneys dropped in to him not yearly, but in large lump sums at irregular intervals, wholly contingent on his good behavior. The bulk of his property was to be handed over to him on his thirtieth year, which was not far off, if before that date Martin had not contrived to disgrace the family name. In the latter case he was to receive nothing. The full power of disbursement and dispossession lay in the hands of an eccentric old uncle of Martin's, and the will was made by Martin's father. After this hearing it did not seem to me difficult to account for Martin's peculiarities. In the past I had always tried to lay them at the door of his artistic genius, but that had not adequately supported them. This explanation did.

"You see now," said Peachey, "how important it is for us that Martin should be able to meet a note for \$5000 that will fall due to-morrow. If we don't meet it, Uncle Pope may call that a disgrace. One of the hard things about father Pope's will has been that Martin never knows what Uncle Pope may call a disgrace. He wasn't sure he wouldn't be angry at his marrying me; and then, when the baby came and was so little, we were afraid he might call that disgraceful. Martin says he knows he'll call it perfectly disgraceful and extravagant for us to have a note falling due for \$5000 to-morrow and nothing ready to meet it. Do you think he will?"

"Well," I said, "I'm afraid he might view it so."

"We can scrape about one thousand dollars together," sighed Peachey, "and that's all."

"Of course, under the circumstances," I said, "you can't call on your uncle for an advance, as you don't want him to know your need, but I should think it would be easy enough to arrange for an advance of four thousand dollars from any one on such expectations as Martin has. It's pretty late in the day, but I think I can negotiate a loan for him by noon to-morrow."

"Why, no, you can't," said Peachey, prac-

tically, "because we haven't any security to offer."

"Well, I can only try," I said at last. "I wish I had the money myself, Mrs. Pope."

"Oh, I knew you hadn't a cent, or I wouldn't have come to you," said Peachey, with delightful frankness. "I'm afraid you think we have been awfully extravagant; but, you see, Martin miscalculated. He thought we had plenty to last until he was thirty, but it all seemed to go suddenly. You know how it is with money. And then the baby's an awful expense. We have to guard her so carefully. She is watched all day, and we keep a night nurse sitting up with her with the door locked on the inside. I suppose it's foolish, but we still keep getting such offers for the poor little thing it makes us awfully nervous."

"I don't call it foolish at all," I replied. "I should go still further and keep the nursery door bolted on the *outside*, and the key in my own pocket. A nurse might be unfaithful. But you haven't told me about your own exhibiting obsession, Mrs. Pope." Peachey looked a little embarrassed.

"Well, I really haven't one, you know. I just said that to open the conversation. I didn't know how to open a business talk, and so I tried to think how my husband would probably begin, and that's about the way I thought he would. You won't tell *any one* I came to you, will you? I got desperate after Martin left me to-day, so I came to you myself."

"Of course I'll do all I can, but don't feel too hopeful," I answered. "Expect me at your house rather late. I shall be kept very late at the office to-night."

But I did not keep my promise of going to the Papes that night, because, just as I was preparing to seek them with the distressing news that I had nothing and could get nothing for them, my office door burst open and Peachey hurried in, crying like a hurt child.

"Here it is," she sobbed, trembling, and drawing forth from under her wide cloak a tiny basket. In its depths I recognized the infinitesimal hope of the Pope family, sound asleep as usual. And then I saw a strange sight. I had in my varied experience seen maternal emotion lavished on a fair-sized child, but in this case I was to see what was more like going through with the motions than anything else. The baby was far too small to receive Peachey's wild caresses, and the basket got the most of them.

"Oh," sobbed Mrs. Pope, "she's been *exhibited* every night for weeks and weeks—ever since we've been in this city! My baby, my little, little baby. Oh, that wicked woman! If you hadn't suggested it I'd never have thought of it. You saved my baby." And down she went on her knees and kissed my hand.

"My dear Mrs. Pope," I said, "do get up and tell me what has happened." But Peachey

was sitting on the floor by the basket examining that sleeping little Quarter Loaf all over, to its very finger-nails, and would not answer until she had assured herself that in every particular it was exactly as it should be—except for size.

"It's all right," she sighed at last. "I've let the woman go, but I hope you won't think it weak of me. She was dreadfully frightened, and she was only that wretched man's tool. He confessed that himself. He was dreadfully frightened too. I'm afraid I made a terrible scene."

By slow degrees I came to understand what had happened. My words of the morning had roused Peachey's fears, and on that night, after the baby and night nurse were seemingly locked in together, she had gone to the nursery door and demanded entrance, obtained it with difficulty, and—the baby was gone from the cradle. I could imagine that Mrs. Pope might be quite formidable, when roused, in the way that a brooding bird is formidable if its young are attacked. Apparently she had flown at the nurse with such fury that the woman had confessed all on the spot. She had been hiring the baby to a showman for an hour or so each night, smuggling it out of the house to one of his myrmidons and back again unnoticed.

"I made her get in a carriage with me," said Mrs. Pope, "and drive right to the show, and I rushed in and grabbed up my baby and ran in here with it. It's right around the corner from here, a miserable poor little show! Oh, my little abused baby!" And she fell to kissing the basket again.

Now I have not lived as a legal adviser in my native town some forty odd years and read three newspapers daily for nothing, so what Mrs. Pope said opened a window in my mind and let in light upon some old newspaper information stored there.

"Round the corner did you say, Mrs. Pope?" I asked. "Was the show called the 'Enreka,' and did it have life-size portraits of all kinds of freaks outside the door?"

Peachey shuddered her assent, drawing her baby closer, but I had no time to mince words just then.

"My dear lady," I said, "the man that owns that show owns dozens like it in as many towns. That's his horrid business, and it yields him enormous profits, on which he lives in this city. His offence against you is a serious one, and it's not his first offence of the kind either. It would go hard with him if he were hauled up. Did you promise his showman anything?"

"I? Good gracious, no. They were promising me everything, and I just ran away from them all as I told you."

"Where's Martin?"

"Out trying to collect that wretched four thousand; he'll never get it."

"No," I said, "he won't, but he may have it

gotten for him." I disengaged Mrs. Pope from the baby and led her to my desk. "Now sign this," I said, and a moment later I had her name tremulously written beneath these words: 'Mr. Griffin is fully empowered to act for me in this matter.'

Now what I did with this slip of paper I shall never tell. It's not a transaction that I am proud of, and as a struggling lawyer it is not an episode that I care to publish. It was a fair case both of love and war—love for Martin and war for the showman. Suffice it to say that I drove away furiously in Mrs. Pope's carriage, bidding her wait for me in my office; and when I at last came back to her I had in my hand another bit of paper, oblong in shape, which I did not show to Mrs. Pope. I locked it away carefully in my desk, and for it substituted a check torn from my own check-book, and made out for the sum of four thousand dollars. With this I turned to Martin's wife.

"I have been more successful in raising that sum we were talking of to-day than I thought I could be," I said, "and here it is, Mrs. Pope; you can tell Martin that those who sent it to him didn't want their names to appear. They feel themselves under obligations to him, and are glad of the chance to settle them. He can pay the money back when he is thirty years old if he then wants to, but there's no need whatever to do so." I held out the check, which Mrs. Pope took from me in an absent-minded way. She was hanging over the baby with an eager interest on her face.

"Have you an inch measure here?" she asked, with such suppressed excitement in her tone that I knew something important was about to happen.

I produced the measure, and with evidently practised fingers Peachey lifted that mite of a baby and laid it flat on my desk, face down. Then she measured its back from end to end. I bent over the measure as eagerly as she.

"Has it taken that start?" I asked; and as she saw the figure reached by the back of the baby's little heel, Peachey dropped the measure and looked up at me, with her big eyes swimming in tears.

"Oh, Mr. Griffin!" she cried.

What had come to pass may be gathered from a little scene that took place one day not many years later, when my wife and I met Peachey and her first-born walking together on the street.

"Lydia, my dear," I said, "look; yon's the Quarter Loaf;" and Lydia walked right up to the pair and held out her hand to the daughter with her most radiant smile.

"Why, my dear," she said, *looking up*, and Lydia is not short, "allow me to congratulate you. Mrs. Pope, the next time I see your daughter I only hope she won't have grown as much again as she has since the first time I saw her." And this wish was a kindly one, so meant and so accepted.

THE LONG-SUFFERING SCANDINAVIAN.

"TALK about turning the other cheek when a man welts you on one, as I read about in a newspaper once," observed Mr. Milo Bush, with both a philosophical and a reminiscent note in his voice, "it don't count with me since I knowed that there Ole Oleson. That there Ole Oleson would not only *turn* the other cheek, but he would walk around and get it in just the posish you needed for giving him another all-fired old smite; and mebbly if you was short, and he being uncommon tall, he would scrunch down a little and give you all the show in the world; and then ask you if you wouldn't like to begin all over again, or if he shouldn't drop around every morning at eight o'clock and let you take your whack regular. It seemed just as if he *knowed* that the town was hard up for fun, and just made up his mind to let the boys have all the good, square, honest sport with him that they wanted to. And then in the end it come out that he had no gratitude.

"You see, this yere Ole Oleson struck town in May. The first thing he done was to walk into Hi Labbett's grocery, and says he, 'Meester, aye tank aye wants to geet a job'—that's the way he talked, the poor miserable furrener; never opened his jaws without sp'illing a mouthful of good English. 'Jus' set yourself on the counter there—a man's coming in here in 'bout a nour looking for somebody to work on his ranch,' says Labbett, and he p'inted to a place where the boys had a little sort of a needle-jabbing dafunny rigged up. It worked with a string, and when you pulled the string the man that sot in that place got jabbed. Well, Ole sot there, and the boys come in, and Joe Millikan, as Mayor of the town, yauked the string first. Did Ole get mad? Not much! He just got up quick like, and says he, in his busted English, 'Aye tanks there bees a yabber there that yabs pretty good,' with a grin that showed more'n ten dozen teeth. Then you may shoot me with a Gattelling gun if he didn't set back down in the same place; and Pete Barker, being a alderman, worked the string, follered by Jedge Longsdorf, and Cap'n Sarcey, and miselaneous cit'zens. And he a-setting there and a-grinning, and a-saying once in a while, in his outlandish English, 'Aye tank you fallers bees trying to play some yokes on von Swedeman.' I *never* seen anything like it. And just remember that he was over six feet tall and well-proportioned, and mebbly 'bout twenty-three years old. But there he sot, murdering the best language on this yere green yearth.

"Well, that will give you an i-dee of what the feller was. You couldn't get him mad noways—least it 'peared that way. The boys used to put him on the buckin'est broucos to ride, and give him the kickin'est guns to shoot, and tramp him round dark corners where was sot the snappin'est b'ar-traps. But all the time that Norsk was good-natured as a p'inter

dog, a-smiling and a-trying to let on he could talk our language, though he oughter 'a' seen it were too many for him.

"Even when the sport got a leetle rough he stood it just the same. One day Jedge Longsdorf took a leetle too much—don't think the Jedge was a hard drinker, 'cause he wa'n't; he was a *very* mod'rate drinker; *never* took anything stronger than whiskey—one day Jedge Longsdorf got b'iling, pitched into Ole, and pounded away at him till he was tired; but I'll be hanged if the feller didn't take even *this* all in good part. 'Aye tank the Yndge he bees feeling pretty good to-day,' says he to me, telling me of it, with his face all hanged up. 'Yust see how he jumped on von Swedeman. Haw, haw, haw!' I were too disgusted to speak. The Jedge done the same thing dooring the month of June four or five times.

"When Fourth of July come we decided to give up the usual celebration and jus' have fun with Ole. So we kep' it up pretty hot all day, putting fire-crackers in his pockets, and shooting holes through his hat, and all such jokes. He took it just like he had everything else—a-smiling and a-chewing away at our bootiful language. The Jedge went slow on liquors, as usual, being, as I said, what I have heered called an absteamerous man, and it were along in the afternoon before he got reg'larly b'iling; but when he did, he took a few passes at Ole, though we discouraged it, not wanting to help along nothing that was in bad taste. The day closed up all O K, and we planned to send Ole up on the flat roof of Tom Griswold's supply store, and have some evening fun at shooting fireworks at him. We got him up some way—I disremember how—and then we snaked away the ladder and popped it to him. It looked 'sif it was going to be the best joke ever played in Bon Pierre County. First we touched him up with roar-man candles, then we plugged him with rock-ets, then we lit pin-wheels and throwed 'em up, and let him rastle with 'em jus' as he seen fit. Young man, you've heern tell of how even the worm will turn over, being, as I take it, that he can bite better in that posish. Well, that's what that Norsk done. He turned over on us, and showed that he was ungrateful after all we had done to learn him our manners and customs, and get him so he could talk English right, like we done ourselves. How'd he go at it? Slid down the eaves-spout right among us, where we stood blazing away at him. Then the mask of his good-nature dropped off, as I may say, and we seen what a rep-tile we had been harboring in our buzznms."

Mr. Bush pushed away his upper lip and showed the lack of two important teeth. "Did Ole hit me?" he continued, with warmth. "Did he *hit* me? Young man, don't you see I'm *alive*? Ain't I before you in the flesh? No, sir; it was Jedge Longsdorf that hit me; but Ole hit the Jedge. It was a carom shot, too, because after Ole played on the Jedge,



NOT PROFICIENT.

DAWSON. "You seem to know the principal points of the game, Miss Berry. Don't you play?"
 MISS BERRY. "Oh dear no; I wouldn't even know how to hold my caddy."

the Jedge struck against Joe Millikan and bounded off and struck me. It busted those teeth and pocketed me in a ditch. I was out of the rest of the game. What became of the Jedge and Joe? Young feller, what became of the man that went out to shake hands with the cyclone? Where's the man that went up, whistling along, with his hands in his pockets, and stuck his nose into the muzzle of the active volcano? My young friend, I jus' laid in that ditch and pertended I was dead, so he wouldn't pay no more attention to me. It wa'n't hard to pertend. The boys closed in on him, and he jns' straightened up and got in some massé shots on 'em—though they ought to have been barred. He used a new cue-ball every time, and pocketed at least one man in the ditch at each shot. Then for a change he begun to play that his arm was

a hammer, and ev'ry time he brought a fist like a pile-driver down on a man it drove him a foot into the ground—or it would if the man had been stiff enough, which he wasn't often, though generly he was soon after. In five minutes Ole Oleson was the only man in the street except us in the ditch, all letting on we was dead, and most of us wishing we was. Then says he, in his sickening broken English, says he, 'Aye tank von Swedeman he have a leetle Fort' a Yuly heemself,' and he walked away, and after some time such of us as could make the raffle crawled out of the ditch. Young man, my *hope*, and I reckon I may say my *prayer*, ever since has been that I may never again have any truck with an ungrateful man, nor one that can't talk good English like me, and don't you forget it."

HAYDEN CARRUTH.

WOULD NOT CALL HIM CROOKED.

THE appointment had given the Governor much trouble and vexation. B—— was the only candidate who showed anything like the required ability, and although his supporters were enthusiastic in his praise, and B—— himself gave one the impression of being an energetic man, a haunting, indeterminable doubt made the Governor slow to promise the place.

O'Flaherty chanced to call, and O'Flaherty had something on his mind. The Governor broached many topics, and O'Flaherty discoursed after his manner, always entertaining, often wise. One subject after another exhausted brought no relief to O'Flaherty's burdened conscience. At last the Governor mentioned casually that B——'s appointment would end a difficulty, and O'Flaherty settled himself in his chair with a wriggle that showed the point at issue reached. The Governor carefully scrutinized his visitor.

"What's the matter with B——?" he asked. "He has push and snap."

"Push he has, and snap too," O'Flaherty replied, "and it's not for the like of me to be volunteering my opinion promiscuously, but I do be thinking it's no difficulty you're ending, Governor, but one you're after beginning."

"Professionally he's all right; politically he's all right. Do you mean to say, O'Flaherty, that the man is not straight?"

"Sure, Governor, you know it's not Terence O'Flaherty who would say a discreditable thing of a hard-working man behind his back. I'll not call him crooked. But just one thing will I tell you, and it's this: If you should drive a nail into that lad's brain, it's a cork-screw you'd be after pulling out again."

WEBSTER AND THE TAILOR.

JUST previous to one of Webster's public orations he ordered a suit of clothes of a tailor whose shop was near by. It was intended for an occasion when he wished to look his best, and as the time was short and Mr. Webster very particular about the fit of the clothes, he worried the tailor considerably. The clothes were finished to Mr. Webster's satisfaction, and in a moment of abstraction he paid the bill.

Some three months later the tailor presented another bill for the same clothing. Webster was engaged with important matters, and barely glancing at the bill, paid it again. Some time later a boy from the tailor's shop presented the same bill for the third time. By this time it had grown familiar, and it found Webster out of money and in a bad humor. "Young man," he thundered, drawing himself up and glaring at the terrified youth—"young man, go back to the creature who sent you, and inform him that Daniel Webster never pays his bills but twice!" W. C. BURBANK



ELLEN AND HER LAMB.

"When shearing-time is come, my lamb, and shearers clip and pull, I'll take you to the barber, dear, and have him cut your wool."

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